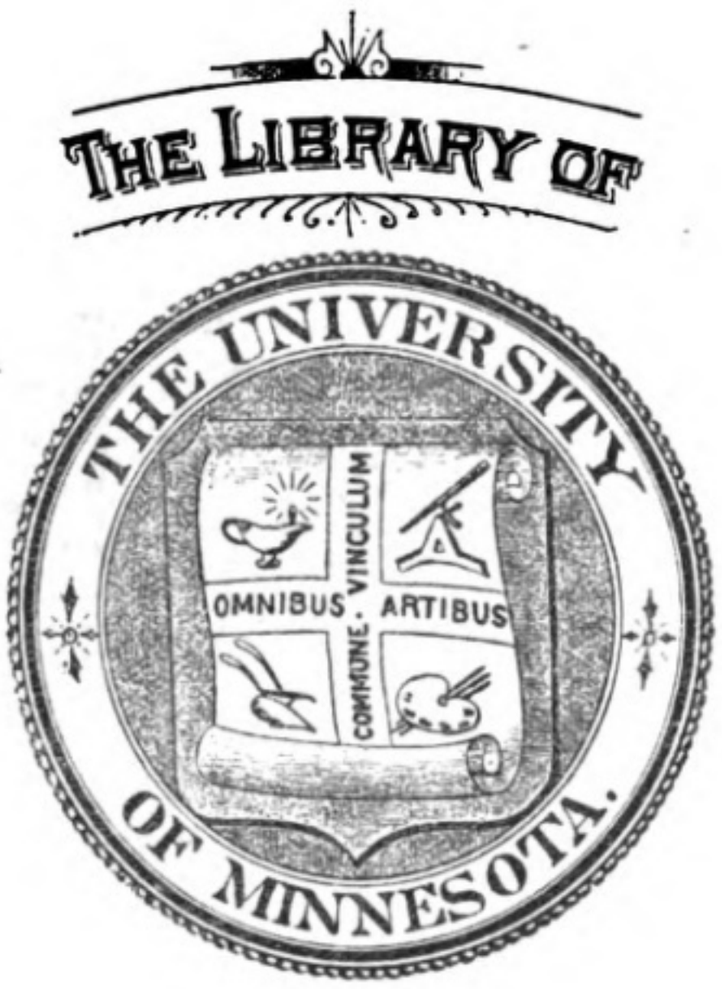
Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

THE LIBRARY OF



CLASS 050
BOOK A c 12

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

THE ACADEMY

JULY—DECEMBER

1912

VOLUME LXXXIII

PUBLISHING OFFICE

CANNON HOUSE, BREAMS BUILDINGS, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS OF VOL. LXXXIII

ART

Art at the Dowdeswell Galleries ... 121
Christmas Exhibition at the Baillie Gallery 805
Exhibitions at the Grosvenor and Leicester Galleries 643
London Salon, 1912, The 121
Painters in Water Colours 806
Paintings at the Chenil Gallery ... 121
Royal Society of British Artists, The 708
Whistler and Legros at the Tate Gallery. R. E. N. 152

ARTICLES.

A Churchill! A Churchill! Cecil Cowper 788
Andrew Lang and His Work. Robert Steele 117
Animals at Fault. F. G. Aflalo ... 287
Antoninus. Cecil Cowper 500
Apotheosis of Mrs. Humphry Ward, The 178
Art and Imitation. John Rivers...198, 246
Art and Life. Haldane Macfall 489, 549, 836
Artists. M. P. 664
Aspects of Ireland. Darrell Figgis 608, 802
At St. Stephen's Shrine. By A Regular Devotee, 22, 54, 88, 118, 149, 183, 488, 519, 550, 582, 613, 644, 679, 710, 742, 773, 806, 838.
Autumn Books 469
"Babu" English. George Cecil ... 380
Bedside Books 834
Black and the White of Butterfly, The. Haldane Macfall 38
Booksellers' Provident Institution, The 709
Bore, The. Wilfrid L. Randell ... 364
Boy and His Book, The. Wilfrid L. Randell 228
British Government in East Africa. Major Piers W. North ... 418, 453
By-ways of Brittany. R. A. J. Walling 52
Cards and Calendars 738
Cattle of the Andes, The. W. H. Koebel 215
Celluloid Danger, The. Walter F. Reid 148
Christmas Assembly, A. Wilfrid L. Randell 820
Christmas Books 734
Cornish Sketch, A. Harold Wintle 378
Correspondence with Mr. Andrew Lang, A. H. C. Minchin 182
Cossacks and Their Value to the Russian Army, The. A Cossack of the Don 740
Cynic, The. W. L. R. 692
Dawn of Women's Influence in Germany, The. Ed. Bernstein ... 37
Deserted Village, The. Darrell Figgis 312
Developments in Photography. Haldane Macfall 343, 365
Dogmatism of Cobbett, The. F. G. A. 756
Doom of the Turkish Army, The F. G. Aflalo 662
England Does Not Love Coalitions. Cecil Cowper... 4
England's Frenzy. G. M. S.... ... 809
English Character Seen Through Italian Spectacles. Professor Herbert Strong 83, 113
Fleet at Sea, The. E. Ashmead-Bartlett 86
Foreign Reviews, 19, 146, 288, 421, 452, 547, 707
Gaelic Play, A. Darrell Figgis ... 502
General Nogi. E. Ashmead-Bartlett 422
Genial Gossip, A. Haldane Macfall 6
Germans Abroad. C. V. 249
Grammar for Futurists 152
Grey of the Morning, The. Late H. D. Lowry 516
Henley: A Memorandum. Francis Bickley... 197
Hereford Festival—Leoncavallo, The. Alfred Kalisch... 377
Hokku. Yone Noguchi 57
Honest Brokers. Cecil Cowper ... 596
Horse and War, The. R. J. Turner 486
Idealist, The. Wilfrid L. Randell... 660
Imitation Critic, The. Wilfrid L. Randell... 396
Indian Reviews ... 21, 151, 421, 515, 581
Individual Reader, The. Alex. J. Philip 283
In the Wilderness of Votes. Cecil Cowper 196
Intimate Books. C. V. 51
Is Christendom Satiated? Cecil Cowper 724
Is Jesus an Historical Personage? Frank Harris... 101
Job—and its Consequences, A. Cecil Cowper... 260
John Payne and His Work. Thomas Wright... 351
Jubilee International Stamp Exhibition, The 519
Kate's Fall. Eden Phillpotts 821
Keeper of the Gate, The. A. G. W. 114
Lafcadio Hearn Appraised. W. G. Blaikie Murdoch 245
Language and Character. Prof. Herbert Strong 661, 725
Leaders Galore. Cecil Cowper ... 468
League for the Defence of the Constitution and the Union 769
Legends, Rhymes and Stories ... 736
Letters and Life. D. M. J. 262
"Levrak Beyuk." F. G. Aflalo ... 350
Literary Inquest, A. A. G. W. ... 513
Literary Traveller, The. W. H. Koebel ... 285, 316, 349, 382, 426, 450, 487, 517, 545
Literary Values. F. Hadland Davis 347
Lost Sir Massingham, The. Cecil Cowper 132
Magazines, The. 84, 216, 320, 518, 678, 771
Major and Minor Poetry. Francis Bickley 438
Marc Lescarbot. Bernard Muddiman 281
Martyr of Empire, A. 180, 199
Massenet and His Operas. George Cecil 229
Meeting of Parliament and After, The. Cecil Cowper 436
Melodrama versus Music-Drama: A Protest. John Rivers 580
Menagerie of Travel, The. F. G. Aflalo 610
Mind, a Myth. Sir Charles Walpole 383
Morris Dancers, The. Darrell Figgis 579
Muse and the Kitchen, The. Wilfrid L. Randell 68
Musical Anarchy. A. Kalisch ... 342
Music at Prague. C. W. James ... 376
Music of Venice, The 566
Napoleon the Third. E. Ashmead-Bartlett 317, 346
National Reflection, A. Cecil Cowper 532
National Reserve, The. R. J. Turner 112
New Editions 16
Novels of Thomas Love Peacock (1785-18666), The. R. E. N. ... 165
On Contradicting. Wilfrid L. Randell 100
On Lucidity in Prose. H. Belloc... 501
On the Eve of War. From a Correspondent 533
On the River. Punter 214
On Translation. H. Belloc 301
Our Public Schools and Their Critics. Professor Herbert Strong 344
Our Village Carolling. Wilfrid L. Randell... 725
Oxford Letter, An. Young Oxford... 383
Picture Books 736
Picture Habit, The. F. C. M. ... 706
Pictures of Passing Islam—I. The Selamlik. Herbert Seabury ... 768
Pilgrims and Pilgrimage. Guy Kendall 18
Pipe Dreams. Bernard Muddiman 821
Playing with Fire. E. Ashmead-Bartlett 115
Poetry and the Public. Wilfrid Thorley 5
Politics and Pelf. Cecil Cowper ... 628
Posterity and Boswell. Henry Stace 179
Psychology of Error. F. H. M. ... 144
Reader's Complaint, A. Yone Noguchi 313
Richard Jeffries. W. A. R. 261
Romance. W. L. R. 164
Royal Horticultural Society's Summer Flower Show at Holland House, 1912 57
Samuel Coleridge-Taylor 315
Satiated Public, A. 230
Schools and the Man. R. 30
Secret of Romance, The. A. G. W. 769
Shining Pen, The. Wilfrid L. Randell 565
Smoking. F. G. Aflalo 835
Some Christmas Books 612
Some Christmas Issues 737
Some Early Arrivals 471
Some Irish Types. Darrell Figgis 143
Some New French Books. Marc Logé 611
Some Recent French Books. Marc Logé 82
Some Tolstoyan Exhibits 249
Spell of the Duchess Anne, The. R. A. J. Walling 103
Stones of Waterloo Bridge, The. Walter Johnson 457
Story of a Great Crime, The. E. Ashmead-Bartlett 50
Stratford Shakespeare Festival, The. Darrell Figgis 248, 286
Style and the People. W. L. R. ... 300
Three Irish Poets 663
Three Pairs of Spectacles 102
Thrill of a Tarpon, The. F. G. Aflalo 133
To St. David's. Edward Thomas... 166
Travelling Moments. W. L. R. ... 564
Turkey's Treasure House. R. J. Turner 693
Two Futurist Manifestos 603
Unheard Melodies. Guy Kendall ... 533
University Extension 145
Verona. Martin D. Armstrong ... 803
Viceroys of Ireland, The. Historicus 631
Viennese Spectacle, A. C. W. James 437
Vote of Mid-Lothian, The. Cecil Cowper 332
When the Boats came Back. Late H. D. Lowry 630
Work of Mr. Algernon Blackwood, The. H. Belloc 629

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Pages 31, 63, 95, 127, 159, 191, 222, 255, 295, 327, 359, 391, 430, 462, 494, 527, 558, 590, 622, 654, 686, 717, 750 814, 846.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Admission, An 429
Aeneid II, 255 846
Anglo-German Relations, 61, 158, 221
Antoninus 500
Appeal, An 191
Art and Life 558
Bacon is Shakespeare, 459, 494, 556, 589, 620, 652, 685, 716, 781, 813, 844
Beethoven Relic, A. 295
Bioscope, The 30
British Boys' Training Corps, The. 460
Children's Country Holidays' Fund 254
Children's Holiday Fund 29
Children's Holidays 93
Christmas Hampers and Clothing for Little Cripples 621
Christian Science, 461, 525, 587, 653, 685, 750, 780, 845
Conflicts of Usage in the Pronoun... 717
Coopers and John Hoskins, The ... 222
Dictionary of National Biography," "The 526, 589
Dock Strike—Freedom the Clear Issue, The 157

Digitized by Google 126013 Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Domestic Servants' Insurance Society, The 716
Earl of Macclesfield's Basque MSS., The 620
Edwin Drood 749
Force a Play 30
Garrotting and the Lash 686
German Péril, The 30, 62
Germans Abroad 294
Germany and Great Britain 125
G. Jerment on the Baskish New Testament 191
Grammar and Christian Science ... 493
Greatest Service, The 428
Grosvenor Gallery, The 557
Have You Read Baruch? 254
Indian Reviews 428
Insanity and Crime 748, 779
Jonas Hanway 222
Jottings for the Word-Books 846
League for the Defence of the Constitution and the Union 843
Leigh Hunt's House 93
Louis XVII and Other Papers ... 814
Love-Seeker," "The 557
Mr. Howard's Constituency 461
Mr. Wright and a Critic ... 390, 429
Mystery, A 126
National Reflection, A 621
Necessitous Ladies' Holiday Fund, The 127
Need 293, 326, 359, 390, 429
Of That Ilk 254
On Lucidity in Prose 590
Our Relations With Germany, 30, 94, 126
Passing of a Great Master, The ... 94
Philip Massinger 29
Phonetic Spelling 430
Poetry and the Public 95, 158
Point of Grammar, A, 429, 461, 526, 590, 750
Political Query, A 93
Questionable Policy 159
Relatives and Interrogatives ... 814
Replace 327
Richard Jefferies 359
Right to Work, The, ... 494, 686, 716
Riks, The 326, 391
Romance Versus Reality 222
Simplification of English, The ... 461
Sir Henry Howorth's Constituency... 814
Sir Henry Stanley's Grave 621
Society of the Theatre, The 526
Strindberg's Work 654
"Tacitae" and "Silentia" in Aeneid, 255 ... 525, 589, 685, 717, 782, 814
Talented and Talentueux 253
Territorial Imposture, The 748
"Than" and "As" 493
Trade Disputes Act, The 779
Turkish Debacle and the National Reserve, The 651
Unsatiated Public, An 294
Wirral Division of Cheshire, The ... 717
Yule-Tide Association, The 494

FINANCE.

By Raymond Radclyffe.

Pages 28, 59, 92, 124, 156, 189, 220, 252, 292, 324, 358, 388, 427 458, 492, 524, 555, 586, 618, 650, 684, 715, 747, 778, 812, 842.

IMPERIAL AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

By Lancelot Lawton.

Balkin Peril, The 454
China's Finances 386
China's New Loan 425
China's Peril 840
Chinese Loan, The 455
Crisis, The 776
Dawn of the Meiji Era—Some Reflections, The 154
Decisive Battle, The 616
European Crisis, The 648
European Situation, The 355
Far East, The 617
Fate of the Ottoman Empire, The ... 584
Future of Tibet, The 322
Future Storm Centre, A 250
Great Britain and China 290
Great Britain and Russia 425
Growth of Socialism in Japan—II, The 26
International Deadlock, The 744
International Situation, The 713
Italy and Turkey—Peace in Sight... 218
Japan in Korea 219
Japan's Difficulties 356
Mikado, The 122
Modern Camp-Follower, The... ... 553
Naval Strength 123
Open Door in America, The ... 90
Peace Conference, The 810
Peace of Europe, The... ... 186, 682
Triple Entente, The 58
War in the Balkans, The 490

LITERARY RETROSPECTS.

July 27, 1912.

Articles.

"Inhumanity" of Art, The. (Literature, June 4, 1898) 4
Mikado," "The (March 28, 1885) ... 8
Note (July 29, 1899) 8
Perishable Books. By Leslie Stephen (Literature, November 27, 1897) ... 1
Thoughts on Style. J. P. Mahaffy (Literature, November 13, 1897)... 6

Poetry.

Love's Pilgrims. Evelyn Pyne (November 23, 1889) 6
Sonnet. Henry Norman (January 20, 1883) 6

Reviews.

Hawthorne. Henry James, junr. Reviewed by Professor Saintsbury (January 17, 1880) 2

August 31, 1912.

Articles.

Andrew Lang on "She" (January 15, 1887) 274
Carlyle. By Lionel Johnson (September 10, 1892) 278
Colloquy on Criticism, A. By Augustine Birrell (Literature, February 12, 1898) 279
English Academy, An. (Literature, November 27, 1897) 273
Madame Guilbert. By Henry Harland (Literature, June 4, 1898) ... 275

Poetry.

Among the Tombs. Michael Field (January 15, 1887) 277
Ballade of August, A. G. A. (August 6, 1881) 277
She is My Lady, O She is My Love! Michael Field (January 15, 1887) 277
Two Poems (January 15, 1887), Michael Field... 277

Reviews.

"She." Reviewed by Andrew Lang (January 15, 1887) 274
Thomas Carlyle. Reviewed by Lionel Johnson (September 10, 1892) 278

September 28, 1912.

Articles.

George Eliot's Poetry. By J. A. Noble (September 5, 1885) 415
Hack, The. (Literature, September 3, 1898) 415
Marius the Epicurean. By J. M. Gray (March 21, 1885) 413
Morality in Book Collecting. By W. Roberts (Literature, October 8, 1898) 412
Paradox of Literature, The. By Arthur Macher (Literature, August 27, 1898) 409
Walter Savage Landor. By E. D. Morshead (September 3, 1881) ... 410

Poetry.

Sonnet: Light and Love. Walter W. Skeat (January 26, 1884) 414
Two Sonnets after Bion. John Addington Symonds (March 28, 1885) 414

Reviews.

George Eliot's Poetry, and Other Studies. Rose Cleveland. Reviewed by J. A. Noble 415

MOTORING AND AVIATION.

R. B. H.

Pages 27, 91, 123, 155, 188, 219, 251, 291, 323, 356, 387, 426, 450, 491, 523, 554, 586, 617, 649, 683, 714, 745, 777, 811, 841.

MUSIC.

Pages 16, 48, 243, 376, 408, 677, 704, 767, 800, 833.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Pages 25, 56, 90, 122, 153, 186, 217, 250, 289, 321, 354, 385, 424, 454, 522, 552, 584, 615, 647, 681, 712, 772, 808, 839.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Pages 3, 35, 67, 99, 131, 163, 195, 227, 259, 299, 331, 363, 395, 435, 467, 499, 531, 563, 595, 627, 659, 691, 723, 755, 787, 819.

POETRY.

"And you must love him ere to you." Max Plowman 724
Autumn on the Downs. A. G. W. 788
Becalmed. Max Plowman 200
Canoeing. Douglas Goldring ... 100
Change and Eternity. W. P. R. Kerr 68
Child Joy. Max Plowman 36
Choice, The. W. P. R. Kerr ... 600
Dans Les Bois. Gwendolen Talbot 300
Earth Dreams. . Phil. J. Fisher... 500
From Victor Hugo 4
Love in the Hills. Ethel Talbot Scheffauer 500
Man's Bargain, A. G. M. Hort ... 364
Notre Dame. R. 596
Pan. James A. Mackereth... ... 756
Paradox, The. G. M. Hort 628
Patriot, The. Phil J. Fisher 692
Remembrance. R. 332
Return, The. James A. Mackereth 532
St. Gabriel. Dorothy Margaret Stuart 132
Satyr, The. Martin D. Armstrong 164
Song of a Good-for-Nothing. Wilfrid Thorley 596
Soul 788
Spirit of the Summit, The. Phil J. Fisher 564
Sunset. W. G. Hole 228
To Poseidon. Dorothy Margaret Stuart ... ...
Violets. Bertha Harrison 820

REVIEWS.

Across Australia. Baldwin Spencer... 270
Adelaide Anne Proctor. Ferdinand Janku and F. J. Gillen 440
Algiers, the Sahara, and the Nile. Rachel Humphreys 641
All Manner of Folk. Holbrook Jackson... 307
Also and Perhaps. Sir Frank Swettenham... 303
American Diary of a Japanese Girl, The. Yone Noguchi 829
American Girl at the Durbar, An. Shelland Bradley 512
American Government, The. Frederic J. Haskin 541
Among Congo Cannibals. John H. Weeks 575
Among My Books. Frederic Harrison 666
Amor Vincit. Mrs. R. S. Garnett... 449
Anglais et Français du XVIIe. Siècle. Charles Bastide 108
Anglo-American Memories (Second Series). G. W. Smalley 167
Anglo-Indians, The. Alice Perrin... 341
Anima Fanciulla. Stanhope Bayley 201
Anna Strelitz. Low Lathen 15
Anthropological Papers, Mostly on Parsee Subjects. Jivanji Jamshedji Modi 335
Antiques and Curios in Our Homes. Grace M. Vallois 480
Archives d'Etudes Orientales. Vols. I., II., III., IV. 310
Arthur Hugh Clough. Paula Lutonsky 440
Art of Golf, The. Joshua Taylor ... 172
Art of the Orator, The. Edgar R. Jones 271
Aspects of the Irish Question. Sydney Brooks 102
Athenian Critic of Athenian Democracy, An. Translation of the "De Republica Atheniensium," by Francis Brooks... 542
At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque. Anatole France 10

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Australian Native's Standpoint, An. W. J. Sowden 732
Aus Wissenschaft und Leben. Adolf Harnack... 107
Autobiography of a Working Woman, The. Adelheid Popp ... 9
Bachelor's Buttons. Edward Burke 641
Ballads Weird and Wonderful. With 25 Drawings by Vernon Hill ... 672
Baskish Verb, The. E. S. Dodgson 74
Bataille de Tripoli, La. F. T. Marinetti 208
Battle of Life, The. T. E. Kebbel 569
Battle of Waterloo, The. Hilaire Belloc 205
Bayreuth and the Wagner Theatre. Anna Bahr-Mildenburg and Hermann Bahr 443
Beauty and Ugliness and other Studies in Psychological Æsthetics. Vernon Lee and C. Anstruther-Thomson 209
Beyond that is Within, and other Addresses, The. Emile Boutroux 333
Big Fish, The. H. B. Marriott Watson 240
Big Game Hunting in Central Africa. J. Dunbar-Brunton 139
Biographies of Scientific Men. A. B. Griffiths 311
Blinds Down. H. A. Vachell ... 373
Bohemia in London. Arthur Ransome 604
"Bookman" Keats-Shelley Memorial Souvenir, The 76
Book of Short Plays, and a Memory, A. Mrs. De Courcy Laffan ... 307
Bountiful Hour, The. Marion Fox 577
Brain Book and How to Read It, The. H. C. Donovan 233
Brain of the Nation, and Other Verses, The. Charles L. Graves... 13
Brain Side of Games, Sports, and Pastimes, The. H. C. Donovan ... 474
Bright Shame. Keighley Snowden ... 702
Britain's Dilemma. M. de P. Webb 170
British Empire Shakespeare: A Midsummer's Night's Dream. Edited by Howard de Walden and Acton Bond 604
Broad Walk, The. Leonie Aminoff... 544
Broom. Mills Whitman 577
Brothers Karamazov, The. Fyodor Dostoevsky 448
Browning's Teaching on Faith, Life, and Love. W. Arthur Hind ... 604
Building of the Alps, The. Professor T. G. Bonney 505
Bunch Grass. H. A. Vachell ... 832
Byzance. Pièce en trois Actes traduit du Hongrois de François Herczeg 211
Cæsar Borgia. John Leslie Garner 69
Cairn Lodge. Antoine Le Borovski 77
Cameos of Indian Crime. H. Hervey 368
Campaigns on the North-West Frontier. Captain H. L. Nevill ... 72
Camp and Kitchen. Lucy H. Yates 495
Carteggio di Alessandro Manzoni ... 404
Castle Building, and Other Poems. Guy Kendall 538
Caught in the Chinese Revolution. Ernest H. Borst-Smith 140
Charmides and Other Poems. Gascoigne Mackie 442
Chats on Cottage and Farmhouse Furniture. Arthur Hayden ... 44
Chats on Old Jewellery and Trinkets. MacIver Percival 369
Cheerful Way, The. Lady Doughty 175
Cheiro's Memoirs: The Reminiscences of a Society Palmist 43
Chess for a Stake. Harold Vallings 798
Chief Commissioner, The. Hilda M. Swabey 141
Chief Constable, The. Vincent Brown 177
Child of His Adoption, The. George Evans 341
Child's Empire Picture Annual, The 176
China's Revolution, 1911-1912. Edwin J. Dingle 473
Chinese Poems. Translated by Ch. Budd 796
Christmas Garland, A. Max Beerbohm 636
Christusmythe, Die. Arthur Drews 101
Chronicle of Friendships, A. Luther Munday 403
Chronique de l'An, 1911, La. Mermeix 238
Church of Armenia, The. Malachia Ormanian 541
Clay's Revenge, The. Helen George 642
Clouds, The. Charles M. Doughty... 400
Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen, The. Translated by A. G. Chater 176
Colour in the Home. E. J. Duveen 441
Combined Concordance to the Bible, A 575
Comedy of Catherine the Great, The. Francis Gribble 70
Confessions of a Fool, The. August Strindberg 405
Co-Respondent, The 15
Cornish Coast and Moors, The. A. G. Folliott-Stokes 208
Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, 1787-1870, The. Edited by the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham 635
Courts of the Angels, The. Justus M. Forman 241
Creative Revelation: Four Lectures on the Miraculous Christ. J. G. Simpson 371
Crime of 1812 and its Retribution, The. T. Dundas Pillans 205
Crock of Gold, The. James Stephens 763
Crowns. Winifred M. MacNab ... 449
Cup and the Lip, The. Stephen Knott 374
Damsel Dark, The. Clara Turnbull 178
Dans l'Atlantique. Henri Deherain 508
Dante Gabriel Rossetti and German Literature. L. A. Willoughby ... 176
Daphne in the Fatherland 271
Darnely Place. Richard Bagot ... 543
Daughter of Fate, A. Edgar Leigh 374
Daughter of the Morning, A. Hugh de Selincourt 447
Dawn in Darkest Africa. J. H. Harris 828
Day Before Yesterday, The. Richard Middleton 761
Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, and Companionage for 1913 796
Decline of Aristocracy, The. Arthur Ponsonby 695
Défense de la Poésie Française à l'Usage des Lecteurs Anglais. Emile Legouis 136
Democratic Mistake, The. A. G. Sedgwick 700
Depths of the Ocean, The. Sir John Murray and Doctor Johan Hjort... 338
Derelict Empire, A. Mark Time ... 109
De Stamboul à Bagdad. Hakki-Bey 14
Deutschen in Russland, 1812, Die. Paul Holzhausen 791
Devoted Sparkes. W. Pett Ridge... 373
Diana of Quebec, A. Jean McIlwraith 407
Diana Weston. Ralph Dexter ... 111
Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley, 1778-1817. Edited by her Grandson, Richard Edgcumbe 536
Dictionary of Argot (French-English), A. W. von Knoblaugh 575
Dictionary of Dates, A. ... 14, 481
Dictionary of Quotations, A. Colonel Philip Hugh Dalbiac 481
Dieux Ont Soif, Les. Anatole France 73
Divorce. Earl Russell 45
Doctor and His Work, with a Hint of His Destiny and Ideals. Charles J. Whitby 638
Doctor Brown's Partner. Ianthe Cavendish 544
Dogs and Their Masters. Compiled by Marion Chappell 670
Drake in California. Herman Scheffauer 538
Dr. Tuppy. Stephen Townesend ... 764
Du Rythme en Français. Robert de Souza 136
Early History of the Christian Church from its Foundation to the End of the Fifth Century. Monsignor Louis Duchesne 542
Écrits de Musiciens (XVe—XVIIIe Siècles). J. G. Prod'homme ... 827
Edinburgh. R. L. Stevenson ... 701
Elements of Child Protection, The. Sigmund Engel 661
Elsie Lindtner. Karin Michaelis ... 78
Embarras de l'Allemagne. Georges Blondel 597
Empires of the Far East. Lancelot Lawton... 603
Emporium, The. Alec Holmes ... 449
Empress Eugénie and Her Circle, The. Dr. E. Barthez 698
England and the Moslem World. Syed H. R. Abdul Majid 46
English Apprenticeship and Child Labour. O. Jocelyn Dunlop ... 282
English Idioms. James Main Dixon 14
English Literature, 1880-1905. J. M. Kennedy... 366
English Lyrical Poetry. Edward Bliss Reed 168
Englishwoman's Year-Book and Directory, 1913 794
Englishwoman, The. Alice and Claude Askew... 15
Enthusiasts of Port Royal, The. Lilian Rea 760
Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art. Ernest Fenollosa 600
Essentials of Poetry. William Allan Neilson 264
Etain the Beloved. James Cousins ... 663
Ether Vivant, et le Réalisme Supra-Nerveux, L'. Paul Richard ... 340
Ethical and Religious Value of the Novel, The. Ramsden Balmforth 604
Eugenics Review, The... 141
European Years. Edited by G. E. Woodberry 173
Eve's Second Husband. Corra Harris 407
Exeter. Sidney Heath 732
Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries, The. W. Y. Evans Wentz... 608
Fall of the Mogul Empire, The. Sidney J. Owen 139
Faustula. John Ayscough 642
Favourites of Louis XIV, The. Le Petit Homme Rouge 640
Fires, Books II and III. W. W. Gibson... 825
First Signs of Insanity, The. Bernard Hollander 667
Five Little Plays. Alfred Sutro ... 307
Fly on the Wheel, or How I Helped to Govern India, The. Lieut.-Col. T. H. Lewin 402
Following the Drum. Horace Wyndham 671
Four Men, The. H. Belloc 75
Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan. Leaves from the Diary of Baroness Albert d'Anethan ... 234
Fra Angelico. Alfred Pichon... ... 304
From Mendelssohn to Wagner. Compiled by Henry Davison 75
From the Angle of Seventeen. Eden Phillpotts 512
From Theatre to Music-hall. W. R. Titterton 308
From the Black Mountain to Waziristan. Colonel H. C. Wylly ... 601
From the Forest . W. Scott Palmer 42
Fugitive Years, The. Katharine Simpson 47
Future of Poetry, The. F. P. B. Osmaston 106
Gates of the Dolomites. L. Marion Davidson 542
Gathering of Brother Hilarius, The. Michael Fairless 447
George Borrow, the Man and His Books. Edward Thomas 572
Germany and the German Emperor. Herbert Perris 597
Germany in the Nineteenth Century. Five Lectures by J. H. Rose, C. H. Herford, E. C. K. Gonner and M. E. Sadler 44
Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt, A.M. (Vol. II—1814-1866). Richard Schwemer 239
Girlhood of Queen Victoria, The. Edited by Viscount Esher 633
Girls' School Year Book, 1912 ... 77
Glamour. Bohun Lynch 544
Goodly Fellowship, The. Rachel C. Schauffler 512

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Gospel of Freedom, The. Henry D. A. Major 509
Great Initiates, The. Edouard Schure 790
Great Postponement, The. J. G. Sieveking 484
Green Overcoat, The. H. Belloc ... 75
Grey Terrace, The. Mrs. Fred Reynolds 78
Grip of Life, The. A. and E. Castle 831
Grit Lawless. F. E. Mills-Young ... 483
Grundzüge der auswärtigen Politik Deutschlands. Paul Arndt ... 597
Guiana: British, Dutch, and French. James Rodway 309
Guide Book and the Star, The. Ruth Lindsay 111
Guide to Books on Ireland, A. S. J. Brown 445
Guilelmus Neubrigensis ein Pragmatischer Geschichtsschreiber des Zwölften Jahrhunderts. Dr. Rudolf Jahncke 109
Guilty Man, The. Helen Ruth Davis 578
Hampton Court. Walter Jerrold ... 732
Handbook of Idiomatic English as Now Written and Spoken. John Kirkpatrick 575
Hans Sachs and Geothe. Mary Cacy Burchinal 506
Heralds of the Dawn, The. A Play by William Watson 235
Hercules Brabazon Brabazon. C. Lewis Hind 503
Her Majesty the Flapper. A. E. James 447
Heroine in Bronze, The. James Lane Allen 764
Her Sacrifice. Arthur Applin 47
Hidden, Fear, The. James Blyth ... 141
Hill of Vision, The. James Stephens 663
His Lordship's Baby. Hope Protheroe 341
Histoire de la Maison de l'Espine. Yves Blanc 15
Histoire des Arabes. Clement Huart 540
Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIXe Siècle. Elie Halevy 568
Historical Sketches of Glamorgan ... 507
History of Divorce, A. S. B. Kitchin 271
History of English Literature from "Beswulf" to Swinburne. Andrew Lang 117
History of European Nations, from the Earliest Records to the Beginning of the Twentieth Century, A. Angelo S. Rappoport 510
History of Preston in Amoundderness, A. H. W. Clemesha ... 371
History of the British Army, Vol. VII, 1809-1810, A. Hon. J. W. Fortescue 478
History of the British Nation, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, A. D. Innes 576
Hocken and Hunken. "Q" ... 672
Hoffman's Chance. Wm. Caine ... 797
Holiday Round, The. A. A. Milne... 448
Homeland and Outland. Song and Story. H. J. White 201
Home Rule from the Treasury Bench: Speeches during the First and Second Reading Debate 601
House of Life, The 701
Idle Hands. W. Clinton Ellis ... 764
Immortality and Life Eternal. W. P. Robertson 790
Impertinent Reflections. Cosmo Hamilton 312
In Camp and Kitchen: A Handy Guide for Emigrants and Settlers. Lucy H. Yates 405
In Defence of America. Baron von Taube 46
Indians of the Terraced Houses. C. F. Saunders 796
Industrial Punjab, The. A. Latifi ... 13
In Forbidden China. Vicomte D'Ollone 268
Inghilterra d'Oggi, L'. Signor Bevione 83, 113
Inheritance. Stuart Martin 484
In Portugal. Aubrey F. G. Bell ... 173
Instinct and Experience. Professor C. Lloyd Morgan 478
International Whitaker, 1913, The... 794
In the Garden. Margaret Cameron 140
Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III. Late Baron D'Ambes ... 317, 346
Into Thy Hands. Arthur Applin ... 212
Introduction to the Poets. W. F. Rawnsley 264
Iscariot, The. Eden Phillpotts ... 201
Isochronisme dans le Vers Français, L'. Paul Verrier 506
Isochronisme en Musique et en Poésie, L'. Paul Verrier 506
Italians of To-day, The. Richard Bagot 337
Italy's War for a Desert. Francis McCullagh 50
Jean Cameron. William Otterstoun 605
John Graham, Sub-Lieutenant, R.N. Fleet-Surgeon T. T. Jeans, R.N. 110
John Hungerford Pollen. Anne Pollen 670
John, Jonathan and Company. James Milne 831
Johnsonian Gleanings: Part II.—Francis Barber, The Doctor's Negro Servant. Aleyn Lyell Reade ... 508
John. Strahan Richards 606
Journal of a Sporting Nomad, The. J. T. Studley... 210
Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol, The. W. J. Locke 734
King: A Tragedy in a Continuous Series of Scenes, The. Stephen Phillips... 399
Knickerbocker Days. Harris Tweed 212
Knightly Years, The. W. M. Ardagh 312
Lady Dorothy's Indiscretion. Arthur Applin 141
Lamora. Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick ... 342
Landmarks in the History of the Welsh Church. Rt. Rev. A. G. Edwards 823
Last Legitimate King of France, The. Phœbe Allen 730
Last Resort, The. H. F. Prevost Battersby 16
Leading Figures in European History. R. P. Dunn Pattison... 574
Leaves of Prose. Annie Matheson, with Two Studies by May Sinclair 9
Lectures and Essays of William Robertson Smith. J. S. Black and G. Chrystal 729
Left in Charge. Victor L. Whitechurch 576
Legends. August Strindberg ... 604
Legends of the Gods. E. A. Wallis Budge 169
Letters of George Meredith. Collected and Edited by his Son 565
Letters to Myself. A Woman of Forty 140
Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI. Arnold H. Mathew 309
Life in the Indian Police. C. E. Gouldsbury 571
Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, The. A. F. Monypenny 727, 789
Life of Cesare Borgia. Rafael Sabatini 69
Life of Edward Mountagu, The. F. R. Harris 202
Life of Sir Howard Vincent, The. S. H. Jeyes 696
Life of William Morris, The. J. W. Mackail... 439
Life of William Robertson Smith. J. S. Black and G. Chrystal ... 729
Life's Great Adventure. Francis Stopford 303
Life Understood from a Scientific and Religious Point of View. F. L. Rawson... 790
Light Side of London, The. E. B. d'Auvergne 672
Lions of the Lord, The. Harry Leon Wilson 210
Listeners, and Other Poems, The. Walter de la Mare 307
Little Aversion, A. C. T. Martin ... 178
Little Songs of Long Ago. Alfred Moffat... 736
Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes. Edgcumbe Staley 700
Lord Ripon in India. Nrisinha Chandra Banerjee 671
Lord Rutland est Shakespeare. Celestin Demblon 824
Lost Interest, A. Mrs. George Wemyss... 15
Louis XVII, and Other Papers. Philip Treherne 730
Love Gilds the Scene and Women Guide the Plot. Agnes and Egerton Castle 178
Love of Nature Among the Romans During the Later Decades of the Republic and the First Century of the Empire. Sir Archibald Geikie 334
Lovers, The. Eden Phillpotts ... 666
Love's Pilgrimage. Upton Sinclair 407
Love-Seeker, The. Maud Churton Braby 446
Love's Victories. M. M. Lee ... 372
Lower Depths, The. Maxim Gorky 76
Luke Shepherd. Dr. Friedrich Germann 440
Lure of the Sea, The. J. E. Patterson 201
Lushei Kuki Clans, The. Lieut.-Col. J. Shakespear... 601
Mafulu Mountain People, The. R. W. Williamson 236
Maids in Many Moods. H. Louisa Bedford... 46
Maitres de l'Art, Les. Louise Pillion 304
Making of Ireland, and Its Undoing, The. A. S. Green 802
Making of Poetry, The. Arthur H. R. Fairchild 505
Malta and the Mediterranean Race. R. N. Bradley 509
Manchester Politician, 1750-1912, The G. B. Hertz... 302
Manifeste Technique de la Littérature Futuriste. Signor Marinetti... 152
Marble Aphrodite, The. Anthony Kirby Gill 342
Marius, Saturninus und Glaucia: Beiträge zur Geschichte der Jahre 106-100 v. Chr. Dr. Frederick Walter Robinson 639
Marooned in the South Seas. F. L. Langdale 240
Marriage. H. G. Wells 372
Mary in the Market. H. Maxwell... 673
Mary Pechell. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes 511
Mary the Mother of Jesus. Alice Meynell... 830
Mary Wakefield: A Memoir. Rosa Newmarch 105
Masterpieces of Music. Edited by E. Hatzfeld 445, 831
Matriculation Directory, June, 1912... 77
May I Tell You a Story? Helen Mar 398
Mayor of Casterbridge, The. Thomas Hardy 535
Meilleure Part, La. Emile Poiteau... 404
Mes Souvenirs, 1848-1912 J. E. F. Massenet 443
Member of Tatt's, A. Nat Gould ... 212
Memories of James McNeill Whistler, the Artist. Thomas R. Way... 38
Men and Manners of Modern China. Rev. J. Maggowan 572
Mightier than the Sword. Alphonse Courlander 241
Mines of Isaiah Re-explored, The Rev. J. K. Cheyne 732
Miniatures. George A. B. Dewar ... 175
Miscellany of Men, A. G. K. Chesterton 762
Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina, The. Jeanne Magoun 702
Modern Democracy. Brougham Villiers... 231
Modernismus. O. Schultzky 142
Modern Market Place, The. "Coronet" 606
Molière du xxe Siècle: Bernard Shaw. A. Hamon 827
Mollie the Handful. Florence Warden 47
Morituri; Roses. Hermann Sudermann 826
Morocco in Diplomacy. E. D. Morel 108
Moscow. H. M. Grove 728
Mrs. Lancelot. Maurice Hewlett ... 482
Mrs. Humphry Ward, Her Work and Influence. J. Stuart Walters ... 178

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Mundas and Their Country, The. Sarat Chandra Roy 370
My Escapes. A Bachelor 272
My Life at Sea. Commander W. Caius Crutchley 233
My Life in Prison. Donald Lowrie 759
My Lord the Felon. Headon Hill ... 448
Mystery of Francis Bacon, The. William T. Smedley... 370
Naked Soul, The. Louise Heilgers 448
Napoleon's Son. Clara Tschudi ... 757
Narrative of the Visit to India of T.M. King George V and Queen Mary. Hon. John Fortescue ... 758
Nature's Nursery Tales. Rev. S. N. Sedgwick 699
Neighbours of Mine. R. Andom ... 272
Nelson's Encyclopædic Library ... 481
New Editions 16
New Essays, Literary and Philosophical. James Lindsay 106
New Humpty-Dumpty, The. Daniel Chaucer 510
Night in the Luxembourg, A. Remy de Gourmont 207
Nos Hommes d'Etat et l'Œuvre de Réforme. François Maury ... 267
Œuvres d'Horace-Satires. Paul Lejay 174
Off Beaten Tracks in Brittany. Emil Davies 52
Old Brent's Daughter. Helen C. Roberts 576
Old Gardens of Italy, The. Mrs. A. Le Blond 830
Old Irish World, The. A. S. Green 802
Omar Kheyyám traduit en Vers Français d'après la Célèbre Version Anglaise de Fitzgerald. J. H. Hallard 136
Omens and Superstitions of Southern India. Edgar Thurston ... 265
One of Us. Gilbert FranRau ... 204
One Welshman: A Glance at a Great Career. Whitelaw Reid 795
On Nature's Trail. F. St. Mars ... 699
On the Backwaters of the Nile. A. L. Kitching 207
Ordeal of Silence, The. By a Peer 578
Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871, Les. 76
Our Aky. M. E. Francis 764
Our Future Existence. Fred G. Shaw 790
Our Old Nursery Rhymes. Alfred Moffat 736
Our Reproach in India. H. P. K. Skipton 206
Outfit and Equipment. Sir Harry Johnston and Others 405
Outlines of the History of German Literature. J. G. Robertson ... 444
Oxford Country Described by Several Authors, The 139
Pair of Blue Eyes, A. Thomas Hardy 535
Palestine Exploration Fund Annual, 1911 401
Pan's Garden. Algernon Blackwood 446
Parsifal. T. W. Rolleston 732
Path of Social Progress, The. Mrs. George Kerr 337
Pavements and Pastures. Thomas Burke 538
Pearl of the East, The. M. T. Hainselin 607
Pension Kraus. Agnes Blundell ... 484
Pentateuchal Studies. H. M. Wiener 830
People of the Wild. F. St. Mars ... 699
People's Books, The 446
Permanent Uncle, The. Douglas Goldring 373
Persian Literature. Claude Field ... 797
Philippe II, Roi d'Espagne. Charles Brath 240
Photograms of the Year 1912. Edited by F. J. Mortimer 732
Picture Books 736
Picture Tales from Welsh Hills. Bertha Thomas 544
Pierre Rosegger. A. Vulliod ... 310
Pillars of Smoke. Mrs. Stanley Wrench... 449
Plato's "Apology" and "Crito," or "The Defence of Socrates" and "The Drama of Loyalty." A new Translation by C. L. Marson ... 540
Play Hours with Pegasus. A. P. Herbert 46
Play-Making. William Archer ... 40
Plays and Players in Modern Italy. Addison McLeod 269
Plutus of Aristophanes, The. Translated into English verse by Sir William Rann Kennedy 480
Poème Anglo-Saxon de Beswulf, Le. Hubert Pierquin 509
Poems and Songs. Richard Middleton 761
Poems. Clifford King... 397
Poems. Seumas O'Sullivan 663
Poems. W. E. Lutyens 538
Poems. William Sharp 138
Poems of Love and Earth. John Drinkwater 825
Poet and the Poetic Principle, The. L. Conrad Hartley 106
Poet's Chantry, The. Katherine Bregy 367
Poets of Ireland, The. D. J. O'Donoghue... 445
Politique Musulmane de la Hollande. Four Lectures by C. Snouck Hurgronje 14
Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins, The. Edited by L. C. Collins... 134
'Prentice Days and Other Poems. H. J. White 201
Présences. P. J. Jouve 701
Price She Paid, The. David Graham Phillips... 482
Printing Papers: A Handbook for the Use of Publishers and Printers ... 481
Promised Land, The. Mary Antin... 637
Psychology and Crime. Thomas Holmes... 237
Quest of the Golden Rose, The. John Oxenham 512
Race of Circumstance, The. H. R. Campbell 607
Râma and Homer. Arthur Lillie ... 236
Rambles in the Park. Wm. J. Claxton 140
Random Notes and Reflections. Joseph Harris... 45
Ravageurs, Les. J. H. Fabre ... 699
Recollections of a Court Painter. H. Jones Thaddeus 6
Recollections of a Great Lady: Being More Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne... 266
Rei Lear, Lo. Translated by Aufos Par 671
Religious Experience of Saint Paul, The. Percy Gardner 268
Religion of Sciences, The. James W. Lee 311
Religions of the Ancient Celts, The. J. A. MacCulloch 608
Reminiscences of a Blackwall Midshipman. W. J. Downie 210
Republican France, 1870-1912. "Le Petit Homme Rouge" 665
Retrospect, The. Ada Cambridge ... 271
Return of Peter Grimm, The. David Belasco... 673
Revelations. Robert Bryant 576
Ridge of the White Waters, The. William C. Scully 339
Rogues in Arcady. Sir William Magnay, Bart. 406
Roman Anglais Contemporain, Le. Firmin Roz 171
Romance of Bayard, The. Lieut.-Colonel Haggard 544
Romance of Sandro Botticelli woven from His Paintings, The. A. J. Anderson 404
Romance of Submarine Engineering. T. W. Corbin 481
Romances of the French Theatre. Francis Gribble 472
Romance of the Impossible, A. Paul Bookham 111
Romance of Wills and Testaments, The. Edgar Vine Hall 336
Romantic Trials of Three Centuries, The 795
Rusted Hinges. St. Clair Harnett ... 543
Saimi Tervola. Hilma Pylkkanen ... 406
Sally. Dorothea Conyers 576
Samphire. Lady Sybil Grant... ... 830
Savetier des Fées, Le. Adapted by E. Magee 212
Scottish Prose of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. John Hepburn Millar 340
Sculpteurs Français du XIIIe. Siècle, Les. Louise Pillion 304
Secret of Germany's Expansion, The. "44" 597
Secret of the Pacific, The. C. Reginald Enoch 333
Selected Essays by Ahad Ha'Am. Translated from the Hebrew by Leon Simon 12
Sensations of Paris. Rowland Strong 403
Shadow Show, The. J. H. Curle ... 9
Sheep and its Cousins, The. R. Lydekker 825
Sheila Vedder. Amelia E. Barr ... 407
Shoreless Sea, The. Sybil C. Lethbridge 407
Signal, and Other Stories, The. W. M. Garshin 47
Sign, The. Mrs. Romilly Fleddon ... 449
Simon Brandin. B. Paul Neuman ... 578
Sin of Youth, The. Leslie Mortimer 407
Sixty Years of Progress and Fiscal Policy. Earl Brassey 175
Social Guide, 1912, The. Edited by Mrs. Hugh Adams and Edith A. Browne 77
Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911. W. Harbutt Dawson ... 337
Some Christmas Books 612
Some Christmas Issues 737
Some German Women and Their Salons. Mary Hargrave 37
Some New French Books. Marc Logé 82, 611
Some Poems of Lionel Johnson. Introduction by Louise Imogen Guiney 201
Song in September. Norman Gale 538
Songs at Random. Oliver Davies ... 201
Songs of a Syrian Lover. Clinton Scollard 397
Songs of the Open Air. George A. Greene 397
Songs of the Prairie. Robert J. C. Stead 397
Songs Out of Exile. Cullen Gouldsbury 538
Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti. With Translations of them and an Introduction by Ezra Pound 542
Sorcery Club, The. Elliott O'Donnell 798
South America: Observations and Impressions. Rt. Hon. James Bryce 639
South America. Painted by A. S. Forrest. Described by W. H. Koebel 672
Spes Vitæ and Other Poems. Robert Calignoc 640
Spring Days. George Moore ... 511
Star Dream, The. Ellen M. Dobinson 830
Star of the East, A. Charles E. Pearce 483
St. Lô. Dorothy M. Stuart ... 605
Stories Old and New 212
Story of Jerusalem, The. Colonel C. M. Watson 401
Story of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, The. W. Canton 830
Street called Straight, The. Author of "The Inner Shrine" 733
Street of the Flute Player, The. H. de Vere Stacpoole 577
Streets of Ascalon, The. Robert W. Chambers 641
Strother's Journal. Edited by Cæsar Caine 209
Studies and Appreciations by William Sharp. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. William Sharp 138
Studies in Arcady. R. L. Gales ... 176
Studies in Jacob Böhme. A. J. Penny 8
Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town. Stephen Leacock 238

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Superman in Being, A. Litchfield Woods 311
Supremacy of Public Opinion in a Constitutional Empire, The. "Quisque" 175
Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830. Oliver Elton 792
Syndicalism: A Critical Examination. J. Ramsay MacDonald 203
Syndicalism and the General Strike. Arthur D. Lewis 203
Syrische Barbara-Legende, Die. Dr. Wilhelm Weyh 510
Temple of Dreams, The. Paul Bo'ld 241
Things That Pass. Alice E. Robins 733
Things That Women Do, The. Florence Warden 212
Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life. Mrs. Alec Tweedie ... 476
Thorn-bush near the Door, The. Sophie Cole 311
Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by George Long 599
Through Dante's Land. Mrs. Colquhan Grant 541
Through Greece and Dalmatia. Mrs. Russell Barrington 307
Through Holland in the "Vivette." E. Keble Chatterton 507
Through the Ivory Gate. Reginald Farrer 513
Told by the Ayah. Advena Hearle 543
Top Farm, The. Algernon Gissing... 177
Touchstone of Fortune, The. Charles Major 177
Tragedy in Stone, and Other Papers, A. Lord Redesdale 306
Tramp's Sketches, A. Stephen Graham 637
Traveller's Tales. "The Princess" 11
Treasure of Thule. B. D. Steward 484
Trespasser, The. D. H. Lawrence ... 449
Triuniverse, The. By the Author of "Space and Spirit" 511
Troisième Puissance, La Roman traduit du Hongrois de Géza Gárdonyi 211
True Temper of Empire, The. Sir Charles Bruce 42
True Traveller, The. W. H. Davies 339
Tudor Drama, The. C. F. Tucker Brooke 10
Two Kings. Cosmo Hamilton ... 606
Two on a Tower. Thomas Hardy... 535
Tyranny of Trade Unions, The. One Who Resents It 177
Unbearable Bassington, The. H. H. Munro 702
Unseen Friends. Mrs. William O'Brien 793
Until that Day. Harold Wintle ... 605
Upas Tree, The. Florence L. Barclay 577
Ush: The Revelation of Bandobast Wilderness. "Adelphos" 213
Vagrom Men. Alfred T. Story ... 42
Vale: A Book of Verse. Leonard Inkster 397
Valserine, and Other Stories. Margaret Andoux 540
Value of a Maimed Life. Extracts from the Manuscript Notes of Thomas Wedgwood 270
Vancouver to the Coronation. J. J. Miller 670
Vicar's Secret, The. C. E. Jeffery... 141
Viceroys of Ireland, The. Charles O'Mahony 631
Vie Politique dans les Deux Mondes La (October, 1910—September, 1911). Edited by A. Viallate and M. Caudel 210
Virgin Royal, The. Mrs. Donald Shaw 484
Voice of One Crying, The. E. Gibson Cheyne 762
War and the Private Citizen. A. Pearce Higgins 237
W. B. Yeats. Jethro Bithell ... 340
Waster, The. Mrs. Henry Tippett ... 342
Wearing of the Shuttle, The. C. H. Cautley 702
Web of the Golden Spider, The. Frederick Orin Bartlett 240
What Diantha Did. Charlotte Perkins Gilman 272
What the Judge Saw. His Honour Judge Parry 634
Whitaker's Almanack, 1913 794
Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage, and Companionage, 1913 794
White Ashes. S. R. Kennedy and A. C. Noble 512
Whitman's Print-Collector's Handbook. Additional Chapters by Malcolm C. Salaman 574
White Knights, The. T. G. Wakeling 831
Who's Who, 1913 794
William Hone: His Life and Times. F. W. Harkwood 794
William Morris: A Critical Study. John Drinkwater 439
William Morris, His Homes and Haunts. Countess of Warwick ... 9
Windyridge. W. Riley 512
Wings of Love. C. Ranger Gull ... 78
Wirtschaftlichen Grundlagen des Modernen Kunstgewerbes in London, Die. Dr. Bruno Ranecker 639
With Dante in Modern Florence. Mary E. Lacy 239
Witnesses to the Historicity of Jesus, The. Arthur Drews 101
Woman Between, The. Edmund Bosanquet 77
Woman's Suffrage. Heber Hart ... 337
Woman Wonderful, The. Wilfred Hemery 111
Woodlanders, The. Thomas Hardy... 535
Wooing of Margaret Trevenna, The. Roy Meldrum 544
Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. A. H. Bullen ... 830
Writers' and Artists' Year Book, 1913 794
Writing the Short Story. J. Berg Esenwein 762
Zola Dictionary, A. J. G. Patterson 137
1913, and Other Essays. Alfred Edward Carey 9
'Ορατίου ᾠδαί, κατὰ μετάφρασιν Πανεμμόλπου. Τόμου ά τεῦχος ά 796

THE THEATRE.

Adventure of Aristide Pujil" at the Haymarket Theatre, "An 703
"Aladdin" of the Follies at the Empire 799
"Art and Opportunity" at the Prince of Wales Theatre 375
"Autumn Manœuvres" at the Adelphi Theatre 142
"Beastie" at the Little Theatre ... 800
"Ben-my-Chree" at the New Prince's Theatre 48
"Birthright" at the Court Theatre... 79
"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" at the Little Theatre 547
Charity Matinee at the St. James's Theatre, A 766
Coliseum, The 418
"Curios" at the Coliseum 766
Dancing Mistress" at the Adelphi, "The 607
"Dolly's Little Bills" at the Hippodrome 142
"Doormats" at Wyndham's Theatre 485
"Drake" at His Majesty's Theatre 318
Dumb and the Blind" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, "The 740
Earl's Court Tourney, The 80
"Echo and Narcissus" at the King's Hall Theatre 80
Eldest Son" at the Kingsway Theatre, "The 738
Empire, The 452
"Everywoman" at Drury Lane Theatre 374
"Family Failing" at the Court Theatre 24
Girl in the Taxi" at the Lyric Theatre, "The 352
Golden Doom" at the Haymarket Theatre, "The 703
Good Hope" at the King's Hall, "The 608
Grass Widows" at the Apollo Theatre, "The 353
Great John Ganton" at the Aldwych Theatre, "The 408
Harem Lily" at the London Pavilion, "The 799
"Hedda Gabler" at Clavier Hall ... 740
"Honour Thy Father" at the Little Theatre 800
Ideal Wife" at the Vaudeville Theatre, "The 112
"If We Had Only Known" at the Little Theatre 798
Imaginary Conversation" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, "An... 739
"Instinct" at the Duke of York's Theatre 675
Irish Players at the Court Theatre, The 24, 78
Little Caffe" at the Playhouse, "The 451
"Little Miss Llewelyn" at the Vaudeville Theatre 319
Malingerers" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, "The 740
Marriage of the Soul" at the King's Hall, "The 80
Masqueraders" at the St. James's Theatre, "The. 142
Master of Pageantry at "Shakespeare's England," A 80
Miss Margaret Morris and Her Dancing Children at the Kingsway Theatre 739
Mr. Frohman's Triple Bill 242
New "Revue" at the New Alhambra, The 579
"Officer 666" at the Globe Theatre 642
Only Way" at the Hippodrome, "The 578
Open Door" at the Lyceum, "The 514
"Overruled" at the Duke of York's Theatre 546
Penny Bunch" at the Vaudeville Theatre, "A 643
Pioneer Players at the Little Theatre, The 800
Price" at the Aldwych Theatre, "The 766
"Ready Money" at the New Theatre 213
"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Globe Theatre 320
"Riders to the Sea" at the Court Theatre 78
"Rosalind" at the Duke of York's Theatre 546
"Sandy and His Eliza" on Tour 607
Scrape o' the Pen" at the Comedy Theatre, "A 353
Some New French Plays. Marc Logé 676, 804
"Sylvia Greer" at the Queen's Theatre 704
"Tantrums" at the Criterion ... 578
Thumbscrew" at the Little Theatre, "The 800
Tide" at the Queen's Theatre, "The 832
"Troilus and Cressida" at the King's Hall, Covent Garden ... 799
Turning-Point" at the St. James's Theatre, "The 484
"Twelfth Night" at the Savoy ... 674
Venetian Night" at the Palace Theatre, "A 643
Visit of the King" at the Palace Theatre, "The 766
Voysey Inheritance" at the Kingsway Theatre, "The 354
Waldies" at the Haymarket Theatre, "The 764
"Where the Rainbow Ends" at the Garrick Theatre 833
"Where There's a Will—" at the Criterion Theatre 765
Widow of Wasdale Head" at the Duke of York's Theatre, "The ... 546
Winter's Tale" at the Savoy Theatre, "The 417
Younger Generation," at the Haymarket Theatre, "The 703
Young Man's Fancy" at the Criterion Theatre, "A 451
"Zaza" at the Queen's Theatre ... 546

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C. Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	3
From Victor Hugo	4
England does not love Coalitions	4
Poetry and the Public ...	5
A Genial Gossip	6
Reviews:	
A Seventeenth Century Mystic	8
Various Studies	9
Anatole France at his Best	10
The Springs of English Drama	10
A l'Américaine	11
A New Philosophy of Judaism	12
A Great Property	13
Shorter Reviews	13
Fiction	15
New Editions	16
Music	16
Pilgrims and Pilgrimage ...	18
Foreign Reviews	19
Some Indian Reviews ...	21
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	22
The Theatre:	
The Irish Players	24
Notes and News	25
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	26
Motoring and Aviation ...	27
In the Temple of Mammon...	28
Correspondence	29
Books Received	31

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE publish this week two excellent letters—one by a Radical and one by a Tory—on the Anglo-German position. We do not, of course, accept responsibility for every phrase or sentiment expressed in either, but—in essentials—they confirm the editorial view expressed in our issue of April 27 last, in which we advocated the cessation of the senseless antagonism—based on no vital considerations—which has long prevailed between Germany and Great Britain. We protested then—as we protest now—against the eternal theory of the necessity of bribes. We heartily acquiesced in the position maintained in an able article in the *Contemporary Review*:—"Assuming that good-will and good-faith exist on both sides, a permanent accord could be struck up with ease and promptitude." There is no real quarrel, no fundamental cause of hostility, but there are clouds of prejudice and misunderstanding to be dispersed. Will the great German diplomatist who is now with us succeed in completing a task which we believe is already far advanced towards a solution?

Away on the coast of Cornwall, Poldhu, a little spot unheard of by Londoners before the era of wireless telegraphy, has recently been the scene of a notable gathering. For a short time the most important countries of the world "rang up" Poldhu and expressed good wishes to the International Radio-Telegraphic Convention there assembled; Canada, Spain, Italy, New York, all sent their messages through the air to this tiny corner of the West Country, and as Mr. Marconi himself was present to explain matters to the visitors the occasion was one of exceptional interest. We are becoming so accustomed to wonders that these applications of science and discovery to ordinary life cease to surprise us; but it was not so very long ago that the telephone came into general use. And, by the way, it will not be so very long before the telephone becomes an antiquity, if the "right number" continues to evade our wistful call in its present aggravating manner. Soon it will be easier and quicker to send a wireless message to the other side of London than to "ring up" our friends with the instrument of perversity which adorns our walls and desks and devastates our tempers.

Let us not take too seriously Lord Rosebery's sweeping indictment of those two irrepressible friends of our earlier days, Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen, as "the vilest specimens of the human race." In spite of his assertion, we venture to say that very few people "grew to manhood under the impression that medical students were composed" exclusively of Sawyers and Allens; and although he expressed his disbelief that they ever existed, they existed for us in the pages of "Pickwick," and surely that is enough. In his zeal for the noblest secular profession in the world, a profession that fights death continually yet without hope of conquering in the long run, Lord Rosebery grieves us by trimming his sails to a side-wind of fancy. Probably Dickens never meant for a moment that the lively Bob and the mournfully sentimental Ben should be taken as representatives of the doctors of those days; as for us, we may be content to accept them gratefully for the sake of the laughter they have caused. There are moods when "Pickwick" is more welcome than any other book, and then "Sawyer, late Nockemorf," is part of the fun.

We should like to compliment Messrs. Charles Knight and Co. on the production of their handy Insurance Cabinet, which is cheap at the price of one shilling. The case can stand comfortably on a desk. It is divided into compartments for contributors' cards, etc. The same firm have sent us their householders' help to the National Insurance Act, 1911, which is extracted from their excellent "Everybody's Guide." Personally we think that only heaven can help people immersed in this gruesome mess called legislation, but we do not blame Messrs. Knight for endeavouring to scale the supernal heights.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

From Victor Hugo

"Oh! quand je dors. . . ."

OH! While I sleep come near my resting-place
As Laura came to Petrarch's dreams erewhile,
And let thy breath in passing touch my face,
Then all at once my lips
Shall half unclose and smile.

Over my brow, where darkly brooding lies
Some long-drawn gloomy vision of the night,
Let but thy look, like some clear planet, rise,
And all at once my dream
Shall turn to something bright.

Last on my lips, where trembles the new bliss,
The fire electric, pure from Heaven above;
Angel no more, but woman! lay one kiss
And all at once my soul
Shall waken up to love.

[1888. Translated by the late Canon Ellerton. As far as is known, hitherto unprinted, and published in THE ACADEMY by special permission.]

England does not love Coalitions

IN 1852 Mr. Disraeli enunciated the proposition that England does not love coalitions. During the half century since the words were uttered, coalitions have been infrequent. The most honourable and the most memorable has been that to prevent the grant of Home Rule to Ireland as a concession to dynamite. The days of 1886—never to be forgotten by those who were closely concerned in them—must ever be a record of the dauntless courage and inflexible resolve of those members of the Liberal Party who faced probable assassination and certain obloquy from those with whom their ties were of the closest, rather than betray the trust which their country reposed in them. The great meeting at the Opera House, when Lord Salisbury, Lord Hartington, Lord Cowper, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Plunket, and Mr. Rylands—Radical of Radicals—met on the same platform to denounce the craven surrender to outrage can never fade from the memory of those who were privileged to be present at it. That Coalition has, after an endurance of twenty-five years, eventuated in amalgamation with a no less worthy object than that which initiated the original partnership.

The country is again in danger. A coalition of a totally different character threatens, and has in one instance shattered the bulwarks of stable government and the fundaments of national prosperity. It is a pitiful and a sordid spectacle, viewed at a time when the orator of Empire is exclaiming:—

> It is not only the Empire, but it is the world itself which has need of all the character, all the honesty, and all the ability which it contains, developed or undeveloped, to carry it on without the danger of anarchy and chaos.

All the character! All the honesty! *O, tempora! O, mores!* A Coalition Government has for six years been flouting the will of the people, overturning the Constitution of the realm, truckling to violence, and pandering to the meanest passions of the flotsam and jetsam of the population. The Unholiest of Unholy Alliances—the vital interests of the nation have been put up to auction first to the Irish ally, and next to the tyrants who hold honest labour in thraldom.

> Let them not taste the hire
> Of their iniquitie.

That, alas! is what they not only taste, but what they habitually batten on.

At last a rift is apparent. The ignoble compact, like other monstrous creations, had not the element of permanence in it. There is no finality to blackmail.

The Liberal Party are now warned off the course at Hanley and Crewe. Hanley is claimed as a Labour seat, a somewhat cool contention when it is borne in mind that Mr. Enoch Edwards was defeated in a straight fight by a Conservative as recently as 1906. Crewe never has been a Labour seat, and the claim to it is fantastic. The degradation of the Government is absolute. The Irish members, having little enthusiasm for the Home Rule scheme, and little belief in the will or the power of the Government to ensure its passage into law, are very unreliable attendants in the House of Commons; they have only one bribe to claim, and they see pretty clearly that they have been cajoled. The Socialist Labour man is insatiable. He "wants it all," and judging of the fibre which the Government have displayed he has little doubt that he can obtain his demands if he threatens sufficiently loudly.

Crewe and Hanley. It is a brutally brazen demand, but it is eloquent of the estimation in which the Government is held by its camp-followers.

We have no desire to immerse ourselves in the morass of political chicanery, but we should like to ask the people of this country whether they still cherish the illusion that they are being governed under a representative system. We can see nothing but the tables of the money-changers, and the methods of the huckster.

In the name of decency will the Government at last make a stand, and refuse to sacrifice the Paschal lamb of reputation to rapacious mercenaries?

We think not. We think they will pass beneath the yoke, and retain their offices and their salaries.

CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Poetry and the Public

IT would be interesting to know what the leading lights of the intellectual world would reply to the following two questions: (1) Why has poetry steadily lost prestige since the death of Wordsworth (1850), so that it has now generally ludicrous connotations in the mind of the ordinary man? (2) What must our present-day poets do to regain the respect due to it? If one refrains from gathering a symposium on the subject it is due to the fear that the eminent few are themselves tainted with the same cynical views that now pervade the million, so that the majority of answers would run: (1) Because no great poets have appeared since that date. (2) Write great poetry.

While believing that this first statement is true so far as it goes, probably the inferences which would be drawn therefrom would be wholly unjustified. That since 1850 no personality has arisen as a mouth-piece of that "natural piety" which is the common basis of our emotions, and, in a healthy state (whether individual or social), has the ordering and guidance of our likings and aversions, is unhappily true enough. In an age of unfaith it is difficult to find any common basis for appealing to the emotions, since the arrogant reason is always ready to flout all sincere feeling as the mere self-indulgence of those whose intellect is not keen enough to mark either the source or the purpose of the passions that waylay them. This, is, indeed, the one and only theme of Mr. Shaw's plays, and is symptomatic of an age when the fine arts have become utterly divorced from life, and are no longer the handmaidens of the social instincts, either trivial or serious. In so far as any present-day poetry is allied to social instincts, it generally speaks with a voice of protest, dismay, or despair utterly inimical to the "pure religion breathing household laws" so cherished by our grandparents. The poetry of Wordsworth's generation expressed the general aspirations of a vast bulk of people, as is now clear from a philosophic survey of that period. Scott rendered articulate the sentiments vaguely felt in what we now know as the "Gothic revival," the alliance between man and the hills that overshadow him and the homes that shelter; in Byron the same feeling of pious awe for nature as the arena for heroic exploits or the stern corrector of mean ones is implicit throughout, while Wordsworth himself, in whose work all this is equally inherent, lifts it to another plane by an omission, in general, of any insistence on the purely grandiose elements in men's history (such as battles and the pomps of kingship), insisting on the "natural piety" that creates its own transcendent world from the commonest elements and the lowliest duties. Shelley's faith in the latent possibilities of man led him "to fear himself and love all human kind," and to hail "Earth, Ocean, Air" as one "beloved brotherhood."

The generation that succeeded Wordsworth, undermined by industrialism and evolution, added nothing to our store of beauty as regards any conception of our relation to the universe in which we live. It added enormously in metrical accomplishment, sheer virtuosity reaching its final apotheosis in Swinburne, where the poet, at first holding the hounds of rhyme and alliteration well in leash, is finally dragged clean off his feet by the tugging pair. The poetry of this period is almost wholly the poetry of introspection and self-analysis varied by occasional word-painting of extreme fineness. The self-questioning of sincere men who want to do the right but confess they do not know it, whose tragic lot it is to be endowed with instincts for beauty which have outlived their power of trusting the old sanctions and prohibitions in whose fulfilling it was once to be found—we have that on the one hand; and on the other is the poetry of nervous sensations, which convey a serious import only to people of tender years, often impelling them to dire lamentation or revolt over a life as yet unseen in focus. Neither category of song conduces to the idea of an apostolate in the singer, since the first insists on our incurable wretchedness and the second insists only on joys that cannot survive a cold in the head or a twinge of neuralgia.

Poetry to win respect from the ordinary man must be by way of an affirmation. Rightly or wrongly to the normal English mind, poetry stands or falls by its effect as a help or hindrance to living, and hence by its insistence on "man's unconquerable mind." "But," the reader may object, "to appraise poetry thus is to mistake and misjudge the whole nature and meaning of æsthetic endeavour." That may or may not be so; we merely notice the phenomenon without ratifying the opinion.

> I am the master of my fate,
> I am the captain of my soul.

is one of the few affirmations of "man's unconquerable mind" made in our own time that has achieved instant and assured popularity. But an age that is seriously asking whether—since man is a product of heredity and environment and his thought and conduct necessarily conditioned by these—he *can* have an "unconquerable mind" has oftener produced a poet "tired of myself and sick of asking"; or another who hopes wistfully—

> that good shall fall
> At last far off, at last to all
> And every winter turn to spring.

or a third who astonishes us with the agile shuffling of "Bishop Blougram's Apology" (though he wins our popular acclaim with his "Epilogue" and "Prospice"); or a fourth who

> strives to build a shadowy isle of bliss
> Midmost the beating of the steely sea,

seeking that "escape from life" (which only a modern critic could have proffered as an excuse for art), by re-telling old tales that are utterly remote from life as we know it.

If we recall some of the best-known lines of standard English poetry and the strong and noble affirmations lying behind them, such as those to which the following are an index:—

> The expanse of spirit in a waste of shame—
> It is not growing like a tree—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The glories of our blood and state—
When I consider how my light is spent—
The World is too much with us—

we see at once that our past poetry has enshrined an ethical sentiment which has come home to the hearts and bosoms of men without descending to the tameness and obviousness of writers, such as Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who now usurp the throne and receive the tribute due to the authentic singer.

WILFRID THORLEY.

A Genial Gossip*

By HALDANE MACFALL.

THE author of this gossip volume disarms criticism by frankly confessing himself what his enemies—if so genial a fellow have enemies, except the enemies of all success—will undoubtedly call him, a lover of the great ones. Yet a snob in the worst sense he cannot be. He makes no disguise of his real name being Jones—which he wisely changed for Thaddeus, realising that a name should be a label. This is typical of the sound commonsense of the man throughout his life; so far as the years have already taken him. A downright snob would have buried Jones at midnight in the coal-cellar, and left him there hidden for ever. The frontis-piece, a quick, deft self-portrait, reveals the man to be much what the pen thereafter completes as portrait, a soldierly-looking, shrewdly diplomatic, forthright fellow, "bound to get on," with no neck for servility, but liking the great ones so be that their company did not compel humiliations upon him. Such is stuff for the making of a good gossip; and Mr. Thaddeus's volume is jolly reading. 'Tis true he has the flaw of journalese; and to drink a glass of whisky is to "pour out a libation upon the altar of Bacchus," even donkeys become "steeds," and "the former" and "the latter" do most hideously abound. Mr. Thaddeus opens well; plunges a header into the stream; and except for somewhat empty letters from the very highly placed, never wearies with the tedious stuff that makes the reading of the average biography so dull an adventure. He had the good fortune to win early in life the favour of the Royal House of Teck; and his genial gifts soon made him a wide circle of friends. He has his weaknesses—like most of us he considers the best critic to be that man who speaks well of him; but we may drop as of poor value his support of such allies; his word in such matters is of no account. Therefore let us to the sub-stance of his volume, though one shrewdly suspect he is a better talker than writer.

Of Irish stock, the young Thaddeus had the good luck to begin his training at ten in the art school of Cork, and with a breezy description of that school his book opens. By fourteen the lad had so well mastered drawing from the antique that he was made assistant-master. At seventeen the youth crossed the Channel and went to the historic school in London called Heatherley's, that picturesque old master being still lord of the school. Heatherley figures in a delicious story. The mild old man, with long white flowing beard, and arrayed in dressing-gown and skull cap, if he knew little of art, at least insisted on a lofty attitude towards the models, whom he arranged on Monday mornings, whilst the students waited outside the doors. Now each student set his palette and laid it on his allotted chair before retiring beyond the door; and Thaddeus tells of the girl model who, becoming tired owing to the long and tedious arrangement of the foreground draperies by old Heatherley, took a rest and sat down on one of the set palettes. The prim old man was feverishly trying to get off the paint when the students, grown restive, broke into the room to find the distracted Heatherley scraping with palette-knife and rubbing with turpentine the painted lady. The scene of wild laughter that fol-lowed may be well imagined. And, be it remembered, these were the students of the late 'seventies, when the wild devilments of students, art and medical, and Sand-hurst cadets, to say nothing of the 'varsities, used to make "the Pav." music-hall a place of reckless and foolish riot of a Saturday night.

Young Thaddeus was soon in the literary set; and at nineteen made for Paris, which he, of course, calls "the gay city." Of the student life in "the Quarter" he gives a somewhat disappointingly sketchy survey marred by the "fine writing" that overwhelms even good story-tellers when they "take up the pen"; for instance: "It culminated in an orgy with my boon companions which terminated with the morning light illuminating our tottering footsteps as we sought our respective abodes." Mr. Garvin could not beat that. Our author seems to have had his eyes always on the road of convention; for, from Paris, he went inevitably to Pont-Aven, and thence to Concarneau. Thereafter he met Edmond de Goncourt and Alphonse Daudet, but seems unable to give any impression of them. At twenty-two he shakes the life bohemian from him and makes for Florence—which he, of course, calls "the Cradle of European Art." After a punishing introduc-tion to mosquitoes the young fellow settled in a studio that had once belonged to the loathsome order of the Murati, or walled-in nuns. The Guelphs and Ghibel-lines, by the way, were somewhat more complicated than Mr. Thaddeus's neat and clear definition states—at the same time it is quite true that the Renaissance nobility of Italy were not Italians at all, but Goths and Germans, as the fair type reveals; whilst their hereditary foes, the Guelphs, were the wealthy Italian merchant class. Nor can one well speak of the "virility" of a horse.

At last our artist, being now twenty-three, was intro-duced to the Duke of Teck, who seems to have taken a fancy to him and thereby established his fortune. Mr. Thaddeus becomes quite Italian in his description of the royal couple, and we get little nearer to the per-sonality of the amiable and widely loved duchess than the bland compliments and exaggerative phrases in

* *Recollections of a Court Painter.* By H. JONES THADDEUS. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

which the characters of the royalties suffer drowning. This is the more the pity since the Duchess of Teck was a remarkable woman whose personality was well worth recording; but our author proves, long before we reach the middle of his volume, that he is not greatly endowed with the literary gift of portraiture. Indeed, halfway through the book came an alarming uneasiness; for we are given long dreary details of visits which bore us as solemnly as they must have bored those who took part in them—whilst the lists of grandees at tea-parties become as wearisome as the *Gazette*, or Bankruptcy lists.

However, the Duchess of Teck had opened to him the gates to success; and he returned to London full of introductions to the great. An interesting flashlight is given here and there, as in the Home Rule tendencies of the Duchess of Cambridge as against the solid opposition of the whole of the rest of the royal family. But for the most part we travel in trains—luncheon details are given with solemn unction—and "the Duke and myself" go to sleep, or, as Mr. Thaddeus has it, "fall into the arms of Morpheus." But he shows, between the lines, that even the German royalties are very human, simple folk, unspoilt by splendour most of the time, and wonderfully tame when treated kindly. Here and there his quick observation reveals itself, where he does not feel hampered by the friendship of the great; and his deft description of the break-up of society at Florence owing to the Czar's recall of the Russian grandees who were grinding down their peasants in absentee landlordism to maintain their lavish Florentine hospitality—and his picture of the Florentine grandees making a great outward show of fine carriages and dresses, but going home to their gloomy palaces to "partake" (oh, Mr. Thaddeus! partake) of their grim dinners of macaroni or tripe—all this has much tart Irish humour in its convincingness.

Lady Orford's receptions, as that wonderful old lady smoked cigars and overlooked moral weaknesses in the amusing rips of her English salons, are clearly put before us, and her ladyship is a quick pen-portrait of which one desires more. Queen Natalie of Servia, who used to walk about the streets bareheaded, her dark hair down her back; Mr. Livingstone, with his coach and sixteen horses; the pearl-loving Princess Wornzoff; the jewel-bedecked Jewess, Countess de Talleyrand; her bald-headed Count de Talleyrand, with his large range of wigs of different length, and the necessity of the fashionable to beg the name of his barber on the days when he commenced to wear the shortest, these are all sketched with gossip skill. The care taken to make the Royal Academy accept the painter's portrait of Queen Mary of England makes amusing reading.

In the spring of 1887, before leaving Florence, the painter made his well-known portrait of Gladstone, which brought forth Mrs. Gladstone's whispered caution: "Above all things, my dear, agree with him in everything he says." At Cannes he again met and gives a fine account of the noble-soul'd Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin; and a first-hand account from the lips of the Grand Duchess Vladimir of the hair-breadth escape of the Czar and the Court in St. Petersburg, due to the unique act of the Czar in being a few minutes late for dinner—a fact which foiled the anarchists, who blew up the dining-room of the palace just as the imperial party reached the door, who, kneeling in the darkness whilst the Czar called to prayer, praying until the palace was relit, found a gaping abyss before them—banquet and banquetting hall, servants and floor, all vanished into the void. This awful incident is unrelieved by the humour of the Irishman who entertained the earthquake: all Nice had rushed from the houses into the public square, clad in night apparel, at the first shock; when, huddled in crowds trembling with panic, they heard a piano strike up in a great deserted restaurant and a rich baritone brogue sing, "We won't go home till morning." We get a glimpse of our artist's own cool head and resource in time of danger in his adventure whilst painting in Algeria—an ugly situation saved by his Irish pluck and genial commonsense.

Of Rome and the Romans Mr. Thaddeus gives one of his best pictures, and by the time he reaches London his pen runs more fluently. There is an excellent story of two diplomats with handsome wives—the two men who sit up late and forget their rooms, to which our Court Painter guides them after midnight—but one must not spoil one of the best stories in the book. The extravagances of Jan van Beers, the conceit and pettiness of Whistler, the difficulties of painting Irish M.P.'s before the subscribers had changed to deadly enemies; Du Chaillu of gorilla fame; Lord Cromer; Lord Dufferin's donkey race with Lord Charles Beresford—these are among our painter's best descriptions.

I am just returned from looking upon Lord Ronald Gower's "Shakespeare Group" at Stratford-on-Avon, and it reveals that our Court Painter is a poor authority on statuary. Of Egypt, of the foul rule of Ismail, of the purification of the land by Lord Cromer, of the dire result of the Queen's not understanding the Oriental mind; of Society taking the waters at Homburg, including the American woman-climber to titles; of the breach between Edward VII and the Emperor William; of the serious Australian problem of the destruction of child-life; and on all subjects concerning religion Mr. Thaddeus is worth reading.

For one who has passed his career largely in "villas replete with every luxury," as our author puts it, Mr. Thaddeus cannot be expected to frame his phrases in a simpler style; it would not go with the plush hangings; but whilst one suspects that the shorthand writer would have made a better book from his talk, one must pay him the tribute of witness that his painted portraiture shows the man's real gifts, and simplicity and directness are not the least of these. The outer man he records with shrewd observation; and one or twice he discovers to us the deeper inner man. The brush is more limited than the pen—its range a lesser range—and when the pen is in his hand our Court Painter has not the unamiable courage of too frank an inquisition into such as have done him royal service, the which, perhaps, is as it should be.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

A Seventeenth Century Mystic

Studies in Jacob Böhme. By A. J. PENNY. Illustrated. (John M. Watkins. 6s. net.)

JACOB BOHME, who was born in 1575, was a shoe-maker of Görlitz, in Saxony. In the year 1600 we learn that "he was first consciously overtaken by the Spirit of the Light, which loved him exceedingly."

This remarkable and ecstatic phenomenon took place one day in the fields, when, as he said, "in one quarter of an hour I saw and knew more than if I had been years together at an university, ... for I saw and knew the Being of all beings, the *Byss* and *Abyss*, also the birth or eternal generation of the Holy Trinity; the descent or original of this world, and of all creatures through the divine wisdom; I knew and saw in myself all the three worlds, namely the divine, angelical, and paradisical world; the dark world; and the external or visible world, being a procreation or extern birth. . . . I had a thorough view of the universe as in a Chaos." Böhme was right. A whole lifetime at a university fails to give such profound knowledge as this.

Euripides once wrote: "ὁ Θεὸς ὡς ἔφυ τι ποίκιλον καί δυστέκμαρτον," and, for centuries since, the most profound philosophers have echoed this aphorism.

Böhme waited some ten years before he gave in his "Aurora" the "unsought riches of revelation" to his friends—and enemies, for in that age it seemed particularly unorthodox and unauthorised that an illiterate should write "as he was moved by the Holy Ghost."

The authorities of Görlitz, headed by the Primate, Gregory Richter, raised such a disturbance, and so persecuted Böhme, who was condemned for heresy, that for the sake of peace he retired to Dresden, where he died, after a short illness, in 1624. There most of his works (thirty-one in all) were written, between the years 1618 and 1624. Mrs. Penny claims that "from his writings, Sir Isaac Newton in England, and Hegel in Germany, drew what the French call *les idées mères*, to which their own fame has been largely due."

Hegel probably borrowed ideas from Böhme, as he did, without acknowledgment, from Duns Scotus, though Hegel's system of Ontology is diametrically opposite to Böhme's ideas of Revelation. Yet in Böhme, as a mystic philosopher, we trace the same assurance of the possession of absolute truth as in the empirical philosophers. "Truly, we are the whole world; with us wisdom shall die," in effect say Hegel, Nietzsche, Haeckel and others. Böhme had some excuse—the possession of a direct revelation. He consciously identified his "inspiration" with the Eternal Omnipotent Creative Wisdom, he himself being merely the mechanical agent. Yet Mrs. Penny actually justifies her rejection of certain of his teachings and deductions by the extraordinary statement that "doubtless the spirits he associated with were sometimes ignorant."

Here mystic meets mystic, not on common ground, but with a temporary lapse into practical commonsense. The same allegation might be brought against Swedenborg, Madame Blavatsky, Mrs. Eddy and others—a scarcely acceptable explanation of failure, although mystics admit the existence of evil and lying spirits, and Böhme himself assures us that they are "fond of 'jugglery.'" The difficulty must be in deciding what is truth, hence the position of the transcendental mystic, on his own showing, differs little from that of the scientific philosopher. But Böhme had the singular advantage of a trance of many months' duration, during which he became cognisant of the World-Soul and of other world-souls. This trance may perhaps be explained as a prolonged meditation on the doctrines of the ancient pagan philosophers, concerning the Mundane or Universal Soul. This Cosmic Spirit "captivated Adam and introduced its substantiality into his imagination, viz., his untoward gross body." "The World-Souls of the universe exist in pairs, male and female."

Madame Blavatsky's "Astral Light, or Anima Mundi," dual and bi-sexual, is found in Böhme's theory that before his sleep Adam was a man and also a woman, and yet neither of them distinct, and that the woman Eve was given to him after his fall, which caused his sleep. We give this example to illustrate the kind of speculation of which Böhme was capable.

In his view of the origin of nature, Böhme seems almost to have been a monist. "If the seven spirits of nature had not been from eternity then there would be no angel, no Heaven, also no earth have come to be." (N.B.—He means *eternal nature*, as all the rest of his teaching proves.) These forms of Eternal Nature are the seven spirits *of God*, "generating God," hence the saying of Isaiah xlv, 7: "I create evil," is strictly true. There is much in these essays which shows the more profound side of Böhme's philosophy. On the continuance of evil, he says: "Nothing without contradiction or opposition can become manifest to itself. The evil or contrary will causeth the good, viz., the good will, that it presseth again after its original, viz., after God."

Böhme interpreted the scriptures in the deepest spiritual sense, in the light of what he believed to be direct revelation. Many of his interpretations are highly original. Poiret credited him as one "qui avec une pénétration toute centrale des choses théologiques et surnaturelles, ait aussi connu d'origine les vraies principes de la philosophie, tant de la métaphysique, que de la vraie physique." But his mysticism is too transcendental for the many. His writings are only for the few. There may be much that is lacking in modern popular Christianity, yet taken as a whole it is at least practical.

Those who take pleasure in speculative mystic theosophy will find much to interest them in Böhme's spiritual mysticism, and an unexpected light thrown on many difficult problems, even though his own claims and those of his admirers are often beyond acceptance. Mrs. Penny, whose essays in *Light* are reprinted in this volume, was one of his greatest admirers. She was herself a mystic of the type of Swedenborg, a deep thinker, and gifted with a profound faith in things

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

spiritual. For nearly forty years, till her death in 1893, she had made Böhme her constant companion and was familiar with the whole range of his writings, as well as with those of the students of his philosophy, Freber, Martensen, and many others.

Various Studies

William Morris, his Homes and Haunts. By the COUNTESS OF WARWICK. Illustrated. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net.)

1913, and Other Essays. By ALFRED EDWARD CAREY. (Thomas Burleigh. 2s. 6d. net.)

Leaves of Prose. By ANNIE MATHESON, with Two Studies by MAY SINCLAIR. (Stephen Swift and Co. 5s. net.)

The Shadow Show. By J. H. CURLE. With Frontispiece. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

The Autobiography of a Working Woman. By ADELHEID POPP. Translated by F. C. HERVEY. With Introduction by AUGUST BEBEL and J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., and Two Portraits. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE most noticeable thing in Lady Warwick's kind-hearted book about William Morris is the twice-repeated story that Morris once told Burne-Jones that "poetry is tommy-rot." Lady Warwick admires this because it seems to her to show that Morris was not a "mere poet." Whereas, if it meant anything at all, it meant that he considered it a poor thing to be a "mere poet," and perhaps that he felt himself in danger of being one. Physical strength and violent language are no infallible safeguards, and Lady Warwick herself finds "an abstract of his philosophy of life" in a scene from "The Roots of the Mountains" where the men and the Bride rest at midday and eat. This abstract is "work first, because it is the most lasting of pleasures; then rest on the green slope with a strange medley of onions and beautiful women singing old-time songs." Whether this is poetry or not, it is not far from being "tommy-rot." There is no doubt that Morris was essentially a decorator. He spoilt a tobacco-pipe in "News from Nowhere" by irrelevant ornament. With one or perhaps two exceptions his poems are the most purely poetical ever written: no others were ever so decorative. And so he threw a stone out of his glass house and said poetry was "tommy-rot."

Mr. Alfred Edward Carey expresses the same discontent with his times. "The rising generation of artists are tailors' models, frock-coated or dress-jacketed. Who amongst them would venture to revive the Bohemianism in which Thackeray and Du Maurier delighted? Absurd, no doubt—the long hair, the mighty pipe, the garb in defiance—but how real." Yet Time's wingéd chariot is bearing hither a critic who will adore these stern and spotless men in frock-coats or dress-jackets—*they* never troubled to be superficially different from the multitude, but looked like millionaires or military men; *they* regarded the extravagant garb and the long hair as so much poetry or nonsense. They lived, it will be said, when a poetess—Miss Annie Matheson—was not ashamed to write a sonnet on the election of the London County Council:—

> Now let your great traditions guard your heart,
> Brave city of Milton, Shakespeare's capital!

They wore frock-coats, but they were anxious to preserve individuality underneath. Even for pauper children Miss Matheson desires "more home-life, with all its variety of give and take and rough and smooth; less of that safe, machine-like, inflexible institution-routine, which, from its very perfection and inevitableness, deadens character, creates spontaneity and injures health. Courage, resource, originality—what chance is there of these where childhood is governed in the aggregate and humanity is adjusted to the average?" She wishes to multiply interference in order to destroy the effects of interference. She would have strife without brutality. Nature lying down with Art and producing an impossible harmony, as in the "Faerie Queene," of winds and waters, birds, human voices, and instruments.

Miss Matheson quotes with admiration Clagh's review of Alexander Smith's poems, where he said—

> These poems were not written among bodes and burts,
> nor yet
> By shallow rivers, to whose falls
> Melodious birds sing madrigals;

for they were full of "images drawn from the busy seats of industry." Mr. J. H. Curle is one who has listened to melodious birds and factories without any impressive effect on style or character. He has seen so much that he has time only for a catalogue and some downright prejudices. He is most amusing when he calls up before his memory the women of the globe to appraise them:—

> My affinity lies in the Gothic North; Austrians, Russians, Germans, and Scandinavians are the women of my dreams. A wintry landscape, with a fairish woman in her furs, is civilisation's masterpiece.

He has been everywhere, and it has left him probably as it found him, blatant and cocksure, but not a writer. He may be better with the sword or the shovel; his words do not create the image of such a one, but only of one who esteems himself such a one.

Frau Popp has not travelled, nor troubled about the proper subjects of poetry, or about the relative positions of life and literature; but no doubt books like hers are encouraged by the revolt of the reading middle-class against "mere poetry" and life at second-hand. Frau Popp's book is one of the most simple and modest of its kind. It was originally to have appeared without her own name, since she did not regard her narrative as of individual importance, but as representing the lot of hundreds of thousands of the women and girls of the working-class.

She writes definitely for this purpose, and as one who has come to certain conclusions about the position of the working woman. It aims at being rather a tract than a work of art. But it is far from being only a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

heartrending summary. It abounds in such things as where, in the house of a Duchess to which she had gone for charity, she saw a girl like herself, in a similar shawl, green frock and wooden shoes, with the same eyes and dark hair, without knowing that it was herself in a mirror. It is probable that she could have written a longer book that would also have been better. Her business is with the main outlines of her earlier life and the reflections which led her to become a Socialist. She has no poor opinion of literature. It is probable, indeed, that only a writer who wished to show himself above his trade would call poetry or any other form of literature, except the bad, "tommy-rot."

Anatole France at his Best

At the Sign of the Reine Pédauque. By ANATOLE FRANCE. A Translation by MRS. WILFRID JACKSON, with an Introduction by WILLIAM J. LOCKE. (John Lane. 6s.)

MR. JOHN LANE, of the Bodley Head, is publishing what may rightly be described as an *édition de luxe* of the works of Anatole France, although in price it appears as an ordinary series of volumes, and the latest to be added to the collection is the "Rôtisserie de la Reine Pédauque," which has been described as "perhaps the most characteristic example of that elusive point of view which makes for the magic of Anatole France." A collected edition of this writer's works would indeed be incomplete without the inclusion of the present volume. On the other hand the book might properly be published by itself if only as an introduction of its author's work to English readers. There can be no doubt that this view is widely recognised, for the present is the second translation of "La Reine Pédauque" which has been issued to English readers within the last few months. The story under notice cannot be considered a novel in the ordinary sense. It may more properly be designated a chronicle, or, still better, a parable. There is no particular plot; it is in effect a sketch of two or three characters with half-a-dozen others brought in to fill the interstices. In this form the fullest opportunity is afforded for the display of the delicate art and irony for which the author is rightly famous, which makes the present volume a delight to the reader.

Every author loses something by translation, and Anatole France above all is untranslatable in many of his aspects. His genius is so closely akin to that of the French language that no other medium is adequate to interpret it. Thus the English translation must necessarily fall below the original. Yet Anatole France even in English is so delightful, that Mrs. Jackson's translation deserves and should receive a wide and cordial welcome. The nature of this particular work lends itself to the casual reader. The volume can be opened at any page and enjoyed. The reader is independent of the slight shadow of a plot which strings the narrative together. The style, the wit, and the learning without a trace of pedantry, conveyed in delightful manner, are sufficient attraction. The book can be read merely for the delight of reading Anatole France. Its gentle satire amuses all and can hurt none. But it is necessary to issue one word of warning. It is not suitable *virginibus puerisque.*

Quotation can give no adequate impression of the work, yet to cull one or two passages needs no excuse. One is reminded of the apology of our own Charles II for taking so long about his dying, by the Canon, who, when *in extremis*, was visited by his Bishop. "Alas!" said the Canon, "I ask pardon of your Lordship for unavoidably dying in your presence." "Go on, go on, do not mind me," replied Monseigneur kindly. The mad alchemist whom our author has created is amusing, but he is much more than that. Anatole France is sufficient of an artist to leave to his readers' imagination the feelings of the gourmand Abbé when he was gravely informed that "The next thing will be to nourish ourselves on extracts of metals and minerals suitably prepared by physicians. Have no fear, the taste will be delicious and its absorption wholesome. Cooking will be done in retorts and in alembics, and we shall have alchemists as master-cooks. . . . Nature . . . . suffers nothing useless to exist." The Alchemist looked even farther ahead. He foresaw the time when mankind would exist on no more substantial food than sunbeams. "It is a mere question of rendering potable the beams of the sun. If ever some sage attains this goal, mankind will equal the Sylphs and Salamanders in intelligence and beauty. . . When we feed as we ought our teeth will be replaced by some ornament like the Salamander's pearls. Then we shall be unable to imagine how a lover could have looked without horror and disgust on the dog-teeth in his mistress's mouth."

The Springs of English Drama

The Tudor Drama: A History of English National Drama to the Retirement of Shakespeare. By C. F. TUCKER BROOKE, B.LITT.(Oxon.) (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

THE drama is one of those perennial topics which lends itself to every man who has a theory to ventilate or an innovation to introduce. The modern tendencies and theories of this art have become so numerous, and, to tell the truth, often so foolish, that it is desirable that those who have some new extravagance to air, or who are about to overthrow some of the older canons, should be compelled to study the history and try to get at the groundwork of their subject. Herein lies the value of the volume under review. He who thoroughly assimilates this history, discovering for himself the dramatic principles involved, and the lines of development and laws of growth which are implicit in it, will be better fitted to estimate the true worth of modern movements.

The book before us, a well-written and very thorough piece of work, should prove of the greatest value to literary students who wish to get a complete under-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

standing of the rise of English drama. It would form an admirable text-book, though it is not by any means composed in the dry-as-dust manner which so many writers of text-books affect. Its author, although a scholar of an English University, is now instructor in English at Yale. He is fully aware of the kind of quibbling criticism which may be made concerning his title, and the way in which he has been forced to overstep its exact limits; but we are willing enough to concede to him all the liberty he requires in this matter, for divisions into periods are always an artificial device which can never be wholly satisfying, convenient though they often may be.

The earlier chapters deal with that fascinating time when the drama gradually emerged amid the many-coloured life of the fourteenth and two succeeding centuries. How the modern play had its almost protoplasmic forerunner in connection with the Church, how in its development this forerunner gradually shook itself free from religious influences, and gained an independent life, are matters familiar enough to all students of literary history. They are retold here with a fulness and clearness that make these pages perhaps the most interesting in the book. The stiffness and didacticism of miracle play, morality, and interlude were gradually outgrown: John Lyly is the first dramatist of a newer order. This is how Professor Brooke speaks of him:—

> John Lyly is the first dominating personality that confronts the historian of the English drama. . . . Hitherto, the playwrights of two centuries, figures often nameless and generally obscure, present themselves to the student normally and properly as exponents of one strain or another in theatric evolution. Henceforth, it is rather the play, in the most conspicuous and important cases, which becomes subsidiary to the reflection of the personality and character of the poet. Thus judicial interest in the dramatic species gives place ordinarily to appreciation of the individual dramatist.

From this point our author takes up the various types of drama in succession—tragedy, comedy, the heroic play, romantic and pastoral comedy, the history play, and others—and writes about each with a true critical insight into the complex growth of these forms. There are times, of course, when this work must necessarily be pedestrian, consisting chiefly of a description of one play after another, but through all there are gleams such as this:—

> Successful tragedy, when it came, resulted, not from the effort to pack a sensational story upon the slender and ill-articulated frame of the interlude, but from the thorough adaptation of the more resourceful Latin model to national uses and traditions.

The disintegrating influences which finally brought this splendid period to barren days are well indicated, and show how deep and abiding is the connection between art and life at all times. The first of these was the rise of Puritanism, which, by its fierce antagonism to the stage, created so strong a division in the national life as to vitiate the springs of dramatic inspiration. The other great influence was more academic, and was due to an attempt to impose literary canons of a classical kind upon the dramatist, and so to hedge him about with limitations as to make the free practice of his art almost an impossibility. In the course of this discussion Professor Brooke has some illuminating things to say:—

> During the age of which we are treating, dramatic literature and established religion were infinitely more than the narrowly defined and essentially unrelated phenomena they are at present. Each had potentially, at least, if not in actuality, a scope so enormous as to include within itself the entire social, political, and intellectual import of the national life; and that would probably be no very distorted conception of history which should regard the Elizabethan impulse toward dramatic self-expression and the great Puritan movement as the protagonists in a struggle, where the prize of victory was nothing less than the power of shaping the ideals and interests of the English people.

A word of praise must be added for the very full and excellent bibliographies which are appended to each chapter, and also for the comprehensive index.

A L'AMÉRICAINE

Traveller's Tales. By "THE PRINCESS." (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 8s. net.)

THE substance of the papers of which this book is composed first appeared in the pages of the *Springfield Republican.* Perhaps Springfield likes its infinitives split. If so, it must have in "The Princess" an author after its own heart. Frankly, the style of this book is such as to invite execration. It fairly bristles with "and whiches," and similar grammatical—or rather ungrammatical—atrocities. Here is a sample of "The Princess" at her very worst. She is writing of a Quentin Mastys at Munich:—

> To me, perhaps because of the Oberammergau influence, she is a gem of gems, this beautiful sorrowing mother, whose face is so exquisitely expressive of love, worship, and tenderness, and which stands out so vividly in distinction to the dead helplessness of the crucified, against a lovely background of blue.

Nor do "The Princess's" delinquencies end here. On page 67 we are gravely informed that the people at Interlaken are followers of Zwingli, "a form of Calvinism." It is scarcely necessary to add that Zwingli is not "a form of Calvinism," but the name of a Swiss reformer. The name of Neill Gow is misspelt on page 107, while on page 146 the name of the Rev. W. F. G. Sandwith, the vicar of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, appears as the Rev. H. G. Sandwith. "The Princess's" explanation of the origin of the "grille" in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the House of Commons has at least the charm of novelty:—

> The grating, I was . . . told, had been there for a great many years, and was put up because the bright eyes and sweet smiles of their feminine friends caused such havoc in the hearts of the members as to prevent them from properly attending to business!

So easy is it to impose upon the credulity of a Princess—particularly when that Princess happens to be an American!

Style (or its absence) apart, the book is one of vivid human interest. It is the record of a prolonged tour in Europe, told in a series of letters. "The Princess" is, happily, free from those objectionable elements which make the American tourist so often an object of curiosity rather than of admiration. She has a receptive mind, and her comments are invariably both shrewd and stimulating. She has crowded enough experience into these pages to provide material for at least a dozen books of travel. Her recollections range from Pitlochry to the Pyrenees. She has mixed with dukes in Scotland, and with *dévotes* at Lourdes. She has seen a coronation in London, a funeral in Paris, a passion play at Oberammagau, and a bull-fight at Madrid. She has visited Goethe's house at Frankfort, has heard the chimes at Nuremburg, and wandered, enchanted, through the art galleries at Munich. And all these experiences have stirred in her something more than a mere vulgar curiosity. The sight of a religious procession in Bruges induces reflections on the attraction of the Catholic Church. She has a genuine respect for old institutions, a wholesome dread of the levelling influences of democracy, a fondness, which is evidently far from affected, for things European. She writes sympathetically of Paris, and almost rapturously of London. And her pages are at all times relieved by a pretty and quite feminine sentiment. There we must leave "The Princess." The art of writing good English is by no means an easy one, and "The Princess" has not acquired it.

A New Philosophy of Judaism

Selected Essays by Ahad Ha'Am. Translated from the Hebrew by LEON SIMON. (The Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.)

FOR something like two thousand years Hebrew has for all practical purposes been a dead language. By a few isolated groups, settled in out-of-the-way districts of the Turkish dominions and neighbouring countries, it has been retained as a spoken language, but among the bulk of the Jews of the world, Hebrew, centuries ago, gave way to the languages of the Diaspora; so that the language of the Jews, inasmuch as it differed from those of the peoples among whom they dwelt has been Jüdisch-Deutsch, an old German dialect, in Central Europe and the regions colonised thence, and Ladino or Espanol, a language which bears a similar relationship to mediæval Spanish, among the descendants of Spanish Jewish refugees who settled under the protection of the Mohammedans. Hebrew has survived throughout all those centuries only as a language of prayer, in a sense an artificial language divorced entirely from life, an apparently dead language which has stood still for centuries. Within the last generation, however, it has been found that the language was after all not yet dead: it had only been sleeping. The revival of Jewish nationalist feeling which followed the outbreak of anti-Jewish atrocities in Russia just thirty years ago carried with it a revival of the ancient language of the Hebrews. Hebrew spread outside of the Synagogue, and was adapted to the uses of the larger literature. First the world's classics began to be translated into the Hebrew tongue: soon the language itself was used as the vehicle of original composition, and Hebrew works appeared in all the branches into which human literature is divided. To adapt itself to this new use the language which had lain dormant for centuries had to spread and extend its vocabularies in many directions. Thus the Neo-Hebrew differs in many respects from the language of the Bible, just as modern Greek is a descendant of, not the same language as, the language of Homer and of Alexander.

Ahad Ha'Am, a selection of whose essays translated from the original Hebrew, is presented in the volume under notice, is the most scholarly and most cultured of the writers of this modern Hebrew. He is, moreover, in the forefront of modern Jewish philosophers. He has evolved a new philosophy of Judaism, according to which the hope of the future rests not in the mediæval Judaism of the Ghetto, nor in the modern Judaism of the lands of emancipation and assimilation, but in a *via media* which he has designated Moral Zionism. This Moral Zionism, otherwise known as Ahad Ha'amism, parted company long ago from the better-known Zionism which the late Theodore Herzl brought into being. Ahad Ha'Am and his disciples have no desire to create a Jewish political state in Palestine: their object is to safeguard the future of Judaism by assuring it of a spiritual and moral centre in its historic land, whence the Jews of the Diaspora and their faith may from time to time draw reinvigoration. In furtherance of a double purpose, an exposition of Ahad Ha'Am's philosophy and an illustration of the remarkable medium he has made of Hebrew as a means of expressing modern thought, Mr. Simon has made an excellent selection from the writings of his author. By concentrating on the former object he has not sacrificed anything of the latter, for all of Ahad Ha'Am's writings show how perfectly and artistically he has moulded his practically self-created medium to his pen. But Mr. Simon is not a mere translator and editor. He also is a philosopher; and those who are anxious to find in convenient form an exposition of a philosophy of modern Judaism could hardly do better than to read the illuminating introduction which the editor contributes to these essays. In fact the author has been fortunate in his translator and editor, and the latter has also been fortunate in his subject.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

A Great Property

The Industrial Punjab: A Survey of Facts, Conditions, and Possibilities. By A. LATIFI, I.C.S. (Longmans, Green and Co. 4s. 6d.)

THE people of England are hardly aware of the immense property the nation possesses in its Eastern Dependency, and of its capacity for almost unlimited development. Plenty of information is available, in official and non-official literature, if anyone cares to seek it. This book, prepared under the authority of the Local Government is a survey of the Facts, Conditions, and Possibilities of the Punjab, considered as a field for industries, that is, for its manufacturing industries, in which the raw material is appreciably altered by human skill or labour, but it does not include the mineral, agricultural and forest products of the country. Of the 315 millions of the population of India, the Punjab contains only 20, of whom 56 per cent are supported by agriculture. The artisans form only 20 per cent. Education is so backward that skilled artisans are few; difficulties in respect of labour and capital completely dominate the larger or factory industries, which are yet in an elementary stage. Much remains to be done in the encouragement of village industries, and finally in the extension of the means of distribution.

Mr. Latifi's official inquiry showed that, in spite of all impediments, the various industries, from cotton to glass, separately treated in his twenty chapters, already employ a considerable number of workers, and that if certain difficulties can be surmounted a great future is possible for them. It is the old story of want of capital and of confidence. As usual in India, Government assistance is the remedy suggested to supply the deficiencies of private enterprise. Industrial education conducted by Government is the first proposal, culminating in a well-equipped Technical College. We had not heard before that "factories in Europe are most unwilling to teach possible rivals," and the statement to this effect can hardly be accepted without corroboration. The fact remains that numerous students do come to Great Britain, and even visit America, for their industrial and technical training. Further, Government is expected to give more direct inducements in the shape of guarantees and subsidies to special industries, and is asked to send a Commission, suitably selected, to the countries whose economic development bears some analogy to that of India. The little State of Wurtemberg in Germany, and Japan, are the two examples held up for imitation.

Such inquiries and books have their value, but they are not enough, without further action. It is essential that they should be utilised by commercial men with an eye to business. The Punjab, like the rest of India, is progressing, though the ravages of plague and malaria are appalling; but the pace of progress is slow and immediate results cannot be attained all along the line. It is for the people to help themselves and employ their own capital, whether through Companies or Co-operative Societies or individual undertakings, rather than wait for European capital, which may properly be invested in the larger projects, but can hardly be forthcoming for the smaller industries requiring local knowledge and minute attention. The apathy and want of enterprise of the Indian industrial classes are obstacles to advance which have to be overcome.

FROM STEPHEN SWIFT'S LIST.

The Italian Government has recognised this work as the best and most authoritative exposition of the Italian point of view, and has purchased a large number of copies for distribution among its Consulates and Embassies. The Italian Prime Minister has himself written to Mr. Lapworth expressing his thanks and congratulations.

TRIPOLI AND YOUNG ITALY.
By **CHARLES LAPWORTH**, in collaboration with **HELEN ZIMMERN.** Fully Illustrated. **10s. 6d.** net.

WATERLOO.
By **HILAIRE BELLOC.** **1s.** net.
The NATION says: "To everyone who wishes to join in the controversy or even to understand what the discussion is all about we earnestly recommend Mr. Belloc's brief monograph. Let everyone before entering the society of military men, three years hence, get this little book almost by heart."

A NIGHT IN THE LUXEMBOURG.
By **REMY DE GOURMONT.** Translated, with a Preface and Appendix, by **ARTHUR RANSOME.** **5s.** net.
"An audacious excursus of fancy pierced together with the fertile skill of a consummate artist."—THE ATHENÆUM.

ENGLISH LITERATURE: Pater, Wilde, and After.
By **J. M. KENNEDY.** **7s. 6d.** net.

LA LITTÉRATURE ET LES IDÉES NOUVELLES. By **ALEXANDRE MERCEREAU.**

6/- FICTION.

SHADOWS OUT OF THE CROWD.
By **RICHARD CURLE.**
"Mr. Curle's pungent liquor," says the MANCHESTER GUARDIAN, "is amazingly good. In particular, 'Disordered Minds' is hardly to be beaten in prose for a masterful account of madness."
"The author has a wonderful analytical faculty for laying bare the secrets of the human heart."—SCOTSMAN.

AN EXCELLENT MYSTERY.
By **COUNTESS RUSSELL.**
"Undoubted vividness and freshness"—MORNING LEADER.
"Gift for character drawing."—WESTMINSTER GAZETTE.
"Only a little inferior to some novels which are quite famous."—IRISH TIMES.

A complete catalogue can be obtained gratis on application.
STEPHEN SWIFT & CO., LTD., 16, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

Shorter Reviews

The Brain of the Nation, and Other Verses. By CHARLES L. GRAVES. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a genuine flavour of *Punch* about these witty verses of Mr. Graves, and we are not surprised to learn that some of them have made their appearance in that paper. From his eyrie in Wellington Street the author sees the humorous side of life, possibly, as a welcome relaxation; at any rate, most of the work in this small volume was worth doing, and worth publishing in book form. If we were to call Mr. Graves a poet, he would probably smile, but in more than one instance he comes very near to deserving that title; his charming use of place-names in "Norfolk" carries with it something better than mere rhyming:—

> Yours are the truest names in England—
> Overy Staithe and Icknield Way,
> Waveney River, Ringmere, and Ringland,
> Wymondham and Wormegay.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Land of windmills and brown-winged wherries
Gliding along with the gait of queens;
Land of the Broads, the dykes, and the ferries,
Land of the Sounds, the Brecks, the Denes.

Most of his stanzas, however, run on the lines of gentle remonstrance or sarcasm at the expense of persons who are, we must say, generally well-deserving of the "celestial hail of thwacks" which Mr. Graves deals out to them; the "Journalistic Apologue" is an example, and the concluding verse will give the cue to readers:—

His predecessors plied the pen
Of gentlemen for gentlemen;
Now other times bring other ways,
And peacocks pontify to jays.

The best thing in the book is probably the "Valedictory Ode" to Dr. Hans Richter, as, knowing Mr. Graves' musically inclined brain, we might expect:—

Beloved at once by amateurs and pro.'s—
Like W. G., whom ev'rybody knows,
The other Doctor famed for scores,
Who, like you used to count in three and fours. . . .

Mindful of dignity in ev'ry action—
Unlike those *virtuosi* who on *outré* vesture
Rely, or on extravagance of gesture,
Or mainly on capillary attraction—
You let no affectation mar your mien
Grand, leonine, serene;
But swayed your hearers by the triple dower
Of sympathy, simplicity, and power.

And the wickedest pages in the book are those devoted to the compiler of the "Great Thoughts" of Ella Wheeler Wilcox, where the spirit of sly sarcasm revels. We cannot quote more, but we can advise all who want an hour's thorough amusement with one who not only rhymes neatly, but spices his rhyming with the best of wit, free from the slightest suspicion of ill-feeling, to get this book and enjoy it as we have done.

De Stamboul à Bagdad: Notes d'un homme d'Etat Turc. By HAKKI-BEY. Illustrated. (Ernest Leroux, Paris.)
Politique Musulmane de la Hollande. Four Lectures by C. SNOUCK HURGRONJE. Illustrated. (Ernest Leroux, Paris.)

THERE is considerable divergence in the points of view of the authors of these two brochures, though they are both writing under the same auspices. The first is the account of a journey made by the Turkish statesman, Hakki Bey, from Stamboul to Bagdad—or rather to Basra—and is filled with his national aspirations, mostly, we cannot but feel, of the kind sometimes known as pious. The lawlessness of the tribes, the fecklessness of the authorities, and the "menées" of other powers on the skirts of the Ottoman realms fill Hakki Bey with indignation and with the desire to instil some energy into the rulers of his native land. But he is unable to indicate the means of action. As a book of travel, his work is entertaining, and not without the elements of excitement.

Dr. Snouck Hurgronje has given a series of lectures for the "Revue du Monde Musulman," which may be recommended to any reader anxious to understand the international workings of Islam. He devotes a great deal of attention to this general aspect of his thesis, and seems to use the great Dutch colonies more as illustrations than as a main subject. He is no friend to Mahometanism, and, in certain aspects, wishes it to be resisted and confined. But this is mainly an account of the political basis of Islamism; the universal Caliphate is the bane of the system. Dr. Hurgronje views it somewhat in the same light as a devout Elizabethan Protestant regarded the Papacy. Its ethical force should be allowed free play; its dangers, which are great and many, should be and will be exorcised by the magic of education. But the task must be taken in hand before it is too late. Islam is a huge but blind force, which, like the lightning, can be directed into harmlessness.

English Idioms. By JAMES MAIN DIXON, M.A., F.R.S.E.
A Dictionary of Dates. Vol. I. A—Engineers. ("Nelson's Encyclopædic Library." T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net each vol.)

OF the making of cheap popular series of books there appears to be no end, and one of the most useful of these, inaugurated quite recently, is undoubtedly "Nelson's Encyclopædic Library." It is founded on the firm's well-known "Encyclopædia," and the series is to include two types of volume—specialised works of reference, such as dictionaries and concordances of various kinds; and volumes, in an encyclopædic form, dealing with special subjects, such as Engineering, Agriculture, Economics, Science, etc. The volume of "English Idioms" is arranged in alphabetical form, and an initial letter indicates the category to which each phrase belongs: Prose, Conversational, Familiar, Slang. Many authorities have been consulted in the compilation, and we are pleased to see that several foreign phrases in use in everyday conversation and writing have been included, as this adds considerably to the value of the volume. "A Dictionary of Dates" aims at providing "a clear, systematic, and accurate record of the most important events in the world's history." It is, of course, arranged alphabetically, and the publishers boast that "a fuller system of cross-referencing has been adopted than can be found in any other work of the kind." In instances where long lists occur—as "Abbeys," "Battles," "Clubs," etc.—the arrangement is alphabetical instead of chronological, which is a distinct advantage. We are surprised to notice, however, that with very few exceptions only the year of the battle is given, and not the day on which it was fought, which, in the vast majority of instances, might easily have been added to the same line, as there is space for it. We observe one error which should be rectified in a future edition. Under "Cape of Good Hope" one is informed that it was discovered in 1488 and a settlement established in 1452. The latter date is clearly wrong. The volumes are appearing monthly, and Messrs. Nelson are to be congratulated on having produced another of their

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

popular series, cheap in price, handy in form, easy to consult, exhaustive, and up-to-date.

Histoire de la Maison de l'Espine. By YVES BLANC. (H. Daragon, Paris. 3 fr.)

THIS is less a novel than a collection of detached episodes. M. Blanc has attempted, with some success as we think, to get the atmosphere of the early years of the "Grand Siècle." Swashbucklers, *Petits-maîtres* and *Précieuses* are the puppets that enliven his scene, and he makes large drafts on the traditional vocabulary of the period. If he acknowledges the inspiration of a master, it is surely that of Mérimée. Some of the episodes are more than suggestive of such a debt.

Fiction

A Lost Interest. By MRS. GEORGE WEMYSS. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

CLEVERNESS in a book is, more often than not, a sin, since it leads to boredom rather than the mental pleasure which reading is supposed to excite. Here is an exception which assists in proving the rule, for this book is clever in the extreme, yet every line of it is worth reading, and the principal feeling left by the last page is regret that one of the best books of the year no longer awaits perusal. This may appear high praise in view of the present big fiction output, but such dainty, delicate satire, such clear-cut pictures of life and character, such insight into motives and causes, as are here displayed will not soon be excelled in any novel. There are refreshing sparkles of real wit here and there throughout the book, and its really brilliant cleverness is made more fascinating by an underlying quality of kindliness and sympathy, which finds implication rather than expression.

The "lost interest" is Dick Egerton, sent out to Africa in the first three months of his married life, and the story is mainly concerned with the other interests, more or less dangerous, of his grass widow's life. Thanks to Georgina, Lady Blatherwake, Mrs. Egerton is able to "look her husband straight in the face" when he returns, and of the dozen or more cleverly drawn characters of the book, we like Georgina Blatherwake best, for, cynical old sinner though she is on the surface, there is a big heart behind the cynicism.

But every character is worth knowing, and we welcome a book like this for its truth and—more than cleverness—its wisdom, as well as for its engrossing interest.

The Co-Respondent. By the Author of "The Terror by Night." (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

SOME parts of this book are very well written, and a few of the characters are life-like; but its subject is not a pleasing one, and we already learn, through newspaper reports, far more than enough about matrimonial infidelity and the resultant divorce-court proceedings. The much-tried heroine of the story is married to as big a cad as ever figured in any work of fiction, a most repulsive man of the world without a single redeeming trait in his character, and we should have been more inclined to believe in his existence had the author painted him somewhat less blackly. On the other hand, the co-respondent is delineated with greater fidelity to human nature. There are times when he seems rather too goody-goody, but he has his moments of weakness, which we can understand. Let us add that the charge preferred against him and the heroine collapses in the divorce-court, where his suspicious behaviour is accounted for by the fact that he is addicted to walking in his sleep! This curious defence is the one really novel thing in a somewhat long volume. As we have already indicated, the author is not without ability, and if he will only choose some less unsavoury subject than that of "The Co-Respondent," and bear in mind that nobody is wholly good or wholly bad, he may well be able to produce more commendable work.

The Englishwoman. By ALICE AND CLAUDE ASKEW. (Cassell and Co. 6s.)

THE story we have before us in "The Englishwoman" is based upon the utter unsuitability of a marriage between a European and an Oriental. Lucy Travers, rejecting the advances of her old playmate, Hugh Seymour, becomes infatuated with a certain Prince Jotindra, heir to an Indian native State. Within a week of meeting one another they become engaged; very shortly afterwards they are married, the Prince having to hasten back to his own people on account of the illness and ultimate death of his father. The scene now changing to India, the authors have good opportunities of portraying the very great difference that exists between the working of the Eastern mind and that of the Western—how the one is subtle, crafty and cunning, and has very little code save its own self-preservation at all costs, while the other, at its best, is capable of any sacrifice for the sake of honour and duty. Poor Lucy is brave, and remonstrates in her calm English way with her hot-headed young husband when he contemplates the murder of his brother, who he imagines will aspire to their father's throne, but West and East do not blend, and the book ends amid a tragedy unthought of by any concerned. The story is fascinating and well told, and the mysticism of the Eastern surroundings adds greatly to the interest of it.

Anna Strelitz. By LOW LATHEN. (John Long. 6s.)

THIS is the love story of Anna Strelitz, a young Jewess who turned Christian; of Henri, her cousin; and of many other people; for the stage is rather overcrowded, and the play of the book a trifle mixed. Anna, after having given all her love to Henri and confessed her affection, sends him away for the sake of her belief,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and takes him back too late, for he dies in the end. Both the renunciation and the tragedy appear forced and unnatural events devised for the sake of interest rather than reasonable happenings; thus they defeat their own ends. As a whole, the book is written with considerable power; but it is also possessed of a number of defects. The scene is mainly South African, where a Dutch or Kaffir story is invariably a "Winkel" and not a "Winkle," as the author misspells it. This, of course, is but a trifle, but it is one of a number that go to make the descriptions of South African scenery stagey and unreal. Again, the English of the book is far from faultless—among the numerous societies formed for various objects there is room for one which would teach young authors the value of "different from" and the marring effect of "different to." Such little things as these detract from the value of a book, and, though neither Anna nor her cousin fails to interest, the book is written too sketchily, and with too slight a sense of the value of restraint, to make really enjoyable reading. It is immature, rather careless work, though—as already noted—the story is not without power or interest.

The Last Resort. By H. F. PREVOST BATTERSBY. (John Lane. 6s.)

LOVE and adventure are combined in about equal portions in this clever novel. Major Sarrol, British Resident at a small African coast station, wishes for assistance from home in the shape of a strong force to put down native rebellion; he is sent for by the authorities to explain matters, and the story of his experiences in London, his vexatious delays, and his love affair with Laura Burgoyne—a fine and finely-drawn character—forms the first portion of the book. Then, with the scene changed to the tropical African settlement, the interest becomes intense, and with the attack in overwhelming numbers by the infuriated army of natives a climax is reached equal to anything of the kind that we have read in the pages of a novel. The secondary love-story of Laura's brother Armyn with a girl from a Knightsbridge shop, who proves, in emergency, to be a real heroine, adds greatly to the fascination of one of the best stories we have seen for a long time. Mr. Battersby is to be congratulated on his management of a fairly difficult plot, and on the infusion of a neat humour with a story that otherwise might have been too strenuous in its action to pass the test of the critical reader.

New Editions

THE latest additions to Mr. John Long's popular series of copyright novels at 6d. net are "Hypocrites and Sinners," by Violet Tweedale, "The Silent House," by Fergus Hume, "By Right of Purchase," by Harold Bindloss, and "The Other Sara," by Curtis Yorke. The volumes have been previously issued in more expensive form, but considering the standing of the authors as writers of fiction they cannot fail to secure a far larger circle of readers at the present reduced price. They are pocket size, each novel consisting of some 300 pages, printed in clear type, with a frontispiece; and the volumes are now bound in limp cloth instead of paper covers as hitherto, which is a decided improvement. Occupying such little space, these handy books will be found pleasant companions to anyone on a journey, or when weather-bound at holiday time, and judging by Mr. Long's complete list there is good variety to select from.

Two recently issued volumes of Messrs. Blackie and Son's dainty "Red Letter Library," at 2s. 6d. net each, are "Plays and Poems by Oliver Goldsmith," selected by Thomas Seccombe, and "Poems by John Dryden," selected by R. Brimley Johnson. The Goldsmith selection consists of two plays, "The Good-Natured Man" and "She Stoops to Conquer," and Miscellaneous Poems. The Dryden volume contains 422 pages of a very representative selection, and Notes. In addition each work has an Introduction and a Portrait Frontispiece.

Mr. Werner Laurie has now included "The Uncounted Cost," by Mary Gaunt, in his "Cheap Reprints of Popular Books," at 1s. net.

Messrs. Thomas Nelson and Sons' "Œuvres Complètes de Victor Hugo" series, under the general editorship of Mr. Charles Sarolea, of Edinburgh University, is growing apace. There have already been issued seven volumes of novels, five of poetry, one of history, two of dramas, and two of travels. The latest additions that have reached us are a volume of poems: "Dieu" and "La Fin de Satan"; and a volume of dramas: "Le Roi S'Amuse" and "Lucrèce Borgia." Each volume is embellished with a coloured frontispiece, is well printed and tastefully bound in cloth, and costs but one shilling net. The "Collection Nelson" of standard French authors, also one shilling net, now comprises some forty volumes, the last ones received by us being "Eve Victorieuse," by Pierre de Coulevain, and "Chronique du Règne de Charles IX," by Prosper Mérimée. The series is similar in get-up to the Victor Hugo one, and it contains also French translations of the works of leading foreign authors.

Music

THE fact that another "Handel Festival" has been organised and carried out with success at the Crystal Palace will serve, no doubt, to confirm the belief fixed in the minds of so many ignorant foreigners (who should be ashamed of "babbling what they do not know"), that Handel's is the only music really loved by the British public. The number of German, French, Italian musicians who come here is very considerable; they cannot but know that the walls of London concert-rooms, at any rate, resound chiefly to the strains of modern music. But when they return to their own countries, they do nothing, apparently, to spread the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

news that England's ear opens readily to hear music which is neither Handel's nor Beethoven's. The prevailing opinion abroad is still that the innate conservatism of England prevents her from surrendering her heart to any other than that old god, Handel. Fifty, nay, forty, years ago such an opinion was not altogether groundless. It was true, then, that the average music-lover did not question the supremacy of Handel. The composer of "The Messiah" was regarded as holding the position of a musical Shakespeare, with Mendelssohn ranking as a Tennyson. Wagner is the man who changed all that, more than anyone else. When the more cultivated amateurs began to be enthusiastic about "Ring" Festivals, and the inhabitants of country halls and parsonages took tickets at their local Triennial Festival for the Wagner Selection day rather than for "Judas Maccabæus," the tide had turned. We can remember when the monster music-meeting at the Crystal Palace agitated the breast of all musical England; when, for months before it was due, its delights were the subject of common conversation. This year it happens that we have not heard it mentioned by a single person, and it is also the case that we have not known a single person who has attended the last three or four Handel Festivals (for we have not the honour of acquaintance with Mr. Arthur Balfour) unless he was obliged to go "in the way of business."

Reports from the country show that what London thinks to-day in matters musical the provincial towns think to-morrow. Handel's oratorios are no longer demanded from the local choral societies. Even the "Messiah" in the Cathedral does not bring together the immense crowd that Bach's "Passion" draws to St. Paul's. We are of those who love our old Handel, and do not pretend not to regret that England is unfaithful to him, for unfaithful she is, the Crystal Palace Festival notwithstanding. He is an old friend from whom in days gone by we received many kindnesses. We can no more forget him, or what we owe to him, than we can forget the friends who "tipped" us at school, or the books which once we sat up all night to read. We do not now want to have those dear old gentlemen (they were not, perhaps, as old as we thought them) or those exciting novels for constant companions, to the exclusion of younger and more sympathetic fellowship, but we would always welcome them heartily when Fortune chose to bring about a re-union. Society is so large, whether in books, human beings, or music, that it is impossible with most people to "keep up with everybody," as we say. But because we do not see all our friends every day, or even every year, we need not forget them or be ungrateful to them, or insist that they are dull, and the newer acquaintances much nicer!

The generation now growing up is probably as ignorant of Handel as the past generation, in its youth, was ignorant of Bach. We comfort ourselves, therefore, with the hope that some day they will re-discover Handel, and hand him on to their successors, as we in our day found Bach and spread his fame. And we have no intention of blaming our nephews and nieces who were brought up to lisp Wagner from their cradles because they cannot see the splendour of Handel. The people we are inclined to be impatient with are those who in their early days were brought up on Handel and delighted in him, who now declare him to be dull and tiresome. They need not go to hear him unless they like, and they would do better to be silent and spare their sneers about a great man. Fortunately there are still some faithful ones left. Mr. H. H. Statham, taking Handel as his text, wrote an article in the *Nineteenth Century* not long ago, and boldly maintained that oratorio was a higher form of art than opera. He thinks that "the drawback to all serious opera, professing to represent the tragedy and pathos of human life, is that feeling of unreality which is inseparable from it, arising partly from the incongruity in the representation of men and women expressing their feelings in a medium so far removed from the realities of human life; partly from the puerile suggestiveness of stage machinery." Legend, he rightly says, provides the most suitable subjects for opera, and Wagner was wise to recognise this, but "when one hears people talking of this kind of production (the "Ride of the Valkyrie") as if it had a deep moral and poetic significance, one can only regard them as so many grown-up children." When we quit legend, and come to the problem of the musical treatment, by voices and instruments combined, of epic or dramatic narrative of serious significance, "Oratorio comes to the rescue, and furnishes the opportunity for the painting of incident and the expression of character, ... freed from the prosaic yet incomplete realism of the stage."

It is very well that serious writers should discuss these and similar subtle points as to the respective rank to be accorded to the different forms which musical art may take. Of one thing, however, we may be sure, that neither Mr. Statham nor anyone else who prefers oratorio to opera will ever find he can convince the opponents who prefer opera. For the public these are "academic" questions, and the people who enjoy and who pay will go to that form of entertainment they like best, without inquiring whether it is higher or lower. For ourselves, we venture to doubt if the finest oratorio existing is, as a work of art, finer than the best operas of Mozart, operas which England seems quite happy to do without. At present the vogue of the theatre, and consequently of opera, is greater among us than it has ever been. Unless, then, Fashion comes to the aid of oratorio, that form of art must be content to rank second in popular favour. There was a time when careful people thought opera wicked. We can remember when young ladies were not allowed to witness "Faust"

JUST PUBLISHED. 40 Pages. Boards, 1s. net. Postage 1d.
SONNETS: By A. Pelham Webb
"The Times" says: "These are the work of an accomplished sonnetteer, with a finely pictorial imagination and a happy, though sometimes too artificial, gift of phrase."
LONDON: A. C. FIFIELD, 13, CLIFFORD'S INN, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

or "Don Giovanni." Nowadays the youngest of them may see "Scheherazade," so that oratorio has lost one of its props. Who can doubt that if any town in Great Britain were offered the choice between one performance of an opera and one performance of an oratorio, an honest ballot would result overwhelmingly in favour of the opera? We must have incident, we must have excitement; if it is a symphony which we are to hear, we desire that it should be stirring and highly coloured, that it should vividly suggest action, or at least the highly-wrought movements of the mind. This accounts in great measure for the comparative indifference to "chamber music" and to the symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. We enjoy Beethoven still, because he is dramatic, but, to tell the truth, we find Strauss the most stimulating of them all! Oratorios are not exciting enough for us.

When Mr. Statham says "that Handel is the great light in oratorio, supreme above all others, no sound criticism can deny," he is probably right. There can be but few who could enter the lists with him on such a point, for the simple reason that there are so few who know anything about Handel's oratorios! Many amateurs, but by no means all, have heard the "Messiah"; some have heard "Israel in Egypt," and in some of the provincial cities it may be that "Judas Maccabæus" and "Samson" are still performed at intervals. Members of the "Handel Society" know a little about the other oratorios perhaps, but not much. Ordinary folk like snippets in music as well as in literature, and are content if they know one air out of a Handel oratorio. To sit through a long oratorio was too great a strain even for that sturdiest of Handelians, Edward Fitzgerald. He loved to play Handel to himself —"My admiration for the old giant grows and grows, this is the music for a great active people." Yet, again, and he is pitying his friend Donne for "undergoing those dreadful oratorios. . . . I never heard one that was not tiresome and in parts ludicrous, even Magnus Handel, even Messiah!" This was towards the end of his career, and it confirms one of his earliest recorded sayings about music. "I am rather liable to be overset by any weariness, and where can any be found that can match the effect of two oratorios"?

We suspect that more of us are secretly of Fitzgerald's opinion than might be supposed from the sight of the interested-looking throngs that filled the transept of the Crystal Palace last week at the Handel Festival, or of those who go to hear oratorios at the great provincial festivals. It is not the sole attraction of the music which brings people together on these occasions. We could not profess to feel any great regret if the Handel Festival of the year proved to be the last of its kind. It provides a few magnificent moments, when one does hear a rush of sound not possible at other performances, but it is neither more beautiful nor more thrilling than the sound which can be heard at Leeds or Birmingham. Handel is not "in fashion" just now, neither is Milton, Pope, nor Byron. But their place in Literature is firmly fixed. So is Handel's in Music.

THE third performance of "The Children of Don" at the London Opera House, on Thursday evening, June 27, conducted by Mr. Holbrooke himself, was, of course, too late to receive comment in our last issue. In noticing it briefly we may say that several slight alterations were made which may be considered as in the nature of improvements. The opera was shortened by about half an hour, and the resultant concentration was all to the good; the rather too heavy gloom of the stage, which made for monotony, was lightened, consequently the inevitable strain to the eyes of watching intently a dimly illuminated scene was minimised. The enunciation of the singers, too, had become more clear than it was on the previous occasions, and, although we see no reason to change our already expressed opinion of the opera as "an arduous intellectual exercise," it was obvious that by certain judicious modifications the pleasure of listening was enhanced. A work on such a scale cannot possibly be heard at its best until several performances have been given, and future settings of "The Children of Don" will gain by the experience of these past weeks. Mr. Josef Holbrooke had his large orchestra well in hand; to conduct the work, even though it is his own, after Herr Nikisch, is an ordeal which he might well have shrunk from, but very few critics could have found fault with his method, and the audience awarded him a hearty reception.

Pilgrims and Pilgrimage

THE other day I was examining the little crosses carved on the stone in Compton Church in Surrey. They say that the pilgrims used to turn aside from the Pilgrims' Way, where it runs along the south edge of the Hog's Back, to worship at some shrine or before some image of peculiar sanctity in the little Norman church; and there they have left for us, not their names, as the twentieth century pilgrim is wont to do, but the signs of their sacred profession, carved on the drums of the pillars, plain for posterity in a less believing age to see.

Scarcely anything in the customs and institutions of the Middle Ages is less intelligible to the modern mind than that sense of duty which led streams of pilgrims to visit far-off shrines at whatever loss or inconvenience to themselves. We understand, more or less, the object of pilgrimages to Lourdes. There is definite advantage to be gained there. But the mediæval pilgrim expected no less to gain advantage by his visit to Canterbury or Winchester or to the more distant and difficult goals of Rome or Palestine: only the benefit was rather spiritual than bodily. It is true that the distinction is not always plain. There is a bodily flavour about the remission of so many years of purgatory in the next world or of so much penance in this. But the mere attainment of the object was not sufficient. It depended on the manner and the spirit in which the pilgrim conducted his journey. To have ridden in a carriage would have conferred less benefit. To go bare-foot conferred far more. Be-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

sides, we may reasonably expect that, as in so many similar cases, the indirect benefits were more than would have been admitted at the time. It is a commonplace of history that the Crusades, though they failed in their ostensible object, were of use to European civilisation by bringing it into closer contact with the ways and manners and merchandise of the East. Similarly, Chaucer's narrative makes it plain that something more than the professed reason of the pilgrimage made it attractive to the members who joined it. It was above all things a social undertaking. Knight met trader and parish priest fraternised with friar, and there was no doubt much rounding of social corners in the course of their association.

Perhaps there was yet more than this. The turning aside from the ordinary paths of worldly occupation, the devotion of days and weeks, and may be even months and years, to the pursuit of a wholly unworldly object, the communing with Nature, the freedom, the respect paid to the devotee—all these things must have been the cause of a peculiar exaltation, a stimulating of the inner spirit, a lowering of the wall which separates earth from heaven. Of course there were superstition and selfishness and hypocrisy mixed up with it all. The highest undertakings are rarely quite pure in motive. But the great significance of the custom, the thing which is so alien to the modern spirit, so unintelligible, so ridiculous to the man of to-day, is the protest against materialism, the denial that the bread-winning aspect of life is the true one, the claim of the unworldly to a conspicuous place in the life of the world; for this was the fundamental meaning of pilgrimages, and the visitation of holy places.

If the custom of pilgrimage was characteristic of the mediæval outlook on life, there is a daily increasing practice among ourselves which distinguishes us no less from the ages of faith, and which may in some measure be the counterpart of the other,—the custom of taking extended holidays. The holiday habit resembles the pilgrimage in this respect that we are not wholly sincere in the motive which we ascribe to it. We worship at the shrine of health and drag in the fetish of physical science to justify our wholesale pleasure-seeking. Sometimes we plead our intellectual advantage where the mediæval pilgrim would have named the spiritual. We go to Venice or Bayreuth for their educational value. "My girls talk to me of self-realisation," said a well-known college teacher, "and when I ask them what they mean by it, they say 'going to Italy.'" Nevertheless the true pilgrim spirit does survive; in some cases it might be said to be purer, in that there is no conscious idea of any self-advancement. I have seen on a bank holiday, when the villages of the Lake District were filled with roystering holiday-makers, reverent groups of poetry-lovers of all classes gathering silently round Wordsworth's tomb by "Rotha's wave." Perhaps the nearest approach to the real pilgrim-spirit is to be found in the mountaineer. His object is sublime, quixotic, spiritual. Professedly he sets out to conquer virgin peaks in order that he may make new entries in the roll of Alpine records. But in reality he is in quest of spiritual exaltation. Nothing else could make him face such imminent dangers for the sake of so immaterial a reward.

There is, however, one feature of the pilgrimage which I find it impossible to match with any of its modern survivals. Nowhere do we see the person of the pilgrim held in reverence. He neither claims nor wins any reputation for sanctity. We admire the man who tramps across the Alps rather than join in the scramble of personally conducted tourists, but we do not consider him worshipful. When we are bent on the same quest we avoid our fellow tourists with a shudder, and thank heaven that we are not as other men are. We applaud the enthusiasm which fills the columns of the Stratford register with American names, but secretly resent it a little. We think that the signatories are seeking an undeserved reputation for culture, and asserting an unreal superiority over Shakespeare's own countrymen. The last thing that we should call them would be holy persons engaged on a mission which raises them spiritually above their fellows.

There are people who predict for us a return to the barbarism of the Middle Ages. A religious journal recently expressed a fear that the spirit of law and order, which we boast as the chief product of modern civilisation, shows signs of dissolution, and that the result will be an increased insecurity of human life, recalling the lawless conditions of the Dark Ages. It might be added that we see signs also of a return to their naïve immaterialism and disregard for what we have come to name economic law, with a corresponding raising of spiritual values. The same journal consoled itself with the reflection that such a relapse into barbarism as it apprehended might be accompanied by a revival of that devotion to the one religion which was perhaps the best feature of the Middle Age. May we not conjecture that with it would doubtless return the cult of the Pilgrims' Way, and the zeal that imprinted a sacred symbol where men now commonly leave the memorial of self-assertive vulgarity?

GUY KENDALL.

Foreign Reviews

"DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU."

IN the June number progress is made with Frau von Bunsen's Neckar tour, with the novel "Stephana Schwertner," and with the delightful letters of Annette von Droste-Hülshoff to Elise Rüdiger. Colonel von Kurnatowski contributes a most informing article on those very paradoxical subjects, the effect of war or mobilisation on national finance, and financial preparation for war. Dr. Hubert Ermisch traces the history of the various branches of the Oldenburg family, in connection partly with the Schleswig-Holstein question; having the control of the archives of the family in his hands, he has the command of much original information. Herr M. von Brandt gives a clear survey of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

history of the Chinese Revolution. Dr. Julius Schiff discusses Goethe's interest in ancient and modern chemistry, and the chemist friends who helped him with his researches.

"LE MERCURE DE FRANCE."

June 1.—M. Jean de Gourmont contributes a highly interesting paper on the physiological bases of "L'Art et la Morale." He concludes that there is an essential antagonism between the two conceptions; the former is "une échappatoire à la vie," and leads logically to annihilation; the latter "est bien une affirmation de la vie, et il y a vraiment incompatibilité entre l'art libérateur et la morale, qui est une manifestation vitale." Morality favours the race, art the individual. M. Schinz analyses Rousseau's conception of virtue, and finds that it varied greatly with the circumstances of the discussion. M. Maybon gives the data of the Chinese Revolution very clearly.

June 16.—Rousseau continues to be a centre of attraction; M. Bazaillas discusses him as a creative genius, and concludes that his very sensibility, wedded to his marvellous mental activity, resembles a "force de la nature." M. G. le Cardonnel writes of Louis Dumur, one of the originators of the modern *Mercure*, and a representative of its tendencies. M. Marcel Coulon continues the discussion of J.-H. Fabre and Transformism. M. Philippe Champault gives his reasons for being quite certain that the Pharacians lived at Ischia, and that Odysseus found them there. M. André Fontanas discusses the "Iphigénie" of Moréas.

"LA REVUE."

May 15.—M. Jean Finot, editor of *La Revue*, knew Mr. W. T. Stead better than anyone else, and his article "Le Roi des Journalistes, le Meilleur des Hommes" is one of the best things we have ever read. It is compounded of history, anecdote, sound psychology, and daring intuitions. M. Finot never shuns the risks attaching to an imaginative treatment of his subject. His account of the relations between Cecil Rhodes and Stead recalls the circumstances which produced the "Heroic Symphony"; we are told how Melchior de Vogüé tried to enshrine the two English Imperialists in a novel, and how M. Finot introduced Stead to this essay—"Le Maître de la Mer." Then, when Stead staked on the Anglo-American alliance, M. Finot and *La Revue* countered with the first draft of the "Entente Cordiale," and "nous prîmes même un malicieux plaisir à parier sur le chiffre de désabonnements que nous vaudrait chaque article de la série." We have no space for the anecdotes, but we may perhaps be allowed to recall Stead's "réponse légendaire" to the Sovereign who had offered him a decoration—"On condition that you accept mine, Sire!" M. Finot was not always very sympathetic for Stead's "Ghosts"—his failure to understand inspired his friend with a "tristesse affectueuse"— but he appears to believe that the murder of the Servian Royal Family was really prognosticated. M. Finot's comparison of Stead with Marcus Aurelius is suggestive.

Among other contributions we will note a disquisition by M. Faguet on "les Humoristes Français," and some health statistics for French colonial wars, compiled by M. Mury. He quotes Admiral Véron as saying, "En Angleterre, pour conserver les hommes, on ne se borne pas à les soigner, on les gâte." From the final article on Flaubert's last years, we will quote this pregnant saying: "Mon roman est fini, il ne rest plus qu'à l'écrire!"

June 1.—M. Finot writes what has proved to be an obituary notice of Frédéric Passy, "Le grand vieillard." M. de Tarlé analyses Lord Haldane's Anglo-German studies. M. Faguet has some excellent badinage on the "Theories of M. Paul Bourget." We cannot help quoting from it the possibly well-known phrase of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, in which the courtesies of debate are extended "jusqu'au raffinement"—"Monsieur, je ne suis pas encore de votre sentiment." M. Aguilera discusses "L'Espagne actuelle," M. J. Mancini the South-American Revolution at the dawn of the nineteenth century, and M. Cim gives a number of amusing literary *gaffes*.

June 8.—"L'Album de Madame Victor Hugo," supplies a number of "inédits." Extracts from the last pages of the diary of "Père Hyacinthe" are given. Dr. Gottschalk discusses "la Question des Viandes." M. Faguet continues to address M. Bourget, in connection, this time, with the monarchical ideals of the famous novelist. M. Nicolas Ségur notices the new historical novel of M. Anatole France, "Les Dieux ont soif."

"LA REVUE BLEUE."

May 18.—More letters of Berlioz and a poem by M. Richepin. M. Jules Harmand writes from first-hand knowledge of colonial protectorates; he dislikes the kind of protectorate that leaves too much liberty to native princes, and he denounces home interference with distant colonies. M. L. Maury writes an appreciation of M. Thureau-Dangin's book on Newman: M. Maury thinks that the great Cardinal would have missed his fame but for an unusually long life—"Vivez donc le plus longtemps possible; la vie a de ces revanches."

May 25.—M. Emile Boutroux contributes a fine essay on "L'Essence de la Religion." M. Gustave le Bon lends a chapter of his forthcoming book on the French Revolution, which promises to be interesting through the morals drawn in it. M. Lanson writes about an academical *entente* with America, M. Paul Louis on the German Socialists, and M. Paul Gaultier on M. Bouglé's life of Proudhon. There are some letters of Rachel, and, under the title "Le Mauvais Roman," M. Jacques Lux gives a very appreciative résumé of a recent article in THE ACADEMY.

June 1.—A melancholy interest attaches to one article in this number, "Ma Carrière," by M. Frédéric Passy, who died only two or three days after its publication. M. le Chatelier complains of the opportunist Moroccan policy of his Government. M. Paul Flat writes of the portrait painter, Gustave Ricard. M. Lucien Maury discusses M. Barrès' book on "Il Greco."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

June 8.—Souvenirs of childhood form a great part of this number: M. Paul Hervieu is philosophical and seeks for the origin of his earliest political opinions; M. Flat reinforces M. Barrès' appeal for the preservation of the village churches—"ces monuments de famille"; and a portion of M. Edmond Gosse's autobiography is given. M. Jacoubet recounts a journey in Corea, made by him in 1907, when he saw with deep disfavour the signs of Japanese triumph.

June 15.—This number celebrates the jubilee of the *Revue Bleue* and the *Revue Scientifique*. The most important item is an account of the jubilee banquet, with the chief speeches delivered at it. M. Paul Flat admirably epitomises the position of the *Revue Bleue*, which is, he says, an "organe, non de *libre pensée*, ... mais de *pensée libre*, ce qui est fort différent." M. Maurice Donnay spoke wittily, and MM. Moureu and Lippmann dealt with the scientific side of the venture. M. Guist'hau represented the Government and M. Poincaré.

M. Joussain discusses M. Bergson and music; M. Dumont-Wilden tells the story of de la Merveille and the Ostend Company, while M. Lucien Maury genially banters M. Henry Cochin and his book on Lamartine.

"L'ACTION NATIONALE."

To the June number Mr. E. D. Morel contributes a denunciation of the project for converting the "Entente Cordiale" into a definite alliance. He is afraid of such an alliance proving too chauvinistic, or being directed exclusively against Germany, which country, we learn, was entirely in the right in the troubles of last summer. Mr. Morel by no means spares the susceptibilities of his French readers, denouncing the conduct of their Government and Press with regard to the Congo, and using exceedingly plain language about M. Tardieu. General Lebas criticises the organisation of the garrison artillery.

"LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE."

May 25.—M. Picavet notices the seventeenth volume, by M. J. Hanoteau, of the "Recueil des Instructions données aux Ambassadeurs et Ministres de France." The volume deals with the relations of France with the Papacy from 1688 to the end of the Regency.

June 1.—"My" and M. Biovès are the principal contributors, and each dispatches a large number of books. The former deals with Herr Ernst Schmidt's work on the migrations of classical divinities, and with Herr Mueller's essay on the gods in Greek tragedy. Among the English books noticed by M. Biovès are Sir Sidney Lee's "Principles of Biography," Mr. Bernard Shaw's reply to Dr. Nordau's "Degeneration," and the work of Messrs. Rowntree and Lasker on unemployment.

June 8.—There is so much Comparative Religion in this number that recourse is had to a division of labour, M. Loisy is severe for Mr. Boxall's translated book on Religion and Science, but finds much good in M. Vacandard's third series of "Etudes," while M. Alfaric does justice to two works with whose principles he is not in agreement: M. Tixeront's "Histoire des Dogmes dans l'Antiquité Chrétienne," and Professor Hunziger's "Das Wunder." M. Pichon praises the first volume of M. G. Michaut's "Histoire de la Comédie Romaine." M. Driault's "Austerlitz et la Fin du Saint-Empire" is commended, though it is accused of somewhat inadequate documentation.

June 15.—M. Chuquet reviews several works on military history. M. Loisy strikes a curiously personal note in discussing the anonymous publication of some disillusioned French Catholics, "Ce qu'on a fait de l'Eglise," and he pays homage to the new edition of Herr Kittel's "Geschichte des Volkes Israel." M. Courby notices at considerable length and with considerable appreciation the third volume, entitled "Les Rythmes artistiques," of M. Deonna's "L'Archéologie, sa Valeur, ses Méthodes." The theory of the "éternels recommencements de l'art" is admitted, even pressed, but there is some criticism of detail.

Some Indian Reviews

A GLANCE at the five May numbers of the *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) will give the reader a general idea of Indian journalistic opinion on current topics. The editor is independent and consistent, blaming alike the Madras Provincial Conference and the officials. He denies the existence of any considerable public opinion against the exclusion of religious instruction from schools and colleges, and he opposes sectarian Universities as resulting from the estrangement between Hindus and Mahomedans; also, he protests against party struggles and personal animosities in public life, a vain protest, as he will find. In each issue there is a paper on English Life through Indian Eyes, always by the same contributor, who presumably corresponds from England. In England these papers would have little effect, but among Indians, who know no better, they may be regarded as containing gospel truth. The editor's criticisms on the new Government Department of Commerce and Industry are worthless, and characteristic of Indian methods. The Government are charged with neglecting, say, Trade and Commerce. They appoint an officer to take charge of a bureau, as in other countries. He becomes merely another target for the critic's arrows. A demand is promptly made for his extinction. This periodical relies largely on extracts from English magazines and reviews, and we notice with pleasure its reprints of articles from THE ACADEMY.

The (Calcutta) *Collegian* for May shows the educational progress made in the Native State of Mysore. The over-production of literary inefficients will cause future trouble. The institution of a school of tropical medicine at Calcutta deserves support, as also the proposed Young Chiefs' College for Bengal, and the improvement and extension of the Veterinary College at Lahore. Such outlets for educated youths are much more beneficial than an institution at Benares for Vedic studies. A proposal has been made for a Central Institute in England, to include both Indian youths

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

under education, and selected English youths preparing for an Indian career. Enormous difficulties will be encountered before such a proposal can materialise. The subscriptions to the projected Mahomedan University are still 20 lakhs (*i.e.*, £133,000) short of the promised amount. "Some Facts About Malaria" should be useful, if properly studied.

The *Rajput Herald* for April-May, a monthly illustrated magazine, devoted to Rajput History, Antiquities, Literature and Art, is well got up: though it is published in London, apparently all the contributors are Indians. The editor writes on "The Ancient Relationship between Persia and India," on the assumption that ancient Persia and ancient India were one in thought and sentiment. The object appears to be to establish a better feeling between Hindus and Parsis. "How to Save the British Empire" is used as a text for advocating the claims of Indians to equal treatment with Englishmen, even up to the Prime Ministership or a Governor-Generalship. When Indians become possessed of other essential qualifications (which they now lack) besides intellectual ability, it will be time to consider the matter. "The Regeneration of India" opens up large questions which are discussed from the social, industrial, and political standpoints; more action, and less writing and talking would be an improvement. The glorification of the country and its inhabitants is the theme of a long paper: their backwardness is the result of their characteristics, and cannot be remedied by a stroke of the pen.

The *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay* (for 1910-11) has a ponderous treatise on "National or Racial Psychology as a subject for anthropological research, illustrated by a comparison of English and Indo-Aryan traits," which might well have been compressed or summarised. The "Spirit Basis of Belief and Custom" is shorter, but equally full of serious matter. "Anthropological Scraps" are lighter, and sometimes really laughable. The list of papers read in 1910 shows the genuine interest of certain members in the aims of the Society.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Wednesday Runciman took the floor with the Agricultural vote, and the large majority of the Members listened with Queen Alexandra's roses in their buttonholes. Some men came down in the hopes of a further scene with Lansbury, but nothing happened; he seems to have spent his force for the time, and the Prime Minister was loudly cheered from both sides of the House. Everyone felt that he had not been fairly treated. The general impression was that Runciman did very well. He certainly seemed more genial and at ease than when he was at the Board of Education.

Another clever Minister did his turn on Thursday. Lulu Harcourt is a man well worth watching. Some people allege that it was "young Harcourt" who was responsible for the undoing of Lord Rosebery. He was his father's secretary then, and by all the rules of the game Sir William Harcourt ought to have succeeded the Grand Old Man—but did not, simply because that imperious personage left Lord Rosebery as his political heir. All this is ancient history. After long years of political training behind the scenes Lulu quietly slipped on to the stage and at once showed his capacity. He was an excellent man at the Office of Works. He persuaded wealthy men to go down to posterity as donors of frescoes for the walls of Parliament and invented a great improvement without mechanical means in saving the time wasted in taking divisions. His ingenuity again came to the fore. In an excellent speech of two hours he gave a bird's-eye view of the whole of the Crown Colonies, not only mentioning the places where things were wrong, but dwelling more particularly on places where things were right and were prospering. Like Lloyd George, he seemed to have turned Imperialist, and we listened with pleasure to his admirable survey.

There are four people in the running for the reversion of the Premiership—Lloyd George, Winston, Harcourt, and Seely; and quite a number of men think that when they get round Tattenham Corner and are "in the straight" that the quiet, suave Harcourt will come out of the crowd and win by a neck. We shall see.

Gilbert Parker, who takes a deep interest in the Imperial Trade Commission, attacked the Government for not allowing us to discuss it after promising to do so, and blamed them for appointing Lord Inchcape as the chairman because it was well known he was opposed to any idea of preference; but the vote was not seriously opposed.

Various groups have been hungering for McKenna's blood, so Asquith thought he would break the force of the attack a little by artfully giving them Friday, "the earliest possible day." Now Friday is only a half-day, and the Labour men were suspicious that was all they were going to get, but Asquith reassured them—they should have another day as well for the Home Office vote.

The rank-and-file of the House are getting a little tired of the Suffragettes. They lost a good many good friends when they smashed harmless tradesmen's windows in the West End; people could not see the sense of it. Then again they all swarmed like bees in St. Stephen's Hall the other day, and sent in shoals of cards for various members who are supporters. When the members came out they were reproached by wild-eyed women for not doing more: Why had only 38 stood up for the adjournment when 40 would have carried it and yet over 100 voted for it in the Lobby when they knew it would not be carried? The women said it was cowardly perfidy!

The Labour men had not a look in about the strike—the Woman Suffrage debate occupied the whole five hours.

Lord Robert fiercely attacked McKenna and weak-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ened a strong case in the opinion of some by referring to his "past." The mistakes of the Archer-Shee case and the Swansea Church Schools were rubbed in relentlessly. John Fletcher, the mild but devoted member for Hampstead, who is an old and experienced member of the local Bench, thought McKenna ought not to have any salary at all—because he was so constantly interfering with the sentences of judges. Sir John Rolleston, amid shouts of laughter, pictured the Ulster resisters, Lord Londonderry and Sir Edward Carson, being forcibly fed in an Irish prison.

The House is very fair with all its faults, and executes a kind of rough and ready justice; after punishing McKenna for a fortnight they listened to his defence and agreed that he had made out a good case on the whole. He hinted that he could not tell all he knew.

There was a large Society function connected with the Unionist Party going on this afternoon. Lord Londesborough gave a garden party to the much-criticised Percival Hughes, the late Chief Agent, who had taken the helm at the nadir of the party's fortunes and steered the ship until a fair haven was in sight. The Radical Whips got hold of the idea this was going to be used as a blind; they knew the Labour men would probably vote against them, and although the voting could not be on the usual party lines, yet on the whole it looked as if it were a favourable opportunity for a "snap." So at four o'clock the Radical benches were crammed to repletion (as one member at the bar said, "they were sitting as close together as fowls roosting"), looking somewhat ill-tempered at losing their week-end trains. But it was evidently another false alarm, because only 69 voted in favour of the reduction of the Home Secretary's salary, whilst an appreciable number of Unionists voted with the Government. It was intended as a hint to the Suffragettes to abandon their recent methods.

On Monday the Home Rule debate was difficult to follow. There is a clause in the Bill declaring the supremacy of the British Parliament. Now this does not appear in any of the Constitutions of the great Dominions, and the Unionists said it was meaningless and only put in for the consumption of timid Liberals: it was a fraud and a sham. Walter Long made a capital speech and the Prime Minister had to admit that the phrase was a platitude, but he felt sure that the Irish would govern themselves well without any interference. This was not the question, but the sub-section was retained after a division. Then came the other side of the question. If it was desirable to state that the British Parliament was supreme, it was surely equally necessary to declare that the Irish Parliament was subordinate. This the whole forces of the Coalition resented. We got Redmond on his feet at last: It was a "deliberate insult to the Irish Parliament." Then, said Bonar Law, "why did you say that the aim of the Home Rule Bill was to tear up and trample under foot the infamous Act of Union?"

I may be misjudging him, but John Redmond looked as if he would deny the words if he could; but the little red washing-book with its deadly chapter and verse was to be seen bulging behind Bonar Law's breast pocket. "I stick by my words," he went on, after a pause, "but I want to put in place of the old Act a readjusted Act of Union accepted by the Irish in perfect good faith which will bring a real unity between the two nations. Besides, England can always assert her supremacy." "How?" queried half-a-dozen back benchers; but John Redmond was too wary: "I cannot go into that now." The closure was applied, and again the Government figures dropped to the figure 69.

In the evening O'Grady, the Labour man, pleaded for a meeting of the disputants of the Dock Strike. The employers had issued a carefully drawn statement claiming that there was nothing to discuss; the men had brought the quarrel on themselves—they had struck because of one man, and they were now seeing that they had been misled by their leaders and were crowding back to work. The employers had been vilified on Tower Hill, and they were not inclined to do anything. Mr. Asquith found himself in a tight place; he had publicly declared that it was not the duty of the Government to interfere in these matters.

Bonar Law moved an amendment approving the words of the Prime Minister, "that the constitutional and usual attitude of the Government should be one of complete detachment." It was gall and wormwood to the Prime Minister to be praised by the Opposition, and, as he knew, very dangerous.

"How are you going to vote?" said Bonar Law bluntly across the table; and then came the astounding announcement that the Prime Minister did not intend to vote at all. He had not the courage of his convictions. He intended to run away, and did so, followed by some of his principal lieutenants, whilst the rest of the Cabinet placated the Labour men as much as possible by voting with them.

"How much shall we drop on Seely's majority?" asked the Liberals in the smoking room after dinner. A thousand at least, said one; we could not expect to retain a 4,000 majority in these times. It was therefore somewhat of a blow when 11.30 struck and it was found that the majority at Ilkeston had gone down by 2,800 votes. The Unionists cheered and ironically inquired of the Chancellor if this was on account of the new "Back to the Land" campaign he had started on Saturday night at Woodford.

The Government have met with another misfortune. It is common knowledge that the Agricultural Department in Ireland under T. W. Russell is badly manned—too many "Dowbs," some people say. However, the terrible scourge of foot-and-mouth disease has broken out in England, the contagion spreading from Ireland, where it was (some allege) deliberately concealed, or at least not discovered for a fortnight. Members are saying if this happens under the Union won't the dangers be much greater under Home Rule.

The Home Rule debate continued during the whole of Tuesday. After 11 Eddy Turnour, Earl Winterton, drew attention to a savage attack by a body of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Ancient Order of Hibernians on a party of Sunday School children near Belfast. Their only crime seemed to be that they were carrying a Union Jack. Birrell was not able to dispute the facts, and while some of the Government men tried to laugh it off, he looked serious —as well he might.

To crown all, the Labour men are not satisfied with the recent behaviour of the Government, and swear they will run a man at Crewe if the Liberal candidate is not withdrawn at Hanley—and take all their men away to aid in the battle. I will deal with this next week.

The Theatre

The Irish Players

IF the Irish Players have a failing more than another it is that the work they do is too much dependent on comedy. One would like to see it rather more imbued with a spirit of adventure, and strike out on to a higher reach of work. Even the work they have in their repertory that is of this kind is all too frequently neglected. There are Mr. Yeats's plays, which, though they are not so much dramatic as dream-products, are yet of the kind of work we mean. Then there is Synge's "Deirdre of the Sorrows," which is altogether neglected. This is, to be true, in past work. There is room for newer work of this nature.

Yet the humour that they do is seldom broad. It makes for laughter truly enough; but it seldom asks for the stout guffaw. There is only one of their writers who appeals to just this kind of mirth; and that is Mr. William Boyle. Last, year, we remember, his "Mineral Workers" was of this kind, and the humour was not alone broad but well procured and well sustained. This year the play that was produced of his was not so successful in scheme or in sustainment. The choice of a title is one of the most difficult problems that an author has to face. And when Mr. Boyle elected to call his play "Family Failing" he struck on a title that gave the solution a peculiar humour all of its own, but he also enabled one to divine with fair ease what that solution was to be all along the course of the play. Which was in itself one of the causes of the play's peculiar failure; for it imposed a task on him that he did not quite seem to realise, and which he therefore did not accomplish.

The household of the Donnellys is composed of two brothers and a sister: Dominic, who spends his days sitting with a pillow in an armchair reading his paper; Joe, who can only arouse himself to energy when it is a question of following the hounds; and Maria, who is the drudge to these two, and whose lack of energy shows itself in a reluctance to do anything more resolute than busying herself in that perpetual groove, and who finds excuses for herself in protecting and excusing her brothers. Moreover, it appears that she once had some money left her; but that has now been consumed in running the household in its fackless kind of way; and they are all now reduced to such a pass that the latest intimation is that the tradesmen will no longer give them any credit. There is a tradition in the family that a certain ancestor of theirs used up all their energy, and that, since then, they have one and all earned for the name of Donnelly the epithet of "do nothing." All their lands are gone, being practically in the hands of one Tom Carragher, who has married a cousin of theirs. In a month or so there is no doubt that he will close down on the land; when they will have nothing between them and the workhouse.

It is to this household that Robert Donnelly comes. He is an uncle from America and is reported to be of great wealth. When he arrives he tells them how he set his will to overcome the family failing, and how, thus, the very failing was turned to advantage inasmuch as it gave him a strong will and determination. At once the desire is to persuade him of their worthiness. He has commented on the fine appearance of the farm, saying that Dominic must have worked hard to have established so excellent a condition of things. Even Tom Carragher, whose work it all is, of course, is persuaded to join in the conspiracy; and he does so in a grim humour, never thinking that either Dominic or Joe will ever rise to any display of energy.

Robert Donnelly, however, starts Dominic digging out the foundations of a new house, and, since he would not do this unless he were obviously going to pay for its erection, Dominic is forced to the work by Mrs. Carragher in spite of Maria's anxiety that the work will be the death of him. Joe, even, gives up sport, and joins in the work; and Mrs. Carragher keeps them all at it. She it is who is responsible for it all; and she even at last manages to persuade Maria into the belief that her brothers are, in Biblical phrase, "sons of Belial."

All this is the proper business of one act. But Mr. Boyle mars the humour of it considerably by drawing it out into two acts. The result is that the play hangs considerably—which is a very fatal thing for humour to do. But in the third act a change comes. For Dominic, quite unaccountably, becomes enthusiastic in his work. He talks of nothing, and thinks of nothing, but plans for the recovery of the farm, and its cultivation on the lines of intensive culture. All this he outlines to his uncle Robert, who listens to him from the folding bed that he bears about with him on his travels, and says nothing. Tom Carragher begins to get really alarmed, for he had been counting on the farm as his in a month or so. He upbraids his wife for the mischief she has brought on her own husband and children, and in the end he and Dominic fall out. But, when he has gone, Dominic continues to talk about projects for the cultivation of the farm, and plans innumerable campaigns, counting, of course, on his uncle's money, since that uncle has now decided to continue to stay with them indefinitely. Then the long-foreseen transpires. For it appears that the uncle has also the family fail-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ing; that he has lied to them of his energy; and that he is as poor as they, and determined to be a parasite on them. At this Dominic bids him rise from his bed. One half expects a scene. Instead of which, they solemnly shake hands; and Dominic tells his sister that now she has three of them on her hands.

As we have said, humour that is long drawn out is disastrous; and there is more than the hint of this in the play. But there are deeper faults of draughtsmanship. For example, that there should be so great a change in Dominic in the last act as contrasted with the first two may be forgiven, in spite of the fact that it is so very emphatic; but the change in Robert Donnelly is a different matter. The one, however unlikely, has a motive; but the other is too obviously part of the structure of the play. A man who has spent two acts hustling about the farm is not very likely to spend the third act sitting half asleep on his bed. But likely or not, it is unpermissible without some kind of a motive in the character of the man. Instead of which the only motive is in the machinery of the play. Nor was this only to do with the acting; for the words demanded it, although Mr. O'Donovan would probably have been wiser had he himself smoothed one end of the part into the other. There is a humour that arises from a situation, and we call it farce. There is also a humour that arises from character, and that we call comedy. But when a dramatist sets out to write the one, and then makes it dependent on the machinery of the other, one cannot but feel uneasy in watching it.

Nevertheless, there was big, round laughter in the play, and it is perhaps too much to ask of it that all the parts should cohere together. It was certainly not the artistic success of "The Mineral Workers," where the humour was very happily contrived out of character. Mr. Sinclair as Dominic had a part for which he was obviously fitted; and he was inimitable in the scene where Dominic is aroused and full of plans. Mr. Morgan as Joe had a quieter and smaller part; and though he said little, it was wonderful how much he made of the part in his sincere, unostentatious way. Miss Eileen O'Doherty as Maria was admirable; as, too, was Mr. Kerrigan as Tom Carragher. One noticed a newcomer in Violet McCarthy, who played Mrs. Carragher. She was obviously nervous, and consequently underacted and underspoke her part several times; yet, with her musical speech and natural manner, she should be a considerable acquisition to the company.

On the Monday previous, "Birthright" was represented. Of this we propose to speak more fully next week, as in our opinion it is one of the most noteworthy things that the Irish Players have done for some time. Suffice it now only to say that the four actors who took the only parts of consequence, Miss O'Doherty, Messrs. Morgan, Kerrigan and O'Donovan, deserve the highest praise for strong, unstrained and poignant acting. Miss O'Doherty and Mr. Morgan, particularly, gave the play moments that we must consider some of the highest we have experienced in the theatre.

Notes and News

Mr. Arthur F. Bird has nearly ready Mr. Charles Klein's novel, "Find the Woman," on which the successful play produced by Mr. Arthur Bourchier at the Garrick Theatre is founded.

The "Nobodies" Club is now established at 109, Regent Street, and the Secretary will be pleased to explain the aims and objects of the Club to anyone wishing to join, between the hours of ten and six daily.

We are informed by Messrs. George Philip and Son, Ltd., that her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of their recent publication, "The Sea Road to the East," six lectures prepared for the Visual Instruction Committee of the Colonial Office, by A. J. Sargent, M.A.

On Thursday, July 18, "Bunty Pulls the Strings" will celebrate its first birthday at the Haymarket Theatre. Produced last July in what is supposed to be the worst time of the year from the theatre point of view, "Bunty" immediately took the town by storm, and has proved one of the most successful comedies of modern times.

The Summer Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon will begin this year on August 3, and last for four weeks, the date being specially arranged for the convenience of visitors from abroad and for those in England who take their holiday during the summer months. An effort is made to combine the pleasures of a country holiday with a course of useful study, and special terms are offered to teachers and students.

Messrs. John Long will shortly publish two new novels; one, from the pen of Mrs. Henry Tippett, entitled, "The Waster," gives a study of the sentimentalist; the other, "The Ordeal of Silence," is by that popular author who hides his identity under the sobriquet "A Peer." The same firm has in hand a new work entitled, "Pheasants in Covert and Aviary," by Frank Townend Barton, M.R.C.V.S., lavishly illustrated with numerous half-tone pictures from photographs in addition to four fine coloured plates specially drawn for the work by H. Grönvold. The price of the book is 10s. 6d. net.

In accordance with the decision of the second international congress of archæology, held at Cairo in the spring of 1909, the third congress will take place at Rome from October 9 to 16, 1912, under the presidency of Commendatore Corrado Ricci, Director-General of Antiquities and Fine Arts. The tenth international congress for the history of art will be held from October 16 to 21 (in accordance with the decision of the ninth congress held at Munich in 1909) under the presidency of Professor Adolfe Venturi. Further information can be obtained from the Secretary-General, Dr. Roberto Papini, Via Fabio Massimo 60, Rome.

In connection with the University of Cambridge, the Local Lectures Summer Meeting of 1912 will begin on Saturday, July 27, and end on Tuesday, August 20. It will as usual be divided into two parts: Part I will extend from Saturday, July 27, to Thursday, August 8, inclusive; Part II from Thursday, August 8, to Tuesday, August 20, inclusive. For the first time the new Univer-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

sity Examination Halls and Lecture Rooms will be used. These are centrally situated and provide ample and convenient accommodation for Lecture and Reception Rooms under one roof. The Inaugural Address will be given at noon on Saturday, July 27, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Selborne, K.G., Hon. LL.D.

In his inaugural Presidential Address to the English Goethe Society on June 25, Dr. A. W. Ward, Master of Peterhouse, took as his theme "Goethe and the French Revolution," and proved how the agitations and influences of the great Revolution were clearly reflected in Goethe's writings, and how in all these we never lose sight of the revolutionary movement and the significance of the revolutionary age. Among those present were Professor Breul, one of the Vice-presidents of the Society, Dr. L. T. Thorne, Professor Gollancz, Baron von Schleinitz, Dr. Holland Rose, Mr. R. G. Alford, Mr. Hermann Meyer and the veteran Secretary, Dr. Eugene Oswald, who made a short speech in support of the vote of thanks. Among the interesting exhibits lent for the evening by Mrs. Ludwig Mond were many relics of Lotte Buff, recently acquired by her from Lotte's sole surviving grand-niece.

The friends of the late Miss Rosa Morison (Lady Superintendent of Women Students at University College, London, 1883-1912) desire to raise a Memorial as a tribute of the affection and respect in which they held her, and as a means of commemorating her work. To give effect to this desire, some of those associated with Miss Morison, together with some of her personal friends, have formed a Committee: President, the Right Hon. Lord Reay, K.T., G.C.S.I., LL.D.; Chairman, T. Gregory Foster, B.A., Ph.D. (Provost of University College); Hon. Treasurer, Lady Lockyer. It will greatly aid the work of the Honorary Secretaries if those who wish to take part in this Memorial will communicate with them forthwith. Communications should be addressed to the Honorary Secretaries, Rosa Morison Memorial Committee, University College, London (Gower Street, W.C.).

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE GROWTH OF SOCIALISM IN JAPAN.—II.

JAPANESE students who, at the time of the inception of Western reforms, went abroad to France and the United States, were influenced in no small measure by Republican teachings. Many of these are now prominent leaders of public opinion, and while they have discreetly modified their views in accordance with the exacting requirements of Japanese patriotism, or else have refrained from giving expression to them, it must not be imagined that they have wholly discarded the principles of their early teachings. But to suggest that they are Socialists, in any sense of the term, would be ludicrous. For example, Marquis Saionji may hold views that are favourable to the aims of democracy, but he is first and foremost a courtier. Invariably, however, the Japanese are incapable of viewing things in true perspective. During the war everybody who had a single good word to say for the Russians was looked upon as an enemy of the country. Likewise everybody who wishes to see representative government established in reality, and not in name, as at present, is accused of showing Socialistic tendencies. The real danger to the State lies not in the enlightened agitation of scholarly politicians, but in the possibility of the extreme Socialists taking advantage of the widespread dissatisfaction with economic conditions to foment strife against the constituted authority of the land. Although the lawless elements are at present limited both in numbers and in influence, the policy of the Government in sacrificing social reform to the raising of armaments is surely preparing a way for a struggle which may have disastrous and far-reaching consequences.

The extreme Socialists first excited public attention at the time of the Russo-Japanese War. To ventilate their views they established two journals, one of which was issued daily. Both these ventures failed because of the lack of financial support. Dissension split the party into small groups, each of which subsequently confined its activities to organised disturbances of the peace. From time to time numerous arrests were made, and terms of major imprisonment ranging from thirty months downwards, as well as heavy fines, were imposed.

One well-known Japanese publicist has declared that under the pretence of preserving industrial peace the Government suppresses all parties aiming at the reform of society, and that it hinders labour movements at every step instead of providing for the protection and elevation of the working classes. "In these respects," added the same writer, "our Government is certainly fifty years behind the Russian Government." Perhaps the most authoritative utterance upon the subject was that delivered by Mr. Yukio Ozaki, M.P., the Mayor of Tokyo, who declared that "Socialism was the gravest internal problem that confronted the country, and would prove the greatest menace to Japan's fundamental principles of government." The alleged discovery of a plot against the life of the Emperor, and the trial, under the shadow of secrecy, of twenty-six conspirators, followed by the infliction of the death penalty in some cases and of life sentences in others, came as a shock to the guardians of Japan's destiny. Who among them, a few years ago, could have believed it possible that the life of their Emperor would be placed in peril by reason of any action on the part of his subjects? It had ever been their proud boast that of all the nations of the earth Japan was the favoured inasmuch as in the implicit recognition that the throne of the Mikados was sacred and inviolable lay rooted the loyalty and devotion of the masses.

As I have already implied, the time is not altogether inopportune for the sowing of the seeds of Socialism. It is urgent that the Government should take measures to ameliorate the conditions of the labouring communities. Otherwise the doctrines of Socialism will find ready acceptance, and the violent remedies advocated by agitators will arouse those fanatical instincts which latter-day civilisation, far from eradicating, has only kept in check. And it must not be forgotten that in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

much higher circles there are a number of prominent men imbued with the principles of democracy, and in some instances of what might be termed scientific Socialism. Japan is now represented at all international Socialist conferences in Europe. Singularly enough, owing to the need for replenishing the Treasury, the Government, in creating monopolies, has been compelled to go a long way in the direction of State Socialism. Already the question is being asked: Will it go still farther, and thus anticipate a dangerous movement? Apart from economic conditions, other important factors are preparing the way for the assertion of Japanese democracy. The demand for a Government that shall be responsible to the people is shaping itself. Nor are the army and navy so contented as some admirers of Japan would have us believe. A Japanese newspaper, the *Sigi*, has declared that fears are entertained that Socialism will spread to the military forces, and that the best measure of precaution is to take steps to prevent the ill-treatment of soldiers and blue-jackets by superiors. The future of Japan certainly presents many problems of extreme gravity. To-day, industrial advancement is being made at the expense of the individual welfare of the people. Herein lies the opportunity of Socialists. If statesmen are wise, they will be content with a less ambitious programme of expansion than that which they are now pursuing. They will, in short, frustrate the aims of Socialism by adopting the practice of Social Reform.

Motoring and Aviation

LIKE the other motoring associations, the A.A. and M.U. has had its share of unpleasant criticism from motorists who prefer cheap petrol to scouts, and who can see no reason why their representative bodies should not at once enter into successful competition with the monopolist corporations which control the petrol supply; but its popularity shows no signs of diminution, and almost every month shows a record in additions to membership. The main reason for this is the incessant activity of the A.A. Committee in devising fresh schemes for its members' benefit. The latest of these—and one of the most important—is the inauguration of a complete roadside telephone service along every main road in the country. Patrol sentry boxes are to be erected at intervals of several miles, and in each box will be installed a telephone in communication with the nearest exchange. At each box a patrol will be on point duty, and his services will be available for the purpose of receiving or transmitting messages for members, entirely free of cost. Only in the case of trunk calls will any charge whatever be made, and then only the ordinary trunk fees, a schedule of which will be exhibited in each sentry box.

This extension of the A.A. and M.U. road organisation is obviously an innovation of the greatest practical utility. It will not only be of special value in case of accident or breakdown, but it will also enable members to keep in constant touch with their private and business affairs, to communicate with their destination, and to order meals or accommodation at hotels while *en route*. In fact, it will render them "get-at-able" from any point on the main roads, and be of service to them in many other ways too numerous to mention. The work of organisation is being pushed forward with characteristic A.A. rapidity, and it is hoped that the system will be installed on most of the main roads round the various centres in the course of the next two months. The Secretary and Committee of the Association are to be congratulated on having evolved an excellent and thoroughly useful scheme; but one cannot help wondering how long they will remain in undisturbed possession of it. Doubtless the R.A.C. will soon realise its possibilities, and begin to consider the ways and means of adding it, or some imitation of it, to the other schemes they have from time to time annexed from the younger and more enterprising organisation.

The official certificate relating to the recent long-distance road trial—London, Land's End, John o' Groats, London—of the 59.9 h.p. six-cylinder Napier has just been issued by the R.A.C., under whose supervision it was conducted throughout. The document states that the total distance covered was 1928.75 miles, and that with one exception the whole of it was done on top speed. The exception was Berriedale Hill (from John o' Groats), when the driver, on his first attempt, found it necessary to change speed for three seconds. The car returned to the foot of the hill and climbed it successfully "on top." The car was oiled and greased before the start each day, and apart from this no work of any kind was done to it. The average speed was 19.74 miles per hour, and the petrol consumption averaged 23.918 miles to the gallon. In the subsequent speed test at Brooklands the car covered the flying half-mile at the rate of 77.104 miles per hour. No comment is required on such figures as these, beyond the remark that they stamp the performance as the finest top-speed run ever accomplished by any car in the history of motoring.

Wire wheels are so frequently referred to as "steel

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."
"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.
If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to
S. BOWLEY & SON,
Wellington Works,
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.
Established 200 years.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

wheels," and in France as "roues métalliques," that misconception may arise as to the cause of the fatality which occurred in the recent Grand Prix race, and wire wheels be unjustly discredited in consequence. The fact is that the accident in question was due to the disintegration of the wheel itself near the hub, and the resulting liberation of the hollow spokes, the rim, and the tyre. The wheel was not in any sense a wire or a suspension wheel, but was a built-up steel wheel made after the ordinary wooden pattern.

If the weather be propitious—and at the time of writing this appears a very necessary saving clause—this afternoon's flying meeting at Hendon should prove the most interesting of a very interesting season. It will be held under the auspices of the Women's Aerial League, and will be unique in respect of the prominent part to be taken in the competitions by lady aviators, of whom there are many more than most people imagine. The proceedings commence at 3.30 p.m., with a cross-country passenger-carrying handicap, over a distance, out and back, of about 16 miles, for men pilots who must each carry a lady passenger. At 4.15 p.m. there will be a "quick-starting" competition, open to all types of aeroplanes, but confined to lady pilots only. Exhibition and passenger flights by lady aviators commence at 5 p.m., and at 5.45 p.m. there will be a "grand speed handicap" in which lady pilots will be allowed to participate at the discretion of the stewards. From 6 p.m. onwards exhibition and passenger flights will be given by Mr. Grahame-White and the competitors. The Women's Aerial League, which has taken a keen interest in the development of aviation in this country from its inception, is presenting five very handsome trophies and some substantial money prizes to the successful competitors of both sexes. R. B. H.

MIDSUMMER MEETING AT HENDON.

Hendon without Mr. Claude Grahame-White is like "Hamlet" without the Prince. The vision of that artist of the air executing figures-of-eight with an ease and security that fascinate the most cold-blooded landsman is undoubtedly one of the greatest of the many attractions of the aerodrome at Hendon. On Saturday, June 29, the occasion of the Midsummer Meeting, Mr. Grahame-White, as all the world knows, was engaged upon another, and we hope a less risky, venture. Two races took place, and Mr. B. C. Hucks, of whom rumour said that he had forsaken Hendon for a new appointment, brought off a fine double event. In the sixteen-mile cross-country handicap Hucks, on his 70-h.p. Blériot monoplane, was scratch, but overtook the limit man in the aerodrome and won by 30 seconds. For the six-mile handicap Hucks was again scratch and won by 1 4-5 seconds. There were only three starters in each race. The frequent paucity of the competitors is perhaps the greatest disadvantage of these aviation meetings.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

AS usual when an account has ended, business brisks up, but I doubt whether it will last. It is difficult to get people to speculate during the summer months. True, we once had a boom in August, but that was many years ago. Yet the Stock Exchange has never forgotten it, and it is continually prophesying another August boom. Yet I do not observe that the prophets stop in London and wait for the boom they say is so certain to come. I do not see any chance of a revival in business before the autumn.

The directors of the Synthetic Products Company have decided only to spend £5,000 on what must be an experiment, while the calling of the shareholders together shows that the whole thing is visionary.

The Tulsa Oil Company is another concern to be avoided. The working expenses are under-estimated, no allowance is made for depreciation, and in any case there is such a keen demand for good oil properties in the United States that had the land been good there would have been no necessity to offer it to the London public. No oil man would be attracted by the prospectus.

The British India S.S. Company 4½ per cent. debentures are a good shipping security, in view of the past dividend record of the company.

Aerators Limited is now a well-managed concern, but its offer of shares did not appear to me particularly cheap.

Whiteaway, Laidlaw and Company, a well-known Eastern house, is extending its business, and offers 50,000 ordinary shares of £1 each at a premium of 5s. Ten per cent. was paid for 1912, and the three previous dividends were at the rate of 8 per cent. No doubt the company will get its money, although it seems to me that the price is high.

A big Russian company is coming out in a few weeks, with some important names upon it. It is to develop the oil resources of the Russian Empire. Some of the most important bankers in Russia are on the board. This company is supposed to be responsible for the rise in Urals.

The Sissert, another Russian company from the same stable as the Kyshtim, is to be offered. The Tanalyk, which was privately subscribed and cleverly marketed, is at a big premium.

MONEY.—There appear to have been a few unimportant failures in Berlin, but no serious trouble is anticipated. The banks there are making great efforts to cut down speculation, and it is believed that they will succeed. Here there is plenty of money, and in Paris, although there is a speculative account in Russian Industrials and Tintos, there is no lack of money.

FOREIGNERS.—Italians have been sold short, and the "bears" are being squeezed. There is no further news with regard to the Chinese Loan. The bankers profess to consider the matter at an end. They laugh at the idea of China refusing to accept the money. As Chinese stocks are strong, perhaps the bankers are right. The public appear to be buying both the new Danish and Moscow issues, which it will be remembered were left in the hands of the underwriters. They are both cheap and sound. The Tinto market was weak on speculators closing down, but the actual strength of the Copper Market was not affected by the shake-out. It was just a temporary reaction.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

HOME RAILS.—There is a feeling that the fall in Home Railways has been overdone. All of them can be bought to pay 5 per cent.; all are gilt edged. It is true that at least half per cent. will be cut from most of the dividend distributions, but the Stock Exchange has more than discounted the reduction. Chathams and South Easterns would appear to come out better than most of the lines. Great Northern have not done as badly as one would have expected. The greatest sufferer from the strike is Great Central. Midland and North Eastern are also serious losers. Great Western and London and North Western are cheap.

YANKEES.—There is some talk of a revival in the American Railway Market. Probably a Democratic President will be elected. Woodrow Wilson would be a good choice, and he is an honest man. The Taft party are despondent. A purchase of Unions, New York Central, or Pennsylvania, not as a gamble but as an investment, will probably show a profit before the end of the year. Notwithstanding the horrifying stories of secret supplies of copper, the big houses in New York appear to be confident that they can maintain the quotation. Messrs. Mertons, who lead the Syndicate in London, are also quite confident. Perhaps we may get a reaction, but unless there is any violent speculation, prices will steadily rise.

RUBBER.—Prices on the Rubber Market have been weak and even to-day some of the best shares are at an attractive quotation. Federated Selangor, Cicely, and Batu Caves look reasonably priced. The Prye report was very disappointing, and once again the MacLaren group attempted to place large sums to capital account, but on this occasion the auditors called attention to the proportions relegated to capital and revenue.

OIL.—Oil shares are looked upon in the Stock Exchange as the most likely gambles for the coming autumn. Shells have such a huge fighting fund that Standard will probably make peace. There is not much chance of Urals getting to serious work before the end of the year. But I hear well of the property. If there were not a big "bull" account it would be safe to buy the shares. They will be a good investment at from 40 to 50 shillings. The Spies shareholders should take up the offer of new shares, for the future of this company looks good. British Maikop is now turning out 5,000 poods a day, and will soon have another well on oil. When it has half a dozen wells going it will be within sight of a dividend.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—There are stories going about that the Goldfields report will be bad, very bad. I am not surprised. They say that the dividend will be cut 2s.

BROKEN HILLS.—The big rise in lead has caused people to buy Broken Hill shares, and in addition to this I hear that insiders are buying with a view to amalgamating the various properties, and so save working expenses. Prices appear high, but those behind the scenes talk them much higher.

TIN.—Despite the efforts of the Tin crowd, the public declines to buy. It has lost its money, and lost it quicker than it has ever done before. It will be a long time before it forgets. No doubt some of the alluvial propositions that have been moderately capitalised will pay dividends. Pahangs have had a little rise, and I am told that the Willink section is turning out well.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Waring debentures jumped as I anticipated they would, and it is now officially announced that a scheme is on foot to purchase the assets and carry on the business. Marconis have been put up in view of the meeting. It is expected that a new issue of shares will be made. The company wants money badly. I still think Indo China ordinary shares worth buying.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

PHILIP MASSINGER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Of a genius such as Massinger, so remarkably unknown in all that concerns his personal history, the least trifles should perhaps be gathered up, since it is impossible to say which trifle may provide useful clues to further discovery. The chief outstanding feature of Massinger's history is perhaps his impecuniosity, and this is usually presented as beginning in 1606 as a result of the death of his father (Morley). One does not know, indeed, who his father was, but it seems not improbable, subject to correction, that he was Arthur Massinger, Esquire, of the parish of S. Dunstan in the West, London, where he dated his will, which was proved in 1604; P.C.C. (5, *Harte*.) If that be so, then his father's death did not, in fact, precipitate the termination of Philip's university career, a point which may or may not have its bearing upon his supposed Roman obedience. If, however, Arthur Massinger's position be considered, it seems unlikely that Philip's poverty was due purely to misfortune, but rather that his relatives would not assist one of the old faith, a pervert who could at least make his offensive views attractive, to a degree, indeed, not as yet comprehensible. This Arthur Massinger had married, before 1582, Anne, first daughter of William Crompton, a rich mercer of Stafford and London, who by his will, proved July 5th, 1582 (P.C.C., 31, *Tirwhite*), directed his burial to be in the Chancel of S. Mary's, Stafford, beside his father. The mercer's eldest son, Thomas, was already an M.A. of Oxford, and his second son, Anthony, was at the same university; his eldest daughter, Anne aforesaid, had already borne to Arthur Massinger a daughter Elizabeth. The mercer's third son, William, was in 1582 already apprenticed to a London mercer, and he appears to be the same William Crompton who, with a son-in-law, was, about 1600 or so, paying some £3,000 for the Stone Priory lands, being himself already perhaps in possession of Stone Abbey, Staffs. He seems to have been Sheriff of Staffs. in 1597, and to have died about the same time as Arthur Massinger, his will also being registered in the same year, 1604. (P.C.C., 53, *Harte*.)

William, the mercer, had still two more younger sons and two younger daughters; others of the family were highly prosperous; it seems incredible that among all these, if they were in truth his near relatives, Philip Massinger could not have found even the lowly crust and generally bitter fare of dependence, if he had chosen to accept it, unless he had committed himself to some enormity. Such a cause might provide an explanation; his alleged reversion to the lately rejected faith may have been an enormity not to be overlooked by these flourishing tradespeople, marrying into the ranks of the ancient gentry, and perhaps unduly careful not to offend the current conventions; they may have dropped as quite impossible this Philip the penman, whether he were a heaven-inspired poet or a gutter dramatist, or a lord chancellor's understrapper. I am, yours, etc.,

Tunbridge Wells. HAMILTON HALL.

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAY FUND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Following the happy precedent set by previous Chairmen of the London County Council, I venture to appeal to your readers for contributions to the Children's Country Holidays Fund.

Last year, as the result of a similar appeal, the Fund was able to send 45,170 poor and invalid children to enjoy the refreshing and health-giving atmosphere of the country. Strenuous efforts are being made to send 50,000 children away this year, but, to enable the Fund to do this, £25,000 is urgently needed to carry out the season's programme.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

As Chairman of London's Education Authority, I have a special interest in asking for contributions to the Fund, as most of the children are taken from our schools during the summer vacation. Many of these children have never had an opportunty of breathing the fresh air of the country; at most they can only remember a pleasant day spent in some park or open space, with the usual "Keep off the grass" notice worrying them at every turn. For the sum of 10s. some poor little child's fortnight in the country can be assured, free to roam without the constant dread of being run over in our busy London streets, and able to enjoy, without stint, the charm of the country.

All contributions, large and small, should be sent to the Earl of Arran, Treasurer of the Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C. Faithfully yours,

CHEYLESMORE,
Chairman of the Council.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I cannot tell you how much I admire the sound arguments expressed by Mr. Immo S. Allen in your last issue and in his former letter that appeared on the subject on May 25. Would to God the general public in England would realise that she plays a dangerous game! She forgets it is not a question of the number of ships she can put against the German fleet, which latter is likely to surprise the world as much as the German Army did in 1870. Apart from this, I think it is a poor policy on our part to link ourselves to a decaying nation like France and a corrupt nation like Russia. Why not let Germany have a little elbow room—we cannot prevent it—and give up the dog-in-the-manger policy? This is what is most resented in Germany. I am as convinced as I am of my own existence that neither we nor Germany want war, but notwithstanding we are drifting fast towards it. Peace can be maintained for good, and millions upon millions can be saved, if a friendly understanding with Germany is arrived at instead of this insane rivalry to outdo each other in building huge fleets. No one in his senses will deny, it is a condition *sine quâ non* that England should be and remain the Mistress of the Sea, and Germany will not dispute it if she is not hampered in her just desire to have a place in the sun. Yours very truly,

WM. H.

THE GERMAN PERIL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I observe from your last week's correspondence column that a shipping gentleman from Hamburg has apparently successfully been pulling the leg of your West Hartlepool correspondent. We are all familiar with the button the pressing of which will release 6,000,000 German soldiers, but what can the directors of the Hamburg-Amerika and N.D.L. Companies be thinking about in these booming times of shipping to have tonnage capable of transporting 250,000 men lying idle in German ports on the off-chance of an invasion of this country?

The Germans, like ourselves, are essentially a business people, and without casting any reflection upon their patriotism, I cannot imagine that the shareholders of these companies would stand that sort of thing.

A perusal of the interesting articles appearing in the *Nord und Sud* would show your correspondent that the leading minds of the Fatherland do not run in the same groove as his shipping friend from Hamburg. They are quite alive to the fact that the pressing of the six-million button would spell ruin for Germany, whatever might be the result to England; and on that account alone I venture to predict that the button will never be pressed. The statesmen of both countries may be trusted, like sentimental Tommy, to find "a way oot" of the present tension for which gentlemen of the class quoted by your correspondent are in no small measure responsible. Meantime, both sides can keep their powder dry, and refrain from circulating mythical stories of "the day," while extending a warm welcome to Germany's distinguished Ambassador. Yours, etc.,

July 2, 1912. R. J. TURNER.

THE BIOSCOPE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The last "Matinée" of the Bioscope Education Cinematograph Demonstrations at Cinema House, 225, Oxford Street, was a most successful one. The attendance was good, and the preliminary lecture short and to the point. As these demonstrations appealed chiefly to children, it is a pity that there should have been so few of them present.

The first film was, "Roaming through India." The glimpse portrayed by the cinematographer was vivid. The insufficiency of the ordinary text-book lesson of geography, compared with this living method, is glaring. If, however, a competent teacher of geography had been present to give a verbal complement of the lesson, it would have been a life-long bequest to the children in attendance.

The Pathé films, "Birds in their Nests," "The Sedge Warbler and the Cuckoo," and "The Birth of a Dragon-fly" were highly appreciated.

Mr. Cherry Kearton's "Marvels of Nature" was not only valuable as a remarkable chapter of animate natural history, but also as a vivid topographical study. An involuntary shudder of terror seemed to seize upon everyone at the sight of that living tiger walking to and fro within a few yards of the hidden photographer.

All the other films were quite as good as those that I have mentioned, and they went far to prove once more how the cinematograph allows us to pry into the secret ways of Nature, a thing which no human, unaided, ever could do.

In conclusion, I sincerely hope that the time is not far distant when, between two sets of education cinematograph demonstrations, a few practical hints may be given by some lecturer in connection with the language of every-day life in England, in order that all those errors that have been allowed to come down to us from generation to generation, for centuries, may gradually receive their death-blow. I have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

A WELL-WISHER.

"FORCE A PLAY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In the Prologue to Act II of Shakespeare's "Henry V" occur the following two lines, admittedly defective:—

> "Linger your patience on, and well digest
> The abuse of distance . . . force a play."

For some reason or other the Globe edition and the Oxford edition think fit to put in a "we," the former in the first line (by changing "well" into "we'll") and the latter by inserting "while we" in the lacuna in the second line. There seems to me no necessity for either emendation. The piling up of three imperatives (linger, digest, force) may be paralleled from the first Prologue:—

> "Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
> Into a thousand parts divide one man,
> And make imaginary puissance."

Both prologues are an earnest appeal to the audience to exert their "imaginary forces."

But what does "force a play" mean? Frankly, I do not believe it means anything, in spite of commentators' efforts to explain it away. What I would suggest is that the imperative might still be preserved, and intelligible sense secured, by changing "force a play" into "force apply," *i.e.*, the force of imagination referred to in the first Prologue. The lacuna still remains to be filled. If the Oxford edition put in "while we," I venture to claim

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the privilege of putting in "well your," so that the passage runs :—

"Linger your patience on, and well digest
The abuse of distance; well your force apply."

Incidentally my emendation would go to prove that Shakespeare's Londoner was a true Cockney, capable of regarding "play" and "ply" as identical sounds. Yours faithfully,

O. H. T. DUDLEY.

Poona,
June 14.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Taxation of Land Values as It Affects Landowners and Others. By John Orr, M.A. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

The Lower Depths. A Play in Four Acts by Maxim Gorki. Translated from the Original Russian by Laurence Irving. With Portrait Frontispiece. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

From Theatre to Music Hall. By W. R. Titterton. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Life's Great Adventure. By Francis Stopford. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

A Blind Alley. By E. W. Savi. (Digby, Long and Co. 6s.)

Shall This Be? A Tract for the Times. (Polsue, Ltd. 1d.)

Maurice Harte. A Play in Two Acts by T. C. Murray. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)

Root and Branch: A Seasonal of the Arts. Edited by James Guthrie. (The Pear Tree Press, Flansham, Bognor, Sussex.)

The Likeness of the Night. A Modern Play in Four Acts by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

Cricket (Batsmanship). By C. B. Fry. Illustrated. (Eveleigh Nash. 2s. net.)

The Depths of the Ocean: A General Account of the Modern Science of Oceanography based largely on the Scientific Researches of the Norwegian Steamer "Michael Sars" in the North Atlantic. By Sir John Murray, K.C.B., F.R.S., and Dr. Johan Hjort. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 28s. net.)

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. *Vol. IX. Sleep-Sniggle.* By W. A. Craigie, M.A., LL.D. (Henry Frowde. Double Section, 5s.)

Municipal Art Galleries and Art Museums: Their Scope and Value. By Bernard Douglas Taylor. (J. E. Cornish, Manchester. 6d. net.)

Medical Education in Europe: A Report to the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching. By Abraham Flexner. With an Introduction by Henry S. Pritchett. (Carnegie Foundation, N.Y. City.)

Archives d'Etudes Orientales. Edited by J. A. Lundell. *Vol. I.—Etudes phonologiques sur le Dialecte arabe vulgaire de Beyrouth.* By Emanuel Mattsson. *Vol. II.—Etudes sur le Culte d'Ichtar.* By Nils Nilsson. *Vol. III.—Sur la Formation du Génitif pluriel en Serbe.* By Anton Karlgren. *Vol. IV.—Les Débuts de la Cartographie du Japon.* By E. U. Dahlgren. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 5 fr. 25 c.; 1 fr.; 2 fr. 75 c.; and 2 fr. 75 c. respectively.)

Mary Broome. A Comedy in Four Acts by Allan Monkhouse. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. 6d. net.)

Notes on the Text of the Corpus Tibullianum. By Monroe E. Deutsch. (University Press, Berkeley, California, U.S.A. 50 cents.)

A Dictionary of the Biloxi and Ofo Languages. By James O. Dorsey and J. R. Swanton. (Government Printing Office, Washington, U.S.A.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Mrs. Humphry Ward: Her Work and Influence. With Portrait. (Kegan Paul and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

A History of Divorce. By S. B. Kitchin, B.A., LL.B. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

The American Government. By Frederic J. Haskin. Illustrated. (J. B. Lippincott Company. 4s. 6d. net.)

The White Slave Market. By Mrs. Archibald MacKirdy and W. N. Willis. With a Frontispiece. (Stanley Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

The Early History of the Christian Church, from Its Foundation to the End of the Fifth Century. By Monsignor Louis Duchesne. Vol. II. (John Murray. 9s. net.)

"The Bookman" Keats-Shelley Memorial Souvenir. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. net.)

La Vie et les Œuvres d'Antoine d'Auvergne, Dernier Directeur de l'Opéra Royal (1713-1797). By Baron Du Roure de Paulin. Illustrated. (H. Daragon, Paris. 2 fr.)

Grattan's Parliament Before and After. By M. McDonnell Bodkin, K.C. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

A Chronicle of Friendships. By Luther Munday. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

Pierre Rosegger, l'Homme et l'Œuvre. By A. Vulliod. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 10 frs.)

The Manchester Politician, 1750-1912. By Gerald B. Hertz, M.A., B.C.L. With a Preface by Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C. (Sherratt and Hughes. 2s. 6d. net.)

Italy's War for a Desert, Being some Experiences of a War-Correspondent with the Italians in Tripoli. By Francis McCullagh. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel. 10s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Brass Faces. By Charles McEvoy. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Wayfarers. By Lenore van der Veer. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1s. net.)

Inheritance. By Stuart Martin. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

The Great Postponement. By I. Giberne Sieveking. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

The Works of Thomas Hardy in Prose and Verse: The Wessex Novels—Vol. V, The Life and Death of the Mayor of Casterbridge; Vol. VI, The Woodlanders. With Prefaces and Notes, and a Photogravure Frontispiece and Map of Wessex to each Volume. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net each.)

VERSE.

Poems. By Clifford King. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

Lyric Leaves. By S. Gertrude Ford. (C. W. Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

Omar in Hades. By F. S. Doctor. (D. B. Taraporevala Sons and Co., Bombay. 1s.)

Songs Out of Exile: Being Verses of African Sunshine, Shadow, and Black Man's Twilight. By Cullen Gouldsbury. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

The Girls' School Year Book (Public Schools), 1912; Cornhill Magazine; Fortnightly Review; All the World; Conservator, Philadelphia; Garden Cities and Town Planning; Cambridge University Reporter; Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale; St. Nicholas; The Antiquary; Bookseller; London University Gazette; Literary Digest, N.Y.; The Collegian, Calcutta; Hindustan Review, Allahabad; Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; M.A.B.; Oxford and Cambridge Review; Publishers' Circular; Educational Times; Nineteenth Century and After; Blackwood's Magazine; Moslem World.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

TO

SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.

WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.

Vià the SUEZ CANAL:

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.

(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the

MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC

by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

. . . Ports of Call . . .

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

• • •

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.

(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

Throughout the Year, according to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, 102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Isles, & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Thursday Fortnight.	London.
THE AZORES.	£17†	19.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
NORWAY.	From £1 a day	13 upwards.	June to August.	Grimsby & Leith.
BALTIC & RUSSIA.	From £1 a day.	24.	August 24.	Grimsby.
MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.

† Including Hotel Accommodation.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY, London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published by the Proprietor at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London E.C. Office for Advertisements, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	35
Child Joy	36
Schools and the Man ...	36
The Dawn of Women's Influence in Germany ...	37
The Black and the White of "Butterfly"	38
Reviews:	
The Art of Play-making...	40
The Wayside of Philosophy	42
The New Imperialism ...	42
A Plea for Palmistry ...	43
The Land of the Kaiser ...	44
Shorter Reviews	44
Fiction	46
The Theatre: "Ben-My-Chree" at the New Prince's Theatre	48
Music	48
The Story of a Great Crime	50
Intimate Books	51
By-ways of Brittany	52
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	54
Notes and News	56
The Royal Horticultural Society's Summer Flower Show at Holland House, 1912	57
Hokku	57
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	58
In the Temple of Mammon	59
Correspondence	61
Books Received	63

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE deeply regret that the visit of the King and Queen to South Yorkshire should have been marred by the catastrophe at Cadeby Colliery. The existence of the colliery, situated just below Conisborough Castle—midway between Wentworth and Doncaster—has never commended itself to the artistic sense of those who would like in imagination to re-people the old castle which Ivanhoe has endeared to us, but it has been remarkable as a hive of human industry, and it is sad to think that on an occasion which should have been auspicious, mourning has usurped the position where rejoicing appeared to be firmly installed.

That which was obscure is now made manifest. Many of us did not know until Sunday last the secret of the cement which stuck Canada to the Empire and led to victory in the struggle for Imperial unity. The momentous decretal is now published to the world—"The situation was saved by the union of the *Observer* with the *Pall Mall Gazette*." In certain quarters it is apparent that "small matters win great commendation."

There is a rumour to the effect that a "High-speed Luncheon Syndicate" is to come, see, and conquer London—of course, from the United States. We do not object to the speeding-up of London's traffic, within reason, but really we hardly see what benefits can come from the acceleration of the food-traffic, if we may so put it, in this desperate manner. After a year or two of bolted mid-day meals our sombre dreams picture a bent and irascible afternoon citizen, doing his business with weary eyes and corrugated brow, gradually reaching that sad stage when he is frightened at a sandwich, shudders at the sight of an omelette, and is ready to collapse at the mere thought of good roast beef; a citizen, in fact, enchained in dour bondage to the fiend of indigestion. A little later, no doubt, we shall achieve the tabloid stage of existence, when, with a nut-pellet for breakfast, a lozenge for lunch, a capsule for tea, and a headache for dinner, we shall drag our mournful days from a concentrated childhood to a pill-pervaded manhood, and an old age that (if it comes) will be as genial as cranks and chemists can make it. No; leave us our leisurely lunches and dinners, and we will undertake to be healthy, happy, and as wise as we can.

America, having standardised steel, lobsters, pork, and for all we know a good many other things, is now rather worried as to why somebody does not standardise the English language, both in its spelling and pronunciation. But why reduce a language, which is a living thing, ever fluent and subject to change, to the iron bonds of rule and regulation? We are antagonists to the "Nu Speling," it is true, and we would not hold to varieties of pronunciation so various as that which allows the young experimentalist to call Psyche "Fish," but danger of deliberate sacrifice of beauty lies in a desire for the perfectly inflexible word, the irrefragably rigid rule. The "American language" is English from its birth, curious though it may sometimes seem; but there are bound to be variations of speech among a people so extremely energetic in the manufacture of the word for the occasion—otherwise known as slang; and we may as well realise that fact at once, leaving them to their linguistic diversions, merely watching carefully that not too many of the impromptu variations take root on this side of the water.

The "Holiday Course for Foreigners," held in connection with the University of London, begins this year on July 15, and finishes on August 9, under the direction of Professor Walter Rippmann. We note that those who propose to attend this Course of Lectures are expected to have already acquired the English language to an extent that will enable them to take part intelligently and to join in the conversations upon the various topics. Professor W. H. Hudson will lecture on Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, and there will be attractive discourses on Historic London, on Architecture, and on other subjects of general interest suitable to the student from abroad. These gatherings have been of great use in the past as regards the appreciation of English life and affairs, and the removal of possible prejudices among those to whom our ways may be strange, and it is to be hoped that this season's meetings and classes will be well supported.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Child Joy

(After Blake's "Infant Joy.")

Sweet Joy,
Canst stand alone?
Born to a throne,
How soon art tumbled down!
A look, a frown,
Doth all thy pretty merriment destroy.

Love is thy nurse, sweet Joy;
She folds thee to her breast:
There, tears waste as the dew
When sunshine comes anew,
And thou dost rest;
But oh, sweet Joy, when thou art fully grown,
Sun, moon and stars shall bow before thy throne.

MAX PLOWMAN.

Schools and the Man

ABOUT thirty years ago, if we remember correctly, the question of "What shall we do with our Boys?" became acute, and was dealt with assiduously in volumes which varied from the "One Thousand Ways to Earn a Living" type to books written specifically to expound one particular method of self-support. The excitement in due course died down, and it was discovered that society stood in no need of drastic remodelling, but was merely slowly turning, planet-like, a fresh face to the new gravitational influences in process of development; that boys, in short, would solve the problem sooner or later in the usual way by becoming men with no less (if not much more) commonsense than their fathers.

During the last week we have been reading certain words by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, some wise and witty, some not so wise, but still witty, on "Father and Son," in a series of articles in the *Daily Mail*, which formulate what seems to be in many ways an aspect of the same problem. To him the lure of Oxford and Cambridge is a snare to the ambitious father. The boys go to the public school, and come home for the holidays to find everything, including their parents, "frightfully suburban"; they "slack about" envying people better off than themselves, shuddering at the word "office," and behaving generally as only unspeakable cads could behave. Proceeding to the University, they run into debt, and "return home, hungry, bored, supercilious, useless, unambitious, decorative persons, knowing only what collars to wear, and the exact shade of socks that are right for the hour." We will not pursue their miserable fate, lest the uncalled-for tear should emerge from our mournful eyes. The father, on the other hand, is a kind of bogey-man, "a spoil-sport, a wet blanket, a drill-sergeant, a sort of plain-clothes policeman." We gather from Mr. Hamilton's pleasant arguments that most fathers should be prosecuted, and that most University men finish up by addressing envelopes, or selling evening papers at the entrance to Tube stations. And the schoolmasters, dealt with in the third article, appear as a rule to be graven images, vitalised into a spasmodic series of movements, victims of a deadly "system," unsympathetic automatons.

Naturally there is something seriously wrong with a tirade such as this, and we are driven to remember that the man who feels strongly nearly always over-argues his case, and consequently weakens it. Nothing in the world can take the place of a University education, and nothing can equal its value from a social point of view. Lessons are learned there which find a place in no stated curriculum; knowledge of how to hold one's own, knowledge in judging character that is invaluable; and if at times "sport" ousts Latin and Greek, are we not a nation of sportsmen? Let us not grudge the fine-framed youth his college "blue," nor forget that many a stroke and bow in the Boat Race has taken honours.

Into the gap, like a true sportsman, Mr. A. C. Benson has stepped; public school master for twenty years, and for eight years Fellow and Lecturer of Magdalene College, Cambridge, he speaks with a weight of authority that commands respect. And here we are compelled to note the significance of his admissions. He is all for a sounder instruction in French and German, with not so much sacrifice to the standard of classical culture. Reasonably enough, we think; for it is pathetic to realise that hundreds of men with a college education behind them are at a hopeless loss when they desire to chat to a friend of these neighbouring nations in his own tongue. With the raising of the level of the modern side, and a "liberal choice of alternatives," probably one-half of Mr. Cosmo Hamilton's argument would be cut away. As it is, he seems to be extending the few special cases of failure which have no doubt come under his notice into generalisations which are of little use save as foundations for witty epigrams and sparkling satire; for which, of course, we are duly grateful, but which are far too sweeping to be of genuine service in an inquiry into the faults of our present educational system. His fourth article, "The Way Out," we await with keen anticipation; for if he writes as urgently upon any well-considered synthesis as he has done on his partially considered analysis, it will be an exceptionally important contribution to the discussion.

R.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Dawn of Women's Influence in Germany

IN speaking of women's influence in a country one does not allude to the spiritual relations which may exist between mothers and their children, wives and their husbands individually. On those nearest to them women have exerted some such influence as long as humanity exists. It is different with the sway over the thought of important sections of a nation, or of the nation as a whole. In this respect we can distinguish between countries where women have comparatively early and often played a rôle in politics or literature, and others where only late and seldom women have been more than the guardians and embellishers of domestic life. To the latter sort of countries Germany must be reckoned. There were centuries when hardly a handful of women have in one way or the other made some mark in the life of the German nation. That great upheaval, the Reformation, tells of no woman as the inspirator of its fighters, and not before the seventeenth century had nearly passed do we meet in Germany a woman who can be compared to the grand, enlightened ladies of the French and Italian courts of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Sophie Charlotte of Prussia, the friend of the great philosopher and polyhistor Leibnitz, remains for generations rather a solitary star on a dark sky. The first half of the eighteenth century produces in Louise Gottsched a woman of considerable gifts who contributed greatly in the literary education of the nation, and the period of the great German classical poets and thinkers exhibits a number of women who acted either as Egerias or as Cornelias on its representative geniuses. But their influence remained on the whole individual; there is very little of circles round one or some ladies of inspiring power; and the Weimar Court under the Duchess Amalia was more of a protector than an instigator of literary creation, most of its women mere receptive mediocrities.

But the reacting influence of the light focussed in Weimar and Jena, the seats of the German Olympians, together with the liberating spirit of the whole literature of the eighteenth century and the political movements, originated in England and France, against the traditional powers in State and Society, brought forward at the time of the coming of the new century a new type of educated and educating women—women to whom literature was not a mere means of feeding the spirits, but a conveyance of spur to social action on a wider scale. Of these new women Rahel Varnhagen-Levin was the most attractive, Caroline Schlegel-Boehmer the most erratic representative.

Their modernism had, however, little in common with political ambition. Some of these women took, on the contrary, a very moderate and only occasional interest in politics, whilst others would even on principle have kept outside of political movements at all. At a time when in Germany representative institutions were yet in vain striven after by men, the desire for political power could only play a very insignificant part in the heart of the most courageous German thinkers of the other sex. If we look out for German women who in those days influenced palpably the politics of their country, we must seek them in the narrow circle of the crowned heads, that is to say, in spheres where the exceptional position made the exceptional activity possible, sometimes even a necessity. The general social position of women was much too inferior to allow of any direct participation in the guidance of the nation. The most pressing need for high-minded women was not political power, but social freedom. And, consciously or unconsciously, all the really notable German women of the beginning of the nineteenth century were fighters for the emancipation of their sex.

To express it in the words of an English writer who has just published a book* on the subject: "The minds of intellectual women were stirred, they became more conscious of themselves, more philosophic, more independent." Miss Mary Hargrave calls her book, "Some German Women and Their Salons," and devotes to each of the women she deals with a separate chapter. But her heroines belong, with one exception, to one and the same generation, and have, with another exception, lived under the spell of the same spiritual current taken up by them differently, according to their different temperaments and education.

The two exceptions are Elisabeth Goethe, the happy and cheerful mother of the great Jupiter of German literature, and Queen Luise of Prussia, the ingenuous wife of one of the most philistine kings of his time. The inclusion of Goethe's mother is easily to be defended. If she was not of the stuff the Rahels and the Bettinas were made of she was at least connected with them through the medium of her son, in whom they all recognised their foremost teacher. Besides, she was in her ways as enlightened and liberal-minded as the wife of a patrician of the proud city of Frankfort could have been. As regards views of life she could be called one of the progenitors of the Rahels, if not the Caroline Schlegels.

It is quite different with Queen Luise. Apart from that she was a contemporary and a member of their sex, she had very little in common with these female intellectuals, and her influence on the thought of her time was nil. She enthused people through her misfortune as a queen and a certain amount of bravery, but neither was she in fact the centre of a salon, nor was she spiritually important enough to be capable of forming one. There were many women of the time more entitled to rank with the other heroines of the book than this royal *ingénue*. Her inclusion by Miss Hargrave is a concession to shallowness if not snobbishness that can only be regretted.

Otherwise the book has its merits. It is based on the study of a number of the best German works on the subject, and is written in very pleasant easy style. It is not a scientific work. The basic economical, political

* *Some German Women and Their Salons.* By MARY HARGRAVE. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 7s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and spiritual conditions of German life at the beginning of the nineteenth century are only superficially touched, the environment of the described forerunners of the leading modern women is not sufficiently brought home to the reader to make him fully appreciate their value. The two remarkable Jewesses, Rahel Lewin and Henriette Herz, were as much Berlin growth as they were daughters of a race longing for political emancipation, and he will consequently only understand them half who is not well informed on the spirit of middle-class Berlin at the time of their mental development. Such exceedingly informing books as Ludwig Geiger's history of the intellectual life of the Prussian capital seem to have escaped Miss Hargrave's knowledge. But amongst her authorities are writers of renown to whom those sources were known, and thus the reader is by incident given glimpses into that life on which the Rahels and Henriettas grew and which made their salons possible.

It was a time of religious and ethical scepticism, mixed, in the better minds, with a longing for a new moral world and new gods. Berlin was in a high degree a town of unbelievers. But with the mass of the latter doubt was here not the impulse for the search of new truths, but the father of shallow nihilistic cynicism, which made Bettina von Arnim, that woman with the heart of a child and the enthusiasm of a believing soul, cry out one day: "In Berlin wird Alles ruppig"—(In Berlin everything becomes coarse). A bit of the negating spirit of the Berliners one notices also in Rahel, but turned to better account by her warmth of feeling, her belief in evolution and her deep interest in social and political reform. When she boasts, "I kill pedantism (it is not quite to be seen why Miss Hargrave translates pedanterie "priggishness") thirty miles round me," we hear through it something of the wanton Berlin mind. On the other hand, one believes to hear one of the advanced ethical revolutionists of our day when one reads words like: "I have never regretted anything which I did gladly, only and always what I did reluctantly." And how much judgment is revealed in the sentence: "For me, the difference between people lies in their manner of asking questions; they all answer in the same way!"

Rahel was certainly in breadth of conception, sense of proportion and personal charm the most fascinating of the women presented by Miss Hargrave. But remarkable, interesting women they all have been. And all, Queen Luise not excepted, compare very favourably with their husbands. If they were their inferiors in learning they surpassed them in mental solidity. They were not all as Charlotte Stieglitz, who could not stand her husband's mental inactivity and committed suicide in order to set his mind free for creative work; but they shared this sentiment for spiritual activity. As far as they were connected with Romanticism, they represented its better side, its fight against conventionalism, strictness and nihilistic scepticism. They are worth knowing, and if Miss Hargrave has missed some notes about their time, she has succeeded in giving a vivid picture of their personalities and the kind of eminent people they knew how to attract and influence. This well-printed and finely illustrated book is throughout very readable.

Berlin, July 2. ED. BERNSTEIN
(Member of the Reichstag).

The Black and the White of "Butterfly."*

BY HALDANE MACFALL.

OF the heavy literature springing up about the erratic genius of Whistler this, at least, is one of the volumes that cannot be ignored—it will be a necessary part of the evidence for every collector concerning that gay, bitter, fantastic soul. And "Butterfly" has won into the minds of literary folk as much as into the homage of painters. The overweening conceit of the man set up before the public view a whimsical dandified figure behind which he screened whatsoever was noble and lovable at the real core of him; and no man bore more false witness against whatever may have been of lofty quality in him than did James McNeill Whistler—and all, fantastically and pathetically enough, with the idea that he was setting up the devil of a fine fellow before the eyes of the world! He baffled his friends as he baffled his enemies. Friendship with Whistler ever meant bitter enmity in the end. I have known men read morning prayers who gave tongue to the miserable sentiment that "a man should always treat his best friend as though, one day, he might become his enemy." The text had a wide vogue with Whistler's generation, and was, likely enough, a text of his boyhood. Be it so or not, he lived his life to the bitter refrain; and a sorry adventure it must have been, if we may judge by what we read between the lines of his own testimony, supported by the witness of the wreckage of broken friendships that lay thick as seaweed in the Sargasso Sea along the wake of his voyaging from youth to lonely old age.

This book sets out with the intention of paying homage to the ardent craftsman; but here, too, we have the testimony to his pettiness of mind. Always that bitter in the cup! It is so utterly unlike most books that essay to show Whistler the hero or tomfool, the wasp or the wit, the enigma or the fop, that it carries a compelling conviction from its very restraint. It is the solemn unhumorous tribute—if so unemotional an attitude can be called tribute—of a plain man, who, seeing

* *Memories of James McNeill Whistler, the Artist.* By THOMAS R. WAY. Illustrated. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

with grey eyes, honest and sincere, but grey, writes without coloured ink of this prince of posers. That so inventive and imaginative a nature as that of Whistler should have the scantiest appeal to one who scarcely ever betrays the imaginative sense may seem a quaint paradox; yet the very interest of this volume lies in the fact of the writer's plain honest mind. Hence there rises before us—what is most convincing—the slow building and creation of the pose of the eventual Whistler. At first the pose is tentative, feels its way. It set and hardened probably earlier than the writer realised; but the signs and proofs of its slow emergence are abundantly evidenced by the simple grey eyes of his biographer. The writer is never carried away with wild enthusiasms either for or against the acts of Whistler—he baldly states the acts that were perpetrated before his eyes, and gives his opinion concerning them without a shade of bias. Conviction ensues. One doubts, 'tis true, whether the writer be largely enough gifted to estimate the genius of the man, but as he rarely attempts it, and sticks to his last (the estimate of Whistler as lithographer), he does not put himself upon trial.

It fell to my lot to write a swift impression of "Butterfly" and his achievement in the few days that passed between his falling into his long sleep and the progress of all that remained of his mortal being to the grave. That impression was written by a fellow-craftsman in art and letters, who met him but rarely, and then only when the mocking figure had been set up, behind which he hid what gentle and tender humanity there may have been in the real man. Fawned upon by many whom it benefited to fawn upon him, but whom the keen wits of the man likely enough despised even whilst he strutted in their adulation, he was probably as little understood by them as aforetime he had been misunderstood by such as stoned him. It was natural that I should see him as the complete Whistler—yet perhaps I understood him the better for standing at focal distance from him—he said that I did—maybe his very witness proved that I did not. But whether so or not, this volume reveals to me a Whistler in the making that I guessed at, but did not wholly know. Still, I wonder if the writer saw quite round about the Whistler in the making. I doubt it. But of one thing he convinces me—the Whistler that he did see, so far as he could see, is recorded with a truthful sincerity, if it be somewhat the mere outside of the man. It reveals a Whistler moving, like the bishop, slowly into his oblique place upon the chessboard of his fantastic adventure as a man—and it lifts the veil from Whistler the craftsman and shows his untiring and dogged search after exquisite craftsmanship. When all's said, this is what the writer alone set out to do; and that he achieves his object no one can deny.

Undowered with the artistic gift of words—Mr. Way even adds "as it were" after a simile—therefore driven back upon a simple narrative statement, our author records his testimony with the plain, straightforward, passionless witness of a man upon his oath, careful of praise or blame, solemnly unbiassed. By consequence, what is lacking in fire at least is not lacking in convincingness. Mr. Way realises that "what the soldier said is not evidence"—always there is that sense of the plain honest man in the witness-box. And with every desire to give Whistler homage, the evidence proves the black in the "Butterfly" to have been as paltry and contemptible as the white of his high craftsmanship was pure and unspotted. It was not the blackness of a tragic grandeur, but the paltry blackness of a petty intention. The writer and his father, two of the most consummate craftsmen in lithographic printing in Whistler's generation, who both yielded up the secrets and mysteries of their craft to him which they had been wholly justified in using to their own sole advantage, who both toiled and moiled for him and served with loyal unselfishness, who both gave fully and freely of their unique experience, without which "Butterfly" must have wrought on stone at handicap, to both of whom he owed a prodigious debt of good-fellowship as well as craftsmanship—even these men Whistler treated with high-handed conceit and treacherous guile when he found that he could gain profit in gold by the betrayal! Even this man, who served him so well, was chided for giving his knowledge of craftsmanship to other artists! Even he cannot rid Whistler's life from the shabby stain that "Butterfly" had as mean a soul as was ever granted to great gifts. The writer's father, who had bought in Whistler's mutilated portraits at "Butterfly's" bankruptcy, with other paintings, and had given those portraits freely back to him in the after years, was to know the base commercial ruthlessness of this man who was wont to sneer at commercialism in art, when, having become famous, and America being suddenly grown passionately desirous of securing his work, "Butterfly" tried to jockey his old and loyal friends out of their pictures that he might sell them again to the rich across the seas who had left him to neglect in the years of his fierce struggle for fame. Whistler's wayfaring was littered with friendships broken for an epigram; but as shabby an act as any of which he was guilty was the dishonest intention that made him discard the Ways, father and son.

So much for the black. As regards the white of "Butterfly's" wings. Whistler was a purist in craftsmanship to a pitch that came near to that womanishness which formed so essential a part of his character. Of this purism Mr. Way seems to hold a higher opinion than I do; for he naturally judges an artist as a craftsman before all, whereas I judge an artist as artist before all. But granting, for argument's sake, the value of purism in craftsmanship as of first importance, even here "Butterfly" is not wholly above suspicion. To employ pastel over water-colour is about as bastard purism as could well-nigh be achieved. But more than this; if Whistler found a large etching to be beyond his range, he at once laid down a law that a large etching was bastard art. There is no limit whatever to art; and the fact that a large etching is or is not art is wholly dependent on the fact whether an artist has the genius

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

to create art on a large plate. And genius has done it. Much of what is written upon Whistler's etching is the veriest academic drivel. Whistler in lithography, in my opinion, which agrees in this with that of Mr. Way, reached as high achievement as in his etchings. But the critical cant that has arisen about his lithographs is as exaggerative as about most of his achievement. Whistler has been far out-distanced in lithography by Steinlen and others, to whom the critics give scant tribute.

Mr. Way obviously does not realise that Whistler, in every single advance in his achievement, was deeply indebted to others. His visit to Valparaiso did not discover the Japanese intention to him; it was discovered to him in Paris—was part of a wide movement. Whistler did not discover Velazquez; he was the disciple of Manet, and to Manet he owed most of all that was best in him; but he kept his mouth discreetly shut upon Manet's influence, as he did on most of his indebtedness. Whistler was wont to sneer at prettiness in art; but his etchings and lithographs often hold a threat of prettiness. His greatness lay in his exquisite sense of colour; never in his draughtmanship, which was always his weakness. He was essentially a great mass-impressionist in the school of Manet. And the most interesting pages in this valuable testimony to his habits of craftsmanship are those in which we see him at work holding his long yard-length brushes by the extreme end, and painting the brush-strokes upon his portraits at arm's length added thereto, just as Gainsborough did before him, and as Velazquez is said to have done.

Mr. Way adds to the value of his volume with (amongst other treasure) a fine reproduction of the delightful first lithograph made by Whistler—his favourite model, Miss Maude Franklin. Only once does the writer strain our credulity, when he tells us that he cannot see Whistler's influence in the works of Mr. Greaves. There is a good and characteristic touch of Whistler in the story of the hat—Whistler, being in a sorry state of want and shabbiness in Venice, had torn his battered soft hat, and on finding it secretly stitched up by a friend, he ripped the stitches out with: "A darn is premeditated poverty, but a tear is the accident of a moment"! Give a man a reputation for wit, and the world guffaws every time he opens his mouth. Mr. Way brings crumbling to the ground the witty intention of the printer's error in the title for the catalogue of the pictures "kindly lent their owners." It was the printer's unintentional waggery, and annoyed Whistler.

Whistler mastered the craftsmanship of every art that he essayed; and in writing his "Ten o'Clock" he laboured the words until he bent them to exquisite rhythm; but that famous address was about as vile and false teaching of art as was ever written, the which Mr. Way seems never to have realised, lulled to nodding by the exquisite employment of its prose. No more false estimate of Art, no more incompetent statement of its aim, its essence, or its significance was ever so beautifully gemmed to bedazzle and thereby to cast a blight upon creative endeavour in the studios of youth.

REVIEWS

The Art of Play-making

Play-Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship. By WILLIAM ARCHER. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE literary aspirant, at some time or another, is strongly advised to write a play. It may be that he accepts the proffered advice, and after much labour produces a tragedy or a comedy, and sends it round to the various theatrical managers. After a few months associated with registration, sealing-wax, and postmen's knocks, the novice is painfully aware of the fact that Sir Herbert Tree's opinion does not, after all, tally with his own—in short, that his play is chiefly remarkable for its boomerang qualities. Having suffered defeat, he may rail against the deplorable state of the English drama, and ascribe the total lack of royalties to the fact that we live in a democratic age. But if the literary aspirant really possesses the dramatic gift, there is no need for him to bemoan his fate, for it is to such an one that Mr. William Archer comes to the rescue with a helping hand.

Mr. Archer is one of our leading dramatic critics, and from his rich experience in regard to the merits and faults of innumerable plays he is able to extract material of much value to the would-be playwright, and, be it observed, the playgoer should derive considerable benefit from these pages, too. If it is true that we live in a democratic age, it is equally true that we also live in an age when every profession and business has its expert instructor, who, with much claptrap and much noisy and flamboyant advertisement, asserts his ability to cram his client with the cream of specialised knowledge, and to lead his terribly credulous patron through a short cut to fame and fortune. Mr. Archer makes no such absurd promise in this excellent book, for he is the first to recognise that success in any direction depends on competence, combined with any amount of hard work. The book before us does not supply ready-made plots for plays. Its value lies in the fact that it shows the playwright how to make the best use of his material by observing the canons of dramatic art and by noting the value of form and construction. Mr. Archer writes:—

> One thing is certain, and must be emphasised from the outset; namely, that if any part of the dramatist's art can be taught, it is only a comparatively mechanical and formal part—the art of construction. One may learn how to tell a story in a good dramatic form; how to develop and marshal it in such a way as best to seize and retain the interest of a theatrical audience. But no teaching or study can enable a man to choose or invent a good story, and much less to do that which alone lends dignity to dramatic story-telling—to observe and portray human character.

"A play," writes Mr. Archer, "is a more or less rapidly developing crisis in destiny or circumstance, and a dramatic scene is a crisis within a crisis, clearly

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

furthering the ultimate event. The drama may be called the art of crises, as fiction is the art of gradual developments. It is the slowness of its processes which differentiates the typical novel from the typical play." Later on Mr. Archer observes that "the playwright should not let himself be constrained by custom to force his theme into the arbitrary mould of a stated number of acts. Three acts is a good number, four acts a good number; there is no positive objection to five acts. Should he find himself hankering after more acts, he would do well to consider whether he be not, at one point or another, failing in the art of condensation and trespassing on the domain of the novelist."

Mr. Archer has analysed and shown us the construction and craftsmanship of various famous plays, and most especially those of Shakespeare and Ibsen, in order that we may observe the points he wishes to demonstrate. The number of references to Ibsen exceed those referring to Shakespeare. It is a pity that Ibsen in this country is "something of a coterie-poet," for this regrettable fact is apt to mitigate against the value of his plays to the general reader, to say nothing of the lessons the would-be playwright is invited to draw from them. But the idea of laying special emphasis on two great dramatists is excellent because it makes for unity of purpose and design. Mr. Archer, however, is very far from inferring that Shakespeare and Ibsen alone can reveal all the niceties of play-making. They cannot, and their craftsmanship is supplemented by the craftsmanship of Pinero, Sardou, Maeterlinck, Henry Arthur Jones, Bernard Shaw, Granville Barker, and numerous other well-known playwrights. The whole gamut of the dramatic art is revealed in a number of poignant illustrations that cannot fail to benefit those who are sane enough to realise that their plays have failed principally because they did not pay sufficient attention to form and construction. We are shown the intricate machinery associated with play-making, and little by little, step by step, we are made to appreciate the value of the various parts. Mr. Archer discourses on the subject of choosing a theme, the routine of composition, *pro* and *con* the use of scenarios, the dramatis personæ, the point of attack (in no way associated with villains), tension and its suspension, the full close, character and psychology, etc.

Most of us have experienced in the theatre a good deal of annoyance from that objectionable individual the late comer, and we are sorry that Mr. Archer has pointed out in this book that the average play really lends itself to this trying delinquent by failing to attract vital interest till ten minutes after the rise of the curtain. We have sometimes been so utterly crushed and battered by a late comer as to render the play unenjoyable even in the second or third act, when wit abounds or when virtue triumphs over the villain's misdeeds. Mr. Archer writes:—

> So long as the fashion of late dinners continues it must remain a measure of prudence to let nothing absolutely essential to the comprehension of a play be said or done during the first ten minutes after the rise of the curtain. Here "A Doll's House" may be cited as a model, though Ibsen, certainly, had no thought of the British dinner-hour in planning the play. The opening scene is just what the ideal opening scene ought to be—invaluable, yet not indispensable. The late-comer who misses it deprives himself of a preliminary glimpse into the characters of Nora and Helmer and the relation between them; but he misses nothing that is absolutely essential to his comprehension of the play as a whole. This, then, would appear to be a sound maxim both of art and prudence; let your first ten minutes by all means be crisp, arresting, stimulating, but do not let them embody any absolutely vital matter, ignorance of which would leave the spectator in the dark as to the general design and purport of the play.

In the chapter entitled "Dramatic and Undramatic," Mr. Archer gives an amusing example of what he aptly calls a "mere picture-poster situation":—

> There is a drama—I have myself seen it—in which the heroine, fleeing from the villain, is stopped by a yawning chasm. The pursuer is at her heels, and it seems as though she has no resource but to hurl herself into the abyss. But she is accompanied by three Indian servants, who happen, by the mercy of Providence, to be accomplished acrobats. The second climbs on the shoulders of the first, the third on the shoulders of the second; and then the whole trio falls forward across the chasm, the top one grasping some bush or creeper on the other side; so that a living bridge is formed, on which the heroine (herself, it would seem, something of an acrobat) can cross the dizzy gulf and bid defiance to the baffled villain.

Mr. Archer, however, does not concern himself very much with pointing out the follies of crude melodrama, for he is chiefly concerned with examining those plays that have contributed to literature. His quiet enthusiasm for the best traditions of the English stage gives a freshness and interest to his careful work. Mr. Archer admits quite candidly that he has been unable to write a play himself, but his very inability to do so has enabled him to appreciate the many difficulties that beset the path of the playwright. In this volume, so lucidly written and so well arranged, he has certainly succeeded in revealing the mechanism of a host of plays. The literary aspirant, so pathetically referred to in the commencement of this review, would do well to take out his pigeon-holed manuscript and furbish it up again in the light of one who knows all that is to be known in the art of play-making. It is to be hoped that, after revision, due to the guiding hand of Mr. Archer, he may have the good fortune to get his play accepted, for then, like Richard Plantagenet, he will be able to exclaim:—

> Now is the winter of our discontent
> Made glorious summer . . . .

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Wayside of Philosophy

From the Forest. By W. SCOTT PALMER.
Vagrom Men. By ALFRED T. STORY. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net each.)

IT is not easy, after a little while, to distinguish Mr. Story from Mr. Palmer, or either of them from the author of "The Roadmender." Doubtless the covers of their books have something to do with the resemblance, but they have other things in common, above all, a tranquil and retiring geniality, and a love of the little, the humble, the unworldly and the other-worldly. When Mr. Palmer thinks of people at the seaside

> Strolling beneath the so-called Panama,
> Beside the so-called sea,

he regrets that he does not know them, but does not conceal the fact that "as to real sympathetic understanding they might be passing callers from another planet." We conclude that he knows only the real Panama, and the real sea. Elsewhere he tells us that with two guineas he could feed himself for a fortnight and "moderately tip a moderate butler." He has also said that he is old and frail, and not confident of lasting long enough to see that time—"when we all wash both much and often and have fresh clothes at our command"—which would enable him to live with all sorts of men as brothers. He sits by the wayside of philosophy and rejoices at the beginning of a new age, for "the centre of gravity in thought has shifted from matter to spirit"; rejoices, too, at a copse in May "that Fra Angelico might have noted as a pattern for his floor in Paradise"; rejoices in an uncommon character such as the poor neighbour who reads Morning Prayer to his infirm parents and later "celebrates his sacrament by spending a good part of Sunday afternoon carrying water for an old woman near by, and doing odds and ends about her cottage." Last summer was too hot for him even at Ashdown Forest; nevertheless he wrote his little essays, reflecting on the "plagues of Egypt" let loose in the slums by heat, and enjoying what he terms "the susurrus of a multitude of little birds" at daybreak. Among other things that he enjoys are the poems of Father Tabb and the plays of John M. Synge. He does not always or very powerfully communicate his enjoyment, and, though he uses a professedly rambling and comfortable form, strikes us as being by no means one who "pipes but as the linnet sings." In brief, he has the current essayist's manner and plenty of delicacy and restraint, but little that is purely his own either in his matter or his arrangement of it. For those who regret that "The Roadmender" is no longer than it is, however, "From the Forest" will be a Godsend.

Mr. Story is not so old and frail and comfortable, nor has he such a love of soap as to keep out of almshouses and inns. "The Almshouse" is a characteristic collection of odd characters, "Ambrose L——," and so on. One of the inmates is named St. Crispin, and calls the almshouse "my little place, earned by a life of toil and quiet neighbourliness. There I live till I die, if God spares me." What will happen if he is not spared is not quite clear. But no matter. The slip, if such it be, is due to the fact that Mr. Story's writing is a little removed from life. We mean that he might well have made it all up. He describes a worthy couple going to see a decayed gentleman at the workhouse, and this is the opening sentence: "Donning their best clothes, therefore, and taking with them a pigeon-pie which Mrs. Poult, a heaven-made cook, had specially concocted for his tooth, they paid him a ceremonial visit." Well, a certain unreality prevails over all Mr. Story's grace and care. That he has grace and care no one will deny, but he runs great risks, with such sentences as:

> Herein we have the simple of simples—the secret of which, when once appropriated, lasts in one like the scent of woodruffs in your clothes-press, sweetening and nourishing the dim apogees of life and filling them with swathes of freshness, as of lenten bird-songs and the country green. . . .

This leads him on to a rhetorical regret that "we moderns" have lost the "primal secret" of the open air. The youth of the age, he says elsewhere, is being ruined by "council schools, Carnegie novel dispensaries, and the like"—he recommends the "old books," but with the less force that he is unable to persuade us that he knows either the new books or their readers. The people he knows are such as St. Crispin, and the beggar who jumped out of his skin with delight at the thought: "Pay off your score by making the world more beautiful wherever you can," and did so by sowing seeds here and there, after the manner of one of Mr. Hewlett's heroes, among others. He—or his father—compares an old gentleman's smile and the tear escaping from beneath it to "an April sunbeam that laughs on the edge of a shower." Those who like the signs of grace and care will be continually delighted by Mr. Story: those who do not will not think them wasted, but will look forward to seeing them more fitly employed than in these decorations, where Mr. Story has already reached a kind of perfection.

The New Imperialism

The True Temper of Empire. By SIR CHARLES BRUCE, G.C.M.G. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

THE greater part of what Sir Charles Bruce writes is concerned with different aspects of this dogma, which we take from the first essay in this volume:—

> The new Imperialism is dominated by two main ideas, closer union with the Dominions in the temperate zones and the economic interdependence of the Dominions with the tropical Crown Colonies and India. The international struggle for the control of the tropics has brought home to us that no aggregate of nations in temperate zones can constitute a self-sufficing and self-contained Empire.

It is natural for a man who has governed several

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Crown Colonies to lay great emphasis on the tropics, on their products and their natives, and on the many problems to which they give rise. If the effect of most of these essays is to suggest that the really pressing questions of our time for Englishmen are those concerned with the treatment of various sorts of native peoples in various parts of the world, this effect is probably intended. At the same time the fact that the Imperialist propaganda has more or less hung fire during the last half-dozen years or so, and that racial questions have been overshadowed by the need for settling the relations of the "masses and classes" at home, indicates in our opinion that this is a period of social and constitutional rather than racial difficulties. This is not to say that Sir Charles Bruce ought to have written about strikes, for a man must write of what he understands best, but we think he has tended to ignore home affairs too much. He has not pointed out for one thing that a consistent Imperialist policy can only be the result of a strong Imperialist feeling in England. As a matter of ordinary observation the mass of the population of England just now seems to care very little what happens in the Transvaal, say, for the labouring classes have revolted, and until their revolt is settled one way or another Imperialism is rather a side-issue.

Sir Charles Bruce is a very sound writer, and one who is not afraid of being dull. His reasoning is always lucid and his language has a suave, official restraint about it. He quotes as his authorities either documents or honoured names to which all men bow, and, of course, his own experience of the art of governing and the meaning of Empire goes without saying. His statements on general subjects are not always unimpeachable perhaps. It is hardly correct to say that the great empires of antiquity were "displaced by inferior races revolting against the methods by which the claim of superiority (on the part of the governing race) was enforced" (p. 58), since the inferior races revolted in vain as long as the ruling races were not drugged with pride and enervated with luxury; and the successful revolts commonly took place when the methods of enforcing the claim of superiority were of the mildest.

Rome, for instance, did not fall by mismanaging her dependents, but by mismanaging her home affairs, and it is likely that all empires that fall will fall for the same reason. It is precisely for this reason that we think Sir Charles Bruce's message is robbed of a good deal of its force by taking too little account of our own home affairs. We wonder, also, what he means by lamenting on p. 74 that "in 1908 the Imperial Parliament, by the Union of South Africa Act, abandoned" the modern conscience and its attitude to the subject races, and then saying, on p. 100, that "King Edward lived to see the crowning glory of the Union of Africa." The three best essays in the book are those on "The Modern Conscience," a fine broad account of the gradual change of civilised man's attitude to his political dependents; on the British Indians in the Transvaal, a determined indictment of recent British policy; and "Ireland's Place in the British Empire," in which Sir Charles Bruce proclaims himself a non-party man by advocating as the solution of the Home Rule difficulty some measure which should create in Dublin an assembly having the same relations to the Imperial Parliament as the provincial Legislatures of Canada have to the Dominion Parliament.

A Plea for Palmistry

Cheiro's Memoirs: The Reminiscences of a Society Palmist. Illustrated. (William Rider and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

WHATEVER may be the feelings with which the story of "Cheiro's Memoirs" is received—whether it be looked upon as the revelations of a prophet, or merely as the vapourings of a charlatan—it is certain that the author himself has no doubt whatsoever as to the power he conceives to be in him. And the pleading he puts forward is not without a certain amount of justification. To succeed in any profession, he says, a man must have "*the necessary temperament*, the patience to study for years, and the courage to withstand the thousand and one disappointments that assail him on every side." If this maxim applies to the artist, he continues, why should it not equally apply to the students of human nature? Those who are not able to follow "Cheiro" to the utmost extent of his teaching will at least be able to allow that there is a great deal to be said for the statement that as a general rule the shape of the hands betray something of the character of their possessor. This is always taken into account by the palmist when he goes further and studies the extent of the lines on the palm of the hand. It has been pointed out that a criminal must be exceedingly well versed in crime in order that the movements of his hands do not betray him when he is at last brought to justice. A man can control the muscles of his face far easier than he can force his hands to remain absolutely immovable. Those of us who have attended amateur theatrical performances cannot have failed to notice the great air of uncertainty that always hovers over the amateur actor or actress as to what shall be done with those extremities which are used by a professional with so much skill, and add so greatly to the realisation of the play.

If, then, in cases of excitement or great mental strain the hands play such an important part, and it is recognised by the most talented actors and actresses that they must be used rightly and so help to betray the emotions, it naturally follows that excitement or strain must leave its marks on the hands, and as the average person's life is a series of events through each of which he passes with the same thoughts and ideas animating him—unless or until a crisis is reached, when his original principles may be diverted or reversed—the marks and lines on the hands naturally extend or deepen, and it is not difficult for a person who studies and is well versed in the art to determine the chief characteristics of the person whose hands are placed for examination. When

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

it comes to foretelling events that are to happen in the future, however, it is an entirely different affair, and it is then a case not of coming events casting their shadow, but their lines, before them.

Cheiro pleads "that there is a natural position on the face for the nose, eyes, lips, etc., so also on the hand it was seen that there was a natural position for what became known as the Line of Head, Line of Life, and so on," but the position of one's nose, eyes, lips, etc., are not as a rule considered to determine what one's lucky number will be or the particular date upon which an important event will happen, and this Cheiro claims to do after studying closely the hands of an individual.

The author is anxious that the study of palmistry should become much more general, and is of opinion that when developed into a science it would be most valuable in foreseeing tendencies towards insanity, etc. Like all modern pioneers, he imagines that prejudice alone stands in the way of the adoption of his ideas. It is not always prejudice that hinders all modern movements meeting with success. There are people who well weigh and consider things before giving their judgment, and even if in their own individual case they would be perfectly willing to adopt this or that particular innovation, yet for the good of the community at large they refrain from doing so, believing that it is best for the majority to be temperate in all things and not to rush pell-mell into untried reforms on the recommendation of over-zealous and deeply earnest partisans.

During his career Cheiro has met and "read the hands" of some of the greatest in the land, and has been of great service to many of his poorer brethren.

The book is deeply interesting and well written. There is no wearisome insistence with regard to the author's notions. He is an artist who knows how to handle delicately his materials and not to spoil his picture with clumsy or revolting representations.

The Land of the Kaiser

Germany in the Nineteenth Century. Five Lectures by J. H. ROSE, C. H. HERFORD, E. C. K. GONNER, and M. E. SADLER. (Sherratt and Hughes. 2s. 6d. net.)

IN these days of constantly increasing national rivalry between ourselves and our German friends, it goes without saying that it cannot fail to benefit us as a nation to study the main factors in that progressive development which has rendered the future of Germany a matter of such vital interest to us. "German and British education have much to gain from a closer understanding," we read in the essay upon the history of education: we would fain add, "and German and British politics and economics still more." For ourselves, we are confident that, did we pay a little more heed to historians and a little less to politicians, we should not be quite so apt to be swept off our feet by the vapourings of scare-mongers. From this point of view we accord a very ready welcome to this, the thirteenth volume of the historical series published by the University of Manchester.

The work starts with an admirable summary of the contents. With regard to the individual essays, "The Economic History" is a model of lucidity. With Dr. J. Holland Rose, the author of "The Political History," the only serious fault which we have to find is his somewhat excessive indulgence in metaphor. "Napoleon the fiscal experimenter ruined Napoleon the new Charlemagne" cheek by jowl with "The symbol of the Hohenzollerns should be the phœnix, for in the death agonies that followed they found new life," is almost too rich fare for digestion at a single meal. We should like to have seen it pointed out, in justice to her late Majesty Queen Victoria, that, when she "objected to the pro-Danish proposals of Palmerston" in 1864, she did so for the lasting good of her country. The resulting "discredit to Great Britain" was as nothing compared with the discredit which would have befallen her had the Minister overruled the Sovereign. Upon the other hand, the author hastens to do justice to the memory of Bismarck by giving that significant parenthesis which, as he points out, is generally omitted, to the destruction of the meaning, "It is not by speechifying and majorities that the great questions of the time will have to be decided—that was the mistake in 1848 and 1849—but by blood and iron."

The essay upon "The Intellectual and Literary History" naturally consists largely of generalities, such as, "If Buckle was excessively preoccupied with man as he eats and drinks, Burckhardt, far more just to all the constituents of civilisation, yet made it turn essentially upon what he thinks and feels." Apothegms of that nature are, no doubt, palatable to one who happens to be familiar with both Buckle and Burckhardt. But the author of this essay has certainly succeeded in bringing home to us the German "union of consummate mastery of the facts with brilliant power of co-ordinating them," and that "indomitable personality of the primitive Teuton," which is the chief factor of the progress here depicted. In all these essays we see clearly the effects of State control, of the ever-present agrarian elements, of Germany's late arrival in the markets of the world, and of her struggles to overcome her lack of capital. Those who have any desire to learn something of our friends' national evolution would do well to expend the modest sum of half-a-crown upon this volume.

Shorter Reviews

Chats on Cottage and Farmhouse Furniture. By ARTHUR HAYDEN. With a Chapter on Old English Chintzes by HUGH PHILLIPS. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

THE above volume is the latest addition to Mr. Unwin's "Chats" series, so appreciated by collectors and all lovers of the antique, bric-à-brac, etc. Mr. Arthur Hayden is a well-known authority on old furniture,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

prints, and English china and earthenware, which subjects he is intimately acquainted with, writing on each with sound taste and thorough knowledge. The present work forms a companion volume and a supplement to his "Chats on Old Furniture," and deals very exhaustively with this collateral branch of a fascinating subject.

The craftsmen who made this class of furniture formed for themselves special types, displaying very fine workmanship, which were never made by the London cabinet-makers; as, for instance, the Jacobean gate-table, the Lancashire wardrobe, the dresser, and the windsor chair, which have styles peculiarly their own. The origin of the latter name appears to be associated with the Farmer King, who, seeing a chair of this design in a humble cottage near Windsor, ordered some to be made for the royal use. Farmhouse furniture exhibits the work of various districts strongly marked by an adherence to traditional forms and intensely insular in its disregard of prevailing fashions. "It is," says Mr. Hayden, "as English as the leathern black-jack and the home-brewed ale."

> The sublime indifference to passing fashions is astonishingly delightful to the student and to the collector. . . . The bacon-cupboard, the linen-chest, the gate-table, the ladder-back chair and the windsor chair, were made through successive generations down to fifty years ago without departing from the original pattern of the Charles I or the Queen Anne period.

The country cabinet-maker's work knew no sequence of ages of oak, walnut, mahogany, and satin-wood. His native trees furnished his material, which was chiefly oak, intermingled here and there with elm and yew-tree and beech, and one or two others. It may, indeed, be said that his chairs came straight from the hedgerows. Whole districts retained similar styles for centuries, and the end came only in the last decades of the nineteenth, when the village craftsman was wiped out by the rapid advance of factory and machine-made furniture. Mr. Hugh Phillips contributes an interesting chapter on Old English Chintzes, and the work is fully illustrated with many remarkably fine specimens of the village craftsman's art.

Random Notes and Reflections. By JOSEPH HARRIS. (Published by the Author at 17, Lancaster Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool. 2s. 6d., post free.)

THE author, who is an Israelite, left Russia at a very early age, and came to England. In clear, simple, and yet forceful language he tells his life story in the first part of this little book, and furnishes yet another proof of the Jewish capacity for "getting on" in spite of disadvantages. Part II is taken up by a brief exposition of the five books of Moses, and some very hard—albeit just—things are said about the sectarian controversies which disfigure Christianity. Since the author is by nature a kindly man, his objections to the Christian religion are worthy of persusal.

Throughout the book Russia and its ways form a sort of King Charles's head, popping up when least expected. Mr. Harris has a word to say on the militant Suffragettes, whom he loathes; and another on the subject of strikes and strikers, in which connection he remarks that those who cause strikes not only injure the whole community, but help its foreign opponents, a fact which cannot be given too much prominence. He has also a few very strong words to say with regard to money-lenders, whom he condemns as "financial Anarchists" and fathers of crime.

His dissertation on the first five books of the Bible is an illuminating piece of work, and well worth reading both by Jew and Gentile Bible students. Though the book as a whole is made up of "random notes," it is the work of a thoughtful, sincere man, with a long and varied life behind him to add weight to his words. With no pretence at literary style or didactic "preachiness," he has embodied a sound moral lesson in a modest little book.

Divorce. By EARL RUSSELL. (Wm. Heinemann. 2s. 6d.)

EARL RUSSELL, in this book, besides setting out in considerable detail and commenting upon the present state of the law relating to divorce and matrimonial causes, has given a résumé of his evidence before the Royal Commission which sat in 1910 to consider this subject, and has greatly amplified the views then expressed by him. He has approached his subject from points of view, historical, sociological, and moral, and has omitted scarcely a single argument which can be adduced in favour of an amendment of the existing law upon any of those grounds.

As to the proposed remedies for the evils acknowledged upon all hands to exist, Appendix III contains a draft of the Bill introduced into the House of Lords by Earl Russell in the year 1902, and the proposed changes are fully discussed in the text. Shortly stated, the grounds upon which, were that Bill to become an Act, a party to a marriage would be entitled to petition the Court for dissolution are (*a*) that the other party has committed adultery; (*b*) has been guilty of cruelty; (*c*) is undergoing penal servitude for not less than three years; (*d*) has been found or certified to be of unsound mind; (*e*) that for three years the parties to the marriage have lived apart without any intention on the part of one or other of them of resuming cohabitation, or (*f*) that for one year the parties have lived apart, and that neither wishes to resume cohabitation. The greatest stress is throughout laid upon the expediency, both moral and social, of abolishing the decree of judicial separation. Chapter V deals shortly with the practice in other countries.

The whole case in favour of reform is so succinctly and convincingly stated in this small work that we are fully at one with the noble author when he says in his Preface: "Should a second edition of this work ever be called for, I should hope to deal fully with the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

report and recommendations of the Royal Commission, which I believe may be expected in the coming summer."

Play Hours with Pegasus. By A. P. HERBERT. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 1s.)

LAUGHTER is a splendid thing, and we are indebted to Mr. Herbert's delightful rhymes for a half-hour or so of genuine laughter. His verses are in the best style of *Punch's* cherished "Dum-Dum"—in fact, his stanzas of introduction are very reminiscent in spirit and in rhythm of Captain Kendall's prelude to "A Fool's Paradise." From page after page we are tempted to quote, but must be content with a sample from the conclusion of a satire on "Literary Advertisments—Voice-production." After describing his tremendous performances in the way of melody, the renewed vocalist remarks:—

> . . . . My inward springs
> Of song, my *glottis*, and my vocal strings
> (Have you a glottis?—jolly little things),
>
> All these have risen in a month or less
> To unknown heights of vigour and success.
> What is the reason for it? Can you guess?
>
> You can't? Then listen. When the people dote
> On the perfection of my every note,
> Tell them it's Pinker's Pastilles for the Throat!

Other specimens of sarcasm at the expense of certain "boomsters" are excellent, and the humorous occasional verses were well worthy of rescue from the columns of the various periodicals in which they first appeared.

England and the Moslem World: Articles, Addresses and Essays on Eastern Subjects. By SYED H. R. ABDUL MAJID, LL.D. (The Yorkshire Printing Co., York. 5s. net.)

THIS book is a collection of lectures, articles, etc., which deal almost entirely with Mohammedan topics. The contents are divided into three classes: Political, Legal, and Social. The first section of the book is for the most part an advocacy of an alliance between the two largest Mohammedan Powers in the world—the British and the Turkish. Into this alliance the author would bring the other Mohammedan Powers—Persia, Afghanistan, and Morocco. Most of the papers of which the book is composed have been rendered out of date by the recent march of events, and the solution of the problem which the author places before his readers needs, therefore, revising in many particulars. In principle, however, the solution is the aforesaid alliance between England and Turkey, and *en passant* the former power is warned to put no trust in Russia. "I should only tell you that you cannot afford to rely upon Russian promises," says the author. "When she did not scruple to violate the provisions of such treaties as that of Paris and of Berlin, it can hardly be disputed that she will not respect the convention recently concluded. Let me remind you of the *Variage* incident, when the Russian captain bade the Sheik of Koweit to note the Russian colours which she flew—'the colours which,' he boasted, 'will soon rule the seas.'"

In Defence of America. By BARON VON TAUBE. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

THIS is one of the dullest books it has ever been our misfortune to read. American literature is not, as a rule, whatever may be its defects, deficient in interest; but Baron von Taube has shown that it is possible to be consistently and almost incredibly dull for close upon 300 pages. The Baron appears to think that the Americans are a much misunderstood people, and, "for the enlightenment of John Bull," he has undertaken to remove many of the prejudices which are entertained against them on this side of the Atlantic. He sets out a series of indictments which, he alleges, are brought by Englishmen against the American citizen. Many of these are mere figments of his imagination. For the remainder, he appears to us to have provided a totally inconclusive defence.

The Baron's sense of discrimination may be gauged from the fact that he lumps together Harvey, Henley, Bilroth, McKanzie, Skoda, Herba, Rokitansky, Mendlejeff, Bercholet, Bichât, Walter Scott, Dickens, Fennimore Cooper, Victor Hugo, Herbert Spencer, Huxley, Goethe, and Rousseau into one amazing category. We have preserved Baron von Taube's own order of nomenclature, as it would appear to throw some light upon his mental methods. For ourselves, we are free to confess that no rumours of the greatness of McKanzie have as yet reached us, but we gladly accept the author's assurance that Nature "employs a number of generations to accumulate the nervous power and mental predisposition within the breed" before such a portent can be produced. The book is not one that calls for any serious criticism. We could wish, however, that Baron von Taube would not refer to the expanse of water which—fortunately—divides the United Kingdom from the United States as "The Pond." It is not a pond; it is the Atlantic Ocean.

Fiction

Maids in Many Moods. By H. LOUISA BEDFORD. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

WHEN an authoress takes four beautiful girls with the set intention of marrying them, within the compass of three hundred pages or so, to four eligible men, there is a possibility that the resulting story may prove a trifle monotonous. It is so here; the repeated protestations of the various lovers, and the reiterated assurances of the beautiful—thirty years ago the authoress would certainly have written "beauteous"—damsels are cloying to a certain extent. A taste of red pepper had made this sugary banquet more appetising, although ar

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

attempt is made to introduce variety in the shape of a New Zealand earthquake, which inflicts such damage to one hero's spine that his beautiful damsel is threatened with a rather monotonous year or two of married life to start with.

We would that we found the world as full of innocuous people as this authoress makes it. With one exception, a cattish lady who is, unfortunately, killed off half-way through the book, everybody is positively thirsting to do everybody else a good turn—and most of the characters succeed. It is cheering fiction, but it rings hardly true enough to satisfy after a half-dozen or more instances. In places, there is not a little of bathos in the descriptions. "Isobel stood glued to the side of the boat" has about it an irresistible suggestion of cobbler's wax and a mischievous schoolboy, though the story includes neither. To sum up, we may say that the maids—all beautiful—are very much alike; the men are all good; the marriages quite conventional and proper; and there is every possibility that the various pairs are now living happy ever after.

The Signal, and Other Stories. By W. M. GARSHIN. Translated from the Russian by CAPTAIN ROWLAND SMITH. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

THE author of these stories, W. M. Garshin, a melancholiac born in 1855 and dying sadly in 1888, resembles Edgar Allan Poe in intense thought and brooding melancholy. The stories form the whole of his literary work and cover a wide range, from the experiences of the author as a soldier (Garshin volunteered as a private in an infantry regiment and served in the Russo-Turkish War), which are very interesting, to others dealing with various phases of Russian life, while one or two were written when he was almost over the border line of mental control.

"The Scarlet Blossom" is one of the most striking of this latter period, and is very powerful; but all are worth reading, and will give an insight into Russian ways. What strikes one about the Russian character, so well delineated in these tales, is its simplicity in many things; also the kind feelings existing between classes and the passionate attachment of the soldiers to their Czar as head of their fatherland. Doubtless with a more general education of the masses and consequently less religious superstition, less drunkenness and a purer official life might be hoped for, and Russia, with its boundless resources, mineral and otherwise, would easily take a foremost place among the nations of the world, furnishing employment for the surplus population of the countries on her borders. The country is moving in the right direction even now, and with her onward march the days of bombs and revolutionaries will easily be lost sight of, for there will be no need for meteors in the light of the sun of general progress.

The book is very ably translated by Captain Smith, translator to his Majesty's Embassy at St. Petersburg, and should have many readers.

The Fugitive Years. By KATHARINE SIMPSON. (John Long. 6s.)

RHODA LAVERICK is the principal character in the pages of this book. As a child she is a brave little soul whose great delight in life is to play with her cousin Geoff. When Geoff is old enough to be sent to Eton he wishes to abandon his little playmate, and very brutally shakes her off when she clings to him heart-broken at the thought of the parting. As the boy was, so is the man. Geoffrey Oswaldson grows up selfish and fickle, and, regardless of his cousin's feelings, seeks her out only when he is in trouble and wants her help. Rhoda never denies him all the assistance she can give until, selfish still, he offers her an unenviable position as his mistress, his wife being in an asylum. This Rhoda refuses, in spite of the fact that she professes to indulge in some crazy "free-love" notions together with her Russian friend, Anna. The end is not unexpected, and taken as a whole the story is well worked out. There is very little embellishment; the characters are clearly drawn, and Mrs. Simpson is able within a very few lines to convey to the reader's mind an apt description of events as they take place.

Her Sacrifice. By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

THE outstanding figure in this book is that of Aaron Roberts, the mean little Jew money-lender who found his soul and changed into a man through loving a woman whom he could never hope to win, and whom he helped to marry to the hero of the story. In him, the author has accomplished a very creditable character study, and we realise the development of the man.

For the rest, it is melodrama, with the determined villain, the wronged hero, the beautiful heroine, the other woman, the murder and inquest, the detectives, the devoted brother, the faithful friend, and all the rest of our exceedingly old acquaintances making trouble in the most approved style. The groundwork of the plot is very thin material, but, if one can succeed in swallowing the first four or five chapters, the rest is exciting enough, and though we know that the virtuous damsel and the long-suffering hero will live happy ever after the concluding chapter, the plot is unfolded in an engaging style. We could wish that the author were a little more careful of his English, at times, but the swing and rush of the story, and its frankly melodramatic nature, make this fault less evident than would be the case in work of a more ambitious kind. Mr. Applin has here given us another sensational story of the thrilling order, and his large circle of readers will find is quite equal to his usual style.

Mollie the Handful. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

ONCE started, one feels it almost impossible to stop reading about Mollie's adventures. The book is amusing from beginning to end. Mollie is not only pretty, but clever; she exercises to the utmost her powers of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

mischief and fun, in frustrating the endeavours of her elderly and most sober guardian and his younger co-guardian, a gay young man of the world, in forcing her into marrying the stupid son of the elder. A curious condition of her father's will compels the consent of both guardians to her marriage, until she reaches the age of thirty.

All's well that ends well, and "Mollie the Handful" wins in the long run. The last chapter describes her as starting for Doncaster Races with her fiancé without a chaperon.

The Theatre

"Ben-My-Chree" at the New Prince's Theatre

A FEW years ago it was considered quite charming and fashionable to appreciate melodrama. Although that particular form of theatrical affectation is now worn out, melodrama appears more than ever sure of vast audiences. The fastidious may turn aside, but the great heart of the public remains true to its time-tried ideals. It seems rather curious after so many years of the revolutionary Ibsen—not to mention any of the successful English dramatists who, knowingly or without intention, have handed on his epoch-making methods—that the old stage tricks and artificial dialogues should remain popular. But such is the case; and we must accept the matter as it stands. If melodrama is to be produced in London, the new Prince's seems the right place for it, and Mr. Walter and Mr. Frederick Melville the best possible producers. Granted these premises, "Ben-My-Chree" is just the right sort of composition to suit the circumstances, and Mr. Hall Caine and the late Mr. Wilson Barrett the most appropriate writers. The present revival is given all possible chance of success. Everyone knows the story of "The Deemster," that rich mine of theatrical romance, passion, misunderstanding, wrong and righted wrong from which to quarry such an exciting, if obvious, play as "The Girl of My Heart," added to the approved situations and the effective, if somewhat unconvincing, speeches. On this occasion all the characters are played as though the players really believed in them. Mr. Lauderdale Maitland as the heroic hero, and Miss Jessie Winter as the most loyal of loyal heroines, are twin towers of melodramatic strength. Then there is the sincere and effective work of Mr. Austin Melford; of that admirable actor, Mr. William Lugg, of Mr. Felix Pitt, and Mr. Austen Milroy and of others nearly as excellent in their particular ways. The audience likes the spirit of the play, and the actors appear to appreciate the warm enthusiasm of the audience. The managers have provided everything necessary for the first production of this masterpiece, and thus "Ben-My-Chree" swings through to its satisfactory finish amid general contentment. But, unfortunately, there is always a cynic or so in a big house such as the Prince's Theatre, and to one such the awful sentence on the Deemster: "Alone let him live: alone let him die," would not appear so terrible if the sole alternative were to witness constantly the playing of "Ben-My-Chree."

Music

OF the new opera "Conchita" and its young composer, Signor Zandonai, we feel impelled to speak with great interest and respect. Even after one hearing of "Conchita," and that in the alien atmosphere of Covent Garden, we looked back and knew that we had been fascinated at several moments by passages, sustainedly eloquent, of real musical beauty, and also that much of the music, which had not, perhaps, moved us deeply by its general force, had interested us by its novelty of aim, and made us wish to become better acquainted with it. The intrinsic qualities of music must remain the same wherever it is performed, though "environment" has a more important influence upon our power of appreciation than we sometimes think it has. We should probably have found ourselves more in tune with "Conchita," and enjoyed it more spontaneously, had we heard it for the first time in Italy, filled, as we should then have been, with love for everything Italian, sympathetic to every symptom of advance, every ambition for development, every aspiration, in fact, discernible in the work of that wonderful country, that dearest people. We say this lest it should seem that we are too cold, too measured, in our first appreciation of music which has been hailed with enthusiasm in Italy by musicians much more competent to judge the music of an Italian of the modern school than we are.

It was evident from the first that "Conchita" is an opera more likely to take an Italian audience captive than an English one. But it does not follow that its music is not worthy of careful attention on the part of Englishmen, or that with further knowledge we may not come to delight in it whole-heartedly. There exists much British music which we think very beautiful indeed, but which makes no impression at all when performed before foreigners. We shall never forget the scathing words uttered to us by some distinguished French musicians after a concert in which some of the best specimens of Parry, Elgar, and other Englishmen had been very well given! It will be a long time, we think, before the average English opera-goer prefers "Conchita" to "Faust" or "Carmen" or "Aïda," but since "Louise," an opera with which "Conchita" may not unaptly be compared, is holding its ground in London so well, we see no reason why Signor Zandonai's fine work should not eventually gain a place in our understanding and our affections.

For ourselves, we may say that a first hearing of "Conchita" made us wish to hear it again, not only as a duty, but as a pleasure. Anyone who affects to be interested in musical movements should be ready to learn

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

what are the aims of Signor Zandonai and to inquire how far he is able to realise them. But there are parts of his opera so genuinely attractive as music that we are sure we should enjoy hearing them again. Such are practically the whole of the second act; the intermezzo which precedes the scene at the gate, and that scene itself; the closing passages of the opera, too, gather up the best impressions of what has gone before. The first act is very spirited, and one did not find it difficult to note that here the composer was aiming at Reality rather than Realism, according to the confession of faith which he is understood to have put forward. Still we admit that this kind of musical scene, in spite of its vivacity, had no great power over us. Nor did the scene in Conchita's house rouse us to enthusiasm.

During its progress we think we were chiefly conscious of admiration for Mme. Berat, whose versatility in playing stage-mothers, and making each one unlike the last, is truly remarkable. But we began to be stirred when the action and music of the music-hall scene revealed a composer of special gifts for musical characterisation and capable of expressing many kinds of emotion in tense passages which were as beautiful as they were dramatic. When the curtain fell, we could not perhaps have whistled any particular tune, but we were filled with a sense of melody over and above the sense that we had been aided by the music to see an actual scene of real life. Of this feeling we were conscious to the end of the opera, with but few moments of lessened interest. We knew that nothing conventional in the way of musical illustration was to be expected, that there would be no passages, such as those in the operas of Puccini and Mascagni, which could easily be detached from their context and performed on a concert platform; we had been told that Zandonai had discarded many of the modes by which effect has been sought by his brethren, and we found their absence not a little refreshing.

The quieter setting out of the orchestral scheme is in itself a welcome sign, and the composer has lost nothing by restricting himself to the less lurid colouring, for his tones show new harmonies, new textures over and over again, and one constantly knew that one had not heard this or that effect presented in the same way before. It may be that we are intended to concentrate our attention on the orchestra, that the music on the stage is designed to be only supplementary to that heard from the instruments; but, however that may be, it seemed as a general rule that the vocal work fell considerably behind the orchestral in attractiveness. This could not have been due to want of skill or earnestness on the part of the interpreters. Of Mme. Tarquini's performance of the absorbing part of Conchita we must speak in terms of the warmest praise. Both as actress and singer she came forward as an artist of quite remarkable quality. We can think of no fault to find with her at all, and we look forward to seeing her in many another part at Covent Garden. Signor Schiavazzi's singing might not charm us were we to hear him deliver a detached aria in some other opera, but as Don Matteo he was excellent, and as an actor he seconded Mme. Tarquini almost ideally. The three cigarette-makers were rather too shrill. For the stage setting we have little but praise. It is true that in the street scene we were treated to the kind of inhabitants which we see on stages, but never in Seville. But as for the Café-chantant, it was admirably like one in which we sat but the other day under the shadow of Giralda; except that when we were there the little box of a place was so densely crowded one could neither move nor breathe. Mr. Beecham's orchestra, conducted by Signor Panizzi, played beautifully, and its leader, Mr. Sammon, thrilled everybody by his solo.

The concert of her own compositions recently given at Æolian Hall by Mme. Poldowski (for that is the *nom de plume* of Lady Dean Paul) introduced us to a composer of songs which struck us as being of a truly delightful excellence. Her touch is of the lightest, her seizure of the spirit of her words is of the swiftest, her sense of the right union of voice and piano is unerring. One says at once that these songs might not have been composed had Debussy been born dumb, but the apparent miracle is that in Mme. Poldowski we have a composer who can use the language of another nation and adapt herself perfectly to its idiom without being, in the ordinary sense, an imitator. There is the clearest mark of her own personality on every one of the songs which we were fortunate enough to hear. We should have liked to hear everything, but wayward circumstances obliged us to be satisfied with a hearing of only twelve songs, which were sung by Miss Maggie Teyte and Mr. Gervase Elwes.

Nine of these were settings of Verlaine's words, and perhaps a foreboding listener might have been conscious of a doubt whether Mme. Poldowski would succeed as well with poetry of a different character. The vocal part of these is astonishingly pointed and suitable; so good, that every line and every word in every line are fitted to notes that give significance, and when the song has ceased, the effect is that of a long sentence perfectly declaimed, balanced with the most delicate *nuance*, a sentence of poetry which vanishes into air as if it had been real only for a moment. A delicious accompaniment supports and engarlands the recited poem. In every song some striking little figure has been found which insists, yet never too emphatically, in making itself heard and remembered, and colouring the whole; and this, in its turn, is twined about with the happiest arabesques. So many of the songs were encored that Mme. Poldowski had evidently hit the taste of her audience, but she would no doubt agree that to the singers was due no unimportant part of the success. We should like to know the songs more intimately before pronouncing an opinion as to whether they penetrate very deeply into the emotion of their poetry, whether their very charm of facility may not be a danger. But that they are brilliantly effective at a first hearing we have no doubt whatever. Reluctantly we must own that we should require them to be sung to us by an ordinary singer, and accompanied with less per-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

fection than they are by their composer, before we could assign them their exact place in the list of songs which belong to the comprehensive school which includes Fauré, Hahn, Debussy, and Ravel.

At the last concert of that singularly beautiful violinist, M. Hubermann, a player who, we trust, has now firmly established his hold upon the affections of London, we heard with great pleasure a singer who is known in Italy as Signora Talesi, though she is not, apparently, of Italian birth. While showing that her training has been rather for the operatic than the lyric style of singing, she made it clear that her gifts and her intelligence are sufficient for both of them. Her fine warm soprano, managed with beautiful finish, should bring her abundant opportunities of valuable work in English concert-rooms, should she elect to exchange an operatic career for the less exciting, but not less interesting, one of a vocalist at Symphony or Chamber Concerts, and Oratorios.

The Story of a Great Crime*

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

IT is nearly eight months ago since the civilised world was disgusted by the summary manner in which the Italian Army in Tripoli, under General Carlo Caneva, "purged the Oasis," to use a phrase invented by the Italians themselves. In the dictionary the word purge is defined as meaning to wipe out or to cleanse, and either definition adequately describes the methods employed by the Italian Army to get rid of the Arabs whom they quite inaccurately and erroneously described as traitors. Mr. Francis McCullagh describes his book as "Italy's War for a Desert," but a far more accurate description would be "The Story of a Great Crime," because almost the entire book, with the exception of a few explanatory chapters at the beginning and end, is taken up with a detailed record of those awful events in the Oasis during the dark days from October 23 to October 28.

There are some who will doubtless say: "What is the good of recalling incidents which belong to the past, and which will never occur again?" or, "What is the use of trying to breed ill-will between a friendly nation and ourselves by recounting certain discreditable events, the like of which are found in the history of almost every nation?" I, for one, certainly disagree with this point of view. I think that Mr. McCullagh has performed a great service, not only to history, but also to humanity, by this irrefutable exposure of one of the most disgraceful chapters in all the bloody story of war and colonisation. Those of us who were there and saw with our own eyes men, women, and children shot down, bayoneted or clubbed to death, innocent and guilty alike, by gangs of raw youths from Southern Italy and Sicily, restrained by no discipline or moral feeling, cannot easily forgive or forget. We are certainly under no obligation to the Italians either to forgive or to forget. We have been held up to execration by the Italian Government and by the Italian Press, who have endeavoured by every possible means to throw dust in the eyes of Europe and to make their penetration of Tripoli appear as a godsend to a barbarous and cruel people. Nor have apologists been wanting among certain English writers themselves. Notably amongst these is Mr. Richard Bagot, who has endeavoured, quite without success, to prove that all of us special correspondents who were responsible for these exposures were either bribed by the Turks or were perverters of the truth, and, to crown all, that we were not even there when the massacres took place! Of course, it is utterly useless to confute calumnies of this sort. They are so absurd on the face of it that they only excite contempt and derision, and Mr. Bagot's letters to the *Spectator*, *Nation*, and, I believe, to the *Times* have done absolutely nothing to cleanse the Oasis of the foul crimes of his favourites.

Even Lord Roberts thought it necessary to intervene on behalf of General Caneva and to plead his action as justifiable on the well-known and undefinable grounds of "military exigencies." Suffice it to say that, when Lord Roberts penned his letter, he was totally ignorant of the true facts, and, had he been in possession of them he certainly would not have written what he did. In fact, all the apologists of General Caneva—with the exception of Lord Roberts—either live in Italy or inordinately love that country. They all assume one thing, and on this base their charges—namely, that every special correspondent who went to Tripoli was animated by the most bitter hatred towards the Italians from the start, and that we all sat there only awaiting an opportunity to retaliate or to have our revenge. Why we should wish to retaliate or have our revenge, they quite fail to explain. Not one of the foreigners who was at Tripoli at the time of the massacres has dared come forward to deny that they took place, or to defend the action of the Italian Army. A few have remained silent, or have pleaded the time-honoured old "military exigencies." No; the only apologists are the Italians themselves, or else certain English writers living in Italy, who have never been within one thousand miles of the front, and whose only sources of information come from what they read in the Italian Press, or what has been told to them by Italian officials. It is for the world to judge whom to believe: either the testimony of men who were on the spot, or of those who write sitting in comfortable chairs in Italy. The world has chosen to accept the evidence of those who are trained observers, who had nothing to gain and everything to lose by making these exposures, and who risked their lives in order to ascertain the truth.

The Italian Government hoped to be able to influence all the foreign correspondents at the front in various

* *Italy's War for a Desert. Being some Experiences of a War-Correspondent with the Italians in Tripoli.* By FRANCIS MCCULLAGH. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel. 10s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ways. The Italian Press is absolutely under the thumb of the Government, and any attempt to speak the truth would have meant instant dismissal, and even imprisonment for those responsible for any exposures. But they made a fatal error in supposing that the British Press could be muzzled in the same manner, and hence their rage and disappointment at finding that, in spite of all their carefully thought out precautions, truth emerges. The most faithful of their British allies was, and I suppose still is, Mr. Richard Bagot. He wasted an enormous amount of ink in his attacks. I used to read with infinite pleasure his letters to the *Spectator*, but I never thought it worth while to make any reply. Finally, Mr. McCullagh replied in a very able letter to the *Nation*, which showed how utterly baseless were Mr. Bagot's charges. I am glad to notice that Mr. Bagot's efforts to wipe out an indelible stain of blood with masses of ink did not in certain quarters go unappreciated or unrewarded, for the ladies of Italy banded themselves together, and presented him with an illuminated address!

Mr. McCullagh's work is one of the most instructive and interesting I have read for many a long day. It should be studied not only by those who sympathise with the Turks, but also by the friends of Italy. It throws an immense amount of light on the Italian character and on Italian methods, and proves conclusively how unfitted the Italians are either by temperament or prowess in the field to start empire-building in the twentieth century. The campaign has been a ghastly and expensive failure. Six months ago, in summing up the military situation, I cabled, "They have bitten off more than they can chew: the war is now in a state of stalemate." The army has never advanced ten miles from the coast—in fact, it is difficult to see where it can advance, because a permanent conquest cannot be made out of sand, and the Turks and Arabs are resisting even more vigorously to-day than they were six months ago. From time to time one reads in the Press of terrible battles and the slaughter of thousands of Turks; but these wild tales are absolutely devoid of foundation, and are merely served up to keep the Jingo spirit alive in Italy and thus save the Ministry. The war is costing Turkey comparatively not a penny, and, as long as ammunition holds out, there is no reason why it should not go on for another ten years, if one only takes into consideration the military situation in Tripoli.

Every day Italy's position becomes more serious. The war, which enjoyed a temporary and quite artificial popularity, is now thoroughly unpopular, not only with the nation, but even with the Army. A short time ago there was a mutiny among the several regiments in Tripoli, because the reservists longed to return to their homes. A friend of mine told me of the departure of reinforcements from Naples to the front. The men were downhearted, dejected, and were marched to the transports like cattle to the shambles, and not a cheer greeted their departure. The Italian people are just beginning to realise how they have been deceived by their Government, and how Pyrrhic are the victories which almost every week fill a servile and censored Press. How will it end? That is a riddle which no one seems able to answer; but everyone should read Mr. McCullagh's work, as it throws real light on one of the darkest pages in the history of Italy or of any other country.

Intimate Books

THERE are some books of which a man is so fond that it hurts him to hear them criticised. There are others of which he is so fond that he dislikes to hear them praised. The first is a generous feeling, coming with early enthusiasms. We have all gone hot in our time at the shock of hearing some author of our choice spoken of lightly. But we soon grow not to expect perfection so readily, and criticism we accept in good part, or if we do not agree with it, dismiss easily enough. Praise is another matter. This dislike of praise is the lover's feeling. It does not cool, nor is it given without discrimination. We keep it only for a few books—those that we can open at random, beginning readily, if the eye so falls, in the middle of a sentence—books which we meet so frequently that we need not the usual formal greetings—*livres de chevet*. And we please ourselves with the fancy that ours are the only copies. That is the tacit understanding. These, the intimate books, are the books that we hate to hear praised.

Literature is not a Republic, though many consider it a fine thing to say that it is. In reality it has nothing democratic about it—no full and frank discussions, no efforts after compromise. It is a dark and secret thing—writers are solitary workers. They must do things in their own fashion, and far from being citizens of a republic, are so many tyrants, each living in his own kingdom and making his own laws. So, too, with the reader, he is secret and a tyrant; he has nothing of the democrat in him. All the literary talk that flows and eddies is shallow enough. The books that really move us we keep to ourselves; we hold them jealously out of conversation, and hug the illusion that they are our own exclusive property. These feelings are not to be defended on any ethical grounds; but they are none the less strong that we acknowledge them to be selfish, and to rest on an illusion. This much at least may be said for them, that they are the final praise. No book which has touched this spring of sentiment, even in a single mind, has failed.

These fantastic jealousies are not readily discovered, but you may suspect a man when he slips suddenly from the conversation, or gives that dull-toned assent to something you have said, which implies that here is a subject not to be discussed. Evidence is not easy to collect. Nor, if one had it, could one come to any summary or conclusion about these feelings and the sort of books that merit them. They depend too much upon individual caprice. But there are certain authors who, by the very nature of their writing, invite you to keep

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

them to yourself. Lamb is one of these. All his writings are whispered confidences, and the pleasant privilege of having them breathed into your ear is lost if you know that others share it. The symposium upon Lamb which Mr. Lucas has in his essay the "Embarrassed Eliminators" (although you know all the characters to be himself) seems in some way wrong. Lamb is not a subject for debate, even among intimates.

These lovers' feelings I keep for Miss Austen alone. There are some writers whom I prefer to criticise only myself, resenting any disparaging words from others as a liberty. But Miss Austen is the only one whom I would as soon hear criticised as praised. Nor is there, in reality, anything ungallant in this sentiment. I would defend her from any gross attack—if it were possible for such to be made. But the slight of supercilious criticism or mere indifference would not trouble me at all. Indeed, it would be welcome, confirming me in my jealous fancy that no one reads her as I do. I know, of course, that there are thousands of others nursing these same selfish feelings, and there are even some who write of her. I have all Mr. Austin Dobson's introductions in my copies of her books—but I have never read them. I have seen verses addressed "To Dear Jane Austen" (a horrid liberty), and I hurriedly turned the page. I should never dare to think of her in so familiar a way. For with Miss Austen one cannot be other than a ceremonious lover, and would never think to kiss more than her finger-tips. Darcy in his humbler mood—he is the example of the proper lover's spirit in the presence of such a mistress. And so I hug the illusion.

I like to think that here is a world where no other stranger has trod; that her parks and her gardens and her pleasant country lanes are my private domain; that no one else is admitted to the drawing-rooms at Hartfield and Longbourn and Mansfield Park; that I alone have adored Elizabeth Bennett and Emma Woodhouse and envied Mr. Darcy and Mr. Knightley their good fortune. I even grudge others their acquaintance with Miss Bates and Mrs. Elkins and Mr. Collins. One hesitates to see one's best friends admitted to these places on the same footing, and it is intolerably unpleasant to find that mere acquaintances or even strangers are as intimate there as one's self. Mr. Woodhouse was not more suspicious of change than are Miss Austen's lovers of one another.

Miss Austen has had many lovers; nor has any writer inspired quite the same personal emotion in her following as she, so serene, so decorous, so self-possessed. Indeed, it is a passion, and writers of a more ardent sort (thinking themselves better subjects for a hot affection) have been puzzled by it and even inclined to envy.

"Anything like warmth of enthusiasm," wrote Charlotte Brontë, "anything energetic, poignant, heartfelt, is utterly out of place in commending these works; all such demonstration the authoress would have met with a well-bred sneer, would have calmly scorned as *outré* and extravagant." As if there were not more depth of feeling and poignant suffering in Anne Elliot than in all the wild heroines of the Brontës! It is extravagance of words only that Miss Austen would discourage in her lovers, feeling (quite properly) that warmth of enthusiasm and hot passion are not beyond expression in a gentleman-like way. But for the most part Miss Austen's lovers keep their passion to themselves. Macaulay (the most distinguished of them all) once meditated an article on Miss Austen. "I may perhaps try my hand on Miss Austen's novels," so he wrote to Macrey Napier, "That is a subject on which I shall require no assistance from books." But the article was never written. One must suppose that when he broached the task he found his feelings of too intimate a sort to put upon paper. For these lovers' feelings towards books, with their sweet and wicked jealousy, are things not lightly to be shared.

C. V.

By-ways of Brittany*

I ENVY Mr. Davies the sensation of writing this book. It was doubtless transient in measure, but it was of nature poignant. The fresh and delicate charm of a first impression of Brittany is like the first bite of a draught of cider upon a husky throat: it cannot be reproduced. By all means, drink again and enjoy, as Théodore Botrel adjures us:—

Buvons, buvons encor,
Buvons le cidre d'or
A la santé des gâs d'Arvor!

The draught will still be pleasant and healthy. Brittany is a well that never goes dry. But the entrancing, intoxicating aroma of the first taste of its beauty and strangeness is not to be had again.

Brittany is a true bourne of discoveries for the adventurous spirit, but for him only. He who has not the right matter of adventure in him will traverse it in vain. It does not begin to be savoured by the luxurious person who spends a jolly week or so among the American millionaires at Dinard, or the tripper who rushes through the country by train or auto, whirling along railway tracks or main roads, "doing" a cathedral here and a cromlech there and picking up a *pardon* somewhere else. Even he, it is true, will find some element of surprise in the very existence of an esoteric backwater like Brittany in a country so joyously, so frankly *mondain* as France. But he can acquire only a vague impression of its individuality; he can know nothing of the soul that lies behind whitewashed wall and under thatched roof, that dwells in forests and flits over moorlands in that great province which is at once of France and not of it.

Mr. Davies and his companion did the only thing there is to do if one is to know anything of Brittany:

* *Off Beaten Tracks in Brittany.* By EMIL DAVIES. Illustrated. (Stephen Swift. 7s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

they walked. And they walked away from the great highways, threading a tortuous course through Finistère and the Côtes du Nord from Brest to Dinard.

As it was, they did too great a distance in too short a time to absorb much of the veritable essence. They should have left even those quiet and unfrequented roads which took them from Plougastel-Daoulas across the Montagnes d'Arrée to Loudéac and Montcontour. They should have been content with a lesser journey. They should have penetrated into the sequestered valleys by *traverse* and *sentier*, and found Yves Michel at home in his little farmhouse, and stayed there long enough to make friends with the strong, warm, deep-hearted man concealed beneath visage more sombre and dissembled by manner more aloof than those of the remotest communities of our outmost islands.

The Breton is often compared with the Welshman and the Cornishman, and not inaptly. He strongly resembles both; but he has a special affinity with the Cornishman. I have stood listening to dark-eyed, many-whiskered sailors and fishermen on the shores of the Bay of Douarnenez, and have been unable to rid myself of the impression that I was in Mevagissey or Porthleven, and that these men would presently leave off talking broken French and break into the familiar sing-song of the Cornish dialect. Again, you may lean on the gate of a farmstead in the uplands of Brittany, amid scenery of granite, gorse, and heather, and see men at work who might, for their build and their appearance, be Cornish smallholders away on the "backbone" of the Duchy, amid the Caradons or on the skirts of Bodmin moors. The scenery of Cornwall is a thought wilder, perhaps, and its hills are something higher. But the character of the two countries is the same. Even the names, how familiar they seem!—

> By Tre, Pol and Pen,
> You shall know the Cornishmen;

and by the same token you shall know the Bretons. When you are at Le Pouldhu on the Côte d'Armor, or at Lannion on the north coast, your mind inevitably flies to Mount's Bay and the hills behind it, to the Marconi station of Poldhu and to the Lanyon cromlech; and when on the road you encounter Raoul Trevithick, there is nothing but the riband hanging from his hat to distinguish him from Dick Trevithick of that ilk in our own western peninsula. How easily are Carantec and Crantock identified, or Tredrez and Tredrea! How homely does Pennenes sound! And the saints you meet are the same: your Cornish St. Breock is here St. Brieuc or St. Briac; St. Columb has taken unto himself a diphthong and become St. Coulomb.

In fact, the two people are one people, with practically the same ancient language, the same spirit, and the same outlook—the same imaginativeness, the same inquisitiveness, and the same kind-heartedness. The old Cornish language and the Breton language are one. The modification of a few consonants is the main difference: Breton is a harder-sounding and more clackety tongue than Cornish. There is in both countries the same plenitude of saints and the same devotion to religion, only the Cornishman's mysticism has run in another groove since the Reformation. The transcendentalism of the Methodist faith captured his spirit in the days when the Church was at its lowest ebb of materialism and Erastinianism; but he still is just as completely obsessed by the unseen world as the Breton.

Of course, Mr. Davies and his friend could not stop to investigate or analyse or compare. If they had been able to do so, they might have experienced a less amusing journey. They would certainly have learnt a little more about the Breton. They would have come away with a broader idea of what the Breton language stands for in the life of Armorica, a juster conception of the place of the Church in that life, and a higher appreciation of the quality of mysticism and poetry which the old Celtic province infuses into the character of France.

However, it is idle to quarrel with a book because it does not do something it was never meant to do. Mr. Davies set out with the frank intention of being amusing, and amusing he unquestionably is. He gives us the low comedy of travel. His account of his adventures has a picaresque flavour which is highly diverting. Like Gil Blas, he never came to an *auberge* in a lost and forgotten hamlet, or a hotel on a dusty main road, where he did not take with him the spirit of adventure and the determination to enjoy it which alone will secure adventure. A vegetarian in France is bizarre, and both Mr. Davies and his travelling companion were vegetarians. In a country where meat in various guises is the staple of life, a vegetarian is the despair of the cook and a nine days' wonder to his fellow-diners. Here was one element of farcical adventure which had surprising consequences at the *tables d'hôte* of all the Lions d'Or and Hôtels d'Angleterre they encountered, no less than in the kitchens of the rural inns and the shops of the pastrycooks which they raided whenever they could find them. The pedestrian knapsack, with its necessary economy of costume, was another.

But the principal tributary to the stream of harmless and boyish pleasantry which meanders through the book was the high spirits of the author, who would be jocund under all circumstances. He found laughter in the most unpromising places. Mr. Davies is a rapid observer, with a knack of visualising his impressions in a lively way. He observed with humour the paramount position of the woman in the economy of Brittany. He observed the figures and the faces of the Bretonnes with an accuracy which might reasonably have been tinctured with a little more gallantry. He observed (with some unnecessary acridity, I think) the position of the clergy. He observed the narrowness of the peasants' outlook upon the familiar phenomena of civilisation, but his glance was not intimate enough to perceive that there is another outlook of theirs over a prospect of which civilisation takes little account. He observed with sympathy and describes with infinite drollery the humours of the inn and the market-place and the street of the little town.

He enjoyed it all with such zest that his pleasure is

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

infectious. The white coif, the floating riband, the embroidered raiment of Yves and Ian and Paol (Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these), and the *sabots*, whose clatter in the sleepy morning he took for the marching of a regiment, all live gaily in his pages. The *sabot* is a perennial joy to the Englishman of the South, though I am told in the North, where they wear clogs, it is not considered to be in the least poetical. I, at any rate, never hear a blue-bloused youngster from the quays of Roscoff clacking his way through an English street with his strings of onions without thinking of the refrain:—

Toc, toc, toc, et don dondaine!
Ils étaient si blancs, si beaux,
Les petits sabots de frêne,
Les jolis petits sabots!

Some of Mr. Davies's humour is dragged in by the heels, and "Mr. Drusenheim" (who figures largely in the later chapters) has no more to do with Brittany than Julius Cæsar with the dock strike. But I forgive Mr. Davies all his discursions for the sake of one or two vivid chapters of real impressionism, such as the ineffably funny billiard match at Rostrenen. For the same reason let him be pardoned his irritating habit of using "individual" as a noun and repeating the offence four or five times on one page.

The book is adorned by some photographs taken by Mr. Davies himself. They are good enough in their way, but his selection of a street in Morlaix is rather unhappy: that marvellous old town has far finer things to show. And it was a pity to depict Brest in a rather tame view of the Rue de Siam. In the old quarter of Recouvrance, or in the neighbourhood of the Church of St. Pierre, there are many more interesting and more characteristic things. R. A. J. WALLING

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WE are watching very closely the quarrel between the Government and the Labour men. Keir Hardie almost humbly asked the Government to send money to the East End to enable the strikers' wives and children, who were starving, to get bread, but Asquith was cold and treated the Labour Party roughly, even as Joseph did his brethren when they came to Egypt for corn.

Elibank, in spite of his cherubic smile, declares he won't give way. Hanley never was a Labour seat. Although the late Liberal member, at the request of his Union, joined the Labour Party, that did not make it one, and I am bound to say from his point of view I think he has right on his side.

The egregious MacCallum Scott brought in a Bill under the ten-minute rule to give Home Rule to England, Scotland and Wales as well as Ireland. A division was forced on the first reading, and after obtaining a majority of 52 it will not be seen or heard of any more. He might just as well have added to his list the Scilly Isles. You cannot make laws at this rate. MacCallum Scott is typical of the present Radical—he is in a hurry to legislate; no matter how slipshod or inaccurate a Bill may be, make it a law so that we can place it to our credit—is their attitude.

The debate that clause 1 "stand part" of the Home Rule Bill was continued and the Unionists demanded to know what the Foreign Secretary and Winston meant, on the second reading, when they said that if Ulster really would not come in, an alternative would be found. What was it? Now was the time for its disclosure. Carson taunted the Government with the curious absence of the two Ministers, and Austen Chamberlain pressed the matter home. The Prime Minister replied with the closure, whilst the Unionists protested loudly. Ronald M'Neill, after the division, stood up and stormed against the intolerable insolence of the Prime Minister in acting as he had done. He refused to be comforted or to sit down. He was joined by Captain Craig, and both stood up in spite of the fact that the mild Mr. Whitley was also on his feet. This is a parliamentary offence of the deepest dye. Ronald M'Neill tried to move the adjournment and the row went on for quite five minutes.

Finally Bonar Law turned round and persuaded both his gigantic henchmen to resume their seats. James Craig distinctly intimated that it was only in deference to his leader he did so, and I fear that this is only the commencement of the storm. If the Radicals are going to use the gag when arguments fail, it will require all the patience and ingenuity of the Chairman of Committees to keep order.

On Thursday the Labour men gave way a bit. They still adhered to their determination to fight both seats, but there is not a word about withdrawing *all* their men during the contests; some may be away, of course, but that is a very different thing from their previous determination, and the general impression is that Elibank has once more triumphed.

The Chief Secretary caused a blaze of anger to spring up among the Unionists when he dared to say that "similar occurrences" to that of cutting the ears out of horses' skulls were to be found in England. He was challenged to prove his words and was glad to hide behind the Speaker's ruling that notice should be given of questions like that. Birrell is curiously contemptible at times.

In the evening we had a debate on the Army. Seely, chastened after his "victory" at the polls, had to defend his new position as Minister for War. I freely confess I do not, and I fear never shall, understand the question of the Army. When I was a small boy an old college friend of my father used to come to supper occasionally when he acted as *locum tenens* for our vicar. He was a most eloquent man, but in those days "Hell fire" was fashionable, and he used to terrify us and probably other members of the village congregation by describing the horrors of eternal damnation if we

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

were wicked; and yet in the evening, to our surprise and relief, he used to eat roast goose and apple sauce with relish. How *could* he do it, we thought! So it seems to me with the Army. Amery, George Wyndham, "Poley-Carey" and Mark Sykes, all declared the Army was in a rotten state; that most of the money now spent on it was wasted; that there was not a branch of it fit to take the field; and that we were short of guns, horses, men, officers—everything.

These men ought to know, if anyone does—and yet they can eat their dinners in the intervals between the debates on the Army. If what they say is true, those responsible at the Horse Guards ought to be shot—and the men who raise the question ought to raise the country against the Government—any Government—who permitted such a state of things for an instant.

Seely flatly denied it all. Everything was right: we had a perfect expeditionary force, ready to do anything and go anywhere at a moment's notice. I tried to speak and inquire whether the fact is that our Army has dwindled to an expeditionary force, but could not catch the Chairman's eye.

Seely got out of giving details by pleading that secrecy was necessary, and went back on his own views expressed some years ago in favour of compulsory military service. He was not War Minister then, and now he says it is out of the range of practical politics until after the next war—an unheard-of proposition; the next great war may be our last, say the pessimists. I really wish I knew where the truth lies; it is not a party question, and both sides cannot be right.

The Government majority went down to 49.

Balbus evidently feared it was not all O.K. with the Army.

After 11, on the adjournment, Devlin, as a counter-blast to the Hibernians' outrageous attack on school children, alleged that Mr. Clark was responsible for assaults upon Catholic workmen in his shipyard at Belfast, and quoted an interview with the Tory London *Evening News* in support of his statement.

On Friday T. W. Russell was under the harrow on account of the outbreak of that terrible scourge known as the foot and mouth disease. Although the outbreak had been traced to a place near Dublin, the Irish Agricultural Board knew nothing of it until their attention was called to it from England, and Willie Peel roundly charged the Vice-President with apathy and negligence. William O'Brien complained on the other hand, that the Vice-President had lost his head in bringing the whole cattle trade of the country to a standstill by stopping all exports. Russell replied vigorously. They had not had the disease in Ireland for 30 years, and, in spite of rigorous inspection, it was clear the disease had not manifested itself in the cattle until after they landed in England; he courted inquiry.

At five o'clock Charles Craig got up to give an absolute denial to Devlin's statement about Mr. Clark of Belfast, and that gentleman had to get up and admit he was wrong—he tried to ride away by saying if Mr. Clark was not responsible, the Ulster members were.

F. E. Smith wound up the incident by charging the pocket Demosthenes with deliberately making statements with no evidence to support them, and that if he had been a gentleman he would have done the right thing—apologised. Was this atmosphere, which had been created by the mere introduction of the Government's Home Rule Bill, the atmosphere to which the Government looked for the promise of that solution which was "to heal the wrongs and obliterate the injustice of centuries"? I think the Government Front Bench were glad there was no time to reply, for Big Ben boomed out the half-hour and members trooped out into the soft summer air—a relief from the highly-charged and vitiated air of the Chamber.

At question time on Monday the Premier, in answer to a series of questions, admitted that he was in favour of Lloyd George's proposed fresh attacks on land. He thought the Chancellor's statement "that the land is shackled in the chains of feudalism" was "a picturesque but not inaccurate statement of the case"; but he denied, in answer to a question from the Labour benches, that the Government was pledged to the policy of a single tax. The Labour men consider that they have won the first trick in controversy that their whips should move the writ for Hanley. It is purely a matter of etiquette and usage. The Liberals say it is a Liberal seat, but they shirked a wrangle on the subject on the floor of the House, to be followed possibly by a motion and a division, when all the Labour men would vote against the Government; so they sat silent and allowed Mr. Roberts to move the writ.

After this the second reading of the Franchise Bill came on. Harcourt, with oily smoothness and airy jests, made light of the Opposition. It was a "cooing" Opposition; even the Tories admitted that Registration wanted reforming and the Government took the opportunity to fulfil a pledge they had given for years, namely, to abolish plural voting. Pretyman replied. He had got up his case with his customary industry. He agreed that registration might be simplified, and he was in favour of simplification, but he denied that this Bill made things easier—on the contrary, it introduced fresh anomalies. It would be very costly, and it was bringing

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK
MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT and MILK in Powder Form
NOURISHING, INVIGORATING, SUSTAINING.
MORE BENEFICIAL THAN
TEA, COFFEE, COCOA, OR CHOCOLATE.
Instantly available whenever needed by stirring briskly in hot or cold water.
NO COOKING REQUIRED.
Especially useful for Travellers by Sea or Land.
An excellent Pick-me-up in the morning.
A Refreshing Beverage at mid-day. Delicious after the Theatre.
Corrects Insomnia taken hot just before retiring.
SERVED IN HOTELS, RESTAURANTS AND CAFES,
and may be obtained of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles,
at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s.
Trial size free by post on application to—
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS, ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

in a Reform Bill on a side wind. Redistribution was promised, but who could rely on the promise of a Government which had put a preamble to reform the House of Lords into the Parliament Bill and showed no signs of carrying it out? It was a Bill to jerrymander the electoral machine in the interests of one party. "I don't think any of God's creatures were ever more liberally endowed with the instincts of self-preservation than the present Government," said Pretyman, with bitter emphasis.

Harcourt had dealt briefly and contemptuously with the question of the women's vote, and Arthur Markham considered the Bill a further insult and humiliation to women. Stanley Wilson bluntly called the Prime Minister a coward for not tackling the women's question, and after some speeches by experts the debate was adjourned.

It is alleged—I really do not know with what truth—that it was the Little Englanders who stopped us all having a whole holiday on Tuesday to see the Fleet at Spithead. Like dogs in the manger, they did not want to see it themselves, so refused to allow the House to adjourn; 461 members, I am told, accepted the invitation, and 101 attended the House. About one-third of these were Unionists. People talk about the Irish being the champion obstructors, but give me the Tories if they are in the mood for it. They do it with an earnest skill that defies the criticism of the Chair or their opponents. The Government had produced a ponderous Bill to acquire three public sites, of which you have heard before. To-day (Tuesday) it reappeared in Committee and was debated, clause by clause, by "Peckham," Willie Peel, Alec Thynne, Bull, "Jix" (more properly known as Joynson-Hicks), Tullibardine, and half-a-dozen others, until 6 o'clock, when the Whips "came to an arrangement," which meant rising at 7.30.

This killed all sport, so I went home just as they commenced the Inebriates or the Feeble-minded Bill, I really do not know which. With great strength of mind I refrain from the obvious comment.

Notes and News

Mr. Murray is publishing immediately the work on railway nationalisation in working, by Mr. Edwin A. Pratt, entitled, "The State Railway Muddle in Australia"; also a new novel by Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole, "The Street of the Flute Player," and Captain Amundsen's book, "The Conquest of the South Pole," which has an introduction by Dr. Nansen.

Messrs. John Long will shortly publish a new novel entitled "The Modern Market Place," by "Coronet" (the pseudonym of a well-known author). That the author is behind the scenes of modern political life is indicated by the fact that the work, although written before the present Labour unrest, foreshadows it, and suggests a scheme for curbing Trade Unionism.

In consequence of the death of Miss Rosa Morison, who had held the office of Lady Superintendent to Women Students since 1883, the University College Committee has decided to appoint a Tutor to Women Students. Miss Winifred Smith, B.Sc., formerly 1851 Scholar, and a former student of the College, has been appointed to this office, upon the duties of which she will enter as from September next.

Among the most interesting productions of the coming autumn season will be the volume of reminiscences of the late Henry Labouchere, now in course of compilation by Mr. Charles Edward Jerningham ("Marmaduke" of *Truth*), which is to be published by Messrs. G. Bell and Sons. Mr. Jerningham's long acquaintance with Labouchere, extending over nearly forty years, has qualified him exceptionally to write this book.

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. announce a volume entitled "Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III," translated from the French of Baron d'Ambes, by A. R. Allinson. This book is the private diary of a life-long and intimate friend of Louis Napoleon, and contains much that has hitherto been unpublished in English. They also will publish shortly "Cameos of Indian Crime," by Mr. H. J. Hervey, and a new novel by Miss Everett-Green.

Maunsel and Co., Ltd., of Dublin, and Oakley House, London, will publish immediately "Aspects of the Irish Question," by Sydney Brooks, the well-known writer on Irish affairs. After dealing with the past and present problems of the country the author treats of the new elements—The Farmer and the Future—The Irish Gentry—The Church and the Religious Issue—and concludes with a critical and exhaustive consideration of the Home Rule Bill.

The Catholic Record Society held its Eighth Annual Meeting on Tuesday last, at Archbishop's House, Westminster, and the chair was taken by his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, E.M., K.G., who moved, as President of the Society, the adoption of the report—a highly interesting one, containing much information regarding the ground covered by the Society. Those present included the Very Rev. Canon Wyndham, the Very Rev. Prior Higgins, the Marquis de Ruvigny, the Hon. Alex. Wilmot, Mr. R. T. Lomax, Mr. L. Lindsay, Mr. G. Engelbach, and Miss M. M. Calthorp. The Chairman, in his speech, emphasised the useful work done by the Society.

At Colston's Girls' School, Bristol, on Saturday last, the Ryland Library was formally opened by the Countess of Suffolk in the presence of the Lord Bishop of Bristol and the Governors of the School. The Library was bequeathed to the School in 1909 by the late C. J. Ryland, Esq., and it is now fittingly housed in a fine room occupying the whole of the top floor of the new wing of the School. Mr. Ryland was a real book-lover of wide interests, who confined his reading to no one special branch of learning, and his library is therefore of exceptional value. In the course of his speech the Bishop of Bristol, after remarking on the value to the girls of this great possession, drew attention to the important place taken in modern literature by the novel, and expressed the hope that the girls of the School would, like Mr. Ryland, choose the books which were both wholesome and interesting.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Royal Horticultural Society's Summer Flower Show at Holland House, 1912

WAS it the pleasant memory of the International Horticultural Exhibition at Chelsea; was it the extreme congestion of the tents; or was it the weather which caused us to feel dissatisfaction at the Summer Flower Show at Holland House? Be the cause of our disappointment what it may, we feel constrained to raise yet one more protest against the utter folly and futility of cramming tents so full of flowers that the infinitesimal spaces left as passage ways afford none save the favoured few an opportunity of seeing and appreciating the floral beauties displayed. For our own part so wearied did we become by our repeated yet ineffectual attempts to catch a glimpse of the exhibits that at length we abandoned the quest in despair, bewailing the obsolete methods of arrangement employed, so vividly contrasted with those which rendered Chelsea such a haven of delight. After wandering for some time about the private grounds dejectedly, we found solace at last in a secluded spot of those spacious regions, where to our surprise and delight we suddenly came upon a moraine garden replete with the choicest of alpines, thoroughly at home and in thriving health.

With regard to the Show itself, the roses were exceptionally beautiful, chiefly conspicuous amongst them being the Lyon Rose, Juliet, and Rayon d'Or. The only novelty of any merit which we were able to discover was the Hybrid Tea Mrs. Charles S. Hunting; with the new Wichuriana Ethel we were little impressed. Perennials, as always at this Show, were almost overpowering in their magnificence. That queen of lady gardeners, Miss Wilmott, exhibited a superb new lily from China, named Lilium Warleyeuse. A special word of praise is due to the terrace garden of Messrs. Wallace, being, as it was, a model of careful design and execution. To every lover of alpines we commend most heartily the dainty little porcelain blue Campanula Miss Wilmott. It is of the pusilla section, quite dwarf, and flowers with almost incredible profusion.

Hokku

THE word "epigram" is no right word (and there's no right word at all) for "Hokku," the seventeen-syllable poem of Japan, just as overcoat is not the word for our *haori*. "That is good," I exclaimed in spite of myself, when I found this comparison to begin my article. We know that *haori* is more, or less, according to your attitude, than the overcoat of Western garb which rises and falls with practical service; when I say more, I mean that our Japanese *haori* is, unlike the Western overcoat, a piece of art, and besides, a symbol of rite, as its usefulness appears often when it means practically nothing. If I rightly understand the word "epigram," it is or at least looks to have one object, like that overcoat of practical use, to express something, a Cathay of thought or not, before itself; its beauty, if it has any, is like that of a *netsuke* or *okimono* carved in ivory or wood, decorative at the best. But what our Hokku aims at is, like the *haori* of silk or crêpe, a usefulness of uselessness, not what it expresses, but how it expresses itself spiritually; its real value is not in its physical directness, but in its psychological indirectness. To use a simile, it is like a dew upon lotus leaves of green or under maple leaves of red, which, although it is nothing but a trifling drop of water, shines, glitters and sparkles now pearl-white, then amethyst-blue, again ruby-red, according to the time of day and situation; better still to say, this Hokku is like a spider-thread laden with the white summer dews, swaying among the branches of a tree like an often invisible ghost in air, on the perfect balance; that sway, indeed, not the thread itself, is the beauty of our seventeen-syllable poem.

I cannot forget Mrs. N. S., who came to see me at the poppy-covered mountain-side of California one morning, now almost seventeen years ago; what I cannot forget chiefly about that morning is her story that she made a roundabout way in entering into my garden, as the little proper path had been blocked by a spider-net thick with diamonds. I exclaimed then as I do often to-day: "Such a dear sweet soul (that could not dare break that silvery thread) would be the very soul who will appreciate our Hokku poem." What do you say, if there is one, suppose, who brings down the spider-net and attempts to hang it up in another place? Is it not exactly the case with a translator of Japanese poem, Hokku or *uta*, whatever it be? To use another expression, what would you say if somebody ventured to imitate with someone's fountain pen the Japanese picture drawn with the bamboo brush and incensed Indian ink? Is it not again the exact case with the translator like Mr. William N. Porter, in "A Year of Japanese Epigrams"?

We confess that we have shown, to speak rather bluntly, very little satisfaction even with the translations of Professor Chamberlain and the late Mr. Aston; when I say that I was perfectly amazed at Mr. Porter's audacity in his sense of curiosity, I hope that my words will never be taken as sarcasm. With due respect, I dare say that nearly all things of that book leave something to be desired for our Japanese mind, or, to say more true, have something too much that we do not find in the original. As a result they only weaken, confuse and trouble the real atmosphere; while perhaps it means certainly that the English mind is differently rooted from the Japanese mind, even in the matter of poetry, which is said to have no East or West. When I appear to expose unkindly Mr. Porter's defects (excuse my careless use of word) to the light, that is from my anxiety to make this Japanese poetry properly understood. To take a poem or two from his book at random:—

Uzumibi ya
Kabe ni wa kyaku (not kaku) no
Kage-boshi. Basho

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Mr. Porter translates it as follows:—

Alas! my fire is out,
And there's a shadow on the wall—
A visitor, no doubt.

I should like to know who would ever think of the above as poetry, even poor poetry, in his reading of it in one breath; what does "no doubt" (which the original hasn't) mean except that it rhymes with the first line; and the rhyme cheapens the poetry—at least, to the Japanese mind—from the reason of its English conventionality? The first line of the original is not "my fire is out"; on the contrary, it means that the fire, of course the charcoal fire, is buried under the ashes. The poem is a poem of winter night which becomes late, and when a charcoal fire, already small, grows still dearer as it is more cold without, perhaps windy; now the talk of the guest or visitor (lo! his sad lone shadow on the wall) and the master poet stops, then it starts again, like a little stream hidden under the grasses; and the desolation of the advanced night intensifies the sadness of the house, doubtless Basho An, whose small body is wrapped by a few large leaves of Basho's beloved banana tree in the garden. You must know, before you attempt to understand it, a few points of the poet's characteristics—above all, the way of his living and the general aspect of his house—I mean Basho An—the poetical poverty of which will be seen from the fact that he made a big hole in the wall to place a tiny Buddha statue, as he had no place to enshrine it. Not only this Basho's Hokkus, but nearly all the seventeen-syllable poems that were produced in the early age you will find difficult to understand when separated from the circumstances and background from which they were born, to use a simile, like a dew born out of the deepest heart of dawn.

It is not my purpose here to criticise and examine Mr. Porter's translation to satisfy my fastidious heart of minuteness-loving; let it suffice to say that the Hokku is not a poetry to be rightly appreciated by people in the West who lie by the comfortable fire in winter, or under an electric fan in summer, because it was originally written beside a paper shoji door or upon the straw mats. We have a saying, "Better to leave the *renge* flowers in their old wild plain"; it suggests quite many things, but what it impresses on me most is that you should admire things, flowers or pictures or what not, in their own proper place. To translate Hokku or any other Japanese poem into English rarely does justice to the original; it is a thankless task at the best. I myself was a Hokku student since I was fifteen or sixteen years old; during many years of my Western life, now amid the California forest, then by the skyscrapers of New York, again in the London 'bus, I often tried to translate the Hokkus of our old masters, but I gave up my hope when I had written the following in English:—

My love's lengthened hair
Swings o'er me from Heaven's gate:
Lo, Evening's shadow!

It was in London—to say more particularly, Hyde Park—that I wrote the above Hokku in English, where I walked slowly, my mind being filled with the thought of the long hair of Rossetti's woman, as I, perhaps, had visited Tate's Gallery that afternoon; pray, believe me when I say the dusk that descended from the sky swung like that lengthened hair. I exclaimed then: "What use to try the impossibility in translation, when I have a moment to feel a Hokku feeling and write about it in English?" Although I had only a few such moments in the past, my decision not to translate Hokku into English is unchanged. Let me wait patiently for a moment to come when I become a Hokku poet in my beloved English.

YONE NOGUCHI.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE TRIPLE ENTENTE.

AS in the case of the Potsdam interview the recent conversations at Port Baltic give rise to a wealth of speculation. In one breath, as it were, an expectant world was informed that the speedy cessation of Turco-Italian hostilities might be looked for as the immediate result of the Imperial meeting; that an arrangement satisfactory to Germany on the question of Russian naval policy would be concluded; and, above all, that the latter Power would be torn from the embrace of France and England. A host of Machiavellian designs were attributed to Germany, while of Russia we were asked to believe something in the nature of calm and calculated perfidy as an alternative to the stupidity of the dupe.

Although to the calm reasoner no justification existed for such rash prophecy, a certain section of the German Press undoubtedly lent colour to the theory that political events of high moment might be expected to result from the meeting of the two Emperors. In strange contrast to the elation expressed in the Berlin newspapers and elsewhere it was noteworthy that the inspired organs of public opinion in Russia remained calmly indifferent, while official utterances from both countries declared in no uncertain language that the occasion was to bear no significance that would be likely to disturb the tranquillity of Europe. Now that the *Standardt* and the *Hohenzollern* have parted company we are able to review placidly the net result of the exchange of ideas which took place. And here it is of interest to recall that in spite of the pessimists, who, as on the more recent occasion, prophesied a complete diplomatic victory for Germany, one of the concrete results of the Potsdam interview was Germany's inferential recognition, for the first time, of the special position held by Great Britain in Southern Persia.

On the Baltic, history has merely repeated itself. For, once more, the German people, through their august master, have made an important concession to the political demands of the day. Nothing could have been more satisfactory to the international require-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ments than the clause in the official *communiqué*, sanctioned by both Monarchs, which stated that "there could be no question of new agreements because there was no particular occasion for them, or of producing alterations of any kind in the grouping of the European Powers, the value of which for the maintenance of equilibrium and of peace has already been proved." Thus at one stroke of the pen we find established the political sanity of Germany and the political fidelity of Russia in relation to a compact—the Triple Entente—which has long been the bugbear of England's enemies.

It has become increasingly evident of late that a school of opinion in this country, long dormant, is again showing signs of an awakened articulation. When, in the early years of his reign, King Edward paid a series of momentous visits to the heads of certain European States, the fruit of which to-day is found in the existence of the Triple Entente, there were not wanting critics who deplored anything in the nature of close relations either with our nearest neighbour, France, or our traditional foe, Russia; but owing to the unquestionable effectiveness, as a counterpoise to the militant Triple Alliance, of the compact concluded between our erstwhile enemies and ourselves, years passed during which few dared challenge the fundamental soundness of Great Britain's foreign policy. Latterly, however, as I have implied, the old-style pessimists have once more raised their voices with the object of proving that by joining hands with France and Russia, and thereby, so they would infer, trailing the coat before Germany, we have embarked upon a suicidal course.

Doubtless such forebodings would never have been uttered had we not seen the coincident happening of the Teutonic assertion and the development of the Dreadnought era. But even allowing, on these grounds, the fullest justification for the fears expressed, we find a singular lacking in the realisation of actualities in the manner of their expression. For example, we are told that our entente with France is an altogether unholy affair by reason of the fact [*sic*] of her national degeneration. Whatever may be the truth in regard to other members of the Latin family, could anything be more grotesque than such an assertion applied to modern France? Apart from indications which of recent years have called forth world-wide comment, we need no stronger argument in favour of the splendid vitality which characterises the Republic than that her next-door neighbour, one of the greatest nations the world has seen, although hungering for expansion, deems it expedient to respect the amenities of frontiers.

As a matter of fact the individual and communalistic activities of France to-day strike a note in human effort to which only the more glorious pages of history can sound a reminiscent echo. Similar inaccuracy governs the contention that by cultivating friendly relations with Russia we have contracted a ruinous mesalliance, the supposition being that what we are pleased to term the corruption of a governmental bureaucracy passing through the inevitable stages of a great national transition is so deep-seated as to affect the social life of the community. Here, again, the critics betray a lamentable want of knowledge. Nowhere in this world is to be found so God-fearing, industrious, and altogether lovable a people as in Russia, and it is statesmanship of the highest order that, estimating rightly the potentialities of such a race, enters into close relations with its Government. If the critics whose prescience shows them the nightmare of Canadian absorption would but turn their attention to the process of revitalisation which is taking place among the teeming millions of Asia, they would realise that the interests of the British Empire as a whole can best be served by the observance of a continuity of the policy which found its first and most distinguished exponent in King Edward.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

BUSINESS remains dull. The investor is placing out his dividends, but the speculator declines to gamble, for he is tired; he has lost his money in oil, in tin, in Marconis. When he has recovered his financial equilibrium he will gamble again, for he cannot stop himself. Punting is a disease like drinking, and possibly subject to the same laws of ebb and flow.

Schroeders offered a very sound and cheap investment in the Valparaiso Waterboard Bonds, guaranteed by the Chilian Government. The lists closed almost as soon as they were opened.

The Orchestrelle issue of Preference shares was also a sound industrial venture. The Ceara Tramway, Light and Power Bond was not particularly cheap. It is clear that to-day the investor wants high interest on his money. Nothing goes unless it offers over 5 per cent. Most of the ventures that have been put before the public do not attract. The fashion appears to be turning towards Russia. The Sissert Company is a fair copper speculation on the same lines as Kyshtim. The Russian General Oil Corporation appears to have been formed as a relief fund for Messrs. G. M. Lianosoff et Fils of Baku. I hear that this firm managed to interest various banking groups in St. Petersburg, and they floated the Russian General with the idea of unloading their holdings.

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."
"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.
If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to
S. BOWLEY & SON,
Wellington Works,
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.
Established 200 years.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

I am afraid that Baku as an oilfield has seen its best days, and I strongly warn my readers against buying the shares at their present premium. Another big Russian company with a capital of 3½ millions is coming out, and will purchase the Stachyeff properties in the Ural Caspian district. This company has also been buying Ural Caspian shares on the London market.

The Canadian and General Trust is circularising with the idea of placing £200,000 of shares in the British and General Debenture Trust. They offer to purchase option certificates in this trust at 2s. 6d. each for cash. Some of the methods of these Canadian share-pushers are certainly peculiar.

I wrote a short criticism on the Shamva Mine in my new paper, *The Stockbroker*. It was replied to by Mr. G. R. Bonnard, of the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia, and the financial papers have taken the matter up. It is of great importance to those who purchased Shamvas at £3½ to £4 each, for if my criticism is correct the shares are not worth 10s. Mr. Bonnard takes the working costs at between 8s. and 9s. I am not aware that any mine works at these costs except the great Alaska properties. The Wanderer professes that it does, but as the Wanderer has reconstructed once, and has only just succeeded in paying off its debit balance, its working costs are not of great importance. Working costs, if you put large quantities of unpayable ore through the mill, can be reduced to a ridiculously low figure. The question is, can you pay dividends by reducing working costs in this way? Shamva is hardly likely to get down below 19s. or 20s., in spite of its adit levels. Penhalonga works with adit levels, and its working costs are nearly 21s. Mr. Bonnard adds £250,000 to the assumed profit per year on the ground that the trial milling result is 20 per cent. better than the assay result. This only proves how unreliable both assays and trial millings are, and in spite of Mr. Bonnard's optimism I am compelled to assume that his argument goes to prove my point, namely, that all the calculations with regard to Shamva are mere guesswork. If the assays are wrong in one way they may be wrong in another.

MONEY AND CONSOLS.—Although money is cheap and may be cheaper, Consols droop. The story goes that we shall be at war with Germany in three months; hence the slump. I need hardly contradict such a silly rumour, but it has been put about the City very industriously. I think the price of both Consols and Irish land stock much too low, and I advise wealthy people to buy and lock up.

FOREIGNERS.—China is obdurate, and the Chinaman declines to bind himself to borrow sixty millions. In the meantime he is being financed by the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank, who are getting rather sick of the process, and want the loan issued in order to replace rather unmarketable treasury bills with solid bonds. The Sino Belge, however, are quite willing to go on taking the treasury bills, and the competition between the two groups amuses John Chinaman—and benefits him. Tintos have been flat on the "bear" attack upon Copper, which appears to have been cleverly arranged and in a sense successful. We shall see, however, how far it has succeeded when the "bears" begin to buy back the stock they have sold.

HOME RAILS.—Home Rails remain dull. Why, I cannot conceive, except that it is to the interest of nobody to put them up. Those who want to buy them would like to see a fall, and those who stand in the House all day and sell Home Railways have already sold more than they possess, therefore they are not really sellers but buyers. All the leading lines give us 5 per cent. on our money, and investors should certainly purchase. They are buying gilt-edged stocks fat with dividend. What does it matter if the dividend be reduced ½ per cent.; that is neither here nor there. The price is so low that the reduction is of no moment. It only means about ¼ per cent. on the whole year.

YANKEES.—It appears that the tone in Wall Street is changing, and the bankers who last week were rather inclined to be optimistic are to-day saying that the "bulls" will have to be shaken out. Evidently they are making preparations for an autumn boom, and want to get cheap stock. The Copper people in New York laugh at the way London sells copper. The price here is much lower than in New York. This is, of course, due to the fact that we deal here in standard copper, whereas in the United States the whole market is in electrolytic, which is now quoted 17½ cents. I think that the copper position is remarkably strong. All the statistics are in favour of a big rise. I therefore expect a considerable reaction. Anaconda should certainly rise in spite of the attacks, for this mine now produces at 9½ cents a pound.

RUBBER.—The report of the great Lampard Trust is now issued, and shows that the company was quite unable to get rid of its large stock of paper. As it has various other schemes on hand, all of which will require large sums of money to be spent on them, and as it has big amounts to pay in calls on companies already floated but whose shares it had to take, it looks to me as though it would have to call up its unpaid capital. Mr. Lampard has taken on too much. The markets have been against him, and unless a boom in rubber comes along, the shareholders will find their dividends dwindle. The Bukit Rajah report is excellent, and the shares are cheap; they yield 13 per cent. Any good rubber company is worth buying into when the yield is 12 per cent. or over. What I object to is a company whose shares only yield 5 or 7½. This is not enough for a plantation, where the risk is very great. The reduction in the Linggi dividend was expected. The estate is a good one, but as the price may fall lower, it is not worth while buying to-day.

OILS.—Urals have been moved up and down in a very lively fashion. It is said that the big Russian companies formed or going to be formed have been buying. There is tremendous excitement in the Ural district, and Nobels have sent down vast quantities of machinery and pipelines, iron tanks, and all the appurtenances of an enormous oil field, so they are quite sure that the field will be a big one. The present price of oil plots on the Ural Caspian is £1,000 a plot, spot cash in Baku. But they can be bought a little cheaper in London. Tweedy has big schemes on hand for his Maikop Pipeline, and most of the oil promoters are up to their neck in Taman, which they say will be a big oilfield. If there is going to be an autumn boom in anything it will be in oil—probably Russian oil. The price is 35 copecks in Baku, but this is a fancy price, and not likely to hold.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—The market is dead, and nothing is likely to be done until the autumn. If City Deeps fall any lower they should be bought, for the talk of faulty titles is mere nonsense. The mine is a good one, but not particularly well managed.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi meeting went off very well, but the shares did not respond. There is still a big "bull" account. It seems now quite certain that the British India issue of capital was to acquire the holdings of the late Mr. Keswick in the Indo-China. I advised a purchase of Indo-China shares some time ago; they will go to par. Waring debentures should be purchased, as the scheme now in hand will go through.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

THE SISSERT COMPANY.

THE Sissert Company has been well known in Russia for many years under the title of the Sussertski District Mining Company. It has now been purchased by an English Company, the chairman of which is Sir James Dale, the well-known ironmaster. The Sissert estates occupy an area of over 340,000 acres, and are covered with forests, from whence is obtained some of the best

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

timber in the Urals. There are also copper, gold, and iron mines, platinum and other mineral sources. The copper mines have been worked since 1727, and from that date until 1870 produced about 28,500 tons. The new company proposes to work the old dumps and slags, and from these a very large profit is expected. The copper dumps alone appear to have £243,300 profit in sight, and the old slags are estimated to contain enough copper to give £144,000 profit. In 1906 a new copper mine was opened up, which until July, 1910, produced 2,232 tons of copper. This mine has been carefully examined on many occasions by the well-known engineer Dr. Simon, who estimates that the proved and probable ore in the mine should yield a net profit of £758,000. There are about 40 iron mines in the Sissert estate, and large iron works, which it is intended to remodel. They are expected to yield a profit of at least £15,000 for the current year. The estimated profits for 1912 should amount to £75,000, as the enterprise is now making about £6,000 a month. The company will have a total cash working capital of £215,000, and it is proposed to improve the methods of production and spend large sums upon development. By this means the profits will be increased in 1913 to £102,000, and in 1914 to £260,000. This should enable the board to pay a dividend for 1912 of at least 10 per cent., and in succeeding years largely increase the distribution. In considering the prospects of Russian copper properties it should not be forgotten that the Russian Government puts an import duty on copper of £33 per ton; therefore the present price at which the Sissert Company is selling its "best selected" copper is £98 per ton. There are large deposits of iron pyrites which are in ready demand. These deposits amount to approximately 2,000,000 tons, and will ultimately realise a profit of £650,000. Gold was discovered at Sissert in 1840, and has been worked on a royalty system by small contractors, who have already produced about 504,000 ounces. There are evidently immense possibilities in the future of this company.

THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

At the Fourteenth Annual Meeting of the above Company the Chairman announced that the accumulated funds and reserves, together with the paid-up capital, amounted to £625,301 11s. 6d., as compared with £580,598 2s. at the close of 1910, an achievement, considering the labour unrest throughout the country, of which any company in similar circumstances may be justly proud. For the disturbance of the labour market not only causes people to hesitate in taking out policies, but places many already assured in such an embarrassing financial position that they are often unable to continue their policies, and are therefore induced to apply for surrender values. This notwithstanding, the new assurances during the past year exceeded in face value £1,000,000, which amount included 4,088 proposals for "Ideal" policies assuring £256,695 0s. 2d., with annual premiums thereon of £11,768 19s., as against 3,472 proposals with a premium income of £10,086 for the previous year, which tends to show that these policies continue to grow in public favour. The recently founded industrial branch, the Chairman informed the meeting, is making fair progress, and its success up to date is encouraging. As was to be expected, this department has suffered in consequence of the labour troubles more acutely than has the ordinary branch. With the view of minimising, as far as possible, the loss sustained by policy-holders, in consequence of their policies lapsing through non-payment of premiums, the directors have favourably considered every application made for reinstatement in respect of policies lapsed in consequence of strikes, lock-outs, etc., crediting the premiums paid, and granting full immediate benefit in respect of all policies that were in full benefit prior to lapsing. This concession has, no doubt, been greatly appreciated by those concerned. Some idea of the usefulness of this branch is conveyed by the number of claims, and the amount paid in respect of them during the year 1911. These claims numbered 928, representing the sum of £6,695 15s. 3d., figures which bear eloquent testimony to the assistance rendered to members in the hour of need. During the period under review 332 advances were made to members, representing the sum of £104,354, and making a grand total advanced since the formation of the company of £1,491,004. Some two years ago the directors discontinued the issue of what were known as Endowment House Purchase Certificates, which up to that time constituted the major part of the Company's business. In response to urgent requests from the staff and others, however, the directors have prepared a new prospectus, combining House Purchase with Life Assurance, embracing the best features of the discontinued certificate, but from which are eliminated those features which were thought to be objectionable. In conjunction with other industrial offices, the Company has formed the National Amalgamated Approved Society to meet the requirements of the National Insurance Act, now on the eve of coming into force. The investments of the company are yielding a rate of interest in excess of that assumed in the actuarial valuation, and a dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. upon the preferred shares for 1911 was declared at the meeting, and approved.

CORRESPONDENCE

ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—May I offer a few comments on the letters in your issue of June 29th? Mr. Immo Allen is surely quite wrong in imputing to us as a community qualities which we plainly do not possess. He says, "It is obvious that Great Britain is determined to thwart Germany's designs for expansion," and he speaks of friends on "whom we rely to help us." Now what is obvious surely is that Great Britain is not determined to do anything, and that being the case, there can be no question of reliance on friends to help us. Determination to do anything would imply willingness—nay, eagerness—to take some steps towards being able to do it. What percentage of the people of Great Britain—of our rulers in Parliament—know or care what Germany's designs are, or even grant the possibility of her having any designs? We have no designs ourselves, and we don't want to be bothered with any alarmist talk about other people's designs. It is far less trouble to assume that Germany has no designs and no national policy; that she is inhabited and governed by the same sort of people as ourselves; that she is building her fleet for fun—as a big toy to play with—a luxury, in fact. Then we can go on occupying our minds—or at any rate our tongues—with the things that really matter.

Mr. Allen asks: "Why not aid Germany in the acquisition of territory in South America?" A truly revolutionary idea. Does Mr. Allen realise what this would mean? It would mean having a foreign policy—thinking about things—forming an intelligent conception of our position in the world, and of the means of maintaining it. Anything more un-English can hardly be imagined. Besides, we should have to turn our backs on an old and trusted friend, one of the venerable catchwords which we have cherished for generations past as a substitute for a national policy. Has not one of your contemporaries lately pointed out—apparently as a reason for refusing to doubt its eternal validity—that the original impulse to the formulation of the Monroe Doctrine was given by an English statesman? And Mr. Allen suggests that now—less than one hundred years after its formation—we should already begin to inquire whether its maintenance is to our interest!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Of the letter signed "T.McL.," one sentence is specially to be commended to those who believe that Germany's desire to strengthen her economic position is an offence against international morality. "England is the only nation standing in Germany's way." The United States should, of course, be bracketed with England in this respect. In extenuation of our attitude—if extenuation be the right word—"T. McL." should have pointed out that there are two peoples in the modern world to whom it seems quite right and proper to earmark for your own benefit whole continents of which you have no need and make no use, in the development and defence of which you make no sacrifices, and then if anybody throws doubt on your exclusive rights to feel and express righteous horror on the ground that at such and such a date you said that you would like such and such parts of the earth reserved in case it might ever suit you to make use of them. No non-Anglo-Saxon country allows to the Monroe Doctrine any value whatever except as a declaration of intention on the part of its upholders; no country outside of England has ever claimed the right which England claims to-day with regard to Holland, the right to dictate to two independent nations, neither of them touching her borders, whether they shall or shall not make such arrangements between themselves as may suit them. Lord Courtney of Penwith, in the *Contemporary Review* of November, 1909, assumes that it is quite an open question whether and under what conditions England would claim the right to veto a friendly arrangement by which Holland might become part of the German Empire. "Such a union . . . could not be resented by us, except through motives of jealousy. But . . . it would have to be established under conditions very different from those that now prevail. It may be dismissed as outside the sphere of practical politics"! In so far as these apparently conflicting utterances can be said to have a meaning, they express the typical attitude of the superior Englishman towards foreign nations. "Be good little boys and do as you are told; when you grow up (and reach the heights of political wisdom from which the modern English doctrinaire surveys mankind), then we will see how far you may be allowed to manage your own affairs." And Lord Courtney is a pacifist, an advocate of peace and goodfellowship among nations, and no doubt believes that utterances of this sort are likely to make foreigners feel friendly towards England.

The pacifist is of all men the least easy to understand in this matter. Men who believe that war with Germany is inevitable, or who believe that war could only be averted by concessions on our side which would be fatal to our interests, are naturally not inclined to spend their time in devising means of coming to terms with Germany. The pacifists are in quite a different position. In their ranks there are doubtless many men—members of Parliament, men to whom the country would give a hearing—who believe, as I do, that war is not inevitable, that it could be averted by concessions on our part which we could afford to make. What practical suggestion has ever been made by any of them, in or out of Parliament, towards lessening the danger of war? They have said till we are sick of hearing it that they do not want war—just as if there were anybody in the country who did; and they seem to think, curiously enough, that they have thereby discharged their whole duty. In 1876-7 their spiritual ancestors took—fortunately for the world—an entirely different view of their duty; they forced the question on the attention of the country, not in the shape of abstract platitudes with which everybody agrees, but as a concrete proposition. Is it to England's interest, is it in accordance with morality, that England should fight on this or that specific issue? And the result was that war was averted. The modern pacifist has, as far as the public can judge, never even begun to try to find out what the specific issues are which divide Germany and Great Britain; he assumes, as far as we can judge from his utterances, that the Germans are straining every nerve to make their naval power equal to ours without having in their mind any definite idea of why or with what purpose; he assumes, that is to say, that the Germans are as feckless as we are; which is certainly a mistake, and in all probability a very disastrous one.

In your editorial note to the letter of "T. McL." you say, "It is quite easy to demonstrate to Germany that she cannot possibly succeed," meaning no doubt that, if we were willing to spend the money and able to find or create the men, we could increase our naval strength to such an extent as to make competition with us impossible; my conviction, held with equal intensity, is that if we had among us a few men able and willing to mobilise public opinion we could do away with the antagonism between Germany and ourselves, and so pave the way to a lasting friendship between the two countries; just as the men of 1876, who not only did not want war, but were willing to get down into the street in order to avert it, were able to pave the way to what we all hope is a lasting friendship between Russia and ourselves.

Of the letters in your issue of July 6th it is fortunately not necessary to say much. "Wm. H.," though he happens to be on the right side, is not a very promising ally. Pharisaic references to "decaying" and "corrupt" nations are entirely out of place in a discussion of foreign policy. The delusion that friendship with one nation implies hostility to another has done quite enough harm in the past; and we are not likely to get on to the right track until we realise (1) that what really matters to us is the safeguarding of our own interests, not insistence on our real or supposed superiority to other people, and (2) that in order to avoid war it is necessary not only to get on to the right track and stick to it ourselves, but to see that other people who have it in their power to drag us into war follow our example. The letter of "R. J. Turner" contains the gist of Mr. Norman Angell's teaching in a nutshell: they both belong to the well-meaning and evil-doing group of purveyors of soothing syrup. The considerations which "R. J. Turner" adduces have not prevented war in the past, and are not likely to do so in the future; but "let us sit still and drift" is unfortunately a very popular cry. I am, sir, yours faithfully,

T. G. MARTIN.

THE GERMAN PERIL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Turner is quick to arrive at conclusions, conclusions that not only betray ignorance of actual facts but show lack of considered judgment.

I am not aware that I stated the Hamburg-Amerika and N.D.L. Companies had any ships "laid-up," so the query of what the directors of those companies are thinking about needs no answer. The statement was: "There was always sufficient tonnage laying in the German ports to convey an army of 250,000 men," not that ships were kept laid up solely for that purpose. To prove that assertion, I recommend Mr. Turner to inquire as to the amount of first-class tonnage lying in the Rivers Elbe, Weser, and Ems. He will find that on these rivers there is at all times more than sufficient vessels capable of being put to sea in a few hours. Mr. Turner must also remember that these vessels would not require the special fittings of a troop-ship for so short a sea passage as that between our coasts and Germany. These vessels are entering and leaving port every day, engaged in the making of profits, but while in the German ports spoken of are always available for the conveyance of troops and munitions of war.

I agree that the German nation is quite aware that the pressing of the button of war may mean ruin to them if unsuccessful, but the responsible statesmen of the German Empire are much too astute to press that button until they are assured of success. Therefore, until that moment, they will be careful to conceal the sharp claw within the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

velvet paw, which is but a weapon to be used in order to hasten the day when they can demand concessions so great that the granting of them will be humiliating to this great Empire, and the refusing of them will mean a war, ruinous and suicidal because of our unpreparedness.

Let the responsible statesmen of both countries find "a way out," but see to it that our statesmen have behind them an efficient navy well manned—not 20,000 men short as at present—and an army that is well armed, well trained, and of number so great as to embrace every able-bodied man between the ages of 18 and 50. Then, and not till then, can we hope that our statesmen will be able to find "a way out" that will be consistent with the dignity and honour of our flag. To be deluded by the articles appearing in the *Nord und Sud* is what Germany wants, and is to submit to "having your leg pulled" till Germany, "the leg puller," is ready to back up her demands by the power and might to enforce them.

By all means let us extend a warm welcome to Germany's distinguished Ambassador, but let us also see to it that we are at all times prepared to maintain peace by being always "prepared to wage war *successfully* against the strongest nation or combination of nations." Then we will assist Germany's distinguished Ambassador in his work of maintaining peace and the greatly to be desired avoidance of any rupture between his country and ours.

In this country it has become the fashion to refuse to look and to see the danger our national existence is in. Popularity is obtained by going with the crowd, by promising everyone something for nothing, by refraining from anything so unpleasant as to remind the people that they have duties to perform as well as benefits to obtain. It has become the custom to retain popularity by saying, "All is well!" Germany counts upon this, Europe knows it; we alone are blind. I trust that Mr. Turner is among those "who see."

THOMAS MCLEOD.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Also and Perhaps. By Sir Frank Swettenham. Illustrated. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Art of Golf. By Joshua Taylor. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Call of the Bugle. By the Rev. Walter E. Bristow, M.A. Illustrated. (The S.P.C.K. 6d.)

Merrier England: A Pageant of Progress. By Kate Murray. (Co-Partnership Publishers. 6d. net.)

Perse Playbooks: No. I—Dramatic Work by the Boys of the Perse School, Cambridge. With a Foreword by Dr. W. H. D. Rouse and an Essay on "The Teaching of Drama." (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 1s. net.)

The Ridge of the White Waters ("Witwatersrand"), or Impressions of a Visit to Johannesburg, with some notes of Durban, Delagoa Bay, and the Low Country. By William Charles Scully. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

The Beyond that is Within, and Other Addresses. By Emile Boutroux, Member of the French Institute. Translated by Jonathan Nield. (Duckworth and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Baskish Verb: A Parsing Synopsis of the 788 Forms of the Verb in St. Luke's Gospel, from Leiçarraga's New Testament of the Year 1571. By E. S. Dodgson, M.A. (Henry Frowde. 10s. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law:—Vol. 46, No. 4. A Hoosier Village. By N. L. Sims, Ph.D. (6s.) *Vol. 47, No. 1. The Politics of Michigan, 1865-1878.* By H. M. Dilla, Ph.D. (8s.) *Vol. 47, No. 2. The United States Beet-Sugar Industry and the Tariff.* By R. G. Blakey. (8s.) *Vol. 48, No. 1. An Encyclopedist of the Dark Ages: Isidore of Seville.* By Ernest Brehaut, Ph.D. (8s.) (P. S. King and Son.)

A Little Book about Lake House. Compiled by Catharine Lovibond. (Brown and Co., Salisbury. 1s.)

Ireland Under the Normans: 1169-1216. By Goddard Henry Orpen. 2 Vols., with Map. (Henry Frowde. 21s. net.)

Mary Wakefield. A Memoir by Rosa Newmarch. (Atkinson and Pollitt, Kendal. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Mystery of Francis Bacon. By William T. Smedley. Illustrated. (Robert Banks and Son. 6s. net.)

A History of the European Nations from the Earliest Records to the Beginning of the Twentieth Century. By Angelo S. Rappoport. (Greening and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Grit Lawless. By F. E. Mills Young. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Waster. By Mrs. Henry Tippett. (John Long. 6s.)

The Ordeal of Silence. By a Peer. (John Long. 6s.)

Picture Tales from Welsh Hills. By Bertha Thomas. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

Lady Dorothy's Indiscretion. By Arthur Applin. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock, and Co. 6s.)

The Ban. By Lester Lurgan. Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Bright Shame. By Keighley Snowden. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Wings of Love. By C. Ranger Gull. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

Sable and Motley. By Stephen Andrew. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

VERSE.

The Odes of Horace (Books I-IV and the Saecular Hymn). Translated into English Verse by W. S. Morris, I.C.S. (Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.)

Horatii Carmina. Translated into Greek Verse for the First Time by Paneymolpos. No. I. (Parnassus Press. 2s. 6d.)

Larmes et Sourires. By Sir Jean George Tollemache Sinclair. Illustrated. (Privately Printed for the Author by MM. Chaix and Co., Paris.)

Silhouettes in Song. By Philip Henry Fish. (George Routledge and Sons. 3s. net.)

The Blue Communion. By R. A. Eric Shepherd. (Kegan Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THEOLOGY.

"Personal and Parochial": Being Notes of Addresses on the Seven Deadly Sins, and Letters on Parish Work. By the late Bishop King. (The S.P.C.K. 6d.)

EDUCATIONAL.

Local Government Handbook on Education. By H. Osman Newland. (Charles Griffin and Co. 6s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

The Bibelot; The Vineyard; Cambridge University Reporter; University Correspondent; School World; Book Monthly; La Revue; Deutsche Rundschau; English Review; African Times and Orient Review; Ulula; Modern Language Teaching; Peru To-Day; Harper's Magazine; Bird Notes and News; Mercure de France; Home Counties Magazine; Land Union Journal; Empire Review; N.R.A. Journal; Matriculation Directory; Bookseller; The Author; Century Magazine; Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement; Publishers' Circular; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Poetry Review; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; Scottish Historical Review; Bedrock; Garden Suburbs, Villages, and Homes; Atlantic Monthly; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Tourist Magazine, N.Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

DELICIOUS **COFFEE.**

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than

ordinary COFFEE.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

TO

SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.

WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.

VIA the SUEZ CANAL:

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.

(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE

PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the

MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC

by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

. . . Ports of Call . . .

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.

(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises Throughout the Year, according to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, 102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Isles, & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Thursday Fortnight.	London.
THE AZORES.	£17†	19.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
NORWAY.	From £1 a day	13 upwards.	June to August.	Grimsby & Leith.
BALTIC & RUSSIA.	From £1 a day.	24.	August 24.	Grimsby.
MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.

† Including Hotel Accommodation.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY, London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published by the Proprietor at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London E.C. Office for Advertisements, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	67
Change and Eternity ...	68
The Muse and the Kitchen...	68
Reviews:	
Cesare Borgia	69
Catherine II in a New Light	70
Frontier Fighting ...	72
The Thirsty Gods ...	73
A Baskish Lexicological Grammar	74
Farrago and Fantasy ...	75
Music during the Victorian Era	75
Bismarckian Diplomacy ...	76
Shorter Reviews	76
Fiction	77
The Theatre:	
The Irish Players ...	78
Two Plays at King's Hall	80
The Earl's Court Tourney	80
A Master of Pageantry at "Shakespeare's England"	80
Some Recent French Books	82
English Character seen through Italian Spectacles. —I.	83
The Magazines	84
The Fleet at Sea	86
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	88
Notes and News	90
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	90
Motoring	91
In the Temple of Mammon	92
Correspondence	93
Books Received	95

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

IT appears, as a contemporary has well phrased it, as though the chief ambition of Mr. Lloyd George is "to frame legislation that will set the whole country by the ears." Readers of THE ACADEMY may remember that we refrained from joining in the almost universal paean of praise that arose when first the Chancellor's scheme of National Insurance was published, preferring to hold an open mind on the question until more details were available. The disgracefully vague and unbusinesslike form in which the contentious Act has been cast has already led to the most unexpected results, from a threatened strike in the industrial North to a rebellion in the agricultural East, and its tangled web of clauses is the despair of those who have to administer it. Protests have come from all quarters, from employers and employed, and have ranged from serious, reasoned argument to the absurdity of burning the Act in public. Meanwhile the Chancellor poses as a benefactor to humanity rather too late in the day; he might have been, had his statesmanship and business ability matched his enthusiasm and his command of language.

It happened that one afternoon this glowing week we walked the flags of the Embankment to admire London's river, as do all good citizens when opportunity offers, and, having business Chelsea way, we made to embark on a steamer which looked cool and friendly and was temptingly labelled "Greenwich to Kew." We were briefly informed that there were no boats "up river" after four o'clock; and, there being still left three hours of hot sunshine (to say nothing of the warm twilight), we watched the fortunate voyagers start for the wild adventures of Greenwich, wondering, as we have so many times wondered, at the mysterious dispensation of those who govern London's river-traffic. Memories of the pretty little *bateaux mouches* of Paris, of refreshing evening trips to St. Cloud, increased our anger. Have we not also beauty-spots on our Thames within reach of a pleasant run, and would not many people on these semi-tropical evenings be glad of the chance to travel by water instead of a stuffy train? It is not the first time we have alluded in this column to the neglected possibilities of the river; we wish we could think that it would be the last.

The little paddle-steamer *Comet* launched a hundred years ago on the Clyde, which was the first regularly running steam-driven vessel in Europe, did not suggest to the minds of its builders the huge liners and the massive battleships of to-day; but the difference represents the quite natural and gradual progress due to constant experiment. By a similar route we have arrived at the splendidly equipped touring and racing car from the noisy, inelegant, odorous machine of a few years ago; and now that M. Bertrand de Lesseps has driven a car 300 miles, using a peculiarly constructed revolving "wing" as a propeller (thus doing away with all complicated intervening mechanism such as differential gears and clutches), there is no telling what may yet be in store. Transferring the argument to the science of flight, who knows what astounding events, what extraordinary developments of the aeroplane, may be seen during the next decade? Already we take no special notice of journeys of hundreds of miles through the air; fame is not now to be won by flying across the Channel. The recent triumph of the hydroplane marks a fresh stage, and, though the airman has yet to accomplish the feat of hovering stationary over a fixed point, he has made those who watch him feel that not many surprises can be left.

The twelfth annual gathering of the Cowper Society took place at Olney, Bedfordshire, on Thursday, July 4, and was well attended. A private meeting was held in the Cowper and Newton Museum, at which an arrangement was made that members of the Blake Society should interchange with the Cowper Society on terms of mutual advantage. After this the public meeting assembled, reinforced by the Northants Natural History Society. Lieut.-Col. Bowyer presided, and Mr. Thomas Wright and other gentlemen spoke on various matters of interest relating to the poet of Olney. It has been decided to ask the Lord Mayor of London for permission to hold the next meeting at the Mansion House. If this is arranged, Bishop Welldon has promised to address the members. The forthcoming book to be issued by the Society is entitled "Cowper and Blake," and is by Dr. Hubert Norman.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Change and Eternity

GONE is the sheen of the stars, and the last blown
gleam of the moon,
And the planets are hidden in cloud from the eyes of
their sister Earth;
Only the lonely wind, singing his olden tune,
Greets with a voice as of pain the hour of a new day's
birth;
For lost in the passing of days are bygone sorrow and
mirth;
And the wind, blowing over the graves of men who
smiled or sighed,
Wails through the lonely night for hopes that have no
worth,
Having seen all things that were fair, but none that had
hope to abide.

But the sun smites once and again, the mists dissolve
and divide,
And the eyes of morning shine like one awakened and
glad;
The wind is hushed at last, the sky shines blue and
wide,
And forgotten are gloom and sighing, and all that was
dim and sad.
Softly the hours pass by, silent and sunshine-clad,
Each with her word of delight, each with a flower at
her breast,
Till the last of them all is gone, and the rose that sunrise
had,
Glows changing and fades and darkens, afar in the
unknown west.

Then with o'er-shadowing wings, and cloud for a
shimmering vest,
Silver-shod, crowned with the moon, a queen in queenly
array,
Night comes, and bears in her hands dreams and a gift
of rest
And peace from fears that pursue, from secret hopes
that delay;
But above the veil of the deep is rent and riven away,
And the house of the stars is seen, and the ways of the
singing spheres
That sing in the height of heaven, in the light of eternal
day,
Unchanged of rising and setting, of fretting and change
of the years.

W. P. R. KERR.

The Muse and the Kitchen

IF that necessary but often irritating person, the "ordinary man," were asked to define his conception of a poet, he would probably picture for his questioner a being resembling himself in certain superficial matters, such as the possession of two eyes, a nose and mouth, arms and legs, but strangely different from himself in many other respects. Whereas he, the ordinary man, is level-headed and sober of mien (save for a period of annual intoxication known as a holiday), the poet, he imagines, is a wild-eyed, rather gaunt, and uncomfortable-looking creature, with long, unkempt hair, who talks and mutters constantly to invisible companions, who wears curious hats (or none at all), and who sits up all night breathlessly demanding inspiration for his poised pen. And in no matter would the difference be more emphatic than in that of sustenance. The poet, he thinks, lives almost entirely on air; toying absently with an occasional sandwich, dallying with cakes and coffee as a modern substitute for the obsolete ambrosia, his existence lies on a plane far above that where the art of the chef inspires his lowlier fellow-men. In fact, were the uninitiate pressed to give an absolute antithesis to poetry, he might very well say "Beefsteaks." He has never met a poet; he would rather not do so, since he feels by intuition that his sensations at such an encounter would be embarrassing, and he would not know what to talk about.

It is a pitiful thing, indeed, to shatter an illusion; but the simple, regrettable fact has to be put on record that your twentieth-century poet is an admirable trencherman. He no longer dines or sups apologetically in an attic near the stars on a slice of cold mutton, a corner of a loaf, and a glass of milk; dear, no! The circle of his melody is gently rounded with a delicate repast; the meal to him is a rite, a chord of music loud and long and splendid, harmonising perfectly, modulating, and dying away in sweet murmurs of wines and coffee and exotically tinted liqueurs. No more does he sit and scribble verses in squalid restaurants, retiring from the gaze of the public; on the contrary, he strides boldly through the flowered portals of hostels where dine the Epicureans, and, instead of a stony glare from the gigantic guardian, he receives a respectful salutation, as befits one who chooses his meats with care and knows how to use a wine-list. As to walking homeward—why walk, he asks, when there are taxi-cabs in plenty? And does his poetry suffer because he happens to be well fed? I hardly think so; for I have known several men who freely and honourably have earned the title of poet who answer this description fairly accurately.

Obviously, however, we must revise our ideas as to the unpoetic nature of things that are usually considered vulgar, such as beefsteaks. It would be comparatively easy to prove that the poetic sense depends almost entirely upon the satisfaction of the appetite. Let there

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

be ever so fine a view to be seen, we turn from it with weary hearts if we chance to be hungry; but confront us with it after a well-served meal, and we will wax as enthusiastic as you please. So desperately a part of ourselves is this philistine, fleshly demand of the digestive apparatus that the most exquisite sight of the sun's descent, "flaming with great wings red among the vapours," moves us not a whit if 'tis dinner-time and our body-half insists upon listening for the summons of the gong. It is a dreadful thought. We, who take pride in our intellect, in our love for the beautiful, in our appreciation of the higher things—to be brought so low as this, that the glittering array of the table should thrill us with a foretaste of bliss! What is dinner that it should lure us from a moon-rise at twilight—the most glorious moon-rise of all? And what is lunch that for it we should forsake the sea, shut ourselves in a stuffy room, and glow with pleasure over the preliminary pervasive odours arising from the kitchen?

Alas! Hard saying though it may be, we have to admit that the poet in us shakes hands with the cook; and, pursuing the theme, it is necessary to suppose that without that periodical aid from "below stairs" the poet in us would rebel and gradually pine away. What wonders have not been accomplished by good ale and honest fare in time of need—"ale, to beef what Eve was to Adam," as Meredith said. "Heroes know little what they owe to champagne," and we little know how much of the artist's visions is due to the mellow satisfaction of a leisurely dinner. Dr. Middleton, in some respects almost as notable an egoist as his prospective son-in-law, "misdoubted the future as well as the past of the man who did not, in becoming gravity, exult to dine"; and the ordinary man, given to dining with no poetic theories at the back of his head, need feel no shock of surprise at the discovery that the Muse no longer makes it a condition of service that her poet should starve. She has grown more sensible.

But one more question remains to be asked. Whence comes the prosperity of these seasoned rhymesters of to-day? Where flow the thin golden rills from which their coffers are replenished so delightfully? Ah! are there still further disclosures to be made for the wonderment of the ordinary man? Must we confess that the modern poet never attempts to live by his poems—that he is tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, and a great many other things in order to jingle the coins in his pouch, in order, in fact, to have the time to be a poet? Times have changed since Gay made a thousand pounds by his "Poems on Several Occasions," and there are so many would-be poets now that a patron for each is out of the question. And so, however much the poet of to-day wishes to live by his poems in posterity, to live in the present (and, therefore, to write his immortal lines), he wisely determines to attempt no feats of fasting, but to call on his kindly Muse—after dinner. If she no longer responds with an "Ode to a Grecian Urn" or a "Love in the Valley," can we blame her?

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

REVIEWS

Cesare Borgia

The Life of Cesare Borgia: A History and Some Criticisms. By RAFAEL SABATINI. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

Cæsar Borgia: A Study of the Renaissance. By JOHN LESLIE GARNER. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

HERE is a book that can scarcely fail to challenge attention. By many readers it will be regarded as an ingenious piece of special pleading. A tradition has grown up about the Borgias which has taken root very firmly in the minds of most men. They were mean, selfish, cruel, arrogant, infirm of purpose, but implacable of resentment. They were poisoners on a lordly scale. They were guilty of unnamable vices. There was scarcely a crime in the Decalogue that was not laid to their charge.

Such is the popular estimate of the character of Alexander Borgia and his no less notorious son. How far is it borne out by the facts of the case? That is the question that Mr. Sabatini has set himself to answer in this volume.

It says much for Mr. Sabatini—whom we have known hitherto as a romantic novelist—that he has refused to succumb to a temptation which in his case must have proved peculiarly strong. Since it was entirely impossible for him to make Cesare Borgia the hero of the story, he might have been pardoned—as he would certainly have been applauded—if he had made him the villain. But his sole aim has been to discover the truth. He has sifted the evidence with admirable impartiality, and the conclusion he arrives at is that the Borgias, though far from being angels of light, were less black than they are painted. He found them depicted as monsters, and he leaves them as men—albeit very bad men.

We have not the space to follow Mr. Sabatini in the various ramifications of his subject. His summary of the evidence with regard to the alleged secret poison administered by Alexander VI. will leave no doubt, we venture to think, in the mind of any candid reader as to the baselessness of the rumour. It appears to have been circulated immediately after the sudden death of Prince Djim at the Castle of Capua, and it has been maintained, in the teeth of all evidence, ever since. Mr. Sabatini finds no difficulty in disposing of the poison legend, however:—

> Considering that twenty-eight days had elapsed since his parting from Alexander, it was, with the best intentions in the world, rather difficult to make that poisoning credible, until the bright notion was conceived, and made public, that the poison used was a "white powder" of unknown components, which did its work slowly, and killed the victim some time after it had been administered. Thus, by a bold and brazen invention, an impossible falsehood was made to wear a possible aspect. . . .
>
> Before proceeding to inquire further into this par-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

> ticular case, let us here and now say that, just as to-day there is no inorganic toxin known to science that will either lie fallow for weeks in the human system, suddenly to become active and slay, or yet to kill by slow degrees, involving some weeks in the process, so none was known in the Borgian or any other era. Science, indeed, will tell you that the very notion of any such poison is flagrantly absurd, and that such a toxic action is against all the laws of nature.

A stronger reason for refusing to credit Alexander with the death of Djim is to be found in the fact—a fact to which Mr. Sabatini does not fail to refer—that by it the Pope lost an annual levy of 40,000 ducats, in addition to his hold upon the Turks.

Whether Mr. Sabatini has not taken a too lenient view of the Borgias is a question that may well be asked. It is true that the balance of blame needed some redressing, but one finds it difficult to repress a smile when one reads of the "apostolic zeal" of Alexander VI.! Mr. Sabatini refers to the Pope's Bull granting America to Spain, and the conditions under which that tolerably easy bequest was made. And then he adds, "Thus Alexander invented the missionary."

We confess that we rubbed our eyes after reading that last sentence. Surely there was some mistake. But no. There it stands in all its naked audacity. "Alexander invented the missionary"! And this a thousand years after the labours of St. Columba, St. Patrick, and St. Augustine! Words fail us.

One particular line of apology adopted by Mr. Sabatini we do most unfeignedly deplore. We do not think that the author's partial advocacy of the character of the Borgias is enhanced in value by the frequent references to the looseness of the age. There is a modern tendency to blame epochs rather than individuals. Mr. Sabatini writes of the Cinquecento as if it were some sinister and impersonal force from the inductable clutches of which its victims were powerless to escape. But if any period of history has a more unsavoury reputation than any other—which, perhaps, upon the whole, is a somewhat doubtful proposition—it is because the men and women living in it have failed to conform to that moral standard which is independent of the mere accidents of time. It is the men who are responsible for the age, and not the age that is responsible for the men.

Mr. Sabatini's portrayal of Cesare Borgia is finely done. With all his faults, this man, who crowded so much of action into his thirty-two years of life, lives in these pages as a veritable human being, and not as a mere puppet for universal execration. The book is one that will have to be read. Mr. Sabatini throws a flood of light upon an obscure and still hotly-controverted period of European history. He also helps us to understand something of the glamour and the glory, the sin and the squalor that are summed up in the one immortal word—Rome.

We wish we could say as much of Mr. Garner's treatise, but we fear it is impossible. Mr. Garner makes a great parade of fairness, but one is not long in discovering that he approaches his subject with a pronounced anti-Borgian bias. A great deal of industry has gone to the making of this volume, but it is united to a total inability to appreciate or even understand alike the men and the times of which it treats.

Consider, for example, such a passage as the following. Our author is referring to the Italian Renaissance:—

> Man had again discovered himself; he had become conscious of his faculties; he had found that he possessed a will that could carry him on to greatness in the many fields of human activity. Hitherto superstitious, ignorant, and bigoted, he had been taught that if he had ventured to use the intellect with which he had been endowed he would be eternally damned. Life to him was merely a painful pilgrimage between two eternities, through one of which he would be doomed to hell fire if in his mundane existence he dared to find any of the joy of living.

Mr. Garner is writing of the age of Thomas Aquinas! Or yet again:—

> The gloom and superstition of mediæval Christianity oppressed men's souls, consequently the subjects selected were hideous and lugubrious in the extreme—emaciated saints, representations of the Last Judgment, human beings writhing in the torment of eternal wrath. The Almighty was not a god of pity and love, but one of vengeance.

Mr. Garner is writing of the age of Thomas à Kempis—the age, too, which produced the gentle and joyous Francis of Assisi! Comment, surely, is needless. But the gargoyles on the walls of the great Gothic cathedrals of Europe survive to-day as an eternal refutation of Mr. Garner's reckless and random theories.

It is not, perhaps, surprising that a writer who fails so signally to understand the mind of mediæval Europe should do something less than justice to the character of even a Cesare Borgia. The truth, as we all know, lies between two extremes. But we think that Mr. Sabatini has got nearer to a just and discerning estimate of one of the most baffling and complex characters in Italian history than his latest biographer. Machiavelli was no saint, but even he would hardly have yielded an unstinted meed of admiration to a human monster.

Catherine II. in a New Light

The Comedy of Catherine the Great. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. (Eveleigh Nash. 16s.)

THE author of this most interesting work has rendered a great service to history in depicting Catherine II., the talented and beautiful Russian Empress, in an entirely new light, and one more in accordance with facts than is generally accepted. If Catherine, in her private life, left much to be desired, we must remember, as the author quaintly expresses it, that "she never had a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

chance," and before she was out of her teens was married to a man of low tastes and vulgar habits. She was also without any warning introduced into one of the most dissolute Courts in Europe, where morals as we know them were absent.

Married to a drunkard who kept a kennel of fox-hounds in her ante-chamber, and threatened her with imprisonment in a nunnery for life (a fate peculiarly terrible for a woman of Catherine's taste), it is not surprising that she soon found someone to rescue her from a dangerous and unenviable position. No matter how bad or how good a beautiful woman may be, she will always find someone to pity her, especially when mated to a brutal husband. Catherine, who was neither pre-eminently good nor bad, soon discovered a means of deliverance from the society of her wretched partner, who was eventually assassinated by her admirers and sympathisers in the Palace of Ropscha. She then ascended the throne, with the help of a coterie of brilliant and unscrupulous men, who committed untold crimes in her name, for which she is unfortunately too often held responsible by historians who were not acquainted with her precarious and peculiar position.

From that time she was ruled by a succession of able and unscrupulous ministers who would have soon treated the "German Usurper" as mercilessly as they did her husband had she not propitiated them with enormous largesses and carried out the policy they dictated. The so-called comedy presents the great Empress as she actually was. Henceforth she will appear in the light of modern history as "more sinned against than sinning," with all those intellectual and *spirituelle* qualities which, in a more healthy atmosphere, would have made her not only one of the most remarkable women of her time, but also one of the best. Her vicious environment was too strong for her, and this moral caricature of a great woman is the result. Forbidden to marry the only man whom she really loved, she endeavoured to find in the favours of a score of lovers that satisfaction which a virtuous woman should only find in one. Her life, when probed to the core, is in reality one long-drawn-out tragedy, and shows all the mischief that can ensue for misplaced affection and wasted talent. Poor Catherine was not even permitted to live respectably, and when she wished to marry Alexis Orloff, the handsome guardsman, she was informed by Panin, her Chancellor, that "Madam Orloff could never become the Empress of Russia!" One of the members of the Senate was even still more brutally outspoken, and voiced the general opinion concerning her future conduct in the following speech:—"We are delighted to see our Sovereign selecting subjects on whom to confer the favour of her affection, but we can never consent that men who are socially no more than our equals should presume to become our masters!" Catherine was not long in taking this hint, and since she was not permitted to marry either Poniatowski, the King of Poland, or Orloff, she endeavoured to drown her sorrow and regrets in the wildest dissipation, giving full play to her neurotic and passionate temperament, which, like a mighty torrent diverted from its proper channel, flowed in wasteful profusion in all directions. Potemkin who actually ruled Russia, continually discovered for the Empress fresh admirers, and was rewarded with palaces, estates, territories and millions of roubles in this questionable *metier*.

The Orloff brothers, who, with the aid of the guards, had secured her nomination to the throne, were rewarded for their "affection" and loyalty with seventeen millions of roubles (£3,400,000); also with estates as large as provinces and thousands of serfs. It is estimated that Catherine spent at least £80,000,000 on her various favourites, and left about thirty thousand matters of State unattended to. Notwithstanding her licentiousness, her extravagance and fickleness, there is evidence to show that she not only longed for a better life, but was to a great extent what circumstances and her peculiar temperament made her. In the plays, poems, diaries and other literary memoirs she has left, we can see the real Catherine better than in the narratives of many historians. We know from them that she was not only a great patron of the arts, but a passionate admirer of Shakespeare, and showed her appreciation of him by writing a series of plays "after the manner of William Shakespeare, without observing the customary rules of the grammar!" Catherine II., who ignored so many rules in everyday-life, could hardly expect to recognise the insignificant regulations relating to the stage. She not only aspired to be a literary woman, but cultivated the society of some of the most eminent literary men of her day, including Grimm, Diderot, Voltaire, and Rousseau. The costly manuscripts, books, cameos, statues, and valuable pictures she collected around her in the Hermitage, are evidence of her innate love for all that was beautiful and refining. With all her frailty, she was not so bad as is generally believed. To Poniatowski, whom she really loved, she wrote: "I feel the power over me of the man whom I love; may God preserve you for me, I shall be a better woman." A woman who could write thus could not be wholly bad. "Calumny," wrote the French Ambassador, "has not spared her moral character, but it must be allowed that while not entirely above reproach, she was far from the excesses of which she was accused." Concerning Gregory Orloff, the same Ambassador is far more scathing in his remarks.

In her daily life she was temperate, energetic, studious and systematic. She rose at five o'clock, lighted her own fire in order not to disturb her attendants, and showed the greatest consideration for them. No wonder there were many who loved her, in spite of her infirmities and weaknesses, and wept when she died.

This interesting volume, full of anecdote, should be read by all who care more for the facts of history than for useless fiction. One leaves the perusal of these pages with a feeling of pity that the life of this great woman should have been so wasted, and I must agree with the author that Catherine was a woman, not only of exceptional ability, but also of exceptional character. The whole of the work is written in a vein of charitable,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

good-natured humour and satire. Its fault is its title, which should have been the "Tragedy of Catherine the Great." This hopeless pursuit of high ideals in the midst of corrupt surroundings was no comedy, but a veritable tragedy: the tragedy of a woman naturally good and gifted, forced by her environment to lead a life totally different from the one she would have chosen had her lot been cast otherwise.

W. BARNES STEVENI.

Frontier Fighting

Campaigns on the North-West Frontier. By CAPTAIN H. L. NEVILL, D.S.O. Foreword by FIELD-MARSHAL THE EARL ROBERTS, K.G. With Maps and Illustrations. (John Murray. 15s. net.)

WHEN Lord Dalhousie annexed the Punjab on March 29, 1849, from the Sikhs, after the second war with them, the British Government in India inherited a legacy of all the troubles which the great Mahárájá Ranjit Singh and his successors had experienced on their frontier with Afghanistan and the regions adjacent thereto. The turbulent and fanatical tribes, of whom the Afridis are the most powerful, on either side of a very unsettled and elastic frontier, acknowledged no master, and had never been properly subjugated. The first military expedition in 1849 on the Yusufzai border, was occasioned by the refusal of British villages to pay revenue, an act of contumacy in which they were aided by villagers from independent territory. Since that commencement the Government of India were engaged up to and including 1898—according to a Parliamentary Return (moved for by Mr. John Morley in that year) showing the wars and military operations on or beyond the frontiers of British India—in sixty-one expeditions, exclusive of the second Afghan war, on the North-West frontier, undertaken to resist aggression, punish attacks, raids, and robberies, repress disturbances, the commission of outrages, and religious outbreaks, exact satisfaction for murders, briefly, to maintain peace and the British prestige all along the line.

Captain Nevill's object is to make available to the military student and everyone, including political officers, interested in the subject, an historical summary of our frontier expeditions and the lessons to be learnt from them. He appends to his book a chronological table of forty-eight North-West Frontier Campaigns, with which he has dealt; he has, therefore, apparently omitted some of the less important mentioned in the official return. They have not all been of the same magnitude. Sometimes only a few hundred troops have been engaged; in Tirah in 1897 there were 43,700 troops actively employed. Captain Nevill has consulted all the best-known works and official publications, including Paget and Mason's Record, which has naturally become incomplete in the course of time; and he has incorporated various tables, such as the strengths of the Field Forces engaged on twenty-seven expeditions, the war services of British and Indian regiments on this frontier, the Civil and Military "Rulers in India" since 1767, and the brief but excellent orders issued to the Field Forces under his command by Sir Neville Chamberlain, one of the greatest military frontier officers of all time.

Captain Nevill has thus produced a book which should be carefully studied by every officer stationed on any frontier of India; as a work of reference it will be invaluable to all engaged in frontier operations hereafter. The author has properly avoided entering into the political grounds for these expeditions. Their policy is decided elsewhere, before or while such operations are undertaken, and often is not disclosed at all: as a junior military officer he could hardly be cognisant of, or become acquainted with, the politics of the frontier, except so far as they appear in the reports of the military operations, which afford ample material for his pen. His general method is to state the facts and results of the expeditions, and then to review them. His review of the first period comes down to the year 1890; the subsequent reviews are more frequent, sometimes applying to a single expedition. In these portions of the work principles are elucidated and attention is called to the varying circumstances which necessitated the application of different tactics, as required in the many operations recorded. For instance, in reviewing the Chitral campaign of 1895, he writes:—"In India the three great lessons which have been taught in the past from our constant wars in that country have been: 'Never refuse battle,' 'Never show a sign of hesitation,' and 'When you get the enemy on the run, keep him there.' All these precepts are well illustrated in the operations under consideration." These are pithy and weighty maxims, which anyone can remember. There is a most useful Chapter XXIV., which summarizes in compact form the lessons to be deduced in the shape of Precepts and Examples for Mountain Warfare. The seventeen Precepts are so brief that they could easily be committed to memory: they are referred in each case to sections of the Field Service Regulations which every officer has to study. Examples are given of successful practice of the precepts, with warnings of mishaps which may attend their non-observance.

But Captain Nevill is not content with historical accounts of past expeditions; though a junior officer himself, as he admits, he boldly faces the questions of the future. As the principles of mountain warfare have changed since 1849, so they are continually progressing. Our strategy and tactics will have to be varied to meet altered conditions, such as improvement in the armament of the enemy and increase of their knowledge of war. It is notorious that, through the neglected gun-running in the Persian Gulf for some years, a traffic in arms sprang up on the frontier, which has resulted in the tribesmen being much better equipped than ever before with arms of precision and supplies of ammunition. It is a problem for British military science to recover the superiority in these and other respects which has slipped away. Wireless telegraphy, air vessels, noiseless firearms, improved artillery, the mono-rail, are

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

suggested as directions in which a superiority in preparation can be regained. But actual experience of frontier warfare will always be the best schoolmaster, though the fees may be heavy. There is no reason to suppose that the frontier will always remain quiet, as it happens to be for the moment. After its definition in the Durand agreement of 1893 with the Amir, the boundary of Afghanistan was brought under demarcation. and our administrative frontier was similarly verified, to limit the respective spheres of influence. The tribes living in the intermediate belt of country are in perpetual dread of being absorbed by Afghanistan or the British Government; they love their independence, they know the strength of their wild hills and secluded valleys, they furnish recruits to our Indian Army, they have access to our territory, and any good or bad reason or fancy may set the frontier ablaze any day.

This work will show the difficulties which have been hitherto encountered in respect of the climate, the maintenance of communications, transport service, food supplies, the use of cavalry, rear-guard actions, the want of preparation, the neglect of precautions, ambuscades, night attacks, sniping, surprises. The general reader will find the number of names of tribes and places rather trying, but they are for the most part traceable on the excellent maps which Captain Nevill has provided. His glossary of Hindustani words and military terms will be greatly appreciated. His rendering of the word *morale* appears hardly to include the sense in which it is applied to the mental condition of a military force. There are some slight slips among the names in Appendix C. Lord Lake was not Lieutenant-General Gerard, and General Lord Hugh Gough is a misnomer; but these are small matters. Captain Nevill's book fully deserves the cordial recommendation which Lord Roberts, perhaps the greatest living authority on Indian frontier warfare, has recorded in his brief Foreword. Exception may be taken in detail by individual officers to some of Captain Nevill's accounts of particular expeditions, but no doubt can be entertained of the general value of his work.

The Thirsty Gods

Les Dieux Ont Soif. By ANATOLE FRANCE. (Calmann-Lévy, Paris. 3f. 50c.)

SOME years ago a critic spoke of Anatole France as the Erasmus of our days. Anatole France has, at any rate, this of Erasmus beyond his learning, that he surveys the world from outside, and while he wishes it well, of course, he feels no responsibility for its mistakes and crimes, he does not groan over them or complain of them or even laugh at them, he understands and recounts them simply. In this book he tells the history of the Terror, that river of blood which was the outcome of the philosophy of Rousseau acting on a nation of half-enfranchised serfs. The old-world symbolism of the title pursues us throughout the story.

Its central figure, Evariste Gamelin, has a conscience, reason, high qualities, and sentiments; but becoming a member of the revolutionary tribunal, and believing with all his soul that a new society is coming to birth, his logic, reason, and conscience do but push him to the worst excesses of sanguinary brutality. He is ready to suffer anything for the happiness of the human race, and equally so to inflict any amount of suffering on others to the same end. Two women come into his life—Elodie, who loves him for what he is, and Mme. de Rochemaure, who is interested in the personage he has become. The latter is a woman who cannot resist the temptation to mix herself up with any political intrigue, and she brings not only her own head but those of her innocent friends to the guillotine.

The best-drawn figure in the book is Elodie, daughter of the print-seller, for whom Gamelin painted and drew. She is a charming creature, her simple wiles all bent on the pursuit of love and happiness, her devotion sharpened by a touch of fear as her lover comes to her steeped in blood. We meet an old friend, too, in the person of Maurice Brotteaux, a ruined financier, a *ci-devant* noble reduced to making children's toys for a living, one of the race of Jérôme Coignard and M. Bergeret. Reduced to the most abject misery, he remembers that life is not altogether bad, that there is beauty, the pleasure of knowledge, the memory of his happiness in a time when the art of living was at its best. He is an Epicurean; and a worn volume of Lucretius is his constant companion. He rescues in pure goodness of soul a young woman picked off the streets, and he shares his garret, at the risk of his life, with the Père de Longuemarre, who goes triumphantly to execution with one sole grief, that his judges will persist in calling him a Capuchin, whereas he is a Barnabite. Evariste follows his victims to the guillotine in the last days of the Terror, and the book ends as it began, with the simple everyday life of Paris going on placidly, unstained by the blood that soaked the ground.

Certes, Anatole France's history of the Revolution is a very different one from that of the text-books. No passionate declamations, no epic struggles, no heaving and struggling crowds press through these pages. The Terror is there indeed; we know it because every day we learn that some acquaintance is accused, or condemned, or in exile, but the daily life goes on unshadowed. A young man is pursuing a pretty girl, caught by the glance of a curl and a bright eye under a bonnet, and is cut off from her by the passage of a guarded waggon through the street; he tries to break through the horses and the guards, and fails. But this procession is the first of the revolutionary tumbrils going from the tribunal to the guillotine. And in this way Anatole France writes history as it appears to a contemporary, stripping the most important events of the consideration which they only acquired long after they had occurred. The passage of a pretty milliner was at the moment of more importance to the youth than the first stroke of the Terror. The foundation of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

terrible revolutionary tribunal brings Mme. Gamelin her daily bread.

Anatole France's books are not of a nature to encourage an undue optimism in his readers. He strips our motives one by one of all the high-sounding qualities with which we have clothed them, and brings us down to the primal motives which have influenced mankind from its birth—love and hunger. It is not flattering to our self-esteem, but, at any rate, these motives have evolved humanity from the tree-ape through the cave-man; and however we may disagree with his analysis, we must all agree that the master has lost none of his marvellous craft, and thankfully receive another masterpiece from the first and chief of the writers of to-day.

A Baskish Lexicological Grammar

The Baskish Verb: A Parsing Synopsis of the 788 Forms of the Verb in St. Luke's Gospel, from Leiçarraga's New Testament of the Year 1571. By E. S. DODGSON, M.A. (Henry Frowde. 10s. net.)

THIS volume is the latest instalment of what appears to be the life-work of its industrious author—the compilation of a Grammar of the Baskish Verb as exemplified in the "Testamentu Berria" of Leiçarraga. Its aim is wholesomely ambitious and its method pleasingly novel, and both qualities are justified by their results. Whether the Bible in any vernacular is, as a text-book, the line of least resistance to the acquisition of a language may be debatable; but a strong brief for an affirmative was drafted by Macaulay's memorable instance, and is signally endorsed by Mr. Dodgson's contributions to Heuskarian, or Baskish, scholarship. Like its predecessors, this section of the general scheme smoothes the thorny pathway to the Leiçarragan verb by helpful analyses and ample quotations from Calvin's version. One example will suffice from Luke vii, 18:—"CIETZOTEN. 2. Ind. imp. pl. 3. r. pl., r. i. s., aux act. *They had them to him.* ETA CONTA CIETZOTEN Ioannesi bere discipuluec gauça hauc guciac. Toutes ces choses furent annoncees à Jean par ses disciples. *Καὶ ἀπήγγειλαν Ἰωάννῃ οἱ μαθηταὶ ἀυτοῦ περὶ πάντων τούτων.*"

Here, as in all other instances, evidence and conclusion are presented as in a nutshell. The Greek text used here and there to parallel the Baskish, and to show its superiority to Calvin's version, is that adopted by the revisers of the A.V.; the French is Calvin's from the edition of 1566, which Leiçarraga and his co-translators consulted largely in preparing the now famous Baskish version of 1571. To English and French students possessing a working acquaintance with Greek this parallelism cannot but prove of the utmost advantage in obtaining a clear and speedy grasp of the moods and tenses of the immense Heuskarian verb. The numerous textual and foot-notes are further etymologically valuable, though they are inserted in what at first sight may seem a somewhat quixotic fashion, in French and English alternately. The reason for this arrangement, however, is soon abundantly clear, as the book presupposes in its readers a knowledge of both languages. A good proportion of the etymologies propounded are distinctly independent fruits of the author's own researches.

In my judgment, therefore, the work is entirely *sui generis*. It is not a pendant to Van Eys's "Outlines of Basque Grammar," nor to any similar production; but is a safe and agreeable substitute—at least, in the matter of the verbs—for any one of them; a book not only for beginners, but also for the most advanced, a storehouse of invaluable reference. The author rightly calls it "A Lexicological Grammar, or a Grammatical Lexikon"; and whereas the genus grammar ordinarily repels by its complexity, this will attract by its outstanding clearness and simplicity. The service thus rendered by it to the cause of philology generally, and to the study of an ancient and curious tongue is inestimable. That mistakes should occur (such as "Show ye" for "Have ye," S.V. IETZOCVE, p. 78; "When he had to them" for "When he had them to them," S.V. CERAVZTENEAN, p. 148, etc.), and be overlooked in the proofing, in so intricate a compilation, is perhaps inevitable, and the more so because the author has had no assistance in the revision, yet is so conscientious that he has already issued a *corrigenda* thereof. Mr. Dodgson was the first to obtain from any University a degree as a reward for Bascological studies, and in the opinion of many is deserving of a still higher one. It is to be hoped, at least, that some British University or patron of learning will come forward to defray the publishing cost of the remainder of his synopsis before his eyesight and energy are on the wane, so that its full value may be realised, instead of being only partially so from the fragments already available. With reference to the note on p. 199, Mr. Dodgson has discovered that G. Jerment borrowed, directly or indirectly, his allusion to Leiçarraga's books from the "History of De Thou," as quoted by M. Julien Vinson on p. 29 of the "Bibliographie Basque."

Of Leiçarraga's classic itself it only remains to be noted that, with the exception of some objectionable Latinising, such as "murmuratzen," "glorificatzen," "lamentatzen," "scribuz," etc., it has, like our own A.V., long been and will remain a standard of vernacular purity of idiom and diction. England possesses four out of the twenty-seven copies extant, the finest of which lies in the John Rylands Library, Manchester. Though belonging to the first or less perfect issue or edition of 1571, the condition of its binding (embossed, gilded parchment, apparently French sixteenth century workmanship) and typography is, *me teste*, a joy to the book-lover, and Mr. Dodgson is to be congratulated upon having notified his discovery of it to European and American Bascophiles.

JOHN BERNARD MCGOVERN.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Farrago and Fantasy

The Four Men: A Farrago. By H. BELLOC. (Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)
The Green Overcoat. By H. BELLOC; with Illustrations by G. K. Chesterton. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 6s.)

FOR a considerable time the reviewers have been asking Mr. Belloc for a second "Path to Rome," and perhaps this first volume, in praise of Sussex, is a result of that constant prompting; however that may be, "The Four Men" does not ascend to the excellent heights of the former book. For one thing, the redoubtable four, who meet and tramp across the county to the border, are all and each Mr. Belloc himself; they pass by the names of "Grizzlebeard," "The Sailor," "The Poet," and "Myself," but each one speaks and phrases in precisely the same style, so that the effect becomes slightly monotonous in time. The air of jollity and satire, of wide spaces and wind and sun, which we associate with Mr. Belloc's best moods, is here in plenty; so also is the tendency to indulge in huge tankards of ale, bread and cheese, the fine healthy fare of the countryside; and the best tendency of all—the desire to discuss freely all things in heaven and earth while swinging along under the open skies. And these discussions make the book worth reading, for although the voices are pitched in the same tones, the author manages to introduce points of view that vary and admit of pleasantly diversified argument.

Thus we arrive at a knowledge of what is "The Best Thing in the World"—"a mixture," according to the Poet, "wherein should be compounded and intimately mixed great wads of unexpected money, new landscapes, and the return of old loves"; according to the Sailor, "flying at full speed from pursuit, and keeping up hammer and thud and gasp and bleeding till the knees fail and the head grows dizzy, and at last we all fall down, and that thing (whatever it is) which pursues us catches us up and eats our carcases"; according to Myself, "the digging of holes and the filling of them up again" (which leads us on to a remarkable little essay, one of the fine pages of the book); and according to Grizzlebeard, who, tired of talking, turns away to clinch the argument, the best thing in the world is "sleep." With similar acceptable diversions the reader is beguiled through three hundred very pleasant pages, and, if at intervals he is moved to resent Mr. Belloc's adulation of his favourite county (having also known and loved, it may be, Cornwall, Devon, and the West, and found that Sussex is not to be mentioned in the same breath), he must remember that Mr. Belloc is a privileged person. Exaggeration so charmingly accomplished can be very easily forgiven.

If "The Four Men" is a "farrago," "The Green Overcoat" is a fantasy. It has its funny moments, the plot being started by the abduction of an overcoat on a rainy night by a storm-bound, absent-minded professor, who is thus mistaken for somebody else, is captured, and forced to sign a cheque; but 330 pages of consequences makes rather too much of a good thing. Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton have perpetrated a "lark," the only drawback being that the reader does not enjoy it as much as they apparently have done.

Music during the Victorian Era

From Mendelssohn to Wagner: Being the Memoirs of J. W. Davison. Compiled by HENRY DAVISON. Illustrated. (Wm. Reeves. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a disappointing book. It adds little or nothing of importance to our stock of information concerning music and musicians during the Victorian period. Very numerous are the volumes which have thrown light upon the subject in a fitful kind of way. Some of them are not unentertaining, though most of them are garrulous and gossipy rather than critical. We cannot call to mind any work of serious historical and critical interest which covers the ground, and such a book would be welcome. We had hoped to find something of the sort in Mr. Davison's memoirs. His reputation as a critic of music used to be considerable, and he had moved intimately in the musical world of his time. But the biographical portion of the book, extending, as it does, to 350 pages, is so diffuse, so unnecessarily laden with trivial and often irrelevant matter, that we rise from its perusal with but a confused recollection of its contents. It is as if we had been looking through a vast number of the portfolios of engravings which lie outside the second-hand bookshops of London or Paris, in the hope of discovering some one or two scarce, spirited, or interesting prints.

A number of Mr. Davison's articles from the *Times* and other journals are given at the end of the volume. They are written with a certain rather florid effectiveness, and there is no concealment of the author's opinions or predilections. Those from the *Times* are much the best, both in matter and manner. Mr. Davison was, no doubt, an able journalist, as well as an educated musician; but as a critic in the higher sense he makes but little impression now. His prejudices were very strong, yet in some of his later writings there is discernable a desire to be open-minded; though as late as 1881 he could still say to a friend, "How you can regard Schumann and Mendelssohn as equals is altogether beyond my comprehension," and "The music of 'Parsifal' is simply execrable." At an earlier day he had written of Schumann that he was "a noble failure." The letters from Berlioz are, perhaps, the most interesting in the book, and here and there are scraps of information which, at any rate, can raise a smile. To us who remember Joachim in later years it is certainly curious to read of the great man playing fantasies composed by himself on "John Anderson, My Jo," and the "Blue Bells of Scotland" at a Philharmonic concert! Jullien is a figure that attracts us in these pages, and we read with sympathy of Sterndale Bennett and Macfarren. Mr. Davison himself seems to have won the friendship and affection of many distinguished persons, but we cannot say that the impression given of him in these

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

memoirs is altogether pleasing. Had the editor practised more "tact of omission," he might have presented us with a more successful portrait of Mr. Davison, both as a man and as a musician, and, had he cut down his book to one-third of its size, he would still have included all that was worth preserving.

Bismarckian Diplomacy

Les Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871: Recueil de Documents publié par le Ministère des Affaires Etrangères, Tome V, 6 Novembre, 1864—27 Février, 1865. (Gustave Ficker, Paris.)

THE interest of the present phase of the diplomatic war between France and Prussia centres in the relations between the latter Power and Austria and in the position of the secondary and minor German States. It had become already patent to Austria that she was enacting the part of the "dindon de la farce," but she was without a leading mind, and the devotion of Francis Joseph to King William was a very doubtful asset. It is true that the leading dupe, Rechberg, had retired from the scene and been replaced by Mensdorff, and that the French diplomatists occasionally discerned in the attitude of Austria "une expectative habile," but it is impossible to read into these pages anything but her decline and impending fall.

The problem that was exercising the numerous third parties to the Danish imbroglio was to know what advantage Austria could possibly hope to get out of it. It was indeed a baffling conundrum. Bismarck, for instance, told a French representative, in a moment of confidence, that Austria could have her share in the sequestered Duchies if she liked; "mais vous connaissez la fable du Renard et de la Cigogne: notre alliée est placée bien incommodément pour jouir du repas auquel elle voudrait participer." On the subject of Venetia the German Chancellor was simply dumb. His plan was to wait to "éterniser le provisoire dans les Duchés" and elsewhere, to play, as he said himself, the successful rôle of Fabius Cunctator.

The true Austrian policy, on the other hand, was probably to bring matters to a head; energetic action could not have cost more than inertia actually did. Competent observers considered that Austria had a great chance of restoring her prestige by putting herself at the head of the secondary States, who were tired of being browbeaten by Prussia. The events leading to the evacuation of Schleswig-Holstein by the Saxon contingent are a case in point. Bismarck had told them to go, and on their refusal had threatened their country with invasion. The Diet discussed the evacuation; Austria, it seems, put Prussia in a majority on this question, to avoid one of Bismarck's "coups de tête." The Prussian Chancellor admitted afterwards that, if he had been thwarted by the Diet, "il aurait passé outre"; what is stranger still, he seems to have wished to be in a minority, in order to settle the question on his own lines.

The Cunctator policy had almost matured at the end of this period; annexation of the Duchies had become practically the only probable solution; Prussian suzerainty was almost popular in the conquered provinces, and the idea of a Prussian navy smiled on the rest of Germany. The Saxo-Bavarian attempt to form a "troisième puissance" in Germany had definitely failed. An interesting side-light is thrown on English policy; Queen Victoria seems at the outset to have exercised a decisive influence as against Palmerston in favour of Germany, and to have prevented any pro-Danish demonstration.

Shorter Reviews

The "Bookman" Keats-Shelley Memorial Souvenir. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton. 1s. 6d. net.)

THERE are many much more pretentious works than this that are not half so useful or interesting. We learn that Mr. St. John Adcock has been responsible for getting it up, and we must congratulate him on the result. The photographs of the persons concerned in the late celebrations were perhaps unavoidable in such a souvenir; but they do not greatly matter. It is far more to the point that a most admirable choice displays itself in the selection of the illustrations that in some way throw light on the two personalities that have occasioned the monograph. There are few drawings or paintings, either of Keats and Shelley, or those with whom they came most intimately into contact, that are not reproduced here. In addition to this, there are also a number of special articles and poems. Some of these are reprints specially gathered together, such as sonnets by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Browning's "Memorabilia," and reminiscences by Arthur Severn. There is, in addition to this, an article on "Shelley and Keats in the Twentieth Century," by Mr. Buxton Forman, and an article that we do not recall as having seen before, by Mr. William Watson, on "Shelley as Poet." Altogether, this is a souvenir that is not as other souvenirs are. Yet it is by no means a pharisaical, but quite a gay souvenir; and we confidently say that all those who possess it will carefully keep it against a day of need.

The Lower Depths. By MAXIM GORKY, translated by LAURENCE IRVING. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

IT is not a year since this play of gloom was produced at the Kingsway, but probably it is not widely remembered. In its book form, without the aid and attraction of an enthusiastic cast, "The Lower Depths" is more depressing than ever, and really M. Gorky and Mr. Irving might remember how easy it is to make us miserable, and how much more worth while it is to re-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

form us by some kind of subtle entertainment. Such a picture of the lives and misfortunes of a group of tatterdemalions may, of course, show the highest art, but in this case the gross agony is too full for the work to be one of real distinction. There is, doubtless, a class of mind—simple and curious—that will delight in this style of drama, but to the experienced and the critical, the balanced and the knowing, "The Lower Depths" lacks the beauty which should underlie every work of art, however coarse or however refined its subject. That it is a brilliant study in its particular class is already well known. That it is a high form of art we beg to doubt. Mr. Irving's translation may be a very just and true one, but it does not always convince, and, of course, he does nothing to add beauty to the original. We are inclined to quote "Satine's" last line when we think of this example of Gorky's work: "Ah! . . . he's spoiled the song. . . ." Life is not quite such a terror as "The Lower Depths" would lead the reader to suppose.

The Girls' School Year Book, 1912. (The Year Book Press. 3s. 6d. net.)

Matriculation Directory, June, 1912. (Burlington House, Cambridge. 1s. net.)

The Social Guide, 1912. Edited by MRS. HUGH ADAMS and EDITH A. BROWNE. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE object of "The Girls' School Year Book" is "to provide a record, at once comprehensive and concise, of all matters of interest to parents, schoolmistresses and girls in connection with Secondary Education." From a cursory glance through the 640 closely printed pages of the volume it would appear that the intention of the compilers has been exceedingly well carried out. Part I deals in considerable detail with the principal schools for girls in Great Britain. The schools are arranged in alphabetical order, and a short description is given of each one. Part II is a most useful portion of the book, as it deals with the future career of girls when they leave school. We would here like to make a suggestion that some indication of the contents of this second portion should be given either in the title or sub-title of the book, as it is a most handy and complete guide to the various occupations now open to women.

The "Matriculation Directory" contains the list of examination questions set for candidates in June last, and will be of interest to intending candidates for future examinations.

"The Social Guide" contains a well-arranged calendar of all events that have taken or are likely to take place during the present year. Particulars are also given of all large associations in connection with social life, together with many pages on sport of all kinds. It should prove a most handy reference book to all visitors to London, as well as to the resident population, as it supplies information with regard to prices, requisite dress, and means of access to those functions so intimately associated with London's amusements.

Fiction

The Woman Between. By EDMUND BOSANQUET. (John Long. 6s.)

A SUGGESTION was put forward some time ago by a literary critic to the effect that Shakespeare's plays, if modernised by capable hands, would make better novels than the average output of publishing houses of to-day. The author of "The Woman Between" has stopped at eighteenth century drama instead of going as far back as Shakespeare, has brought forward the men and women of that time into the atmosphere of twentieth century life, and has produced a really creditable story by this means. The hero, Ned, although a most modern guardsman, has no place in twentieth century life really: he is the impetuous, warm-hearted Irishman of one hundred and fifty years ago. Philip, the villain, incidentally a Napoleon of finance, would figure equally well in eighteenth century dress, and the heroine is a modernised edition of the damsels who haunted Vauxhall and like places in their palmy fashionable days.

The scheme succeeds, and we are very much interested in these people and their doings. The story is told in a most engaging style, and its only weak point, as far as we can see, is the sudden conversion—albeit by rather drastic methods—of Philip to comparative morality and respectability. It seems hardly credible, bearing in view the attitude which he maintains for three-quarters of the story, that he should develop complaisance with the views of more respectable people, no matter what pressure might be brought to bear on him, but we console ourselves by reflecting that perhaps he went back to his old ways after the last chapter, in which the hero and heroine escape beyond his reach.

We credit the author with a rather fine sense of humour in some parts of this work, and with an excellent gift of characterisation throughout. Some of his minor characters—notably the squire and his wife, are admirably drawn. It is, on the whole, a very interesting story, and well told at that.

Cairn Lodge. By ANTOINE LE BOROVSKI. (Murray and Evenden. 2s. net.)

WE learn from an announcement of the publishers in *The Author* that the writer of this blood-curdling "shocker," which is dedicated, by the way, "To my distinguished father," is a woman. We wonder how that distinguished parent received this mark of filial regard, for we doubt if any man of sense and sensibility, let alone distinction, could welcome with joy such a production as the work before us. The wrapper bears an illustration depicting a muscular young woman in the act of gripping a prostrate old man by the throat, which may, perhaps, attract readers with morbid minds. Those, however, whose nerves are not strong will rightly regard it as a warning to avoid such an extremely unpleasant place as Cairn Lodge. It is true that nothing very gruesome occurs there during the earlier part of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the narrative, but the latter half of the book positively bristles with horrors. The authoress shows some little skill in sketching sundry types of shabby, impoverished gentlefolk, but we cannot praise her delineation of her chief characters, who comprise a bibulous and degraded old satyr, the said satyr's daughter, and one of the daughter's girl-friends, whom the satyr persecutes with loathsome attentions after previously frightening his poor old wife to death. Both this hoary old scoundrel and his implacable daughter are very much overdrawn; they do not resemble human beings, and we can take no interest in them. If nightmare were a desirable thing, "Cairn Lodge" might be deserving of commendation, but as horrible visitations in one's sleep are usually unwelcome, we feel it only right to warn impressionable people against this two-shilling effusion of a distinguished female Borovskian mind.

Wings of Love. By C. RANGER GULL. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

WERE it not for the fact that an airship is introduced into the opening chapters of this book, and that an airship race forms almost the last incident of the story, it could well be imagined that the author had taken us back to fiction of the harmless novelette type. There is the young and beautiful heroine who is hidden from public gaze by two unscrupulous persons until she shall attain her majority, when she is to be handed over with her fortune to a dissolute old Greek; there is the scheming and desperate woman who loves the hero; and there is the brave and noble hero. Seeing beauty in distress (the lady has scrambled down some trelliswork from a room at the top of the house in which she was locked), the hero promptly carries off the heroine in his aeroplane, and swears that he will guard her for evermore. The fight then begins in real earnest between the wonderful hero and the unscrupulous ruffians aided by the fair lady whose overtures the hero has rejected. Adventure after adventure is gone through, but an air of unreality hangs over the whole book. It is expected that when great matters are at stake the ordinary methods of detection will be surpassed, but when we are asked to believe that a man is placed in a coffin and motored from London to Brighton, and there threatened and tortured because he will not renounce all claim to the girl he loves, we think that the author is asking too much of the reader's credulity. To those who like a touch of the improbable with their romance, the book may possibly appeal, but for a modern story the methods savour far too much of the apocryphal adventures of a Deadwood Dick, Ned Kelly, or Dick Turpin.

The Grey Terrace. By MRS. FRED REYNOLDS. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

ANOTHER story of Cornwall from the author of "The Horseshoe" is welcome, though the plot, in some particulars, is rather strained, and one or two of the characters are not quite natural. Keith Trent, a young doctor, strikes a man in a London slum and finds that the man has died in his fall; Keith's friend Jeanne, also a doctor, certifies that the fall was not the cause of death, but the tender-hearted Keith is oppressed terribly by his deed. And when, later, he acts as *locum tenens* for a friend in Cornwall, and loses his heart to a girl who has said in his hearing that she would never have anything to do with a man who had killed another, the story begins to fascinate the reader. Its faults are precisely those which we indicated in Mrs. Reynolds' previous book; among them an irritating insistence upon needless minutiæ, such as the following:—

> Miss Patty was not apparently reading her companion's expression; instead, she was busy fitting the fingers of one hand exactly to those of the other. Either Miss Patty was nervous or her hands failed to pair, for the fitting process seemed fraught with difficulty.

And a little farther on we learn that "she had given up the unequal contest with her hands, that were clearly not a pair." This sort of thing is maddening when it occurs in a really good story by an author who ought to know better. Apart from these complaints, we can recommend "The Grey Terrace"; though never exciting, it is consistently interesting.

Elsie Lindtner. By KARIN MICHAELIS. Authorised Translation by BEATRICE MARSHALL. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE woman whose name gives the title to the present book is a very different character from the one we knew in "The Dangerous Age." The Elsie who left her husband's house in pursuit of the solitude of which she so soon tired was a person with whose selfish outlook the normal woman could have little sympathy. Elsie, as she reveals herself in the sequel to the previous book, is one for whom the reader can feel compassion, even though he may think her ideas mistaken. There is a glimpse of the true woman shining through the clouds of error, and a faint suggestion of the very human feeling of remorse for the mistakes she made when she renounced her rightful protector. A soul cannot be wholly lost which in its acute loneliness and despair looks round to see what joy it can bring into the lives of others; and in following the fortunes of her maid, and in the adoption of a small street urchin, Elsie finds consolation and a certain amount of happiness. At times the story rises to a certain lofty pinnacle, but the telling of so much of it by a series of letters is apt to detract somewhat from its force. We hope that the next book from the clever pen of Karin Michaelis will contain some laughter and fewer tears.

The Theatre

The Irish Players

WE have been very glad to notice in the Press that several writers have protested strongly against the barbarism of a number of boors who came ruthlessly tramping in across the beauty of "Riders to the Sea" at the Court Theatre. We have

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

more than once thought that this play should not be given at the opening of a programme. Each time we have seen it, it has been largely marred in this way. But this year it was terrible. Nearly all the way through the progress of the play, people in evening dress (one acquits the pit from the discourtesy) came flocking in, whispering, and throwing down their seats with a loud clatter. The vandalism was all the worse because of the charm of the piece. We do not know a moment of such intense and harrowing beauty in the theatre as when Maurya sprinkles the holy water over her son's dead body and laments her great lament. Miss Sara Allgood's interpretation of the part is one of the very great things that the Irish Players have to give us. This year she seemed rather more to be seeking her effect; but this probably was owing to the discourtesy that we have already referred to. And when she returns to her lament at the conclusion of the play, the extra strain was noticeable. We have always considered this return to be one of the great faults of the play (the other being a feeling that the illusion of time had been strained), because it is not possible that the human mind may twice within so short a period return to so poignant a pain. And when one felt a slight strain in the acting, the effect was the more pronounced. Nevertheless, for pure beauty, such beauty as is so high that it draws the mind tense with terror of a holy kind, "Riders to the Sea" stands out as incomparably Synge's loftiest piece of work. And Miss Sara Allgood as Maurya, in a moment of quiet, strong acting, realised for one the possibilities of that beauty.

Another such moment is the interpretation by Miss Eileen O'Doherty of the mother in "Birthright." She and Mr. Sydney Morgan as Maurya and Batt Morrissey have to carry the main burden of that fine play, while Mr. O'Donovan and Mr. Kerrigan as Hugh and Shane, the central figures of the action, make as fine a combination as could be wished. Each actor seems so suited to his part that it would be difficult to conceive of any other combination. The earthy strength and brutality of Batt, bitter in the realisation of the fact that each sod of earth on his farm is heavy with his sweat; Maurya, the housewife and mother, tenderly thoughtful of all, anxious to keep peace, and always unconsciously remembering the fact that her blood is gentler than her husband's; Hugh, who is his mother's own son, a boy striking for leadership and learning, and not at all the farmer by instinct; Shane, the younger son, who is precisely what his brother is not, a source of pride to his father (whereas his brother is only a source of pride to his mother), and who feels keenly, in his strong stubborn way, that it is his brother who is his mother's favourite, not himself: that is a combination that compels our sympathy in each unit of it. We can become separately identified with each. For the father it is right that Shane should be his successor in the farm, not Hugh, who is not a farmer, and of whom he is openly contemptuous. Yet the birthright is Hugh's, and it is inconceivable to the mother that it should be otherwise. All this is quite consummately done. For a first play, Mr. Murray shows the instinct of the dramatist in very pure quality. It is only at the moment of the crisis that he makes a slight mistake—though, to be sure, it is permissible enough. For when Hugh calls out on Shane that he is a "grabber," it is exceedingly doubtful if anyone without local knowledge would realise the bitter flavour of the word. One feels that it has a strong significance that can only be called local, but not the full meaning of it. That is unavoidable, perhaps. It must compel its own way, and ring an increasing conviction with time. The conclusion is as inevitable as it is tense, however, and that is very high praise.

We have already said in these columns that "Birthright" reads as strongly as it plays. To that we hold. But in that fact there is one fault that Mr. Murray needs, it seems to us, to attend to: a fault that shows itself more fully in "Maurice Harte." For to say of "Birthright" that it reads as strongly as it plays is not a very exact way of speaking. It may mean that its strength is apparent in the words; it may also mean that the words themselves have literary strength and virtue in their choice and arrangement. It is in the first sense that the words are to be understood in this case, and in that we imply a certain criticism of Mr. Murray's plays. It is an indisputable fact that no play wins itself through to permanent attention if it have not a literary excellence apart from the acting. And it is an equally indisputable fact that all plays that do not win themselves through in this way are a form of dramatic journalism. We cannot speak more highly of Mr. Murray than to say that the author of "Birthright" clearly does not intend merely to be such a dramatic journalist. Indeed, unless we much mistake, and if it has not discarded its intention and inspiration, the Abbey Theatre does not exist for the mere purpose of dramatic journalism, though as time proceeds the pull will inevitably be in that direction. But "Birthright" does call for a beauty of phrase, of word and cadence, that shall make its separate portions as memorable as its whole. Nevertheless, it stands out with "Riders to the Sea" in the purifying and exalting quality of its last great moment.

This year, after the struggle of the brothers, the end was quite unaccountably rushed. It is, as we conceive it, a great mistake. After the entry of Shane in the last act, the pace, despite one or two retardations for the purpose of a gathered impetus, should quicken and hasten until the fierce impetuous struggle of the brothers. Then the whole rush should halt, and the play should proceed with the slow deliberation of horror to the close. It is not necessary to say why. The logic of it in the emotions is surely self-evident. Instead of which, this year, after the pause when Shane discovers the terrible thing he has unwittingly done, the fast pace of the penultimate movement is continued to the end.

We have alluded to these two plays together because they both, in their wholly different ways, fulfil the great demand of tragedy. They both purify; they both exalt. In the modern misuse of words, which is always

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the result of debasement, tragedy has come to be thought of as identical with calamity. Yet they are vastly different things; and many and many a play that is called a tragedy is no more than a calamity—often in more senses of the word than one. When people, therefore, say that they have no wish for tragedy, often they mean no more than that they have a healthy objection to calamity. Certainly the quiet moments of awe at the conclusions of both these plays did not arise from distaste: they arose from exaltation and the hush of the purifying mood: and to have recovered that in the theatre is a splendid achievement.

Two Plays at King's Hall

THE Theosophical Art Circle, presumably as an incentive and an encouragement to us to join the revolt against the materialism of the present age, produced two plays by Clifford Bax at the King's Hall Theatre, Covent Garden, on Saturday evening last. The first of these, "Echo and Narcissus," was described as "a mystical interpretation of the Greek fable" associated with Narcissus' realisation of his love for Echo. Unfortunately, both from theosophical and artistic standpoints, the requisite lyrical atmosphere could not be attained by a weak company upon the stage. The transference of the imagination from the echoing boards of the National Sporting Club to a wooded vale in Arcady became a question of self-deceit. With the exception of Miss Gwendolen Bishop, who said her lines with great point and feeling, the elocution was poor and the interpretation feeble.

In "The Marriage of the Soul," an Egyptian mystery play, Mr. Bax, who is the author of "The Poetasters of Ispahan," the curtain-raiser at the Criterion Theatre, realised to a much greater extent the limits of symbolic treatment upon the stage. In the first scene a young priest wishes to renounce his vows because the sunshine of love has entered his heart. But it is too late—a funeral cortège is heard approaching the sepulchre, and the youth must once again recite the litany: at its conclusion he learns that the departed was his beloved! The second scene was set in the Hall of Double Judgment, and the soul of the departed priestess is about to be weighed in the scales of eternal justice. Her soul is lighter than a feather, there is no dross; the future is now for her to choose. She does not return to earth to search for her lamenting lover, but goes to the arms of Osiris. Mr. Robert Farquharson gave an impressive rendering of the character of the young priest, and the whole production attained a far higher level than the former play. During the evening Miss Mavis Yorke and a company of child dancers delighted the audience with a series of woodland dances. Mention must be made of Miss Yorke's solo effort, "The Moth," to music by MacDowell. The plays were produced by Miss Gwendolen Bishop.

The Earl's Court Tourney

FAIR ladies and gallant knights, glowing costumes and shining armour, prancing horses and nodding plumes, lofty grey battlements and a vast arena—what more could you wish, should your mind feel inclined to wander back a few centuries along the ages? Certainly the spectacular effect of the rehearsal left nothing to be desired. Under the vigilant eye of Mr. F. R. Benson and of Lord Lonsdale—who, although in twentieth century costume, cut a very fine figure on his splendid bay horse—the procession of knights and ladies came and went; varlets hastened to and fro, and the Queen of Beauty, enthroned, was borne in on the sturdy shoulders of her henchmen. The mounted quadrille, in which so many ladies and men of note took part, was carried out practically without a hitch, producing an effect that was perfectly entrancing. Concerning the main feature of the spectacle, the tilting itself, opinions varied. There were knights who dashed with enthusiasm into the lists, and broke their spears right gallantly upon the iron breasts of their opponents. There were others who ambled into the fray surely, but very slowly, and who, indeed, seemed rather in doubt as to whether the weapon in their hand should be treated as a lance or as an agricultural implement. Perhaps this was scarcely to be wondered at, considering the temperature which must have prevailed within those mailed suits In any case, the real majesty of the entire spectacle was one to be remembered. What a pity that such picturesque folk as these cannot be let loose in the Piccadilly of to-day! We have advanced in many ways, but not in the matter of costume.

A Master of Pageantry at "Shakespeare's England."

BY HALDANE MACFALL.

THAT historical painting, which was until lately held to be of the first rank in the art of colour, has been reduced to its fit and proper rank—and that not the highest rank—is no reason why it should now be sneered away as if not in the province of art at all. If historical writing, whether in drama or other literary form, shall be, and most fitly is, an important realm of art, then of a surety it is a legitimate province of painting that history should also be legitimately reconstructed to appeal to the imagination through the sense of vision. We are much inclined to overlook this fact to-day. Such being so, let us note at the same time that mere historical accuracy of detail cannot create art; it must be so employed that the artist uses it simply as part of the battery of the craft whereby he creates emotional illusion—in other words, the reconstruction of the past must be wrought in such skilful fashion that, whilst we are never fretted by the wrongness of detail, we are made to visualise the spirit of the past as

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

a reality, not as a museum fact. No man living is more richly gifted with this artistic skill than the veteran Royal Academician, Seymour Lucas. Yet by that strange oversight that seems to miss all significance in our native genius, his gifts are neglected and honours pass by him.

When State pictures of Royal events and suchlike pageantry are commanded, it seems pathetic that to incompetent artists is given the pictorial record of our mighty history, when so gifted a man as Seymour Lucas is amongst us for the achievement of it. Of so imaginative a poet as Brangwyn it may be said—and with justice—that his poetic record of a great event of State would sacrifice mere detail to the great dominant spirit of the affair. It may sound quaint criticism, but it is, on the other hand, legitimate criticism. Beside Brangwyn, of course, Seymour Lucas cannot be placed, whether for power or poetic gifts. Of Seymour Lucas, however, even whilst he would record the spirit before the detail, it must be said that, at any rate, he would do so without recklessness. And surely it would make for splendour to have the spirit dominant—the higher truth of the thing—rather than the bald commonplace coloured records such as afflict the Royal collections! What this artist could have made of State pictures it is easy to realise when we survey the consummate judgment of the man in the reconstruction of "Shakespeare's England" at Earl's Court—the most successful piece of the historical pageantry of England that it has yet been our lot to look upon—to say nothing of the finely designed and well-arrayed tourney that has been the talk of London. It is a thousand pities that this reconstruction of the Tudor tourney was only permitted to the ken of so exclusive an audience as was allowed to be present—for its excellence deserved a wide public. There may have been a shrinking in the minds of the descendants of some of the great historic houses of the land lest they should have been seen at play by the populace; but so finely wrought a performance put it above all dread of assault. However that may be, its achievement places it amongst the most brilliant reconstructions of the life of the past that it would be well possible to imagine.

The tourney, to touch upon the exclusive event first, was not without its ironies, its surprises, and its mishaps. The chief defect—an innate defect—was that, being merely an artistic reconstruction, the tilting of necessity lacked the reality, the pace, and the passion even of the joust; but it is the function of art to give the impression, not the mere reality; and the impression was skilfully achieved. "The Miracle" taught us much; and that the tourney had benefited thereby was obvious to the critical. Of the ironies was the strange fact that, whilst so tried and able an actor as Mr. Benson could not deliver his words so that they could be heard by the vast audience, Mrs. George Cornwallis-West spoke her lines with such remarkable power and clarity that not a word was missed from end to end of the huge place; not an inflection of the voice but was firmly uttered. But supreme above all other achievements was the craftsmanship of the man who had designed the costumes—the bays were with Seymour Lucas.

One could not help being struck again and again throughout by the freedom from tawdry, incompetent, or weak patches. The very men-at-arms who stand before the doors of the theatre or suchlike places are convincing. The brilliant woman who initiated this tribute to England's greatest son revealed her most able capacity in selecting the ideal man to fulfil her design; and it speaks well for her insight that she drew forth the modest personality of Seymour Lucas, and revealed his remarkable gifts to a public who had probably scant idea of these gifts.

Yet, as one looks back upon his career and record, it seems extraordinary that others of lesser gifts should have been honoured by the State, and Seymour Lucas passed by. The most scholarly member of the Royal Academy in all that relates to historical research and knowledge, the supreme authority on costume now living, perhaps about as fine an authority on armour, a man whose opinion is well-nigh final upon the history of furniture, it is a fit moment to remember that Seymour Lucas came to eminence at an early age as an historical painter. His "Gordon Riots" revealed him not only a scholar, but an artist gifted with powers to utter history in terms of the senses. He seems, like many others, to have been driven to portraiture, when his mastery lay in far other fields, wherein was scant harvest or career; and his dogged pursuit and scholarly habits had almost seemed to have made for obliteration when the modern vogue for pageant brought forth to blossom again the qualities of an artist who, if the State has been justified in its tributes to other painters, should certainly have been honoured.

There will be ever-increasing desire amongst our peoples, whether home or Colonial born, or our kin across the sea in the great English-speaking Republic, to pay homage to the genius of Britain's immortal son as the day of his tercentenary approaches; but of all the pageants in his honour it will be difficult to better the historical reconstruction of "Shakespeare's England" at Earl's Court. And whilst all praise is due to the initiative of the brilliant woman who schemed out its achievement, the bays rest with her lieutenant, the man who has designed it all with rare skill—Seymour Lucas.

In any country with a Minister of Fine Arts, such a scholarly artist as this must have received honours from the State; but we seem to muddle on, and discourage even the few able Academicians, whilst the very servants of the Academy are knighted, and great gifts of modern art are refused by those officially appointed to administer the arts, in order that the French national collections may be enriched. City gentlemen whose sole claim to title is that they have benefited themselves by commerce are dubbed freely; but the men of national significance—those who have laboured to utter all that is significant in the life of the race—the artists, whether painters or writers—indeed, the poets in whatever medium—are passed by! We are a strange people, most wonderfully planned.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Some Recent French Books

EACH year, in July, the schools of France witness a touching or imposing fête, according to their importance, when the distribution of prizes takes place. In a very small school, situated in the old village of Nouvion-en-Thiérache, in the department of Aisne, the annual solemnity of prize day assumes quite a familiar and one may even say patriarchal character. For it is M. Ernest Lavisse, director of the Ecole Normale, member of the Académie, and one of the leading French professors of the University, who presides at the little intimate fête. He insists on being present each year at the *distribution de prix* of the quaint little school, where, long ago, he used to sit as pupil on the well-worn forms. And can any picture be more touching than that of a universally known and admired student, the first professor of France, presiding over the distribution of prizes of one of the least important schools? No doubt, when M. Lavisse finds himself in the midst of all of those little villagers, he lives over again his childhood and early youth. It is therefore hardly surprising that he should have conceived the idea, in his later life, of publishing these recollections, "Souvenirs" (Calmann-Lévy. 3fr. 50c.).

M. Lavisse sketches the fleeting impressions of his youth in the clear, concise style which has greatly contributed to his reputation as historian. It is curious to note that he probably derived his love of history from the thrilling stories his grandparents used to tell him in his childhood. For they had been eye-witnesses of Napoleon's wars. They had seen the Prussians and the Cossacks; they had lived through days of terror and anguish. And it is not presumptuous to presume that it was to their vivid descriptions of the glorious Napoleonic era M. Lavisse must surely owe that love of history he has ever since retained. Everybody who claims to be more or less of a student has read, or at least has heard, of his important historical works; his "Origines de la Monarchie Prussienne" and his "Essai sur la Jeunesse de Frédéric II." may justly claim to be modern classics. It is therefore not astonishing that, whilst applying his talent to the analysis of self and of the influences which all contributed towards forming the spirit he actually possesses, M. Lavisse should have shown the same qualities which characterise all his greater works. And surely there can be no more pleasant pastime than that of reading pages written by one who, having attained his full intellectual maturity, sketches, in the autumn of his life, with exquisite sincerity, and with evident pleasure, the recollections of his youth.

Automobilism has, in almost every country, given birth to a new literature, which at first rather puzzled and bewildered us, but with which we are at present quite familiar and which we even enjoy. This literature is not nearly as voluminous in France as it is in England; nevertheless, it has made considerable progress, thanks to Henry Kistemaeckers, Maurice Leblanc, and R. A. Schayé. This last-named author has just published a most amusing book called "A l'Etape" (Bibliothèque Omnia. 3fr. 50c.), in which, in a series of short chapters, he sketches the little comedies and tragedies apt to befall automobilists. The mishaps of the road are fully described, and one guesses that M. Schayé, besides being a brilliant barrister, is also a first-class motorist. It would be difficult to analyse this little book, replete with humour. It is sufficient to say that it reveals a very deep knowledge of the psychology of the motor, which, after woman, would appear to be the most bewildering, maddening, contradictory, yet withal fascinating entity in all creation! Among other recent works, "Au Maroc" (Bernard Grasset. 3fr. 50c.), by M. Gustave Babin, presents an undeniable interest. M. Babin knows Morocco as very few Europeans know it. He has even approached the Sultan, and he narrates several conversations he had with Mulaï-Hafid. It seems that this interesting personage possesses a far more complex psychology than is generally believed, and that he may be reserving some pleasant surprises for France. M. Gustave Babin's book will greatly help those not quite familiar with the Moroccan question to grasp it thoroughly.

The *Illustration* published last winter, with a number of interesting photographs, Pierre Loti's description of his pilgrimage to the ruins of Angkor. This remarkable work has just been presented in book form by Calmann-Lévy (3fr. 50c.), and has very naturally attracted the attention it deserves. It is curious to note that in "Un Pèlerin d'Angkor," as in all his other works, Loti does not so much give us a detailed description of the marvels he has had the privilege of seeing; he rather describes his "état d'esprit" at a particular moment. We must not complain, however, of this continual analysis of self, subject to the influences of different climates, art, atmosphere, or even sentiments, for it is the medium through which the inimitable writer and exquisite colourist reveals to us as no other has ever done—excepting, perhaps, Lafcadio Hearn, and even then in quite a different way—the incomparable charm and melancholy of the tropics. The dominant note in all Pierre Loti's work is a serene sadness, and this characteristic is nowhere so noticeable as in "Un Pèlerin d'Angkor." The first chapter of the book, in which he speaks of his childish dream of seeing the "evening star rise over the ruins of Angkor," contains some of the most deliciously intimate, sincere, and simple pages the great prose poet has ever written. And we follow him as he guides us up along the rivers of Siam and Cambodia, under the drooping boughs of rare trees, all alive with the chattering of marvellous birds, to the vast, terrifying, imposing ruins of Angkor—glorious remains of a glorious civilisation, which the tropical forests seem to have furtively and silently swallowed up.

We cannot help regretting that M. Loti has indulged in so many repetitions, and that he should have been so hypnotised by the bats which dwell in the sombre galleries peopled by ghastly statues of decapitated or mutilated gods. Those nocturnal haunters of the disused sanctuaries have impressed M. Loti to a rather

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

unusual and unnecessary degree. On nearly every page the word bat occurs, accompanied by various adjectives, producing at length a really painful impression of heaviness and monotony. M. Loti should remember that *couleur locale* is not to be abused. In the last chapter of "Un Pèlerin d'Angkor" the author gives vent to the melancholy with which his soul is tinged, and to the intense spiritual unrest he has brought home from his innumerable voyages. He declares that the belief he has culled from the countless temples and shrines he has visited in all parts of the earth is the conviction of the sovereign existence of a God of Pity. If he had never written anything but the first and last chapters of this remarkable book, he would nevertheless have achieved immortality.

Mademoiselle Judith Cladel has drawn a curious and conscientious portrait of Mademoiselle de La Vallière in the collection of the "Femmes Illustres" (Nillson. 3fr. 50c.). She presents her heroine under a very favourable light, and expresses the utmost sympathy for the charming *favorite's* agitated life. And, indeed, as drawn by Mademoiselle Cladel, the personality of La Vallière is a most touching one. Her great and unfaltering love for the King has something of the sublime about it, and makes one momentarily forget her baser characteristics. But her end redeems her whole life, and the pages in which the authoress depicts La Vallière's admission into the Carmelite Convent and her humble life there until a very advanced age, are extremely interesting, on account of the details and analysis of character they contain. Mademoiselle Cladel is a conscientious, clever writer, possessing keen analytical qualities, somewhat lacking, perhaps, in fantasy and originality. Her book will nevertheless remain a precious document of the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. In the same series, "Ninon de Lenclos," an anecdotal biography of the famous *courtisane* by M. Emile Magne, also deserves mention. It is full of amusing details, and it will form agreeable holiday reading—but only for "grown-ups"!

There has been a rich harvest of novels lately, and "Le Ressac" (Bernard Grasset. 3fr. 50c.), by Camille Mallarmé, ranks certainly among the best. It contains some remarkable descriptions of Italy, being quite personal and showing keen observation. The psychological part of the novel is far inferior to the descriptive part. The heroine, though posing as having Anglo-Saxon tendencies, is rather incomprehensible. But as "Le Ressac" is a first book, it augurs well for the future, when Camille Mallarmé will have learnt, let us hope, to discriminate more clearly the flowers from the weeds which grow so abundantly in the garden of her imagination.

M. Georges Soulié has adapted into French an authentic Chinese novel called "Lotus d'Or" (Fasquelle. 3fr. 50c.), belonging to the seventeenth century. And he tells us in his preface that nothing has changed in Chinese social life since the time this work was written. Thus we are initiated to the intimate existence of a Chinese household, and we had better warn those persons who fear to have their moral susceptibilities ruffled or astonished that they would do better to continue to ignore the characteristics of conjugal relations in China. Lotus d'Or, the heroine, is a most alarming young person, whose chief virtue consists in not possessing any! Her husband, Simen the Glorious, is the happy owner of several such charming young spouses, and his polygamy has the deplorable result of bringing about his premature death.

It is indisputable that this book fills quite an important void in the general literature of to-day, and it is a faithful, exact painting of Chinese life, mentality, and sentimentality. It contains, moreover, some exquisite specimens of Chinese poetry, and the language and form of the whole work have a grace and colouring differing so essentially from those of our own literature that it proves irresistibly attractive. M. Georges Soulié has retained in his able translation all the charm of the Oriental phraseology and metaphors. This is, perhaps, the best praise we can bestow upon him, and let us hope he will soon initiate us to other Chinese novels, treating of "life, love, and hatred." MARC LOGE.

English Character Seen Through Italian Spectacles.—I

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG.

IF we in England have not succeeded in carrying out the injunction proclaimed by the Roman satirist to have proceeded from Heaven, "Know thyself," it is surely not from lack of instructors. From the Middle Ages down to the present day our national character has interested foreigners, who have described their impressions of us from different points of view. It cannot be said that our characters or our prospects as envisaged by the eyes of our Teutonic cousins and lately displayed to the world through German spectacles are particularly calculated to foster on our part an attitude of contented complacency. Perhaps kinsmen are more nearly aware of each other's shortcomings than complete strangers.

A study of our nation has lately been written by the Italian author, Signor Bevione,* who is well known as a diligent student of different nationalities, whose characters and institutions he is interpreting to his own countrymen. He takes, on the whole, a more favourable view of our country and ourselves than that expressed lately in the books of our Teutonic and American kinsmen. This is the more gratifying, since Mr. Bagot has recently assured us that the Italians as a nation very strongly resent what they allege to be the sentiment of the ordinary Englishman as regards Italy and the Italians, namely, an antiquarian curiosity, as distinguished from a wish to become acquainted with the aspirations of a young nation with a passion for modernity. Our author can hardly find words strong

* *L'Inghilterra d'Oggi. La Civiltà Contemporanea. No. 5.* (Fratelli Bocca, Turin. 5s.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

enough to express his wonderment at the energy and movement of London:—

> It is the city which more than any other in the world awakes the strongest admiration, and imparts the most lasting store of reminiscences. It has small beauty, but an expression of incalculable strength. Traffic, movement and noise: these three form the sensible expression of the great Anglo-Saxon characteristic—a passion for work. The basic virtue, the irrepressible instinct of the Englishman is to surmount all difficulties, to devote his labours unceasingly to the extraction of all that the earth has to yield, to minister thereby to his wealth and his pleasures. The flaccid laziness characteristic of the slums in Latin cities has no leisure here to mature.

It seems far from impossible that some of the measures lately taken by an ultra-philanthropic Government might accord some leisure for this characteristically Latin quality to flourish on our own soil, where, according to symptoms already manifesting themselves, a disinclination to labour may be easily fostered.

> When the Englishman of any class of society amuses himself, he never becomes excited, voluble, or nervous; he regards enjoyment as an unpleasant but healthful drug. He remains calm, cold, rigid and intent, as if he had to fulfil a duty and intended to fulfil it thoroughly and exhaustively. I have seen a young lady taking notes in a music-hall precisely as she would do at a university lecture.

The secret of this solemn performance of duty upon all occasions is that the English, more than other nations, are given to respect the promptings of conscience, though it is to be regretted that the younger generation is far more slack with regard to the obligations of duty than its predecessors.

The author describes an excursion made in a house-boat on the Norfolk Broads, which struck him as the scene of a beauty wholly unknown in Italy. "The water, on which the excursion is made, becomes, in accordance with the definition of Pascal, a road which travels. It fulfils the aspirations of Daudet to travel over the world in a home on wheels." The frank and merry way in which his fellow excursionists enjoyed themselves seems to have surprised him, as well as the freedom accorded to the girls, who, however, unlike the girls of Italy, never seem to take any work, such as sewing or embroidery, to employ them in their outings. The songs sung by the trippers were presumably negro melodies; our author describes them as destitute of pathos, melody and beauty of any description. The enormous quantity of light literature brought on the excursion by the gentlemen of the party constituted a greater mass of reading than an Italian Professor gets through in a year.

The state of London streets at night, and the miserable figures of the poor wretches reposing *al fresco* on the Embankment, fills him with astonishment. He thinks that the capacity of the London police, which on the Continent is rated extraordinarily high (mainly owing to the popularity of Conan Doyle's novels), is much over-rated, and he cites numerous cases of crimes whose authors remain undetected; in short, he maintains that the *flair* of the police of Paris is more acute than that of our force. He notes with surprise the astonishing number of houses to let in London, especially in Mayfair, which he attributes to the spirit of restlessness prevalent at the present time among the English people. Hosts and hostesses prefer to give their entertainments at the new monster hotels, which seem to him the most luxurious palaces to be found in the world. The English home is growing daily less home-like. Even the London clubs, which excited the envy of the Continental world, are feeling to their cost the attraction of the even more luxurious hotels. The abandonment or decadence of the popularity of the best clubs is, according to our author, as much to be deplored as that of our home life; for in the sober and cultured atmosphere of these time-honoured institutions men with brains can meet and discuss high questions of politics, literature and conduct; and never was serious discussion more needed than at the present day, when America and Germany are earnestly endeavouring to wrest the commercial and naval supremacy from the hands of the old country who fancied herself supreme in both.

The horrors of London stand forth in lurid light in contrast to the almost perfect comforts possible in England to the very rich. The squalid and pestilential dwellings of our slums, baby-farming, the wholesale deaths of infants owing to ignorance or neglect, the brutality of drunken husbands and drunken wives to each other and to their families, strike the foreigner as almost incredible. As a relief to this painful and squalid picture of submerged humanity is to be set the universal joy and merriment of bank holidays, when weary clerks by the thousand quit their desks for a day and flock to the seaside to bathe in that Ocean which our Italian deems to appeal sentimentally to every Englishman.

The Magazines

IN the *English Review* this month Mr. Henry Savage writes some wise and kindly few words on Richard Middleton. He does not attempt any kind of an estimate; and he is discreet in this. It is never kind to say of a poet that his prose is better than his verse; and we will not say this of Middleton, although it seems an obvious thing to say at the moment; but prose has a habit of staling and poetry a habit of freshening; and the most obvious things are not generally the most true. We venture to think this will prove itself to be the case with Middleton's work. As a poet his rank may not be high; for he did not make his work intensive and spiritually memorable. He won to a smaller field of song; but he was a poet. Mr. Savage's short

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

testimony is conceived excellently, and is a timely tribute. Mr. Gerald Stanley Lee has an entertaining article in the same magazine that he entitles "This Desirable Planet to Let." It is a typical essay from the same pen that wrote, some time ago, a few worthy ideals for millionaires. The planet is, of course, the earth; and those who desire to dispose of it are its owners, Messrs. Rockefeller, Carnegie, Morgan, and Co. In the course of his article he makes some just strictures on those "few foolish old men" in Stockholm who dispense each year eight thousand pounds as "a mere colossal kindly doddering old-age pension," and who invariably pick out just those who do not want it, and whose works, contrary, of course, to the original intention of its donor, are clearly not of an idealistic nature. Mr. John Galsworthy writes a "Meditation on Finality." One of the most curious changes in recent literary history is that which has come upon the author of "Fraternity" and "Justice." He has not succeeded in writing poetry; but he has succeeded in coming over to the poets. The Finality on which he meditates is that which Literature, as distinct from Journalism, bound or unbound, always evades, giving us instead "flower of author," "sense of the spirit." Miss May Sinclair enters into a spirited "Defence of Men," protesting against Miss Cicely Hamilton's recent attack on the Male. Nothing more sane or comprehensive has been written on the subject of the mutual relations of man and woman, to our knowledge. Were we to say that she shows some understanding of the subject where Miss Hamilton showed none, the retort which the latter would at once make would be that we speak without authority, inasmuch as we speak as men. But that is an argument which cuts both ways. And it remains a fact that no knowledge is born apart from sympathy. Miss Sinclair writes with sympathy; and what she says should make both sexes realise themselves better.

In the *Fortnightly* Lord Rosebery writes about "The Coming of Bonaparte." The article is, in fact, the introduction that he wrote to the cheap edition of M. Vandal's "L'Avènement de Bonaparte." One would have thought that a Napoleonic student like Lord Rosebery would not have been content to give us what, after all, is merely a précis of M. Vandal's book. Justly one might have claimed, if not an independent contribution, at least an independent point of view. Mr. Gosse prints, in English, the address he delivered, in French, before the Société Jean-Jacques Rousseau at Geneva on "Rousseau in England in the Nineteenth Century." He passes in review the influence, one way or another, that Rousseau has had in English Literature—from the anger of Burke to the wise monograph of Morley. Among other literary articles there is one by Mr. G. H. Powell on "Romance versus Reality," which we should no doubt agree with heartily if we could only understand it. Romance and Reality are, of course, only interchangeable terms. They envisage no antithesis. The wise man takes no sides, but just gets on with his work. Nevertheless, it is interesting to learn that "in the obscurantist intellectual jungle of anti-romanticism strange flights of gaudy-coloured, loudly screaming parrots, strange chatterations of simian contortionists ensconced up more or less inaccessible trees, are noticeable enough." In "The Great Republic of China" Mr. Robert Machray writes an informative article. Mr. Arthur Baumann has an essay on "Lord Hugh Cecil on Conservatism." It is exceedingly interesting to see him refuse with some emphasis Lord Hugh's dictum that the basis of Conservatism is "Christian Morals as revealed in the New Testament."

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Wilfrid Ward makes a spirited reply to the recent attack by the *Edinburgh Review* on Cardinal Newman in a review of his father's recent biography. Mr. E. S. Bates contributes an exceedingly interesting article on "Some Foreigners in Shakespeare's England"; though why he should particularly say Shakespeare's England we cannot tell. Mr. Robert Fowler, in view of the recent display of the pictures of new and up-to-date schools of painting, asks "Is Art a Failure?" It is not difficult to see what his reply to that question is. But we venture to say that a more considerable service would be done to Art and to clear thinking if such writers, instead of telling us to go back to Rembrandt and such masters, were to set themselves to answer some of the questions that modern movements in Art have raised. For ourselves, we agree largely with the injunction to regard more attentively the works of the old masters: but it is impossible to forget that it is just that stiff-necked conservatism that has driven us inevitably on to a good deal that we might have escaped. Miss Edith Sellars writes on "Where Women Sit in Parliament." It is partly an examination of the political conditions of Finland, and largely an "argumentum ad verecundiam"—a fact that somewhat mars its value.

In the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* Mr. F. E. Smith continues his article on "Industrial Unrest" that aroused so much interest in its first instalment. Mr. P. P. Howe writes well upon "The *Playboy* in the Theatre." Mr. W. L. George deals with "Tartarin: the French Comic Giant." His knowledge of French and French literature stands him in good stead, but he would, we think, have been better advised had he made his article more one of critical interest than purely an account of the doings of the great Tartarin. It is not always that we are able to find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Lodovici; but in "The Italian Futurists and their Traditionalism" we are heartily at one with him, both in the negative and the positive aspects of what he has to say. It very largely answers our demand when speaking of Mr. Robert Fowler's article, and should abundantly repay thought. The *Oxford and Cambridge Review* is wise in laying this additional emphasis on literary and artistic contributions; it is in such that interest will chiefly centre, and not in the political matter. Another essay by Mr. Leonard Magnus on "Russian Lyrical Poetry" makes interesting reading.

In the *Cornhill* Mr. Joseph C. Bridge writes upon

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"Mr. Pepys and his Office Boys," in a paper of human interest. An article that strikes us as somewhat strange is by Mr. Whetham on "Electricity—Positive and Negative." Not for some time have we seen a scientific matter treated in this excellent magazine. It is full in its treatment, and provides admirable reading. The matter of the scaffold used by Napoleon at the Battle of Waterloo, raised in the *Cornhill* last month, seems to be settled by a number of correspondents. It appears to have been a wooden scaffold raised for the purpose of a trigonometrical survey that had been made some weeks before by the King of the Netherlands. In *Blackwood's* this month there is a good short story by Mr. Jeffrey E. Jeffrey, entitled "Snatty." Mr. Robert Hannay writes upon "A Complete Elizabethan Gentleman"; and one would scarcely have thought that Robert Dudley, the Duke of Northumberland, was altogether worth treating so solemnly and at such length at this time of day.

The *Moslem World* for July maintains its high standard as an intellectual and well-informed exponent of Islam. Its tendency is perhaps too learned for the ordinary reader. For instance, the account of "the way" of a Mohammedan mystic, a Sufi, is difficult to follow. The editor's view towards Islam is to approach it with humility, docility, and love, but not to compromise at any price. Another writer dwells on the points of contact between Islam and Christianity, and argues that points of contact are often points of opposition and may serve as a hindrance to Christianity. The Moslem believes in Monotheism, and this belief "makes the Christian doctrine of the Trinity an abomination to him—a form of the Polytheism on which Islam has waged relentless war." Again, the Moslem honours Jesus, but denies His divinity and His superiority to Mohammed. The conclusion is that, though Islam is a higher stage of civilisation than barbarism, its ethics raise a barrier which barbarism does not raise against the acceptance of Christianity. The cult of Bahaism in Persia has been constantly explained, as the bibliography shows, and requires no further description. Missions in Morocco were unfavourably treated by the country's rulers until 1894. Since then a change has appeared, and substantial progress is being achieved by dispensary preaching, distribution of the Scriptures, and education.

Baghdad, the centre of the Khalifate for 500 years, now an emporium of trade and associated with the future railway from Asia Minor, conquered by Turkey in 1638, is now frequented by both Sunnis and Shiahs, while Jews form a quarter of the population. The writer recognises its importance as a Moslem centre, to which the many neighbouring shrines of Moslem saints attract innumerable pilgrims. Some "unfounded Moslem claims" are subjected to searching investigation, which is constantly necessary, as the claims are never abandoned. The notes on current topics bring together many interesting references to movements and affairs in Mohammedan countries which would otherwise escape notice.

The Fleet at Sea

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

FOR the first time in my life I have had the experience of cruising for three days on a great battleship in the company of nineteen other great battleships of various ages, designs, and armament. I went on board the *King Edward VII.*, the flagship of Rear-Admiral Burney, at Portsmouth, watched the review of the fleet by legislators—I wish the said legislators could have heard some of the remarks of the crew on them and their methods, for they were not altogether complimentary—and sailed in the evening with the fleet for the West Coast of Scotland. Two things struck me at once about this great fleet under the supreme command of Prince Louis of Battenberg: (1) How heterogeneous modern fleets are as they gradually pass through the period of transition which will in time give us and other nations homogeneous squadrons of all big-gun ships. For instance, under Prince Louis's command were old battleships built ten years ago, as well as the *King Edward VII.* class, with their four 12-inch guns and their supplementary armament of four 9.2 and 6 inch; then we had two, the *Lord Nelson* and the *Agamemnon*, of a slightly later date than the *King Edward VII.*, mounting, in addition to their 12-inch, four 9.2 on either broadside; after these two pre-*Dreadnoughts* come the mighty *Dreadnoughts* themselves, and there are hardly two of them alike. They do not look the same, and possess very different armaments arranged in a very different manner. For example, the old original *Dreadnought*, built only four years ago, is already obsolete. She could not stand up for half an hour against her younger sisters, like the *Orion* and the *Thunderer*, which carry ten mighty 13-inch guns, the most powerful afloat to-day. Some of the *Dreadnoughts* can only fire eight of their 12-inch guns on either broadside, but the *Orion* and the *Thunderer* and similar vessels can fire all ten 13-inch guns on either broadside, which is, of course, an enormous advantage in action. But this great variety in designs, arms, and armaments, although it makes a fleet more picturesque and interesting as a study to the amateur, does not make for efficiency, either in peace or in action.

The ships have different speeds, and therefore, when at sea, the most efficient and economical average must be found, so that all may keep together, manœuvre easily, and not lose their places in the formation. This takes time, and is one of the chief objects of manœuvres. It is not nearly so easy to control the fire of the guns of a battleship if there are many different calibres on board, and the ammunition supply presents much more serious problems. In all big-gun ships the gun's crew can be moved from one big gun to another without inconvenience, because all are handled on a common basis and the ranges are the same for all. But if you took a gun's crew from a 6-inch or 9.2 gun, and sent them to work a 12-inch or 13-inch, their efforts would be very poor until they became accustomed to the new

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

weapon. Then the position of the admiral-in-chief is rendered immeasurably more difficult if he has a great variety of vessels under his command. In a naval war he must always try to match a particular item of his fleet with an item of equal or inferior strength in the fleet of his enemy. For instance, it would not do to launch a squadron of pre-*Dreadnoughts* against an opponent's squadron of *Dreadnoughts*. The action could only terminate in one way, if naval theorists are to be believed at all. It would not even do to send the old *Dreadnought* and her class against the super-*Dreadnoughts* of an enemy, with a more powerful armament, capable of firing a larger number of guns on a broadside. These are just a few of the problems for which the naval constructor of the future will have to find a solution before our fleets can reach anything like a maximum of strength and efficiency. The main problem at present is this: To discover the most perfect type of all big-gun ships, and to build a mighty squadron with all ships exactly alike. This will free the mind of the commander-in-chief from a great load of additional responsibility; it will enable the crew of a damaged battleship to be transferred to another, and to find themselves perfectly at home on board, and such a squadron will be infinitely more easy to navigate at sea. A heterogeneous collection of samples must be standardised in the course of the next few years, and the British taxpayer must be prepared to foot the bill, or else allow this country to retire from the struggle for naval supremacy.

The second point which struck me about this great fleet at sea was the facility with which it manœuvred, although brought together for the first time and composed of vessels of so many different designs. To outward observation it seems far more simple to handle a fleet than to train a company of raw recruits to drill. The fleet manœuvred like a company of guardsmen at the Trooping of the Colours, changing from divisions to line ahead, or from line ahead to line abreast, or sweeping in graceful curves from starboard to port, or from port to starboard, in a manner that was fascinating to watch. Yet I was told by the navigating officers that they were far from content with these performances, which seemed perfect to the untrained eye of the amateur, and that after a few days a vast improvement would become manifest.

The life on board a modern battleship has been told and retold so often, and in so many different ways, that he would be a bold writer who would attempt to say anything new on the subject. But until you have stayed on board for a few days you can have no real comprehension of the amount of work that is gone through, and of the strenuous and exacting nature of the life. At first all appears chaos and confusion amidst endless engines, revolving wheels, and intricate machinery. It seems like a beehive in which the bees have no idea where to go or what to do. But after a day or two this impression wears off, and you discover that each individual rushing around at the double, amidst the blowing of whistles and the totally incomprehensible words of command, has his allotted place, and is a human cog in this vast revolving wheel. The sailor's life when at sea is very different from his comrade's in the army or on shore. On shore, whether in civilian or military life, work begins and comes to an end at certain well-known and specified hours, except on rare occasions. But at sea there is really no beginning and no ending to the day's toil. Darkness and light to the sailor are both alike. The day and the night run into one another without the change being noticed. There is always the same hustle and blowing of whistles and the constant patter of bare feet on the decks. There are always men lying *perdu* in all attitudes asleep and others full of life jumping over their prostrate bodies. Only one half of the ship's company is ever found asleep at one and the same time, the other half is always on duty ready for any emergency which may arise. In this age of luxury and comfort, where the standard of living both for the soldier and civilian has risen so immeasurably during the past few years, the discomfort of the sailor's life has received but scant amelioration. His food is better, but his accommodation is just as bad, or even worse, than it was on Nelson's fleet, and his pay remains practically the same.

The question of accommodation is almost incapable of solution, because ships can only be built up to a certain size and vast numbers of men are required to handle the guns and machinery. The life must be patiently borne. But the problem of an increase of pay can, and should be, considered, if we are to maintain the same standard of recruiting for the Navy, and if we are going to obtain a sufficiency of men to meet the rapid expansion of our fleet, necessary in order to maintain the two-Power standard, without resource to conscription, which at present seems inevitable. Our legislators did not hesitate to vote themselves a small solatium of £400 a year apiece, but they will not face the difficulty of finding the necessary money to attract a good class of man into the Navy. It is the grandest service in the world, and the men who protect our shores surely deserve something better than a mere pittance. It is all very well for the optimistic to say, "Patriotism will carry us through; you will always find sufficient officers and men to wear the King's uniform under the existing conditions." But this is far from the truth. The men and officers of the Navy to-day are just as good as any who have served their country at any other time; but they are becoming increasingly difficult to find, especially the rank and file. The British Empire, with its vast field for enterprise and colonisation, is every year attracting a larger and larger number of our best and bravest from these crowded shores. Canada, South Africa and Australia offer advantages to the young and able which service in the fleet can never offer. Many who would formerly have enlisted in the army or navy now drift to the colonies, where fortunes can be made or lost, and made again within a very few years. But the officer or bluejacket who serves the King knows well the extent of his remuneration from the beginning to the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

end of his career. There is for him no hope of making a fortune. He must live in discomfort all his days; he must lead a hard, exacting and dangerous life, and then at the end of his term of service be content to retire on a small pension. Therefore only one solution remains. If we are to man our fleets in the future without resort to conscription, we must make the service more attractive to both officers and seamen.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

A GOVERNMENT is like an ice pudding: directly it appears, it begins to melt, and nothing stops it. The process may be quick or slow, but it is inevitable. By-elections cut wedges out of it, and other causes make it wobble. This is what is happening to the Coalition Cake. I do not know whether it is because of an exceptionally busy season, or on account of slackness or downright weariness, or a spirit of revolt and a disgust at some of the actions of the leaders (it is probably all of these things), but it is clear that the Master of Elibank is finding it more and more difficult to keep his men together. The huge majority has sunk on occasion to 22 and 46, and very rarely touches three figures, in spite of the most urgent whips.

It is now announced that the House will rise on Friday, the 2nd, or Saturday, the 3rd, August, instead of Saturday, the 10th, as originally arranged.

Home Rule, Welsh Disestablishment, and the Franchise Bill, after this week, are all to be hung up until the autumn, and nothing but Supply and the Budget will be taken before the recess. It is exactly like a pugilist who, to mark time, lies down and waits until the timekeeper has nearly counted ten, with the intention of wasting the round until "time" is called.

On Wednesday night the Foreign Office vote was taken. Everybody who ever had anything to do with diplomacy, and a great many who had not, had a cut in. The Persian railway came in for the usual amount of criticism; people still think it will make the way easier for invading troops to approach India, but Sir Edward Grey was reassuring—care was being taken to secure British representation in its control and as to the decision about the width of the gauge.

As to the fleet in the Mediterranean, he thought a one-Power standard enough. We really could not afford to keep a fleet there sufficient to take on all the fleets out there at one and the same time; we must take some risks, and were on excellent terms with France and Russia, and he was satisfied with our progress towards a complete understanding with Germany. Bonar Law said, cost what it might, we must have a naval force which would be able to beat any possible combination that could be brought against us. He denied that we had any quarrel with Germany, but we could not shut our eyes to her action, and begged that Winston would at no distant date give us a statement as to our position as a naval Power. A dull evening, but very useful.

On Thursday the House prepared itself for another dull evening, for the debate on the jerrymandering of the franchise was resumed. There was a scanty attendance. By dint of many questions and some supplementals it was discovered that not only had the Government not been able to come to terms with the doctors, either by threats or cajolery, on the Insurance Bill, but other parts of the scheme were in an equally backward state. Lloyd George had promised the working man that, if he had consumption, he could at once go into a sanatorium and be properly nursed. It now appears that there has been no time to lay a brick of any one of them, and that the workman has no "right" to go there as a matter of course—it must be subject to the decision of some committee.

Gussie Grant surprised the Government by jumping up and asking leave to move the adjournment of the House on a matter of "definite urgent public importance"—viz., that the Act was to come into force on Monday next, and the Government, after forcing the public to pay their coppers, were obviously, from the answers received, not in a position to fulfil their part of the contract. The whole Opposition, including Bonar Law, stood up in a solid phalanx when the Speaker asked whether the hon. member had the leave of the House. "Cannot I claim a division?" squeaked MacCallum Scott desperately. "No," said the Speaker. "Over forty members have stood up." So at eight a discussion on the Insurance Bill was suddenly pitchforked into a dry debate on the technical difficulties of the Franchise Bill. The Master of Elibank was at his wits' end. Was it another carefully planned "snap"? It certainly looked like it. Asquith had cynically said that the division on the second reading should not take place until Friday at five p.m. The Ulster men had raged at his fixing it for their great festival on the 12th. He had deliberately adjourned the division on the first reading of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill to enable the Nationalists to get back from their convention in Dublin, but he showed no such consideration for the Ulster men in Belfast, and now it looked as if he might be "hoist with his own petard."

The Liberals were taking their ease, secure in the thought that no division was possible that night. Luckily for them, Mr. Asquith was giving a large garden party to the faithful in the cramped little backyard behind Downing Street, so a message was sent there post-haste, and telegrams were sent off by shoals—long and expensive telegrams, like the pale-faced Babu "head of the district" sent in Rudyard Kipling's story, couched in terms "that the sack of Delhi would hardly have justified."

In the meantime John Burns made a turgid speech on the Franchise Bill, and lectured the House, which it always resents. At eight the engagement began. Waldorf Astor seconded Grant in a thoughtful speech. He knows a good deal about sanatoria and consumption, and the House listened with interest. Masterman was very indignant, and accused Grant of trying to score a party advantage at the expense of the poor

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

consumptives. The division took place in a crowded House at eleven, and by dint of the most desperate exertions the Radical Whip had succeeded in getting his flock together. When the numbers went up, and it was seen that the Government had a majority of 111, the Radicals cheered as if they had won a notable victory. As a matter of fact, the Unionists had not troubled to recall a single man, and no attempt at a snap had been thought of; but it is useful to keep the Government on the run occasionally with these little alarums and excursions.

On Friday we once more resigned ourselves to the Franchise Bill. It really is a very unfair measure. It is hybrid in form, and deals piece-meal with two very different but important questions—viz., registration and the franchise. To take up either at this end of a crowded session is an outrage, but to take up both—well, some feel "there ain't no words," as the coster said when he turned round and saw his apples rolling down the whole length of Piccadilly. Balfour and Asquith both spoke, but it was as if they were discussing an abstract problem in a debating society. Asquith has made the women very angry by saying that it would be "a national disaster" to admit 10,000,000 women to the franchise. Yet, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, if the amendment is carried, Mr. Asquith is pledged to carry a Bill in which there is a provision which he believes will be national disaster.

Bonar Law wound up for us in a practical speech showing the immense expense that would be put on the rates, which would subtract somewhat from the new taxation promised by the "new leaders" of the Radical Party—Wedgwood and Hemmerde. That is one drawback of belonging to the Radical or Socialist Parties—there is always someone who can outbid you—Burns and Grayson, Asquith and Keir Hardie, Lloyd George and Lansbury, and other great democratic statesmen all discover the sad truth in due course.

The Little Englanders have got Mr. W. H. Massingham to write an article in the *Nation* which has fluttered the dovecots at St. Stephen's. It is a severe warning to the Cabinet: they must either refrain from spending more money on the Navy and Army, or they will lose what the curate called their ee-wee lamb—Lloyd George. The funny part of it is that it is by no means certain that Lloyd George is a Little Englander now, or that he is in sympathy with the peace-at-any-price party. During the last year or two he has spoken very plainly to the German Empire, and his recent contribution of a million to the Navy Vote out of his surplus does not support the Massingham view. Indeed, some people in the Lobby think the warning is issued against Lloyd George as much as anyone else. The Tory talk that there is a split in the Cabinet is rubbish; they may have differences inside, but they are much too shrewd to allow them to appear outside the front door of No. 10, Downing Street. I do not pay them the compliment of having so much principle. The present Government will never dissolve owing to internal differences.

Monday was very hot, and everybody was very languid. Austen Chamberlain attacked Lloyd George for holding up the surplus instead of letting it go automatically towards paying off the National Debt. What a row the Radicals would have made if Balfour had done it when he was in power! That rollicking banker's son—I mean banker's rollicking son—Charlie Mills, chimed in with: "He spends it how and when he likes," and likened the little Welshman to the Stuart kings who got into trouble for trying to do this very thing.

Lansbury, both before and after the debate, tried to show that the police had behaved brutally in Hyde Park, but McKenna was able to show that the boot was on the other leg. However, he promised further enquiry into the matter.

Tuesday was hot and stifling. Mr. Harold Baker, the new Financial Secretary to the War Office, went in to bat first. He was not very much at ease, and, to show how much he was, he made one or two feeble attempts at humour. This is not considered good form in a new Minister, any more than it is in a new member. All that a Territorial Force required, he said, was peace! (Ironical cheers from the Opposition.) Peace, he hurriedly went on to explain, not from an invader, but from hostile critics. This is all nonsense. The Navy and Army want all the honest criticism they can get from all parties. What we are suffering under, said Arthur Lee, is a guilty silence at the War Office, and acidly added that we did not want comic opera retorts. The country had a right to know how we stood. But it was no good. All through the long, sleepy afternoon, Seely and his friends looked at everything through roseate spectacles, while the Opposition appeared to be using smoked glasses. I could not help thinking, as I looked up at the ceiling, that the position was not unlike the patent ventilation of the House, which has cost thousands and thousands of pounds, and yet on a hot day like this we cannot open the windows because it would interfere with the artificial draught. The attitude of the Government was that no healthy and natural criticism was permissible or desirable. Air drawn through cottonwool and red tape was far preferable to natural ozone.

Seely said a good word for the National Reserve, but showed an official dread that they might injure the Territorials.

The strike still continues. Lord Devonport is being abused up hill and down dale, and there have been midnight meetings, but the Government seems powerless.

Down below, on the Terrace, one hears the loud laugh of Mr. Outhwaite, the new member for Hanley. He is in excellent spirits, for, in spite of being a carpet-bagger, he has brought the Labour Party to their bearings. No wonder Elibank rubs his hands. He has not only dished the Tories, but humbled their quondam allies, who were getting just a little swollen-headed.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Notes and News

A catalogue of the works on Peace and International Law in the Nobel Institute of Christiania is in active preparation, and Volume I., containing the peace literature, will be issued by Messrs. Williams and Norgate in the autumn. It will form a large octavo volume, printed on one side of the paper only. The collection of peace literature at the Nobel Institute is probably the largest in the world, and this catalogue will therefore be a valuable bibliography of the subject.

Mr. Henry Frowde is publishing the novels of Sir Walter Scott, twenty-four volumes, in three editions. A list of the chief characters and a newly prepared glossary is given in each book, and there are more than 900 illustrations all told. Prices range from a very low figure, and the best edition is printed on Oxford India paper, so that the twenty-four books occupy only ten inches of shelf space. The Oxford Scott, which is uniform with the copyright Oxford Thackeray and Oxford Dickens, will be ready this month.

Messrs. John Long are now issuing the second part of the Royal Opera Souvenir for 1912, which is specially concerned with the "Saison Russe." Like its predecessor, the new part is a beautiful specimen of artistic design and typography, and contains finely reproduced photographs of the principal dancers and of scenes from the ballets, while the letterpress, which is by Mr. Leonard Rees, gives the story of the Russian ballet from its institution in the nineteenth century, personalia of the leading members of the company, and the plots of all the ballets in the repertory.

The July issue of the *Edinburgh Review* is the first to appear under the editorship of Mr. Harold Cox, who will contribute an article on Contemporary Politics. For the first time in the history of the *Review* the writers' names will be appended to certain articles. Among them will be "The Hôtel de Rambouillet," by Edmund Gosse, C.B.; "Fox," by Horace Bleackley; "The Rousseau Bicentenary," by Francis Gribble; "Causes of Chinese Unrest," by J. O. P. Bland; "Zoology in the Time of Shakespeare," by Dr. Shipley, Master of Christ's College, Cambridge; and "Chauvinism in Music," by Mrs. Rosa Newmarch. There are also important unsigned articles on "India and her Sovereign" and "Safety of Life at Sea."

Many aspects of bird protection are dealt with in the summer number of *Bird Notes and News* (23, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.; 3d.). The relation of birds to man's work and welfare is considered in regard to the economic position of gulls, "The Friends of Trees," and the methods of so-called sparrow clubs, as well as in reference to the protection of crops in field and garden. Comments on the plume trade (with a further appeal to ladies by Sir Herbert Maxwell), the caging of birds, bird protection orders, and the use of traps, together with specimen convictions in the police-courts, refer to the practical work of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Notes on such matters as the scarcity of swallows and the neglected study of bird notes indicate occupation for the field ornithologist; while letters from Switzerland and Holland show what is being done for the preservation of birds in those countries.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE OPEN DOOR IN AMERICA.

THERE would seem to be at the present moment no conclusive reason for supposing that the discriminating clauses contained in the Panama Canal Bill will ever be carried into operation. Aimed primarily by their authors at what constitute purely domestic interests, these clauses betray no *arrière pensée* of spread-eagle Americanism, and therefore should not offer insuperable difficulties in the way of diplomatic solution. At the same time the discussion that has centred round the Bill in political circles, as related by the correspondents of the London Press, reveals not only a wealth of Chauvinistic bombast, but also a nice disregard for treaty obligations, worthy in every respect of the most mature diplomacy of Europe. Fortunately for the British Empire, whose trade would suffer materially by any preferential treatment accorded to American shipping, this latter-day cynicism is not shared by a large section of the statesmen, the people, and the Press of the United States. The Washington Administration of to-day has inherited the mantle of Mr. John Hay, the founder of the Open Door policy in China; and it would indeed be ironical if America, who but a few years ago protested so loudly and so bitterly at the preferential treatment accorded by Japan to her own nationals in respect of goods carried over the South Manchuria Railway, were herself to adopt discriminating measures in regard to the Isthmian waterway.

Should the worst come to the worst, and the Panama Canal Bill as it now stands become law, we can still submit our case to The Hague. In the event of this contingency arising we can only hope that America will show more respect for the decision of that tribunal, supposing the decision to go in our favour, than has been the case with Japan over the question of perpetual leases held by foreigners resident in the country. A recent Reuter states that:

> **Despite the Hague Arbitration award on the question of perpetual leases, and the fact that negotiations are proceeding between France, Germany, Great Britain, and Japan, with a view to the settlement of this complicated and long-standing matter, the municipal authorities yesterday distrained for taxes on the Central Hotel here (Tokyo), which is held by an Englishman on a perpetual lease.**

It may be of interest to recall that shortly after the abolition of extra-territorial jurisdiction in Japan the Government sought to levy a house-tax in connection with buildings erected on land held under perpetual lease, but the foreign residents strenuously resisted the suggested impost, declaring that it was contrary to treaty provisions. In 1902 Japan consented to submit the whole question to arbitration; but the decision of the Hague Tribunal, given in 1905, went against her. "The provisions of treaties and other engagements mentioned in the arbitral protocol (declared the text) do not merely exempt land held in virtue of perpetual leases

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

granted by the Japanese Government or in its name; they exempt lands and buildings of whatever description constructed on such lands from all imposts, taxes, charges, contributions or conditions whatsoever other than those expressly stipulated in the leases in question."

With this decision the matter was allowed to rest for some three years, when, probably owing to the low state of the Treasury, the Government again raised the issue in an acute form, and, on the ground that the Hague award precluded only the levying of land and house taxes, imposed income and business taxes in relation to the leased properties. Acting on the advice of the diplomatic representatives, to say nothing of the threat of distraint, these charges were paid under protest. The foreign residents contended that the ground rents paid by them comprised not only rent to the Government for the use of the ground, but also all taxation; that the business and income taxes were tantamount to a tax on the property itself; and that such taxes tended to depreciate the value of perpetual leases. In plain language, they claimed that they were called upon to pay twice over. And so the matter stands to-day. Eminent lawyers have declared that this dexterous evasion is illegal, and, as we have seen, the question is still one of negotiation between the Japanese Government and the various Powers concerned.

In the matter of rights enjoyed by foreigners, one reservation, long a source of irritation, was withdrawn last year. Foreigners are no longer precluded from owning land in the country. In the early part of 1910, during the twenty-sixth session of the Diet, the Government introduced a Bill for the enactment of a law granting to foreigners the ownership of land in fee simple. A note annexed to the Bill stated that:

> According to the law in force foreigners are not allowed to possess the right of property in land (in Japan). With the career of the nation in the ascendant, the people have gradually grown in their real ability and confidence in themselves, so that there no longer exists any objection to granting to foreigners the right of possessing land. Not only that, but it has become necessary at this juncture to grant to foreigners the said right in consonance with the usage commonly obtaining in different countries of the world.

Japan has received nothing but commendation for this enlightened legislation. But her friendly critics would seem to have disregarded one or two essential circumstances that contributed in no small measure to her change of policy. Her statesmen fully realised that in 1911 the Treaties with foreign countries would expire; and, rather than have the thorny question of landownership settled by the binding terms of international treaty, they wisely decided to anticipate all diplomatic negotiation by themselves adopting suitable legislation. At the same time they reasoned astutely that advanced concessions would smooth the way for the revision of the treaties, and would give them some tangible justification for framing their demands to the advantage of the nation. Above all—for it must not be forgotten that the British are predominant among the international communities in Japan—the Government were keenly desirous of retaining the close friendship of England—ally and banker.

The mission of Prince Katsura is now well on the way to St. Petersburg, where, subject, of course, to formal ratification in London, the fate of the Manchurian provinces will be sealed. A great deal of speculation is rife as to whether Japan and Russia are on the eve of concluding an alliance, the effect of which will be to render the Anglo-Japanese compact a worthless document. Such a consummation is, however, highly improbable. It is much more likely that Great Britain will give her sanction to what must constitute one of the most appalling acts of international vandalism of modern times. The only redeeming feature—and one for which no party to the transaction can claim credit—is, perhaps, the observance of a decent period of mourning for the fallen dynasty before taking possession of the ancestral home of the Manchu race. Warranted alone by an inordinate ambition for Imperial expansion, the coming annexation of the three Eastern Provinces will establish a period of false security, to be followed sooner or later by an upheaval, to find a parallel to which we shall have to look back to the holocaust of 1904-5.

MOTORING

WITHIN the next few days will begin a tyre trial which should possess exceptional interest for all motorists. It is to consist of a test to destruction of four tyres of different makes, three of them—the Continental, Dunlop, and Michelin—enjoying world-wide reputations, and the other—the Victor—having its reputation still to make, but claiming to be the best of them all. That the last-mentioned is a first-class tyre is already known to many users, including the present writer, but whether the confident assertion of the makers that it is the best pneumatic tyre in the market is justified or not can only be determined by an impartial and exhaustive test, such as the one it is intended to hold.

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."
"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.
If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to
S. BOWLEY & SON,
Wellington Works,
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.
Established 200 years.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The main conditions under which the competition will be held are as follows:—An independent committee, consisting of representatives of the Press and well-known private motorists, will select from stock tyres of the four makes indicated, have them fitted to a 40 h.p. Fiat, and run them to destruction on the road, under ordinary running conditions. Every 250 miles the position of the tyres will be changed, those on the front wheels being transferred to the back, and vice versa, thus ensuring equal treatment for all. During the whole period, which is expected to occupy about ten weeks, the car will contain two independent observers, one elected by the Press and the other by the private committee, and at the conclusion of each day's run the car will be "sealed" by the observers to prevent tampering and ensure the fairness of the contest.

In addition to the observers appointed by the committee, the test will be supervised by the late manager of the technical department of the R.A.C., whose report of the behaviour of the various tyres under similar conditions should provide valuable data for the motorist. The promoters of the trial are the makers of the Victor tyre, who have for some time been issuing challenges to the other makers to participate in a durability test. It was originally intended that it should take place under the official supervision of the R.A.C.; but, for some reason or other which has not yet transpired, the club committee suddenly decided to retract its acceptance, thus leaving the challengers no option but to organise an independent test. The conditions, however, will be essentially the same as those laid down by the club, except that the trial will take place upon the road instead of the racing track, an alteration which will enhance its practical value.

Another feat, the special interest of which is for the constantly increasing number of Colonial motorists, is that of a 15 h.p. Colonial Napier, which is arranged to be held under R.A.C. supervision this week. As is generally known, Mr. S. F. Edge recently made a prolonged visit to South Africa for the express purpose of investigating the conditions of motoring in the Colonies, and, no doubt, he brought back with him a good deal of useful information which has been embodied in the latest Colonial Napier. The course chosen for the test is the roughest and hilliest tract of country to be found on the South Downs, a considerable portion of which consists of mere tracts unused by ordinary traffic, the idea being to test the car under conditions which correspond with those to be found in undeveloped over-sea countries. Judging from the contour map before us, which shows a continuous succession of climbs and descents ranging from 200 to 800 feet above sea-level, we should imagine that it would be difficult to find a more formidable and exacting course in the whole of Great Britain.

From the secretary of the Automobile Association and Motor Union comes a specimen copy of the *Foreign Handbook* the committee have prepared for the benefit of the numerous members who contemplate touring abroad with their cars. Although containing over 500 pages, it is small and compact enough for the ordinary coat pocket, and it is almost superfluous to state that the task of providing a really useful vade mecum for the Continental touring motorist has been carried out with thoroughness and ability. In appearance and general arrangement the *Foreign Handbook* resembles the ordinary A.A. and M.U. Handbook, issued annually to all its members. Following an article of general information on touring abroad come details of the regulations and motor-touring conditions applying to each of the Continental countries, with lists of the hotels, garages, and A.A. agents in the principal towns, and particulars of their accommodation and facilities for motorists. The second portion of the book consists mainly of details of selected routes from one centre to another all over the Continent, with elaborate but very lucid information as to distances and driving directions. It is hardly too much to say that the little work, which will be presented free to every member of the A.A. and M.U. who chooses to apply for it, is practically indispensable to the motorist who tours abroad.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

UNDOUBTEDLY the event of the week has been the remarkable slump in Consols following upon Lloyd George's visit to the City. Everybody is selling and there is no market, neither will the jobbers put Consols on their books to any great extent. We must not think that Great Britain is in any worse financial plight than Germany. That is not the case. German Threes carried over at 79, and they are quoted 78-79. This is lower than the 3 per cent. stocks of the London County Council, which stand at 82¼, or the Water Board stock, which is quoted at 81. The mania for stocks bearing a high rate of interest extends all over the world. The fact is we are all too extravagant. We are living up to our incomes; a good many people are living beyond them, and, in order to make both ends meet, some gamble and the more careful search for high-interest bearing bonds. The enormous developments in Canada and South America, where land is being opened up with great rapidity, call for cash, and the pioneers are willing to pay high prices for loans because the margin of profit is great. There is no doubt that both in Canada and in the Argentine a man may invest his money with considerable safety, and yet obtain from 7 to 9 per cent. interest. The finance houses have, therefore, no longer any use for Consols. Even insurance companies are going abroad for their investments. Another point that is important to mention is the question of income tax. Here the heavy tax forces people to put their money into Bonds, the coupons on which are collected by foreign banks and the money re-invested abroad. In this way many rich people save large sums in income tax.

The new issues are not going well. The Newfoundland offer met with cold treatment, but the City of Nicolaieff Bonds were well subscribed, and it is said that the Queensland issue was treated better than that of Newfoundland. The terms were certainly superior. The

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

British North Borneo debentures do not appear particularly cheap, but the General Electric Company 6 per cent. preference were a reasonable security. Mr. J. C. A. Henderson has been trying to unload his properties through the British and French Trust. The company is not one I can recommend. The British and General Debenture is another relief company, and the securities are some of them given in this week's *Stockbroker*. They hardly inspire me with a desire to apply for shares. Calgary is borrowing more money, but the offer, although better than that made by her last February, is still not good enough. The British Maritime Trust 5 per cent. convertible debenture is a reasonable bond at a reasonable price.

MONEY is momentarily tight, but I think that as the summer progresses we may see rates reduced. There is no trouble ahead, and although the crops in Canada and the United States will require financing, that money will not be needed until the autumn. However, all chance of a reduction in the Bank Rate seems to have vanished.

FORBIGNERS.—The haggling over the Chinese Loan still continues, and the Powers would appear anxious to meet China in every way. They must meet her. France remains obdurate on the question of control, but really no other country cares very much, although they pretend that they do. I am glad to see that some members of Parliament are taking up the Chinese question, and pointing out very properly that Great Britain, who does half the trade, is only to have one sixth of the finance. This is a most unfair division, and Sir Edward Grey has been badly served in China, otherwise he would not have alllowed the control to slip from his hands.

HOME RAILS.—Most of the stocks in which there has been any speculative account are weak. The banks do not wish to lend on stale accounts, and the bulls are being shaken out. But the Heavy lines appear good to buy. Great Westerns are certainly cheap, and London and North Western and North Eastern are much undervalued. I advise my readers to put their money into these stocks. If they buy to-day they buy a dividend, and they are getting 5 per cent. interest on a gilt-edged security. They need not be afraid of the railway nationalisation scheme that Mr. Lloyd George has in hand. It cannot hurt them, and it may end in giving them a very handsome premium on their capital invested. This is presuming that the scheme is seriously meant, and can be carried out. I believe that Mr. Lloyd George means business, and he hopes that through this scheme he will be able to placate the Labour Party. The leaders of this party, would, of course, get fat jobs.

YANKEES.—It is not much use discussing the American market, for nothing will be done here until the fall. The copper position has been attacked, but I must confess that I see little chance of a victory for the bears. They will have to buy back, and as the bulls have enough money to hang on to their copper with, it seems to me that the position is stronger to-day than ever.

RUBBER.—The rubber market remains dull; not even Mr. Lampard's optimism has been able to revive it. The Eastern International report is not good, and the Bukit Mertajam report is equally disappointing. These shares are over valued.

OIL.—The big 3½ millions pounds Oil Company that is to purchase the Stachyeff Properties hangs fire. There is no doubt that Urals have been marked up to enable this company to make a successful issue. They should relapse. It is certainly not the time to buy oil shares, although I confidently anticipate an oil boom in the autumn. Tweedy has many plans on hand, and all the other promoters are equally busy. Spies is, however, the best purchase of the lot.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—It is said that Sir Abe Bailey has lent the Amalgamated Properties of Rhodesia £200,000, and that he and Latilla and Bonnard will start business again. The Wanderer report is bad; the shares should be sold. The Antelope report shows that the reef is narrowing at depth. It was wide at the surface, and the shoot grows narrower every hundred feet it goes down. These shares also should be sold.

TIN.—The Tin market looks like reviving. All the mines now have plenty of water, and if they can only get sufficient labour the returns from Nigeria will jump up rapidly. The dealers are short of shares, and if the promoters will only exercise a little self-restraint we might see a good rise. Edmund Davis, Bastard, Wethered, and the rest have enormous blocks they wish to sell, but they know that the public only buys on a rising market.

MARCONI.—The market in the Marconi issues has been quite lively during the past few days. This is easily accounted for. Most of the weak bulls have been driven out, and there is a bear account. Also the Marconi Company is getting short of money, and desires to make a new issue of shares. This it cannot do on a flat market, therefore the rise may continue until the directors are ready with their issue.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Hudson Bays are now quoted at 13⅜ ex dividend, and I expect that a great many people who could not afford the old share will buy a few of the split shares. A rise here, therefore, seems probable. The new issue of prefs. is quoted ⅜ premium. Agricultural Banks should be bought, as they are much too low. Lord Kitchener will do nothing to injure this Government institution, and I consider that Agriculturals at 5¾ are one of the soundest investments on the London Stock Exchange.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

A POLITICAL QUERY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I think your Parliamentary Correspondent is in error (in company with many others) in saying that Gladstone nominated Lord Rosebery as his political heir.

Lord Morley, in his "Life of Gladstone," reports a conversation with him just before his interview with the Queen at the time of his resignation.

He told Lord Morley that, if asked, he should advise the Queen to send for Lord Spencer.

Lord Morley states, "As it happened, his advice was not asked."

Yours truly,

THOMAS JONES.

LEIGH HUNT'S HOUSE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In a recent issue of a contemporary it was remarked that "it is curious that not even Mr. Algernon Ashton is to the front with a suggestion for the usual plaque for Leigh Hunt's house in Edwardes Square, Kensington," where the famous writer lived for several years, and wrote the criticisms in "Imagination and Fancy," "Wit and Humour," the "Jar of Honey," a portion of "The Town," and the greater part of his biography. I do hope that this timely paragraph of your contemporary has since come under the notice of the London County Council, and that it will not be long before a memorial tablet is erected on this interesting dwelling-place of Leigh Hunt. His handsome tomb in Kensal Green Cemetery is, I am happy to say, in perfect order. Your very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

CHILDREN'S HOLIDAYS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—At this period of the year large numbers of the children of London's well-to-do citizens are looking forward eagerly to their usual summer holidays in the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

country or by the sea. But more than half of the children of the poorer citizens of London have never known the delight of spending even a night in quiet country surroundings. Many of these live so far from the parks and open spaces that their only playground in holiday time must inevitably be the dingy street or crowded court in which they live.

The Children's Country Holidays Fund is endeavouring to send away at least 45,000 of these small Londoners for a fortnight's holiday in the homes of country cottagers.

Never has the holiday been more needed. One effect of the unhappy labour troubles of the past twelve months has been that many of the children have been underfed and badly clad, and in consequence have suffered greatly in health. A fortnight's change of air and scene, with good country food, would do wonders in setting them up again and giving them the strength to withstand the trials of the coming winter.

I venture to appeal, therefore, most earnestly to your readers for financial help to prevent bitter disappointment to large numbers of children whom it will be impossible to send away unless further donations are forthcoming.

Every pound sent to the Hon. Treasurer, the Earl of Arran, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C., ensures for two poor children a fortnight in a cottage with kind country hosts.

Those who are hoping to take their own children away, and all who realise the recuperative and invigorating effect of the joy that such a holiday brings with it, will, I am confident, respond generously to this appeal. Yours faithfully, (Signed) THOS. BOOR CROSBY,
Lord Mayor.

July 12, 1912.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. T. G. Martin, I fancy that the ordinary Englishman has an implicit confidence in the British Navy as being well able to scare away intruders while he indulges in the pleasant pastime of football watching. If he is a little more than ordinary, he looks also to the United States as an additional bulwark, and talks with becoming reverence of the Monroe Doctrine and the unthinkableness of war between the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race. Now all this is, in my view, a state of false security. Our imperial interests and those of the United States are very far from being identical or mutually compatible. What of that Great Dream by which I suppose all citizens of the Republic are swayed, either consciously or unconsciously — the dream of a United North America dominant over two oceans and regulating the policy of the world? How does this dream assort with the continued existence of Canada as an integral part of the British Empire? And what but some such dream could induce a nation of strong commercial instincts to invest in a vast undertaking of such doubtful profit as the Panama Canal? I venture to think, sir, that the Panama Canal is the first step towards the realisation of that Great Dream to which I have referred as the impelling force in the United States National policy. That we should take steps to counteract the enhanced power of the Republic in the New World does not seem to occur either to our statesmen or to the directors of the Popular Press. Trust America, she will always stand by us and will never suffer us to be driven to the wall by ambitious and energetic rivals. There may be a little friction over Canal dues, it is true; but that will be easily composed by arbitration, just as the Maine boundary difficulty was composed, very much to the satisfaction of at any rate one of the parties.

I will conclude by stating what appears to me to be the position of Canada with regard to the Panama Canal as things now stand: Canada as a portion of the British Empire will have to pay Canal dues; as a portion of the United States of North America she would have free use of the waterway, and be a sharer in the realisation of the Great Dream. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
IMMO S. ALLEN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—While I am grieved to think that the humble expression of my views in regard to the above places me, according to Mr. T. G. Martin, in the category of "the well-meaning and evil-doing group of purveyors of soothing syrup," I feel obliged to say that I prefer to remain in that class than in that of the fire-eating alarmist who sees an invasion of England in every move of Germany, and who imagines that yearly increase of armaments on sea and land are the only cure for the present tension. But I do object to be associated with the popular cry of "let us sit still and drift."

On the contrary, I submit that the apprehension on both sides *must* be removed, and that quickly, and in venturing to suggest that the statesmen of both countries will find a way out I assert with every confidence that at the present stage is the proper course to pursue. But I go further and, if it is found that the "powers that be," either through incompetence or excessive *amour propre,* stand in the way of a friendly settlement, then I am with Mr. Martin in appealing to the "man in the street" of both nations to ensure a settlement by the force of public opinion.

This country is no longer the sole guardian of the peace of Europe, and it would be worse than folly to attempt to assume that position. Any settlement with Germany will necessarily involve a policy of give-and-take, and we ought to be able to adopt such an attitude without loss of dignity or prestige.

I am sorry if I misunderstood Mr. Thomas McLeod in regard to his tonnage for the 250,000 Germans, but Mr. McLeod ought to know enough about shipping to realise that 50 large steamers (allowing 5,000 men per boat) cannot be diverted from their regular employment and filled up with soldiers, guns and stores without someone on this side knowing something about it, in which case, of course, the British fleet would be waiting for them at the mouths of the Elbe and Weser. I am afraid I must still hold to the opinion that, apart altogether from economic reasons, Germany will never be mad enough to face the terrible odds against her in such an adventure; nor do I believe, with all due respect to Mr. McLeod's Hamburg friend, that such a desire exists to any appreciable extent in the German Empire.—Yours, etc.,

July 12, 1912. R. J. TURNER.

THE PASSING OF A GREAT MASTER.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Our art critics have been so long at feud with the Royal Academy that everything and everybody connected with it is belittled by them, and the Press, art criticism, and the critics themselves are belittled at the same time; as we saw by the unworthy treatment a great American artist, Edwin Austin Abbey, received from a section of our Press on his passing to where critics cease from troubling and the logrollers are at rest. This scandal seems likely to be repeated in the case of a greater and far more original artist, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, O.M., whom the nation honoured by burying him in our Pantheon, St. Paul's. Many of our great weekly papers made no mention of his death, and those which did so show no glimmering of insight into the nature and significance of his achievements. Putting aside personal preference, and resting on incontestable facts, we may safely affirm that Alma-Tadema was one of the most original and, in some respects, one of the most consummate painters of all time; and he made greater departures from orthodox or "academic" art than any one of his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

contemporaries. He opened up a new class of subjects, and made Greece and Rome live again in a way to colour all our thoughts of those epoch-making times. He gave us a new type of beauty, and in composition he gave us the quaint and unexpected with refreshing originality. Earth's records stored by cosmic chemistry in the variegated marbles he turned into precious stones by his wondrous artistry. With deepening insight he revealed a host of new beauties never before seen in art, and he perfected a new technique to realise them. In dealing with the master problem for the painter, *light*, he, with his command of the reflected lights, made pigment glow as it had never glowed before except in the hands of our own great light-bringer, Turner. Colour he sublimed into its higher refinements. Eschewing the crude primaries he gave those odd, unexpected, tender, æsthetic tones only discerned by the higher colour vision. All these new departures, these new phases of perfection, achieved by one man, constitute a record seldom equalled in the history of Art.

We may like or dislike such art, we may deplore what we think this or that deficiency; but the extent of his actual attainments, the extent of his originality are beyond question; their real worth must be appraised by a saner generation, after the wave of Anarchism which has inverted all criteria has spent its force. Meanwhile we should call on our Press to rise to its responsibilities as the mouthpiece of the public, and not allow us to be degraded by the petty sectarianisms into which so many of our critics have fallen. Yours, etc.,

E. WAKE COOK.

20, Fairlawn Park,
Chiswick, W.

POETRY AND THE PUBLIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Your interesting and stimulating article in THE ACADEMY of July 6 prompts me, not "as a leading light of the intellectual world," but as a "mere ordinary man" with a love of poetry in its widest sense to suggest that Mr. Wilfrid Thorley has himself answered the two questions he commences his article with:—

No. 1: "Because we are in an age when the fine arts have become actively divorced from life."

No. 2: "Poetry, to win respect from the ordinary man, must be by way of an affirmation. Rightly or wrongly, to the normal English mind poetry stands or falls by its effect as a help towards or a hindrance to living."

May I add the opinion that an age must not be judged, from a poetical point of view, entirely by the merit or quantity of its verses; and however we may deplore "that present-day poetry generally speaks with a voice of protest, dismay, or despair," there are still singers and, moreover, workers who see and work poetically towards "the hills ahead," and echo bravely Campbell's (the Canadian) words:—

"Doubt but the battle smoke,
Dusk but the morning's cloak,
Care and despairing but dreams of the night,
Roll the grey mists up,
Drain deep the dawn cup—
Ride we—Ride we into His light."

The spirit of the age is surely full of hope, and, rightly or wrongly, is strenuously aiming and striving for another "New Birth":—

"God is in Heaven. All's right with the world."

Do not let us aim too much at writing good poetry, but let us inculcate by every means in our power the *spirit of poetry* into the rising generation. Yours faithfully,

C. OSCAR GRIDLEY.
Treasurer of the Poetry Society.

104, Elm Park Gardens,
South Kensington.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Aspects of the Irish Question. By Sydney Brooks. (Maunsel and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Les Sculpteurs Français du XIIIe Siècle (*"Les Maîtres de l'Art" Series.*) By Mlle. Louise Pillion. Illustrated. (Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3f. 50c.)

Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIXe Siècle: I. L'Angleterre en 1815. By Elie Halévy. (Hachette and Co. 15f.)

All Manner of Folk: Interpretations and Studies. By Holbrook Jackson. (Grant Richards, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.)

English Lyrical Poetry from its Origins to the Present Time. By Edward Bliss Reed, Ph.D. (Henry Frowde. 8s. 6d. net.)

Princess Ælfrida's Charity. Part III. By Henry Lansdell, D.D. (Burnside, Blackheath. 7d., post free.)

The Love of Nature Among the Romans During the Later Decades of the Republic and the First Century of the Empire. By Sir Archibald Geikie, K.C.B. (John Murray. 9s. net.)

English Literature, 1880-1905. By J. M. Kennedy. (Stephen Swift and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

A Short History of the Worshipful Company of Horners. By H. G. Rosedale, D.D. (Blades, East and Blades. 5s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Cornish Coast and Moors. By A. G. Folliott-Stokes. Illustrated. (Greening and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

An Introduction to Psychology. By Wilhelm Wundt. Translated from the Second German Edition by Rudolf Pintner, M.A. (George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Histrionics in the Dramas of Franz Grillparzer. By Elizabeth Adelaide Herrmann. (University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A. 75 cents.)

Spenser, the School of the Fletchers, and Milton. By Herbert E. Cory. (University of California Press, Berkeley, Cal., U.S.A. 75 cents.)

The British Museum Reading Room: A Handbook for Students. By R. A. Peddie. (Grafton and Co. 1s. net.)

On the Truth of Decorative Art: A Dialogue Between an Oriental and an Occidental. By Lionel de Fonseka. (Greening and Co., 2s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

The Triuneverse: A Scientific Romance. By the Author of "Space and Spirit." (Charles Knight and Co. 5s. net.)

Galbraith of Wynyates. By E. Everett-Green. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The New Humpty-Dumpty. By Daniel Chaucer. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Things that Women Do. By Florence Warden. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

Into Thy Hands. By Arthur Applin. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

The Hidden Fear. By James Blyth. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

PERIODICALS.

St. George's Magazine; The International, N.Y.; United Empire; Men's League for Women's Suffrage; The Women's Industrial News; The Bodleian; Palestine Exploration Fund Annual, 1911; Bookseller; The Conservator, Philadelphia; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; La Revue; The Eugenics Review; The Dublin Review; Publishers' Circular; Peru To-Day; University Correspondent; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Bookfellow, Sydney; Revue Bleue.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Vià the SUEZ CANAL.
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—
DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.
For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Isles, & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Thursday Fortnight.	London.
THE AZORES.	£17†	19.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
NORWAY.	From £1 a day	13 upwards.	June to August.	Grimsby & Leith.
BALTIC & RUSSIA.	From £1 a day.	24.	August 24.	Grimsby.
MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.

† Including Hotel Accommodation.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published by the Proprietor at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London E.C. Office for Advertisements, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	99
Canoeing	100
On Contradicting	100
Is Jesus an Historical Personage?	101
Three Pairs of Spectacles	102
The Spell of the Duchess Anne	103
Reviews:	
The Competition Festival Movement	105
The Poet Sub Judice ...	106
Religion and Life ...	107
Light on Agadir	108
Shorter Reviews	108
Fiction:	
A Future for India ...	109
A Life on the Ocean Wave	110
The Theatre:	
"The Ideal Wife" at Vaudeville Theatre ...	112
The National Reserve ...	112
English Character Seen Through Italian Spectacles—II	113
The Keeper of the Gate ...	114
Playing with Fire	115
Andrew Lang and His Work	117
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	118
Art:	
Some Exhibitions ...	121
The London Salon, 1912	121
Notes and News	122
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	122
Motoring	123
In the Temple of Mammon	124
Correspondence	125
Books Received	127

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

ADDRESSING a gathering of the Midlothian Boy Scouts last week, Lord Rosebery said: "If I was to form the highest ideal for my country, it would be this—that it should be a nation the manhood of which was exclusively composed of men who had been Boy Scouts, and who were trained in the Boy Scout theories. Such a nation would be the honour of mankind; it would be the greatest moral force that the world had ever known." This is high praise, but we do not think it is too high for a movement which is setting before its members the finest ideals, and encouraging qualities of perseverance, endurance, and strict truthfulness, which too often deteriorate when boys are left to their own devices. Of late years the Boy Scout seems to be always on the spot in an emergency; if there is an accident, he knows what to do; he is getting to understand everything, from an aeroplane to a submarine. And his knowledge and general willingness, if we mistake not, are tending to make of him a fine specimen of English manhood and a good all-round citizen.

Too much fuss has perhaps been made over the fact that the English competitors did not win a first position in the sports contests at Stockholm. Although we may be a "nation of sportsmen," it need not follow that we are on the down grade simply because our representatives do not uniformly win the highest laurels in an international gathering. Our men do not devote their lives to rigid training for supremacy, as is the case, we are given to understand, with the Americans; trophies secured under such conditions signify individual excellence, doubtless, but convey no meaning when a national standard of achievement is sought. Meanwhile Private Fulton has won the King's Prize at Bisley, without any blare of trumpets, and our national recreations, undertaken for the simple enjoyment of the thing—cricket, boating, and the unostentatious athletics of summer days—tend to keep us fit guardians of the nation's honour and welfare.

During the last six or seven years a curious and very complete change has taken place in the noise of London's streets. Listening at an open space, such as Hyde Park Corner, a few years ago the prevailing sound was as that of heavy rain falling on a leafy garden; it was caused by hundreds of horse's hoofs, and it blended into a dreamy roar. Now it is a thunderous reverberation; the ground trembles, and at intervals there are blasts of rough music, stentorian organ-notes from obstructed traffic. Against this hooting, which in some cases is merely a habit on the part of drivers, and in many instances is entirely unnecessary, Mr. George Moore is protesting in the public Press. What seems to us equally reprehensible is the quality of the noise which some of these hooters emit. Is it needful to carry an instrument that bellows like a bull, or gives a violent, excruciating yell when a button is pressed, or whoops like the siren of a battleship? The central ways of London are fast becoming intolerable to people with ordinary nerves and ordinary ears. Later on, of course, we may develop nerves of steel and ears insensitive to music; then, perhaps, we shall enjoy the sudden, shuddering blast of the horn whose greatest triumph is that it indicates a wild animal in extreme agony.

The common house-fly is receiving an amount of attention lately entirely out of proportion to its size. Most of the daily papers, morning and evening, have had long articles on his unpleasant way of earning a living, and several magazines, notably *Bedrock*, have discussed him at a length which would flatter him, could he see and understand. He has been fed on specially prepared syrups, kept in durance vile until the number of bacilli on his feet and legs has been enumerated and tabulated, and the general result is to prove that on the whole *Musca domestica* is one of the most desperate villains in the insect world, to be, so to speak, shot on sight by all who have the health of the community at heart. We seem to remember campaigns similar to this in previous years; and still the familiar buzz awakes us in the early hours, still the brief word of execration escapes us at odd moments when his attentions become too pressing. One effect of this recrudescence of public interest is undeniable: it has become a boon to the effervescent journalist.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Canoeing

(*Beaugency-sur-Loire.*)

A STRONG stroke, and the boat leaps, and the heart grows merry!
But I think of a little farm slid by, and a dark girl at the ferry.
The sun dies, and a bird cries, and a bright star's gleaming:
And I alone in my small boat, with all the night for dreaming. . . .

A strong stroke, and the boat leaps, and the stream swirls under;
And here am I by the small white town, in a sad, hush'd wonder.
Lovers sigh and the leaves sigh—and bright eyes peeping:
A boy laughs and a girl laughs . . . and ah! who's weeping?

DOUGLAS GOLDRING.

On Contradicting

WHEN we were small and unimportant, yet not too small or too insignificant to hold some very decided opinions of our own, one of the first lessons we had to learn was the heinousness of the sin of contradicting. "Don't contradict!" we were constantly told; and if we ventured, under stress of firm convictions, upon the abrupt "'Tis" or "'Tisn't," reprisals too painful to be recalled with equanimity were sure to follow, the hollow pretence being that it was necessary for us to learn "good manners." Where, we doubtless felt inclined to demand, was the good manners in the process of slapping and other undignified maltreatment as reward for simple statements of truth?

As we grew older in the ways of the world, and possibly a little wiser, it was borne in upon us that contradiction was a thing most needful, and that often the sin lay rather in keeping silence than in speaking plainly our dissension from conclusions under consideration which seemed to us wrong. We began to realise that a great part of the life and vivacity of the world lies in the fact that most truths, like a coin, possess a head and a tail, a positive and a negative aspect; that one man lives to disprove precisely what another man spends his years in proving; that half the books that appear are written to pull to pieces the theories put forward in the other half; that one destroys, while another builds. And in time we regarded the sin of contradiction in a new light—regarded it, in short, as an art of indubitable value in the progress of the human race.

The man who never contradicts is a poor invertebrate fellow at the best. To endeavour to be "all things to all men" is too often to succeed in being nothing to any man. He may have opinions, but he rubs his hands pleasantly and adopts yours, rather than appear ungracious or disagreeable; his mind resembles a jelly that refuses to "set," perpetually ready to take the shape of any mould that may be handy. Not for him is the keen conflict of wit, the hammer-and-tongs argument that leaves its participants glowing, unconvinced, pugnacious still, but happy. Strong men regard him with a kindly contempt if they do not pass him by as a cipher, and if he gets on in the world it is because his temperament suits him peculiarly for the position of sycophant—there are always people who are willing to pay for a consistent and complimentary human echo. He is a Liberal—while he is reading the Liberal paper; he is a Conservative directly he turns to the Tory reasonings; he never knows which way to vote, and frequently doesn't vote at all. If he writes, he is principally employed in dressing up what other people have written.

For such men there is little use. The hard work of the world has been done and will be done by men who are not afraid to contradict, and there is more need for them than ever at the present time. To take only one example: because Ibsen was an acute psychologist, and saw in advance of his period the strain that was coming into social and family life, *given certain conditions of unstable equilibrium*, dozens of other less gifted writers jumped to the conclusion that such sorrowful conditions were the normal, and based upon those erroneous conclusions plays that have become the vogue—plays in which the principal attraction is a nauseating situation (known euphemistically as "daring") treated in a way that would have made Ibsen sad indeed. Where is the man, sure of his public audience, who will stand up and say that we want to get back to the clean, delightful plays of real wit and real humour so rarely seen, and still more rarely written nowadays; that it is not necessary to stage adultery; that the spectacle of one man making love to another man's wife is neither pretty nor funny; and that there are a thousand aspects of life which may be portrayed with profit without exaggerated pictures of perverted morals and desire masquerading as love? This is a contradiction that is badly wanted to-day.

There are many others; but there are not many men, apparently, who see the need of utterance. Outspoken contradiction may be "bad form" at times; but it holds tremendous possibilities for good when undertaken by a wise and fearless soul full of conviction. The cry of "good manners" may be exalted unduly until it becomes as the beautiful *ignis fatuus* that rises from stagnant waters and unwholesome places; give it its true worth as a guide to social pleasantness and agreeable intercourse; but let us not be afraid, when self-respect incites, to contradict, and to do it emphatically.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Is Jesus an Historical Personage?*

By FRANK HARRIS.

THE critical and sceptical spirit of our time inspired by the scientific method has at length ventured what may be called, after Dante, the supreme denial. Was there such a person as Jesus? it asks, with a would-be impartial manner. Is there any proof, any evidence even that such a man ever existed? Naturally, the author of the question is a German, the well-known Dr. Drews; his book, "Die Christusmythe," or "Christ Myth," set Germany thinking a couple of years ago. An English translation was published by Mr. Fisher Unwin in 1911, and now there appears "an abbreviated and amended version of the second part" of the book under the title, "The Witnesses to the Historicity of Jesus." There is nothing to be said against Dr. Drews' manner: he is not reverential, it is true: but, then, his avowed intention almost excludes reverence. He says in his introduction:—

> The chief aim of the work is to collect, examine, and refute the arguments which are advanced on the theological side for the historicity of Jesus. In spite of their arrogant behaviour, the German theologians have not been able to produce one single decisive reason for the historicity of Jesus. It remains to be seen whether the English authorities can adduce better proof of the validity of the Christian belief than their German colleagues have done.

And the spirit in which he undertakes his work is no less definite and definitely stated:—

> What a situation it is when the deepest thoughts of the modern mind must be measured by the teaching of Jesus, and referred to a world of ideas that has nothing to recommend it but the antiquity of its traditions and the artificially engendered appreciation of everything connected with it!

With this object, then, in view, and inspired by this contemptuous prejudice, Dr. Drews passes in review all the witnesses to the existence of Jesus. His learning seems sufficient, though his impartiality is to seek. First of all, he deals with "the Jewish witnesses," dwelling on the silence of Philo and Justus, and finally deciding that the famous passage in Josephus is the work of a Christian interpolater. Dr. Drews then handles "the Roman witnesses," and finds reason to reject all of them, even Tacitus, because, forsooth, the style of Tacitus is so peculiar that it is extremely easy to imitate. Dr. Drews forgets that the peculiar spirit of Tacitus is just as clearly to be seen in the well-known passage, and he furnishes no reason why anyone should imitate the views of Tacitus as well as his style. He sums up: "There is no such thing as a really convincing witness in profane literature." It is true that he is able to console himself for this. "What," he asks, "could Josephus or Tacitus do for us? They could at the most merely show that at the end of the first century, not only the Christians, but their tradition and Christ-mythos, were known at Rome. When it originated, however, and how far it was based on truth could not be discovered from Tacitus or Josephus."

At length Dr. Drews comes to Paul: after all, Paul is not a hundred years later than Jesus, but almost a contemporary, writing his epistles perhaps twenty years after the Crucifixion, and Paul again and again bears witness to Jesus in express terms. He tells at length of the Last Supper: he says he went to Jerusalem, and saw Peter and James, "the brother of the Lord": Paul is a witness whose truthfulness cannot be impugned, and whose capacity is as manifest as his trustworthiness. But after spending scores of pages in proving the obvious fact that Paul's Christianity is not in every respect the Christianity preached in the Gospels, Dr. Drews finally decides that Paul himself was probably a myth. His words are:—

> It is equally possible that the name of Paul is only a general title for a number of letter-writers who invented the character in order to give an air of authority to a religious system that went beyond the original Christianity. It would not be possible to ascribe so peculiar and novel a system as Paulinism to an immediate disciple of "the Lord," to whose supposed historical personality the other followers of the new religion appealed.

After all this, Dr. Drews finds no difficulty in disposing of the Gospels and their evidence, and here, as in his estimate of Paul and his witness, we are in direct opposition to him. He says:—

> The attempt to prove the historicity of Jesus is *hopeless* if there are no other historical sources for it than the gospels. . . . However much the figure of Jesus as it is set forth in the acts and words of the gospel narrative may move and enchain the sentiments of the reader, it cannot be deduced from these sentiments that an historical personality was the model of the character. Otherwise we should have to describe Homer's heroes, Shakespeare's Hamlet, and Goethe's Faust as historical personalities because they are so vividly portrayed and make such a "strong impression" on sensitive souls.

I am at issue with Dr. Drews from the beginning of his argument to the end. I believe, for reasons which I cannot give here, that the passage in Josephus mentioning Jesus and his crucifixion is authentic, though it has probably been amended or worsened by some overzealous Christian. I am persuaded that the account of Tacitus is absolutely trustworthy: its contemptuous anti-Christian bias removes any suspicion of invention. But without such confirmation the Gospel story itself would be as convincing to me as are the Epistles of St. Paul. Dr. Drews tells us that we have no reason to believe that there is a historic character named Paul, because, forsooth, we might as well believe in the historic reality

* *Die Christusmythe.* By ARTHUR DREWS. (Jena.)
The Witnesses to the Historicity of Jesus. By ARTHUR DREWS. (Watts and Co. 5s. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of Hamlet or Faust as in the historic reality of Paul. But Paul is a thousand times more vivid, I will not say than the shadowy Faust or the interesting Hamlet: he is more vividly realised in one epistle than Dr. Johnson in five hundred pages of admirable pen-photographs. We know Paul as we know no other character in all history; and if we do not believe that Paul has described himself to the finger-tips in these wonderful epistles, then we are compelled to believe that there existed in that first century an artist capable of creating him—an artist, that is, infinitely more gifted than Shakespeare or Goethe. As a historic personage St. Paul is astonishing enough; as an imaginary character he would be the wonder of the world's art.

And this argument, founded on the extraordinary vividness and peculiarity of the character of Paul, is enormously strengthened when we come to consider Jesus himself. Dr. Drews does not see that in denying the historical Jesus he is only increasing the difficulty. If we do not believe that Jesus was an historical personage, who created him? Who at that time and in that place was capable of imagining a man of such wisdom and such sweetness that he dwarfs even Buddha and Socrates? And who was it invented the magical story every incident of which has become a symbol in the mind of man? Does Dr. Drews seriously ask us to believe that three or four Galilean fishermen were capable of such a feat? Or does he imagine that an astral-myth can clothe itself not only with divine poetry, but with a passion of humility and self-sacrifice?

Dr. Drews asserts that many of the sayings of Jesus are to be found in the Hebrew prophets and earlier Jewish writings. But this proves nothing. The best words of Jesus are distinctively his own. There are sayings of his the like of which are not to be found in any other writing—sayings which carry with them not only an eternal appeal, but which in themselves are a convincing transcript of life. He spoke from the soul to the soul as no one ever spoke before or since, and it is a thousand times easier to believe in him than in his creation by inferior creatures who could not even understand him.

Three Pairs of Spectacles*

MULTIPLE personality is always interesting, and in authorship the interest is free from the sombreness that attaches to it in other connections. Mr. Sydney Brooks, writing on "Aspects of the Irish Question," exhibits three personalities. In descending order we find Mr. Brooks the able observer and critic, Mr. Brooks the Liberal without blinkers, and Mr. Brooks the Liberal with blinkers. Mr. Brooks 1, to borrow the style of identification employed by the late Mr. Myers and his fellow-workers in corresponding cases, has an ardent sympathy with the Celtic Irish, but he is fully alive to the shortcomings which racial character and their history have imposed on them.

"For bodies to pass resolutions," he says, "to which all present are secretly opposed; for Irish politicians to deride in conversation and in private letters pretty nearly everything they are engaged in upholding in Parliament and on the platform—these are the everyday phenomena of Irish affairs. Make-believe, dissimulation, a conscious insincerity, and the miasma of moral cowardice permeate nearly the whole country, and one is almost tempted at times to declare that if half-a-dozen leading Nationalist M.P.'s were to say on a public platform one-half the things they mutter in private about the devitalising tyranny of the Church over the social life and mental development of the people, it would do more for the essentials of Irish welfare than the most perfect of Home Rule Bills. Over far too large a portion of Ireland terrorism is the rule of life, opinion is no more than the bellowing of the loudest *claque*, civic spirit is represented by the wranglings and intrigues of factions, performance fails to follow promise, patriotism finds its only expression in a litter of histrionic resolutions, the very conception of industrial discipline seems to have perished, witnesses perjure themselves with an Asiatic liberality, juries return verdicts that every man in the twelve knows to be against the evidence, the individual cowers before the priest, and the whole conduct of life is scaled down to a turbulent level of greed, languor, intimidation, inefficiency, falsity, and superstition." Thus Mr. Brooks 1 on page 236 of the joint personalities' book: yet on page 237 Mr. Brooks 3 is able to remark, "The foolish taunt that the Irish are unfit for self-government is no longer heard. The fear of Home Rule producing or giving free rein to a *régime* of religious intolerance has been dispelled by the repeated demonstrations that in Ireland bigotry and the persecuting spirit are a Protestant monopoly."

On page 39 Mr. Brooks 1 deals with certain indisputable facts. "There are thirty-three County Councils in Ireland. In fourteen of them the Unionists have not a single representative; in eight they have only one apiece; in twenty-seven, out of a total of 780 Councillors, the Unionists are no more than 23; and in the whole thirty-three they are outnumbered by more than six to one. In the towns and cities it is just the same. The whole machinery of local administration, in fact, outside Ulster is in the hands of men whose chief claim to election is that they are Nationalists in sentiment, and who represent neither the wealth nor the experience nor the best brains and capacity of the country." Then Mr. Brooks 3 intervenes as a commentator. "The Unionists complain bitterly of their exclusion, but I cannot see what other fate they could possibly have expected. A majority long harassed and thwarted, often persecuted, always looked down upon, finds itself in sudden possession of political power. What can be more inevitable than that they should use that power against those who have oppressed them in the past, and who still retain most of the characteristics of an alien and dominant caste? An impartial student of Irish history can only, I think, marvel that the retri-

* *Aspects of the Irish Question.* By SYDNEY BROOKS. (Maunsel and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

bution should be so slight." In this matter, as Mr. Brooks 2 no doubt recognises, "performance has failed to follow promise," and Irish Unionists are not altogether wanting in sense of augury.

Mr. Brooks 2 contemplates with disfavour the Home Rule Bill now before Parliament. He passes judgment upon it almost in the tone of "Cato the Severe." "Compared with the comprehensive scheme of Home Rule worked out by Mr. Erskine Childers with such a wealth of understanding and so broad and sure a grip of the psychology, as well as the material problems and needs of the Irish people and of Irish government, the Bill brought forward by the Liberal Ministry is not statesmanship, but gerrymandering politics; and I gravely fear that it will not only deflect upon England a gathering tumult of Irish animosity and resentment, but will have to be proved unworkable in practice before the field is cleared for a more harmonious and lasting solution." But though Mr. Brooks 2 is wholly unable to commend the Home Rule Bill to intelligent electors it need hardly be said that for the Ulster Unionists who are uncompromisingly opposing it Mr. Brooks 3 has no sympathy—he has scarcely tolerance. "Ulster not only has its eyes on the counting-house," says the least perspicacious Mr. Brooks, "but Popery on the brain." Ulster seems to have seen, like Mr. Brooks 1, "the individual cowering before the priest." Nevertheless, Mr. Brooks 3 is convinced that "the obscurantism of Ulster is more than 'religious.' It is a wild nightmare of hallucinations in which Protestantism, landlordism, Unionism, and loyalty have come to be regarded as synonymous terms"; and the Ulsterman of the North-east "moves in a world of hysterical unrealities."

"Aspects of the Irish Problem" is a book that all students of the Home Rule problem will find it worth while to read; the facts in it stand out all the more clearly because the various Mr. Brooks destroy their respective theories about them.

The Spell of the Duchess Anne

EVERYWHERE in Brittany you are walking in the footsteps of a fifteenth-century feminist. Everywhere you are haunted by the spirit and the legends of the Duchess Anne; and nowhere more than in the green valley of St. Jean-du-Doigt. As the road winds seawards down the steep hill some twenty kilomètres from Morlaix, you get now a momentary peep between the trees at the blue of the Channel, now a glancing vision of a slender spire and a white-walled villa gleaming among the green. Then you lose them all in the prevailing verdure till you reach the bottom of the hill. A turn to the right—St. Jean!

You have heard that St. Jean is a resort of artists. Now you realise what that means: you run the risk of upsetting an easel at every dozen steps. Before every easel a painter, and on every canvas a church and a fountain, the church containing the sacred finger of St. Jean, and the fountain of the Duchess Anne—the most be-painted and be-photographed church and fountain in all Brittany. Very properly so, for both are beautiful in themselves and lovely in their setting.

The church and the fountain, and the old mortuary chapel, with its decaying roof of gloriously carved wood—these are the cause of the easels, and of the hotel and of the villas and the pensions that make up St. Jean. But the root cause of St. Jean-du-Doigt, of course, is *le doigt de St. Jean*. The little relic, enclosed in its little silver casket, with a little glass window for you to look through (which the Curé will presently show you with great reverence), the veritable finger of St. John, is responsible for them all—even for the bathing machines on the pebbly beach half a mile away. If mine host at the hotel with the Gothic doorways and arches and tortuous stone passages, formerly appertaining to a religious house, finds trade booming; if Madame Le Houérou at *Les Lauriers*, and Madame Scouarnec at *Ker-jean*, and Madame Maréchal at *Bella Vista* are making their frugal fortunes—let them attribute it all to the finger of St. John. Such is the puissance of a morsel of bone!

But no, not all. The Duchess Anne must have her tribute too, for if that strong-minded female had not determined some four hundred years ago to have her eyes cured by the miraculous water of St. Jean, and if she had not presented the village with its lovely fountain of stone with the leaden figures, now moss-grown and weather-worn, St. Jean-du-Doigt would be lacking half its æsthetic charm, and therefore half its patrons.

How she dominates Brittany still! As surely as though she had never married either Charles VIII. or Louis XII.—as though she had never taken the step which joined the acres of the duchy to those of the kingdom—as surely as if her own ambitions had been realised and Brittany had retained its independence, as surely as if the great Revolution had not centralised Regionalism out of existence and smashed her realm into a dozen French departments—the Duchess Anne still reigns. Even as the western peninsula of England looks back with shining eyes to the age of Elizabeth, when its peculiar heroes made its fame resound in the world, so the western peninsula of France looks back to the age of the Duchess Anne.

Frenchmen say that, in spite of her great talents, her cultivated tastes, she was a bad queen. "Ni comme femme, ni comme reine, cette excellente Bretonne et mauvaise Française ne mérite les éloges qu'on a répétés sur son compte." But in Brittany her eulogies are still sung. Only a little while ago she had an *affaire* all to herself, when Jean Boucher, the famous Breton sculptor, in a group of statuary placed on the front of the Town Hall at Rennes, depicting the union of France and Brittany, represented La Bretagne in an attitude of humility before La France.

"La Bretagne agenouillée!" cried the Regionalists, the Druids, and the local Press. Was ever such an outrage? The idea that the Duchess Anne could ever have been brought to kneel to the power of France! In other

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

days an insult like this would have been wiped out with seas of blood. Now, as the *Journal de Rennes* remarked with delicious humour, it was avenged with "des flots d'encre!" "A genoux!" cried another journal in the course of sixteen patriotic stanzas:—

> Toi, Bretagne, à genoux en signe de servage,
> A genoux, implorant la pitié du vainqueur. . .
> Tu ne recevras pas cette blessure au cœur,
> Tu ne mérites pas, ô mère, cet outrage!

It was in vain that the genial Jean Boucher asseverated that his intentions were quite honourable, and that La Bretagne was not meant to be depicted kneeling. The uproar continued till the day when the work was "inaugurated" (by M. Chaumet, of the Posts and Telegraphs). The Druids refused to attend the ceremony, and there was almost a duel between a Republican deputy and a local journalist about it.

Here in St. Jean-du-Doigt we are far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife of Rennes. But the Duchess is still with us. We are indeed carried back into the very atmosphere of her own age. Here she came to worship the Relic, to bathe her eyes in the miraculous water that flows from the well into the church, to be cured of whatever trouble afflicted her, and to order the building of the lovely fountain—to which at this moment come white-capped Bretonnes with their pitchers, dressed in the very costumes in which she saw their ancestors curtsey as she passed into the church. But for the white villas (which are hidden among the trees) and the easels and the paint, the village of St. Jean has altered very little in four hundred years.

There was one person who had not come under the spell of the Duchess Anne, who disregarded the church, and was contemptuous of the fountain. He had turned his back upon them, and upon the long line of artists conjuring the spire and the leaden figures off palettes on to canvas in all the genres. He was facing the ripe yellow wall of the hotel, across which an old vine clambered. Stretched on a lounging chair against the wall was a pretty woman feigning to sleep, with her arms behind her head. Her simulacrum mingled with the outline of the vine in vague greens and misty blues upon his canvas.

It was while I consulted Hebe in the hotel as to the composition of a drink attuned to the temperature of the day that he came in. Hebe turned to him.

"Do you not recommend, monsieur, a little *cassis* for such weather?"

"Well, ya—as," said he, "or you might do better with *vin blanc-citron*—mix a little white wine, lemon, and soda."

It was while Hebe composed the mixture that we became acquainted. I remarked upon the fact that he was not doing his duty as a good American: he was not painting the church and the fountain of the Duchess Anne.

"No—o," said he, with a drawl. "Fact is, I'm paintin' the Duchess Anne herself. I'll introduce you. If you want to see the relics and the church, it's about time she made her daily pilgrimage, and we can go along together."

The Lady of the Vine smiled when her whimsical companion presented her to me as the Duchess Anne. "Delicate flattery," she called it, as anybody who had seen a portrait of the Duchess Anne would at once perceive. The nickname was a confidential joke between them, and so remained for an hour.

We had pulled at the Curé's door bell, walked through his long, weed-grown garden, waited a moment in the bare passage with the dark crucifix upon the whitewashed wall; we had followed him and his jangling keys, as his *soutane* whirled up the dust along the sun-baked road; we had been permitted to inspect the jewels, the finger of St. John, and the wondrous chalice given to the church by the Duchess Anne, and we had made our contribution to the funds of the parish. So far no explanation. Then, the Curé said,

"Madame's eyes are better?"

"Yes, monsieur," replied the Lady of the Vine; "they improve daily."

We all strolled down the church together, and in the North Wall came to a little zinc tank, with tiny taps that supplied it with water. Madame stopped and dipped her hand in the tank, and made the sign of the Cross with the water upon her forehead. Then she bathed her eyes, the Curé looking gravely on.

"My husband laughs at this, you know, monsieur," said she, smiling at the Curé.

"Oh, monsieur pretends to laugh, because he will not be thought superstitious," was the reply. "But he is diligent to bring you here every day—and has he not given you the sobriquet of 'the Duchess Anne'? I am certain that monsieur will never let you leave St. Jean, and never give up the daily visit to the sacred spring, until the miracle is achieved."

The artist had strolled away to the porch on the other side of the church through which the ardent sunlight was streaming.

"My eyes were very bad when I came here three weeks ago," said the Lady of the Vine, by way of explanation. "We were at Morlaix, and I happened to take up a foolish little guide-book and read a silly little tale about the miracle which the well of St. Jean had wrought upon the Duchess Anne four hundred years ago. And somehow or other it got on my nerves—you know the way things will when people are ill. Horace laughed me to scorn—and insisted on bringing me down to show what folly it was. And here we've been. And really, I'm much better."

"Dieu merci!" said the Curé.

"I think it's a radio-active spring, isn't it?" said the artist, who had come up behind.

"Perhaps, monsieur," said the Curé. "But it is as God made it. And as for madame, it goes well with her, eh? Bon jour, madame, messieurs." And we stepped out into the sunshine, where the drops of water falling from the moss-grown fountain glistened like showers of diamonds.

R. A. J. WALLING.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

The Competition Festival Movement

Mary Wakefield: A Memoir. By ROSA NEWMARCH. (Atkinson and Pollitt, Kendal. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE name of Mrs. Newmarch on the title-page of this brief memoir assures us that the story of Mary Wakefield, what she was and what she did, will be told with perfect tact, knowledge, and discernment. Except for one verbal delinquency—she writes "cultured" when she means "cultivated"—we cannot find a fault. It would have been so natural if a friend of Miss Wakefield had sometimes allowed enthusiasm to master judgment; so natural for a musician to hold language of too glowing praise about the success of that Competition Festival Movement which must surely remain for Mary Wakefield a monument more durable than brass. But Mrs. Newmarch, whether as friend or musician, always remembers to write with measure, at the same time allowing the reader to see how unreservedly her affection and sympathy and admiration had gone out to the bright, brilliant woman who is the heroine of her pages. It would have been easy, also, to have expanded this memoir into a volume of the ordinary type by the inclusion of letters which would undoubtedly have been interesting, and a host of details which, for the general reader, would have been entirely unnecessary. Mrs. Newmarch sets a good example to the compilers of memoirs when she confines her account of the life and labours of Mary Wakefield to a thin volume of 125 pages. She tells the public all they need to know, but not more, about a life which was so full, and labours which were so extended and so useful that a less gifted biographer could hardly have described them in so short a space.

It is when we look back to the state of music, amateur and professional, town and country, in the England of the "seventies," and compare it with its state to-day, that we most clearly realise the value of such a life, such a work as Mary Wakefield's. She was never, perhaps, more than the most gifted amateur of her time, but in such a sphere as was open to her she accomplished as much for music as did any professional in larger fields. Had her circumstances obliged her to earn her living, to "go through the mill," and apply herself to one task with the concentrated purpose of an apostle, "This one thing I do," she had gifts, energy, enthusiasm which would quite certainly have enabled her to take ultimate rank among the great women of the Victorian epoch. Had she been born forty years later, in the more liberal conditions of the present time, it would have been recognised from the first that she was one of those whose destiny was to be in the forefront of the world's workers, and she would have been trained accordingly. But though her exceptional talents were perhaps restricted to work in a more confined sphere than that of which they were worthy, let no one despise that work. She began by influencing the taste of musical amateurs. The cultivation of the amateur is a very different thing now from what it was in the "seventies," although at that time there were several amateur singers much finer than any we know of now. Mme. Conneau, Lady Folkestone, Lady Downe, Lady Agneta Montagu were among them. But these ladies sang such songs as their everyday hearers liked. It was Mary Wakefield who seasoned her programmes with Schubert and Schumann and the old Italians, and caught eagerly at the work of the coming composers. So indefatigably did she travel about England with her fine repertoire—she kept "popular" songs for the inevitable encores—that she succeeded in making a very definite and permanent impression upon the musical taste of those days. She was an amateur Camilla Lardi, if anyone who never heard her wishes to know what she was like as a singer; though Mrs. Newmarch perhaps goes too far when she says that, had Miss Wakefield become a professional singer, she would have been one of the greatest. The training had not been sufficiently severe, and the natural gifts were not perfectly under control.

We remember hearing Mme. Ristori speak a little gravely of a certain incompleteness of equipment when all social Rome was talking about Mary Wakefield as if she were Malibran *rediviva*. It is possible that there never was another woman in the world so good-hearted and unselfish as Mary Wakefield, and she gave too unstintingly of her best in those years when Music's tide was coming up with a rush and everybody wanted her to sing for them. Prodigal as she was of her talents, her singing would probably have been finer had she been less generous, and given more time to the discipline of study. When a certain reaction came after the busy years of social success and untiring platform work, Miss Wakefield's energy found a new channel, and she did as much good by the lectures, which she illustrated herself, as she had formerly done by her singing. She reached a wider class, and taught it that music has charms which are not confined to the momentary pleasure of hearing a song or two at a concert. But the great moment had not yet arrived, though all the experience gained as singer and lecturer was to bear abundant fruit.

The present writer was tolerably familiar with the conditions of music in Westmoreland and Cumberland at the time when Miss Wakefield began the labours that were to result in the wide-spread Competition Festival Movement, which, issuing from the ancient mountain town of Kendal, has changed the character of music in countrysides throughout England by inspiring new ideals. Mrs. Newmarch tells the story of this work briefly enough. This is a part of her book which we would willingly have found more copious. But still, without omitting essentials, she states, with conspicuous fairness, the collateral influences which aided the successful development of the Westmoreland scheme, and does not permit the legend to spread that the Competition Festival emanated, Minerva-like, from Miss Wakefield's brain. But she brings out, what is most

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

important, that the statesmanship which was responsible for the guiding of the infant movement was hers. With a head at the helm less wise than Mary Wakefield's—we may add, also, with a leader less completely endowed with the special genius of a general—the movement would never have been guided to the ultimate, surely-founded success that it was. There had been competitions, there had been local festivals before Kendal, but the finger which touched and gave them life and the power to grow was Miss Wakefield's. In the "Risorgimento" of England's music her name holds a place unique indeed. On her banner were inscribed the words of Ruskin: "Music fulfils its most attractive and beneficent mission when the masses of the people enjoy it as a solace and a recreation."

Like some musical Joan of Arc, Miss Wakefield set out to free her country from ignorance, lethargy, acquiescence in the lower forms of musical enjoyment, to raise the standard of taste, to show how possible it is for the dwellers in the remotest villages to join with their brethren in a concord of sweet sounds. We do not know to what extent the individual members of the choirs and orchestras who reap the advantages of the movement which she sowed recognise their debt to Miss Wakefield. Many of them, perhaps, take it for granted that their Festivals exist, and they need not trouble to inquire how they came into being. But we trust that the leaders of every body which takes a part in the Competition Festivals will see to it that Mrs. Newmarch's memoir of their founder circulates generously among the singers and the players. Lectures, the material drawn from its pages, might well be given at the commencement of the winter rehearsals. Gratitude is not such an extinct emotion among us as some pretend, and we cannot but believe that a very little pains need be taken to kindle a real sense of gratitude and devotion to the memory of Mary Wakefield among the humbler musical folk whose cheering activities she may be said to have called into existence.

The Poet Sub Judice

New Essays, Literary and Philosophical. By JAMES LINDSAY, D.D. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s. net.)
The Future of Poetry. By F. P. B. OSMASTON. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Poet and the Poetic Principle. By L. CONRAD HARTLEY. (J. E. Cornish, Manchester. 2s. net.)

THE poet keeps us pretty busy nowadays. In the intervals of charming our ears as a singer he occupies our critical faculties as a phenomenon. Here are three more books, all more or less concerned with him in the latter sense. Dr. Lindsay's excellent essays deal almost exclusively with poetical subjects. There is a very comprehensive sketch of the Romantic Movement, a brief survey of contemporary Italian poetry, an essay on the poetry of Petrarch, and one on the genius of Browning. Two of the papers, however, are of a more general character. One of these discusses with good effect the distinctive features of epic and lyric poetry. A brief extract or two will serve to show Dr. Lindsay's characteristic standpoint:

> The lyric poet, remaining ever himself, freely abandons himself to his own vivid impressions, but the epic poet may not wrap himself up in personal interest in this fashion, but must have his readers ever before him. In the primacy of the song spirit, the lyric differs from the epic, whose motive and inspiration are primitively ethical.
>
> The true epic demands at least religious imagination, for, in its desire to explain its great humanitarian fact or event by heavenlier agency or power, it shows itself to be, of all poetic styles, the most essentially religious.

Hence he ranks Dante above Milton because "Dante's cosmical epic is more shot through with Christian idea." In a further essay treating of the relation between poetry and philosophy Dr. Lindsay takes a fairly "safe" line. He is not prepared to uphold Matthew Arnold's prophecy that poetry will in the end dethrone philosophy. The two are permanently co-existent, though in a sense inter-related. "The poet is philosopher by inspiration and instinct, not through ratiocinative process; the philosopher is poet by insight and vital thinking." For the most part Dr. Lindsay does not break any very fresh critical ground, and his literary judgments are inclined to a rather pronounced flavour of the D.D., but the essays are well written, and will be found very pleasant reading.

Curiously enough, Mr. Osmaston, in his stimulating little essay, discusses the same dictum of Arnold, but in a more suggestive way. He accuses Arnold of totally ignoring the idea of philosophy of art, since he regarded art simply as superlative expression. In this sense Mr. Osmaston repudiates the contention also; Art and Philosophy are distinct both in their content and in their problems. But his own conception of the art of poetry is wider and more profound. It comprehends a lifting of the particular into the universal; and he ventures to hope that, the "Universal in Philosophy" having "vanished," poetry will replace the sister Muse in this respect. "The supreme value," he says, of an intensely personal poem, such as Tennyson's "In Memoriam" or Meredith's "A Faith on Trial,"

> does not consist in the nearness of an approach to scientific truth at all . . . .; it consists in this: that it is the expression of a faith that can only be expressed in the full strength of its appeal through the medium of an imaginative art vitalised by a spirit which is not entirely intellectual at all, or an appeal direct to the intelligence, but is essentially mystical or symbolic, and as such is an appeal to man's entire nature.

Viewed in this light, poetry is a criticism of life from a unique and inspiring standpoint, and its contribution is of the sort we can perhaps least afford to dispense with. With regard to the specific question of the future of poetry, Mr. Osmaston is very guardedly optimistic.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

He only faintly trusts the larger hope of Emerson that presently "we shall know how to take up all this industry and empire with thought as easily as when the arts were few"—is a little afraid that this modern life of ours is a lymphatic affair beside the life Shakespeare knew; but he seeks comfort in the principle of Browning that poetry, while critical, is reconstructive, and takes the past as well as the present into its scope. But the modern tendency is to lose the architectonic in the passion for complexity, to make consummate craftsmanship hide poverty of spiritual vision. If poetry is to fulfil her future, those who would serve her must do so with the high seriousness of a prophetic and priestly office. Which brings Mr. Osmaston to the conclusion of his interesting argument with Hugo's oracular words: "La poésie contient la philosophie comme l'âme contient la raison."

Mr. Hartley's contribution to the subject is an agreeable discourse enough, of a not too technical character. His style is rhetorical and declamatory. In fact, we can best place it as a lecture delivered at "a meeting of the Hatherlow Literary Club." It will serve to occupy a pleasant hour by and by at the fireside.

Religion and Life

Aus Wissenschaft und Leben. By ADOLF HARNACK. 2 Vols. (Alfred Töpelmann, Giessen. 10 Marks.)

PROFESSOR ADOLF HARNACK is one of the outstanding figures of modern Europe. It is not entirely because of his supreme position in relation to an increasingly popular body of science, nor is it wholly on account of his opinions and conclusions. These latter, indeed, are often highly provocative, in spite of the moderation with which they are expressed, and in spite of their promulgator's aspirations after an eventual harmony of the universal human spirit. The paradox is, however, at best superficial; all harmony comes out of conflict, and the Founder of Peace on Earth has said, "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." Nevertheless, we cannot help dwelling for a moment on the apparent incompatibility of aims with methods in connection with Professor Harnack's remarks on Catholicism. Nothing is more certain than the great theologian's goodwill towards the Roman Church and his desire to do it justice; but we will venture to say that no part of his writings is more open to controversy, from one side or the other.

The great quality of Professor Harnack is his universality; he is not simply a theologian or a religious historian; he is in the very highest sense a man—one to whom no human transaction, past, present, or to come, is without interest. We have only to glance at the headings of his speeches and writings. Questions of pure theology are found side by side with proposals for a *modus vivendi* between Catholics and Protestants in Germany, or between Englishmen and Germans in the world, with domestic matters, such as the regulation of German education and the constitution of the "Evangelical" National Church, with maxims on the use and abuse of footnotes in books, with remarks on the Royal Library at Berlin, and with a host of heterogeneous subjects. Readers of the "Reden und Aufsätze," of the same author, reviewed in THE ACADEMY some nine years ago, will know what they are to expect to find in the present volumes.

We were surprised a short while ago to find the judgment expressed by a French critic that Professor Harnack's discussion of modern problems was trivial, "simpliste," or some such adjective. We can only suppose that the critic of books was judging the critic of life from the point of view of the austere specialist. For our part, we hold that the historical spirit is an admirable qualification for a view of life. Professor Harnack is not one of Carlyle's "Prussian Dryasdusts." He has the only true open mind—that is to say, he has strong opinions, amounting sometimes to prejudices, and he can examine a question without any prejudice at all. His own conclusion of the matter will save many words: "Das Wissen allein reicht zur Wissenschaft nicht aus, es will getan sein." He is a great practical optimist, not disdaining any part of his heritage, but looking forward to a better future. Among other things, he is a patriot and an ardent loyalist; no formula will move the world that has not patriotism for one of its terms; but some of the eulogy on Bismarck is difficult to reconcile with certain other ideals of the author. He is on safer ground when he salutes the Iron Chancellor somewhat vaguely as a "Dichter." The Reformation means much to a German Protestant, but Professor Harnack is willing to share it with the Roman Catholics: "Wenn man die Reformation schmäht, so schmäht man den Mutterschoss, aus welchem im sechzehnten Jahrhundert neben der Reformation auch all das Gute hervorgegangen ist, was eine Erneuerung der Katholischen Kirche bewirkt hat."

It is natural that the religious sections of this book should be the most interesting. Professor Harnack pleads for the essential unity of religion and history, and insists on the identification of the former with life in the highest sense, but practically religion tends to be a subject apart. Controversialists are presented with one golden maxim for their guidance: "Die falsche Kampfesweise besteht darin, die gute Theorie der eigenen Kirche mit der schlechten Praxis der anderen zu vergleichen; man vergleiche vielmehr Theorie mit Theorie und Praxis mit Praxis." It is in the spirit of this great principle that certain aspects of the Mass are held up for the approval of Protestants, while the Papal Encyclical of 1907 is praised because, in defiance of political prudence, it "nach langer, langer Zeit von höchster Katholischer Stelle die Glaubens—und Weltanschauungsfrage, nicht aber die Frage des Papstums, in den Mittelpunkt stellt." We have quoted enough of Professor Harnack's words to show what sort of a spirit can be brought into great controversies by a great protagonist; for the application of this spirit we can only refer the reader to the two volumes we have been discussing.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Light on Agadir

Morocco in Diplomacy. By E. D. MOREL. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

THIS book appears none too soon, for the twentieth century has a way of forgetting history, as it makes it, in a hurry. The author has aimed at a clear presentation of the events preceding and leading up to the Algeciras Convention, and subsequently, with a view to furthering the understanding between England and Germany, of the practical violation of the terms of that historic agreement by at least two of its signatories, which led to the dispatch of the *Panther* to Agadir.

It is a twisted, tortuous story which Mr. Morel has to tell, too long to be outlined within the limits of a review. The book itself is a marvel of compression, and, whatever one may think of the conclusions, a number of the premisses are unassailable. As the German Chancellor stated in a fairly well-remembered speech, the Algeciras Act was "intended to maintain the independence of Morocco with a view to the economic development of the country for the benefit of the trade of all the Powers parties to it"—a characteristically German sentence, by the way. The occupation of Fez by French troops, publicly approved by Sir Edward Grey, and followed by the dispatch of a strong Spanish force to occupy Larash and El-Kasr, in the North Atlantic section of Morocco, may have been innocent enough, but on these actions, principally, Mr. Morel bases his contention that these two Powers violated the Act—in effect—and that the dispatch of the *Panther* was no piece of international piracy, but a reasonable expression of a reasonable desire that Germany should not lag behind in the land-grabbing operations about to commence.

In this, as in all that preceded and followed the crisis of last autumn, the author presents his facts in such a way as to make out a remarkably strong case for Germany. It is shown that the very acts which so nearly led to the breaking of the peace of Europe were due to a desire to maintain peace, and stress is borne upon the point that the presence of the *Panther* at Agadir was never an "occupation" of that port. Had Germany wanted war she could easily have provoked it by the reasonable demand that French and Spanish troops should be withdrawn from Morocco, in order to preserve the *status quo*—Moroccan independence.

Thus reasons Mr. Morel, and those who are acquainted with his works on West African and Congo problems will realise that this is not a book to be neglected. The Franco-German Convention of last November makes waste-paper of the Algeciras Act; the independence of Morocco disappears in a French protectorate, while Germany gets certain advantages, and British commercial interests benefit materially by the new position. Events are piling up in a way which makes for forgetfulness of these things, save in the case of those immediately concerned, but the probability of greater friendliness between Britain and Germany in the near future makes it desirable that this book should be well and widely read. We may not agree with all its author's conclusions, but the mass of facts which he presents clearly and concisely will assist in forming the opinion that, after all, the Moroccan crisis was not *all* Germany's fault.

Shorter Reviews

Anglais et Français du XVIIe Siècle. By CHARLES BASTIDE. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 4 fr.)

"DE tout temps l'Anglais a été partagé entre le désir de nous admirer et celui de nous haïr," says M. Bastide in the book before us; curiously enough, just before reading this pronouncement, we happened on its almost exact pendant in an article by M. Jean Finot, who speaks of the English as "un grand peuple, noble et libéral, dont on médisait et médit souvent, mais qu'au fond on admire toujours." The two nations indicated have long resembled two children newly brought together by the informal introductions of childhood; suspicion, curiosity, and instinctive sociability season their relations. M. Bastide is anxious to throw light on the origins of our international relations. The seventeenth century is, for many reasons, an excellent starting point, but chiefly because it was then that politics in the modern sense were invented. This is very important for Anglo-French relations, in view of the generally accepted judgment that "jusqu'à la mort de Louis XIV., la France donna à sa voisine plus qu'elle n'en reçut, mais au XVIIIe. siècle, l'Angleterre nous dédommagea largement de notre apport." M. Bastide considers that the French refugees exercised so decisive an influence on English thought that the view cited above requires modification. It is in the coffee-houses, especially at the "Rainbow," that "pendant la période qui s'étend de la Révocation à la mort de Guillaume III., toute l'œuvre du XVIIIe. siècle s'accomplit d'avance." Huguenots started our newspaper system, Huguenots were the leaders in many of our most famous controversies, and we find it estimated that, a little before the middle of the eighteenth century, one-fifth of our commerce was in the hands of persons of Huguenot origin.

There are many interesting features in this book. There is, for instance, an account of an average journey from Paris to London. Then there are chapters on the respective linguistic attainments of the two nations. We read with astonishment of a French Ambassador who is baffled by the expression, "Very wel." We find the two most ancient English Universities masquerading as "Cambruche" and "Auxonne." As to the Ambassadors, M. Bastide thinks that a little elementary knowledge on their part of the English people and language might have averted the Revolution of 1688. Finally, we will mention a little chapter on Shakespeare and his Huguenot acquaintances.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma: Coleoptera. By W. W. FOWLER, M.A., D.Sc. (Taylor and Francis. £1.)

THE subject of beetles appears to be practically inexhaustible. This is another volume in the great series in the course of publication under the authority of the Secretary of State for India, edited by Dr. Shipley, F.R.S. This particular volume is by Canon Fowler, formerly President of the Entomological Society of London, and author of the "Coleoptera of the British Isles." Its scientific value may therefore be regarded as guaranteed. Anyone taking it up can see at a glance the fascination the whole subject is capable of affording, though by ordinary persons beetles are commonly disliked as horrid vermin. The scientific language is to others as repellent as the creatures themselves. Yet many sentences are clear enough:—

> A beetle may be compared to an aeroplane, being considerably heavier than air, with the elytra and wings constituting the balancing-frame, the body representing the passengers and material, and the wing-muscles representing the motor. In order to counteract the comparatively great weight of the body the wings must present a correspondingly large area, and must, therefore, when expanded, be much larger than the elytra. As it is, however, of the greatest importance to the insect that the delicate wings should be protected by the elytra, there must necessarily be a mechanism for folding them, and this we find to be the case not only in the Coleoptera, but in all orders that have the outer wings corneous (horny) or coriaceous (leathery).

The introduction deals fully with the creature in general, including its external and internal structure, up to its classification. The main portion of the work would be unintelligible but for the copious glossary of technical terms; and some explanation of the numerous names mentioned in the classification would be an improvement. The extent of the subject is enormous; there are 1,500 species of the *Cicindelidæ*, often called Tiger-beetles from the ferocity of their nature, as well, perhaps, as from their colouring: the *Carabidæ* family contains some 13,000 to 14,000 species: and so on. The information thus collected represents the achievements of many collaborators in India, Burma, Ceylon, and other countries. The illustrations, nearly in all cases original, are numerous and excellent: they add to the completeness of a work which is a distinct contribution to scientific knowledge.

Guilelmus Neubrigensis ein Pragmatischer Geschichtsschreiber des Zwölften Jahrhunderts. By DR. RUDOLF JAHNCKE. (A. Marcus and E. Weber, Bonn. 4 Marks.)

WILLIAM OF NEWBURGH is perhaps little known among our earlier historians and chroniclers, but as the man to whom Freeman gave the title of "Father of historical criticism," he is worthy of all honour. Dr. Jahncke's dissertation examines his credentials, and abundantly establishes that he was a sincere and single-minded historian, endowed with a fruitful curiosity, an almost precocious understanding of the laws of historical evidence, and an unprecedented impartiality. The grave retailers of legends, such as Geoffrey of Monmouth, the amateurs of the marvellous, the Chauvinists, and the furious partisans are all treated by the Yorkshire monk with a most judicious severity. He can lay aside clerical prejudice to judge the faults of Thomas à Becket, when the Canterbury tragedy is still a living memory, and when "nicht nur England, sondern die gesamte Christenheit schaute in blinder Bewunderung zu ihm als zu ihrem Märtyrer und Heiligen auf." Foreigners are spoken of with discrimination and appreciation, and even the Saracens are allowed their good qualities; the persecutors of the Jews may be the instruments of Heaven, but that plea will not serve to avert punishment here and hereafter for their crimes of violence. A well-accredited poisoning story is dismissed for lack of evidence, and two alternative accounts are given of the death of Barbarossa. William of Newburgh attaches great importance to the testimony of eye-witnesses, which, as an almost contemporary writer, he was often able to command. He reminds us, in that respect, of Voltaire—another of the "fathers of history"—and, indeed, there are other points of resemblance. For the rest, his work does not add much to the materials for the study of the period; its value lies in the method rather than in the substance. Dr. Jahncke's volume forms a good introduction to what should be an excellent historical series.

Fiction

A Future for India

A Derelict Empire. By MARK TIME. (William Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

THE tricks constantly, and specially of late years, played in India with the Government of the country have set many people thinking on the further developments possible and the results which may ensue. This skit, which the author calls a fantasy, supposes that, under a Socialist and Syndicalist majority in the House of Commons, the Home Government had decreed the final withdrawal of England from India, and that it actually took place on the day appointed, the country being left, on the departure of the Viceroy and the English troops and officials, to the Indian Army, with a National Assembly, composed of Indian representatives, installed at Allahabad. But one far-seeing officer, a smart captain of native cavalry, the hero of the book, utilised the interval between the announcement and execution of the withdrawal to some purpose. Retiring from the Government service, he, with the help of native officers devotedly attached to his commanding personality, organises a *coup d'état* which comes off to perfection.

The Native Army, under his leadership as Captain-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

General, becomes the real power in India; the National Assembly is relegated to subordinate functions, and an attempt of the Marathas to assert themselves is cleverly suppressed. The hero's task of governing India, however, has only then begun. The independent Nepalese, unprovoked, make a raid on Kumaon, but their capital is seized by the hero's dashing enterprise. The Afghans invade India in force, but meet with signal defeat near Peshawar. The hero's plans never fail; his good fortune never deserts him. When ominous rumours of a combined attack on India by Russia and Japan assume grave proportions, and India, having no navy, is destined to become a victim, a *deus ex machinâ* appears in the form of an emissary from the Kaiser, who offers, with reference to the above rumours, to take India under German protection on two conditions, the acknowledgment of German suzerainty and a preferential tariff for German goods. The hero resolutely declines to forego his allegiance to King George, and prepares to leave India; a telegram from the Kaiser, waiving the question of suzerainty for the present, and praying the hero to stay in India, ends the book.

This *jeu d'esprit* is full of life and incident. It shows much geographical and military knowledge, besides keen observation of current politics, and it displays real acquaintance with India. The various Indian characters are well depicted—the intriguing Maratha, the loquacious representative, the neurotic student, the faithful and brave Indian soldier. The authorities are mercilessly exposed. The hero stands somewhat on a pedestal, and is perhaps too universally successful. It is noticeable that there is no heroine or love-story, no mention of a woman's name. A breezy, bright little book—"A Derelict Empire" may be read with profit and instruction by the British elector, to whom it is inscribed.

A Life on the Ocean Wave.

John Graham, Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.: A Tale of the Atlantic Fleet. By FLEET-SURGEON T. T. JEANS, R.N. With Frontispiece. (Blackie and Son.)

SURGEON JEANS long since made himself popular as a purveyor of sea-stories dealing with life on a modern battleship as seen from the inside. For most British youngsters, at one period or another of their adolescence, will, as sure at fate, long for

> A life on the ocean wave!
> A home on the rolling deep;

and books that tell of

> The sea! the sea! the open sea!
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free,

and the brave doings thereon, seldom fail to appeal to them.

Our earlier sea-yarns dealt with those wooden walls of Old England which have now become obsolete—leaving behind them many a glorious memory—to be replaced by the torpedo-boat, the destroyer, the submarine, the fleet armoured cruiser, and the mighty super-Dreadnought, with its 13-inch guns, either of which modern craft would more than astonish a jolly Jack Tar of Nelson's day, were he to come back among us; for in this age of steam and electricity the seafaring man gives little thought to

> A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
> A wind that follows fast,
> And fills the white and rustling sail,
> And bends the gallant mast.

This present "Tale of the Atlantic Fleet" comes very apropos at a time when our Navy is passing through such a momentous crisis. It is written in Surgeon Jeans' usual light vein, full of humour, and, indeed, rollicking fun, but also with a serious side which gives the reader many an instructive side-light on life at a naval college and on board a modern warship. As the incidents recorded are founded on actual facts, the book may be taken as typical of the early careers of young British naval officers, and in that respect alone it is well worthy the perusal of those who take an interest—as all should—in our first line of defence. But the story is most entertaining reading also. The characters, every one of them, are all very much alive-o; their nicknames and their merry doings, the Model's practical jokes especially, are enough to make the proverbial Cheshire cat laugh; and one of the youngsters actually has that feline pseudonym bestowed upon him by his shipmates.

As we have before said, however, there is a serious side to the yarn as well, which shows how more than high spirits is expected of the young British sailor. A good instance of this is told in the chapter, "The Blusher Turns," when the Cheshire Cat, commanding a steam-pinnace, succeeds in dodging the battleship's searchlights by an ingenious device of his own, and might easily have torpedoed her, much to his commanding officer's astonishment and admiration. "'It's not every jam-guzzling snotty who'd trouble to use his brains at all,' he said, and was quite pleased with the Cheshire Cat." Fleet-Surgeon Jeans spins a good yarn always, and a thoroughly British one to boot, and these sea-stories of his, showing the bitters and the sweets of life aboard a modern man-of-war, should do much to keep alive the sea-dog spirit that animated our naval heroes of the past, whose motto was: "Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls." And though "the old order changeth, yielding place to new"—and it is doing so now more rapidly than ever before, yet, come what may, Campbell's words hold as true to-day as when he penned them:

> Britannia needs no bulwark,
> No towers along the steep,
> Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
> Her home is on the deep.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

A Romance of the Impossible. By PAUL BOOKHAM. (Cottrell Horser, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.)

MOST of us know Théophile Gautier's "Mademoiselle de Maupin"; Mr. Bookham remarks in an analytical introduction, which is not the least valuable portion of this book, that a fair presentation of its merits requires considerable skill—and proceeds to exhibit that skill. He has not merely translated Gautier, but has done as Fitzgerald did with Omar, almost; he has Anglicised Gautier, and given us not only a translation, but a work which possesses none of the awkwardness and disjointed phrasing that would characterise an English version of a French masterpiece. It is as if Gautier had thought in English as though it were his natural vehicle of expression. English literature has no parallel to Gautier, a fact which renders this work all the more worthy of consideration.

Keats, perhaps, approached nearer than any other to a parallel line of thought, and again we may find a likeness in Swinburne; but in neither of these can we trace the absolute, sensuous hedonism which made up Gautier's philosophy. Nietzsche, and the numerous exponents of his cult, repressed a modern development of the thought which Gautier expressed—yet they have added an ideal higher than that which formed the Frenchman's summit, for in sense he began and ended. For Christianity he had no use; its "languor and dreaminess" had no place in his philosophy, which, admitting only the stark, sharply defined virtues and vices of the gods of old, pictured human nature as a thing almost unaffected by intellectual progress, and almost entirely dependent on the promptings of sense.

Such was Gautier, and here Mr. Bookham has given us the best of his work in a manner that is beyond praise. The book must be read for understanding of the wonderful imagery, the sensuous wealth of thought, descriptive power, and intellectual depth which "Mademoiselle de Maupin" displays.

The Woman Wonderful. By WILFRED HEMERY. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s.)

THE "woman wonderful" is South Africa, where the scenes of the story are laid. The story itself is that of one Brown who went out into the Cape Civil Service and stood in a fair way of becoming a resident magistrate, when he discovered, in an old dead-beat implicated in the murder of a little native boy, his own father, and in that little native boy his half-brother. The woman of the story is Maisie van der Merwe, with whom Brown falls in love, only finding out the strength of his passion when, by reason of racial and intellectual disparities, he has let her go to marry another man.

That is the story, a skeleton on which its author has built up a convincing picture of South Africa. Conradiesdorp is any veldt dorp, Maisie and her sisters, and the people of the town are the people whom anyone who knows the country has met and lived with. The town and people are real and visible before us as we read, for Mr. Hemery, writing in a plain, matter-of-fact way, conveys the atmosphere of the veldt as has not been done, perhaps, since Olive Schreiner gave us another aspect of the "woman wonderful."

From the bare outline given above, the book may seem melodramatic, but there is not a suspicion of melodrama throughout. It is fine, powerful work, intense in its realism, yet full of delicate implications. The author suggests, rather than describes, the haunting charm attendant on this land of broken promises, buried reputations, and compelling fascination. In Mr. Hemery we are faced with an author of no small power, and this, evidently his first book, ought to win him a large and appreciative public.

The Guide Book and the Star. By RUTH LINDSAY (Evelyn Benmar and Co. 4s. net.)

THE presentment of a story in the form of a series of letters needs to be very cleverly done if the narrative is to prove attractive; in Miss Lindsay we recognise a clever writer, for the letters given here form an exceedingly attractive story. It is not, however, a book to be read running; the work which it contains is too delicate for that. The writer of the letters is a certain widowed Lady Jean Upton; the addressee is one "Martin," whose replies to Jean's letters are not given, but of whom we gather some dim understanding as the story proceeds. Lady Jean herself, her little boy Teddy, and Father Campion, a Catholic priest, are the clear-cut figures of the story, which is not concerned with the usual problems that novelists delight in, but is sufficiently new in plot to merit the attention of all thinking people, and the hearty dislike of those whose views are inclined toward extreme Anglicanism. To say more than this would give away the plot to an extent which would hardly be fair to the author.

It may be said, however, that in the study of Lady Jean we are given a very fine, delicately etched picture—she is the central figure of the book, almost the only figure, and an admirable one at that. We may not agree with her final decision, after reading of the circumstances which led to its making, but we are forced to sympathy with and at least some regret for her. We feel that these are real letters, written by a real and exceptional woman; the story which they make is one of delicate allusions, of fine work which demands and amply repays careful reading. As a final word, the *format* is quite in keeping with the contents of the book, and that, in these days of hurried productions, is a point worth mentioning.

Diana Weston. By RALPH DEXTER. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)

"DIANA WESTON" is a story woven round Monmouth's rebellion, a somewhat hackneyed subject, for several novels have been based upon it during recent years. The author writes in an attractive way, but some of his "situations" are quite conventional. Not so his ending, for he scorns the idea of poetic justice, and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ruthlessly kills his heroine and both her lovers, after she has vainly surrendered herself to the pleasure of the notorious Colonel Kirke, in the hope of thereby saving one of them. The story might well have concluded with this triple tragedy, but conscious, no doubt, of the extreme brevity of his work, the author has added an account of Monmouth's execution, which comes like an anti-climax. On the whole, it is not pleasant reading, but as the ordeal can be gone through in about half an hour, perhaps the aforesaid brevity may be the story's chief recommendation. At any rate, considering everything, the booklet is distinctly dear at the price of a shilling, when so many capital novels are obtainable nowadays for half that amount.

The Theatre

"The Ideal Wife" at the Vaudeville Theatre

DURING the last few years the stage has had its share of cynical plays, but for subtle bitterness "La Moglie Ideale" of Signor Barco Praga is easily first. We hardly suppose that it will be the more appreciated on this account. The story of a thoroughly unfaithful wife who is perfectly delightful to her husband, of a lover who is tired of the affair, of a friend who uses a deadly style of wit, and others who evidently amuse the author's ironic fancy, it is one more likely to interest the critical than entertain the general public. Mrs. Crawford's translation, "The Ideal Wife," requires admirable acting to carry it to a successful issue, but such is not always forthcoming. Mr. Leslie Faber and Mr. Ballard are, however, convincing, but Miss Ada Potter as the curious heroine lacks the adroitness which her difficult part requires. Thus the brilliant and biting study appears incomplete, and there is more regret than delight in the result. We should be grateful, however, for even this rather half-hearted presentation of a play at once typical of our period and boldly candid. No doubt the unusual quality of the work will attach many, and we can only regret that, as a whole, this comedy of bad manners is not made more sure and convincing.

The National Reserve

BY R. J. TURNER.

TRULY the ways of the War Office are past finding out. To-day we have in the National Reserve a body of something like 120,000 men, daily increasing. Those who were privileged to view the King's inspection of the London Division in Hyde Park last month must have realised the sturdy material of which it is composed. Sixty per cent. of the men are under forty years of age, a large proportion of them have seen active service and display one or more war medals; all of them are eager to show their willingness to assist the nation in time of need, and with that aim have registered their names all over the country. What has the War Office done, and what does it intend to do, with this important voluntary gift of service? Will it be credited that so far the War Office has not contributed a penny towards the movement, and, if we are to believe the departmental heads, has not the slightest intention of doing so? The very badges presented to the men have been the gift of patriotic gentlemen, and the cost of the various parades on a large scale—notably, those at the Horse Guards, at Guildford, and at Hyde Park—was defrayed by private munificence. Though repeatedly pressed to do so, neither uniforms, arms, nor equipment have been provided nor any allowances made to the officers or men taking part in the various parades. On the other hand, the War Office has not been slow to take command, to appoint brigade commanders, and to refuse to grant commissions to officers who have not already served in the Regular Army or Territorials. It is a magnificent example of trying to get something for nothing, which sometimes answers up to a point, but which generally recoils upon itself in the end.

The War Office declines to recognise this excellent body as a third line of defence, in which they may be right, but prefers to use it to stiffen the Territorial ranks *on mobilisation*. That is to say, should such order ever come, arms, equipment, and uniforms will have to be found at a moment's notice for a force which in a year or two's time may number a quarter of a million of men. Past experience shows that such requirements do not exist and will not be forthcoming at the critical moment. All this splendid material will be compelled upon a sudden emergency to inaction when their presence as old soldiers is most required. Again, is it not asking too much of the man who has not been in the ranks for ten or fifteen years to fall into line when words of command, formations, and even the service rifle may have all changed. Does the War Office do anything to keep the old soldier in touch with modern requirements? With the exception of occasional musters of isolated companies by keen commanding officers the men have no opportunity of becoming efficient in the drill of to-day, while their only access to shooting is at the miniature range of some friendly civilian rifle club, where they must pay for their ammunition.

Now, how are we to account for this exhibition of parsimony and neglect? In these days when in spite of the recent access of recruits the Territorials are still short of establishment, and more particularly deficient in officers, why is it that some encouragement is not given to this valuable nucleus of reservists? Can it be because the Territorial Reserve, which has never taken on, and under present conditions is not likely to be a success, is a War Office offspring and must be preserved, while the National Reserve is mainly the outcome of civilian energy and must be snubbed accordingly? The official explanation given the other day in the House was to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the effect that as the members of the National Reserve had undertaken nothing in the way of service, but simply registered their names, they could not be treated seriously. Let them come forward with a guarantee of service and things would be put upon a different footing.

It was promptly pointed out by a member that many men had already engaged to serve, but had met with no greater encouragement. But if this is the real difficulty, then by all means let us have a hard and fast obligation to serve in the event of war. To my mind it is only a question of formula. By registering their names the great mass of the National Reservists have tacitly expressed their intention of supporting their country in arms in time of trouble. If the War Office in its wisdom thinks it necessary to cross the "t's" and dot the "i's" of such a contract, by all means let it do so, when I shall be surprised if the response is less enthusiastic. My only fear will be that, acting on the something for nothing principle, the conditions will be made so stringent as to cool the ardour of willing men. We have enough experience of the fighting spirit of this country to know that when the need arises the difficulty will not be the lack of men, but the paucity of trained men *ready*. I cannot but think, therefore, that, given the opportunity to train, we shall find plenty of men available, and that at the present stage it would pay the War Office to accept the will for the deed. A comparatively small sum would equip existing members, a few drills and a little musketry practice in the course of the year would bring them up to date, while the privilege of attending camp on the same terms as the Territorials would complete their military education and be of inestimable benefit to the younger men doing their four years' training.

Is it too much to expect, therefore, that the successor to Lord Haldane will lose no time in putting matters upon a more satisfactory footing? Colonel Seely is a great believer in voluntary service. In the National Reserve he has a splendid opportunity to strengthen enormously the value of the Territorial Force. There are thousands of retired officers only too willing to give their services to its proper organisation. Many have already done so, but it cannot be left to them and to generous patriots in the counties to keep the movement alive. Continued neglect can only end in inanition. A suitable grant would not be grudged by the Commons, and even the Treasury might be induced to recommend the loosening of the purse strings if it can be shown that by financially encouraging the National Reserves it helps to lay the costly spectre of compulsory service.

English Character Seen Through Italian Spectacles.—II

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG.

THE system pursued in English law courts strikes our author as unfavourable to the promotion of rhetoric, but as distinctly interesting to our countrymen, who are nothing *if not* sportsmen, and who therefore insist on having full reports of the contest of wit between the counsel who examine and cross-examine respectively made in the daily papers. The part played by our barristers in court proceedings seems very much more important that that played by Continental advocates, and the ability displayed by practised cross-examiners like Sir Edward Carson seems to our foreign critic quite astonishing.

The large stores of London, where every imaginable article can be bought under one vast roof, seem to our author the products of some magical genius, the *ne plus ultra* of luxury. He can hardly bring himself to believe that no less than four thousand employés should be in the service of one single firm. He does not dwell upon the conception which has presented itself to some of our thinkers, that the institution of these huge establishments may have a tendency to destroy the feeling of independence and pride in his craft which the small shopkeeper or artificer enjoyed when trading on his own account, and that they may deaden the sense of responsibility on the part of their numerous employés with regard to their public duties.

Signor Bevione does not think highly of our national taste in music; he regards us as singularly deficient in great composers and great singers, and he sets this down to an ineradicable vice of our race, forgetful of the fact that in Elizabethan times we were at once the musicians and the singers of the world. But he notices with approval our attempts at founding an English opera.

He thinks the majority of the dramas presented in our theatres destitute of ideas and sterilised by the resolution of the British nation to accept no play which fails to have a happy ending; but he thinks very highly of Galsworthy's "Strife." He admits that the short and unconnected sketches given in our music-halls can have no particularly elevating effect upon the intellects of our citizens, but he dwells with admiration on their harmless nature, and on the willingness of our people to accept any kind of harmless amusement, even grateful to the benefactor who has raised in them a good laugh to crown the labours of the day.

In the life of our Universities he is struck by the inordinate amount of time and attention paid to sport of every kind, and by the scanty regard paid to learning and its professors. The cost of university life appears to him enormous, but he admits that these old seminaries of learning succeed at least in turning out healthy and sensible youths able to fight their battles in the world.

But his reflections upon the character and the future of our nation are probably the most interesting portion of the work. He deems that a great transformation has accomplished itself in the psychology and in the life of the British race, which transformation augurs badly for our future; that we have borrowed many characteristics from the Continent, and that we should have been a stronger nation without them. One of these is Socialism and the habit of coquetting therewith. Another is the passion for amusement of every kind, which is sap-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ping the moral fibre of an austere people who once found its pleasure in the pure cult of sport alone. The music-halls are crammed, and many of the amusements provided for the public taste are made up of risky and indecent incidents and dialogue. The national "flegme" which was by all nations regarded as the unique possession of John Bull has given way to a nervous and spasmodic restlessness and apprehension. Unreasoning panics and a confidence as ill-founded succeed each other turn by turn. And he regards the future outlook as ominous. The Boer War showed Continental nations our military weakness. The defeat of Russia by Japan raised Germany to the incontestable hegemony of Europe. The rise in prices and the discontent prevalent among our working-classes have weakened our resources. Our independence, our liberty is at stake. Germany is without any possible doubt preparing to attack us the very moment that a favourable moment presents itself. Such is the deliberate opinion of the Italian critic, and he proceeds to add that he fears that the issue of the struggle will not be in favour of the nation which relies on an army described by Lord Roberts as a sham, and which by its deficiency in this respect renders itself incapable of obtaining or retaining firm alliances with other more patriotic nations. Let us hope that our most recent critic is mistaken; but let us not forget that to be rich and to be weak is not a situation likely to endure.

The Keeper of the Gate

FOR every manuscript which is published there are scores which return unfailingly from every publisher's office and are finally locked away, soiled, thumb-marked, torn, and stained with tears—actual or spiritual. A mass meeting of the Great Unpublished would afford an appalling demonstration, both in numbers and in mournfulness. Therefore, it is inevitable that the publisher's reader, who stands between these unhappy souls and their one desire, should be regarded as a monster, with an atrophied brain and perverted instincts. Perhaps the most charitable picture which the unsuccessful author could suggest would be a purblind gorilla, condemned eternally to test nuts for his species, and so weary of the business that he takes a spiteful pleasure in throwing the soundest kernels away and selecting the mouldiest specimens for public consumption. Alternatively, he is mentally so degraded that he does not know the kernel from the husk.

On the other hand, every author considers that he himself is quite competent to act as a publisher's reader; and most authors—especially unsuccessful authors—are more than willing to play the part of the book-tasting gorilla. Consequently the author ought to be the first to admit that the publisher's reader may conceivably be a man of nearly average intelligence. This possibility will become a probability if he studies a few examples in the flesh. But the publisher's reader is an obscure and elusive creature; he does his work in secret and anonymously, with the result that he is, both in person and in character, an unknown quantity.

The most striking fact about the publisher's reader is that he has only one ambition—the discovery of genius. This is a hard saying for the innumerable geniuses whom he has failed to discover; but everyone will admit that publishers are continuously bent on "discoveries," and it is only through the reader that these discoveries are made. What is not so easily admitted is the assertion that the reader is, in consequence of his ambition, a confirmed optimist. We are apt to imagine that because he passes his time in reading trash, he therefore goes upon the assumption that every book submitted to him is an insult to literature. As a matter of plain fact, the attitude of a reader on opening a manuscript is always one of hope. Here, he says, may lie a book of the season, or of the generation, or of all time. Anything is possible within a brown-paper bundle tied with pink ribbon. So he opens it and tastes, and tastes again, until his judgment confirms his reluctant fear that this is another of the productions which represent wasted time, wasted energy, and futile vanity.

So it is with sorrow, and not with savage glee, that a reader commits himself to an unfavourable report. And if he is mistaken, if he has really failed to perceive the divine gleam on the typewritten sheets, he is no worse than the critics and the public have often proved themselves to be. Some people have attempted to define genius, but no one has ever produced a touchstone by which its presence may be discovered. Talent itself is not too readily detected, because one man's talent is another man's imbecility. Even on the lower level of attempting to select "what the public wants," there are extraordinary difficulties. Everybody connected with books—publisher, reader, librarian, bookseller, and author as well—works more or less in the dark. The true light comes only with the verdict of posterity, when author and publisher and copyright have all expired.

It is the reader's problem, therefore, to find a "system" to guide his stakes in this gamble. Failing that almost impossible feat, he has to fall back upon a trained faculty of judgment. He has to apply certain standards to the qualities of construction, style, character-drawing, intrinsic interest of subject, mode of treatment, and so on; and his reports are mainly a statement of how far the book on trial approaches or falls short of the standards. Beyond that he is obliged—and this is a point which the disgusted author seldom considers—to estimate the commercial chances of the book, both in general and in relation to the particular types of book with which his firm is associated. Therefore the publisher's formal refusal may conceal a high opinion of the book as a work of art, just as it may conceal the reader's conviction that successful work will be done by the author when he has shed a few faults and gained the experience which writing will alone bring. And here one may put in a plea for an occasional human variation upon the "Returned with thanks" formula. In its bald negation it conveys only despair to the young

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

author who happens to be modest about his powers. When a book bears on it the marks of promise, although it may not be acceptable for many secondary reasons, the publisher will be doing a service to literature if he qualifies his refusal with a word of appreciation. How many are there among the published who do not owe the birth of artistic courage to a discerning word well spoken?

There is only one serious objection to this philanthropic plan. All authors are not modest; and a single hint that a publisher does not consider their work quite contemptible is enough to lead to a correspondence in which the publisher will be overwhelmed with appeals, threats, advice, objurgations, and the bitterest sarcasm. The "Returned with thanks" formula probably represents the publisher's sage defence against such persecution; it is equivalent to the Editor's refusal to enter into correspondence about rejected contributions. Nevertheless, the disease of author's vanity is virulent only among adult writers. Adolescent talent has an engaging diffidence which ought to appeal to the critic who is able to see the strength of manhood in the awkwardness of the hobbledehoy.

If, on the other hand, the author hopes to be treated with consideration by the reader, he should give a little thought to the natural feelings of the reader. It is extraordinary that authors, with all their power of constructive imagination, never seem to picture a book-worn human being opening their manuscripts and reading them. Some of these manuscripts are as unwelcome to the sight as a visitor who has forgotten to shave, or cut his finger-nails, or wipe his boots. The invention of typewriting has mitigated one of the worst of the daily sorrows of the reader, but it has introduced some curses of its own. The fatal ease with which typewriting can be learned (in a fashion) has induced many authors to type their own manuscripts, with the result that the reader has to endure bad alignment, irregularity of impression, senseless misprints, and the breaking of words at the wrong letter. Irritation lurks in every line of this incompetent work. The appearance of every page is an offence. And even when the author has the good sense to get his work done by a competent typist (failing his own competence), he often forgets to bind the sheets together, or, if he remembers, he does it in such a way that only a prestidigitateur or professional weight-lifter could handle them with comfort. Such matters as these, of course, ought to be beneath the attention of a publisher's reader, who sits on Olympian heights; but how often must even that Olympian individual marvel that an author who has paid five pounds sterling to have his manuscript typed, neglects to pay five shillings more to have it bound in convenient sections! After a few visits to publishers' offices the unbound typescript acquires the melancholy appearance of a hopeless out-of-work; it becomes dirty, battered, degraded, patently demoralised. A fresh supply of pink ribbon is not enough to cover that disheartening shabbiness. Yet the authors who think it enough are those who at a later date quarrel violently with a publisher over the tint of a binding. It is only the reader's infinite capacity for suffering which gives them the opportunity.

If we penetrate the obscurity which surrounds the profession of reader, we shall probably discover that the tasters of books have served their apprenticeship as producers. This element of the situation lays them open to the sneer that, like critics, literary agents, and the authors of books on How to Succeed in Authorship, they have become parasites because they failed to nourish themselves and their wives and families in the normal way. The only way to deal with this amorphous form of contempt is to invite authors themselves to become readers, if only for the briefest period. It ought to be regarded as an essential part of the process of initiation into the mysteries of the literary life for an author to sit awhile as a keeper of the gate. The experience will have its phases of humiliation, but it will give him some invaluable information about how the gate is to be stormed (or perhaps crept through), and it will also enrich his stock of humour and of the pity and understanding which go with it. It will enable him to look at his craft not with the myopic vision of unrequited genius, but with the matter-of-fact eye of one who is compounded of critic, publisher, librarian, bookseller, and casual buyer. It will put his feet upon the hard earth. Those who are devising schools for authors must not omit this most essential part of the great curriculum.

A. G. W.

Playing with Fire

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

MR. CHURCHILL'S statement in the House of Commons will be received with profound disappointment and dissatisfaction throughout the country. It is quite evident, in spite of previous prophecies to the contrary, that the Little Navy section of the Cabinet, headed by Mr. Lloyd George, has again triumphed, and that the future security of the Empire has again been cast into the melting pot of party politics. In his recent speech Mr. Churchill has contradicted or repudiated almost every principle he laid down in his previous speeches as to what margin of strength is necessary for the safety of these shores and for safeguarding the great trade routes of our Empire. What has become of the two keels for one standard of which we have heard so much? What has become of the sixty per cent. margin?—a phrase which Mr. Churchill invented himself. Apparently they are dead letters to-day, and in future it will be unsafe to place any reliance on what is said by any member of the present administration.

Mr. Churchill first dealt with the German Naval Programme. He gave an able and concise summary of what the New Law provides for in the future, and a mere cursory examination of the German Programme will show how insecure our present position is, and how still more precarious it will become in the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

immediate future. To sum up, the position is this: Germany in 1914 will have twenty-five battleships on a war footing in the North Sea, within a day's easy steam of our shores, and four in reserve—a total of twenty-nine in all, besides the necessary complement of fast armoured cruisers, torpedo-boat flotillas, and submarines. In the same year, 1914, we shall have twenty-five battleships in the North Sea, and eight more based on Gibraltar, which, when they are united—and Mr. Churchill admits they will take four and a half days to unite—will give us thirty-three battleships against Germany's twenty-nine. In addition, we shall have in reserve a force of sixteen obsolete battleships in home waters, manned by nucleus crews, which, according to Mr. Churchill's calculation, can be mobilised at once, as the remainder of the crews of these vessels are not to be drawn from the reserve, but from men who are engaged in passing through various courses on shore. The position in 1914 will be far from satisfactory because a simple examination of these figures shows clearly that we are maintaining nothing like Mr. Churchill's reiterated margin of sixty per cent. In fact, placing aside the second line of sixteen already obsolete battleships and the eight of the first line which are based on Gibraltar and which cannot reach the North Sea Fleet under four and a half days, allowing twenty-four hours for coaling, we shall have only twenty-five battleships against Germany's twenty-five immediately available for active service in 1914.

But if the position in 1914 is bad, the situation in 1920, when the existing German programme has been carried into full effect, will be infinitely worse. By that year Germany will have a fleet of forty-one modern *Dreadnoughts*, twenty *Dreadnought* cruisers, and forty small cruisers concentrated in the North Sea, and at the present moment it is quite impossible to say what force we shall have available to meet this tremendous armada, because as yet we have no programme formulated on which any accurate calculation can be formed. By 1920 the personnel of the German Navy will amount to no less than 101,500 officers and men. This is one of the most serious aspects of the whole naval situation. Germany has it in her power to obtain as many seamen as she requires by simply diverting a portion of the conscription from the army to the navy. But we are placed in a very different situation. We can only obtain recruits for the Navy by voluntary enlistment, and year by year, as we pointed out last week, seamen are becoming more and more difficult to obtain. How are we going to obtain the men to man the huge fleet which we must create, unless we intend to resign the command of the sea to Germany in 1920? Mr. Churchill says not a word on this all-important problem, which, until it is settled, renders our shipbuilding programme almost abortive.

Mr. Churchill has done one good service to the country by laying frankly before it the full extent of German naval ambitions and the step which she is taking to carry them into practical effect. The country may, but probably will not, be aroused by his statement that in future four-fifths of all available units of the German Navy are to be kept ready in times of profound peace for instant active service. As he points out, in the whole history of the world no Power has ever kept such a proportion of ships fully manned on the active list.

In the face of all these facts what steps do the Government propose to take to meet the expanding German programme, which is, and can only be, intended to strike a deadly and final blow at our Empire? A small supplementary vote is brought forward to provide an increase of fifteen hundred seamen, to accelerate the construction of six small cruisers, and also to provide an increased aerial service for the Navy. As a set-off to this increase, four of our finest and fastest armoured cruisers are to be taken from the North Sea and despatched to Malta. Was there ever a more absurd and contradictory programme devised by human ingenuity? For the rest, Mr. Churchill gives us nothing but vague promises. Four additional *Dreadnoughts* are to be constructed in the course of the next four years, but this is no addition to the programme, as they are merely those vessels which Mr. Churchill promised in his statement last March, when he laid it down that we would build 4, 3, 3, 3 capital ships in the course of the next four years if Germany did not add to the number prescribed by her then existing Naval Law, and 5, 4, 4, 4 if she did. Among other vague promises which may or may not materialise, but of which we are to hear nothing until the Autumn Session, is an increase of pay to stokers and seamen. He also was careful to state that we should have to add largely to our personnel. We are quite sure he is perfectly sincere in his desire to do so, but how is he going to obtain the necessary men without resort to some form of conscription?

The remainder of Mr. Churchill's speech was devoted to the question of the Mediterranean. The discussions which have taken place of late in the Press on the abandonment of the Mediterranean seem to have been somewhat premature, and to our mind very overstrained. Experts talk as if, once the Mediterranean is left, some hostile Power will place a boom across the mouth and prevent us from ever returning there again. We are glad to see that both Malta and Gibraltar are to be maintained as important naval centres, but we have never been among those who considered that the maintenance of a huge fleet equal to, or stronger than, the combined fleets of Italy and Austria was essential to our welfare. The programme of the Admiralty is to remove the slow, obsolete battleships from Malta and to replace them with four powerful armoured cruisers. At the same time a squadron of eight second-class battleships is to be based on Malta. As long as we can count upon the French as our allies, this arrangement seems to be thoroughly satisfactory, and, if we are going to base our calculations on the armed alliance of Austria and Italy against

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ourselves, it is only just to bring the French Fleet into line as an ally of our own.

This, in brief, is the naval position of England and Germany, and, whether looked at from the standpoint of 1912, 1914, or 1920, it is profoundly disquieting. We still have a small margin of power, but it is more a paper margin than an actual one, when we consider how divided are the duties and spheres of action of our fleets and how Germany is able to concentrate the whole of her forces to achieve one definite aim.

There are only two ways of facing the situation. Either we can make it perfectly clear to Germany that the limit of our patience and of our resources has been reached, and that we would just as soon fight the matter out at once as to allow the old game of ever-increasing expenditure to continue indefinitely; or we must have resort to a Naval Loan so as to place our Fleet on such a basis that Germany will give up the race for supremacy in sheer despair. But a large expansion of the Fleet is of no value unless we can obtain the men to man the ships, and, if we read the signs of the times correctly, they can only be obtained by resort to conscription.

Andrew Lang and His Work*

THE death of Andrew Lang takes from us one of the most notable of the young men of the 'sixties, the generation which welcomed or abused Swinburne and Morris, Meredith or Anthony Trollope, or George Eliot, Huxley, or Herbert Spencer. Ever since the early 'seventies he has been among the most prolific of our authors, and the most influential of our journalistic literary critics, and withal one of the most popular, not only with the general public, but even with those whom he criticised. He was, as befitted his time and race, a romantic, and it is this which gives unity to the enormous volume of his work, disparate as it may seem on first view—

> ". . . The epic and the teacup Muse,
> Bookbindings, Aborigines,
> Ballades that banish all the Blues,
> Young married life among Yahoos,
> An Iliad, an Orang-outang,
> Triolets, Totems, and Taboos. . ."

not to speak of the Jacobites, the Young Pretender, Mary Queen of Scots, Jeanne d'Arc, and Helen of Troy. Classic, in the sense of the word used to oppose the Romantic spirit of wonder, he never was; his Homer and Theocritus are as romantic as his Aucassin and Nicolette, and his studies in folk-lore and primitive custom were inspired directly by his hatred of the attitude which saw in early religions a disease of language. It would be unfair to deny him scholarship, though it was wide, not deep, but his distinguishing characteristic was an insatiable curiosity, a passion for getting an explanation of seeming mysteries. He solved many of them; some, like the casket letters of Mary of Scotland, remain intractable. It is as a critic that his fellow-writers like him best—as a critic of someone else, be it understood. He was in many respects akin to the best French school of critics; his light touch, his quaint humour, his little asides and sudden surprises of expression, kept alive the attention and forced one to read to the end, however one disagreed with him. His canon of criticism of any serious work, that one should be able to correct an author where he is wrong, and add something, if only a little, to his information, is, of course, the true one, but what if the poor critic is faced, as the present writer was, with a book like Rashdall's Universities, or one of Mr. Round's? Mr. Lang's least successful essay in criticism was his attack on Anatole France's "Jeanne d'Arc." With all his sympathies for the French mind, he does not seem to have realised the point of view from which it was written, or the philosophy it involved, and he was certainly ill-advised in following up his criticism by venturing on authorship in French to emphasise the corrections of detail he undoubtedly made. But taken as a whole, his critical work is surprisingly well done, and he always managed to put something fresh and personal into the expression even of a familiar thought.

Every one of us will have his favourite book in the collection of his works. For a time Aucassin and Nicolette held the field with the present writer till it was dethroned by Mr. Bourdillon's accurate and beautiful rendering, but in later years I have turned most often to "Old Friends," and "Letters to Dead Authors," prime favourites since the days when they first appeared in the *St. James's Gazette*, under Greenwood. Beneath their humour and their knowledge of life there lay such a deep and just appreciation of the literary merits of their authors that one always longed for a more formal judgment on them and others; in short, a History of English Literature by Andrew Lang. At last we have it, and its author is taken from among us without any opportunity being afforded him of seeing its reception by his fellows. Yet, if he had known, he might well have taken his leave of us with it. *Vale et plaudite.* None of his books is more personal than this; he had read all the interesting books in English, and most of the dull ones—some of them, it must be confessed, for the purpose of writing this book. A friend tells us he was "horribly bored" by the study of the minor dramatists of the seventeenth century, and we can imagine that he liked the early Tudor dramatists still less, though he conscientiously describes them, since he tells us that "the rise of the drama, under Elizabeth, is a kind of miracle, like the sculpture of Phidias appearing after the rude art" of the pre-Marathon artists.

It would be folly to present one's first impressions of a book of some 650 pages as a considered judgment,

* *History of English Literature from "Beowulf" to Swinburne.* By ANDREW LANG. (Longmans, Green and Co. 6s.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

but I am seriously of the opinion that it is a work of the first importance. It gives a clear and considered view of the whole field of our literature, with a personal note on every writer of any importance and a hint as to his best work, while the dullest parts are enlivened by little personal "asides" which send the reader on his way contented. It is manifestly written for people who have read a good deal: there is an air of mutual confidence in his *dicta*, a sort of "Don't you remember?" which flatters one's taste as one goes on. The best way to read the book is to turn up, as the present writer did, a few of the main points in English criticism, and afterwards to see what he has to say about the men of his own time.

The book opens with a first-rate account of our Anglo-Saxon and Early English literature, in which he puts quite shortly much that will be novel to the reader of the ordinary text-books—*e.g.*, his summary of "Layamon's Bust." Or take later his summary of the "Testament of Cresseyde," closing thus: "In the poem of this adventure there are but 616 lines; and it contains the poignant essence of romance; all passion and pity." Or his excursus on the origin of ballads, full of sound sense and knowledge about an obscure and difficult subject; or his account of the Utopia with a six hours' day and universal military training; or Ascham's "unholy knowledge of all the tricks on the dice-board"; or the handsome and wicked Master of Gray's love of Sidney. Spenser is a test case for English critics; Mr. Lang sums up: "The spoils of all old poetry are mingled with his own . . . his successors have taken from him his very tones; English poetry fell with the neglect of Spenser, and came fully to her own again when the magic book of Spenser was opened by Keats."

It would be pleasant to quote at length his appreciation of Shakespeare, but space forbids. Readers of THE ACADEMY will be interested in his last lines on the sonnets: they are "never to be dimmed by mists of conjecture, or nonsense about Shakespeare as a sensual sycophantic snob, mad with jealousy and foiled desire." Turning to his contemporaries, we feel that his notes on American poets will not be welcomed with enthusiasm, even though he has compared Longfellow with Theocritus. He estimates Tennyson very highly, Poe not so much, though stress is laid on his "originality of tone and touch." He is unkind to Emerson and Lowell, and tells a good anecdote of Matthew Arnold and the Income Tax Commissioners, who wanted him to pay a tax commensurate with his fame. Morris and Swinburne are, naturally, spoken of at length, and his account of Meredith and his competitors for popular favour could have been written by no one else. The whole two hundred pages which deal with the nineteenth century are written with especial care; there is not an uninteresting line in them, not a sentence which is not stamped with Lang's individuality, hardly a phrase which would not bear quoting. There has been in our time no compendium of criticism with anything like its originality or its power of provoking thought. It is a work of permanent value—one which every lover of our literature, every teacher, and every student must read and put on his shelves—a summing up of the life's reading and thought of a cultivated, brilliant master of criticism.

ROBERT STEELE.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Wednesday, 17th inst, Mr. T. W. Russell, in answer to an obvious "bonnet" question from a Nationalist, was able to assure the House that it was not accurate to describe the disturbance at Kilrea as an attack on women and children, but, when cross-examined by Mr. Moore, he was unable to explain why the police had not sent a full report. "It would not suit the Government to do so," commented Mr. Moore scornfully. At eleven, on the adjournment, he accused the Irish Department of attempting to make light of this attack by the Hibernians on defenceless women and children at a Sunday-school treat, and you may be sure we have not heard the last of this. The Ulstermen will not allow the matter to rest, and will demand an inquiry into the whole matter.

All the afternoon we discussed the Home Office Vote, and a motion to reduce McKenna's salary by the substantial sum of £500 was kindly moved by Cripps to give McKenna an opportunity of explaining what he conceived to be his duty in regard to protecting free labour during strikes and as to the freedom with which he remitted sentences. McKenna put the responsibility on the magistrates—any man had a right to apply to a magistrate if he had been molested, and if the magistrate did not punish he could be dealt with. This is the old plea that people must be injured before they can get protection, and even then it is only a question of punishing the wrongdoer, not protecting the innocent from damage. The Home Secretary saved his salary all right, but the Government majority was down again to 52.

When Birrell was at the Board of Education, Tommy Lough was his under-secretary, and John Burns had Hudson Kearley as his lieutenant at the Local Government Board. It is alleged that Birrell on the Bench once confided to Burns that he preferred Burns's butterman to his own tea-dealer—both gentlemen having made comfortable fortunes in those useful commodities before they went in for high politics. Hudson Kearley, the erstwhile butterman, is now Lord Devonport, hon. chairman of the Port of London, and is showing that he is a strong man. His friends call it dignified firmness, whilst his enemies below the gangway call it infernal obstinacy.

Some London M.P.'s to-night determined to "have a go" at settling the dock strike off-hand. People said it was no business of theirs, and they had no right to interfere, but they stoutly replied: "It *is* our business; the trade of London is being ruined; innocent women and helpless children are being starved; and, as we

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

represent London, we are entitled to say what we think." There was *no* party in it, or rather both parties were equally in it—eleven Unionists and twelve Radicals signing the heads of an agreement which was drawn up. It recognised that the masters had won, but it asked that the men's grievances should be considered at once if put forward by the unions and not by the National Transport Workers' Union. It suggested that all men, including the lightermen, should go back to work at once, and thought that the Port Authority should let bygones be bygones, and take back the men as and when vacancies occurred. Briefly, it recognised the unions, but repudiated the huge paper federation which had done all the mischief. It recognised that the men had some grievances which ought to be attended to at once; on the other hand, it advised that the men ought to go back forthwith. Without going into details, it saved the men's faces as much as possible, and probably represented what any special jury would have awarded if the case had been put before them. Other London members would have signed it, but they could not be found at so short a notice, whilst it was felt it ought to be published that night.

It was freely whispered about the Lobby on Thursday that Elibank could not guarantee a majority during the time the King was giving his garden-party at Windsor. Radicals are so loyal. . Perhaps he remembered that his party had seized the opportunity to defeat the late Government on the occasion of a similar garden-party some years ago. Be that as it may, the Whips decided to take no risks, so the House did not meet until seven p.m., and then half the members turned up in light waistcoats and white spats.

The Finance Bill came on for second reading; Lloyd George was as airy and inaccurate as usual. For instance, he had the audacity to quote the Birkbeck as a case of unbusiness-like finance, and rashly gave figures which were promptly contradicted in detail by the Receiver next day. Bonar Law made one of his deadly quotations. Lloyd George had said:—

> Who is it that is responsible for the scheme of things whereby one man is engaged through life in grinding labour to win a bare and precarious subsistence for himself, and another man who does not toil receives every hour of the day and every hour of the night while he slumbers more than the poor man receives in the whole year?

This was Snowden's principle of taking from the rich and giving to the poor. Everyone wanted to see a fairer distribution; but was that the way to do it? Had not such sentiments frightened capital out of the country until securities had fallen in a way they had not fallen in any other country? At half-past twelve the House divided, and the Government majority went down to 48. This constant dropping is as bad as Consols. Elibank was glad that he did not give us a half-holiday.

On Friday the London members who had signed the document discovered that they were suffering under what has been cynically called the "curse of the peace-makers." They had offended both sides and pleased no one. The strikers were the first to rush in and repudiate the advice in language more forcible than polite, whilst Lord Devonport did not seem particularly pleased. Both parties to the dispute plainly said: "It is no business of yours; don't you interfere." But the London members still say: "It is our business, and we mean to interfere," and at the time of writing I hear that they are going to meet again on Monday to consider the position.

A thin House discussed the long and carefully prepared Mental Deficiency Bill of sixty-eight clauses. It is the work of the philosophical, philanthropical Radical Party led by Dickinson. The opponents thought the legislation grandmotherly. If Charles Reade had been alive, he would certainly have written several of his trenchant letters to the *Times*, and pointed to his novel, "Hard Cash," which deals with sane people being locked up. Wedgwood, indeed, thought it set up an inquisition more dangerous than the Holy Inquisition. Banbury said he was accustomed to shocks, but he had never—no, never—in a long political career spent in blocking egregious private Bills come across such a rotten one as this was. It gave power to the Home Secretary (of all people) to lock up anybody he liked!

Nobody said it during the time I was in the House, but many felt that prevention was better than cure, and that, if a Bill had been brought in with drastic powers to stop the procreation of feeble-minded children, it would be better for the Empire. We were behind the Spartans, or even the Zulus, in some matters.

However, only nineteen men had the courage of their opinions, and a Bill which once more gives almost unlimited power to the bureaucracy was blessed by a House ruled by a party which professes to believe in government of the people by the people for the people, but really submits to Government by an ever-growing army of officials ruled by a demagogue who dictates to a submissive Prime Minister and an obedient Cabinet.

On Monday, O'Grady essayed to emulate "friend Lansbury's" exhibition. He wanted to discuss the dock strike instead of the Navy Estimates, and when his petition was refused he shouted out that it was "a damned scandal," threw his papers on the floor, and would have slammed the doors (if they had not been swing ones) as he marched melodramatically out of the House.

The Labour men sit on the two lowest benches below the gangway, and opposite to them sit a number of the noble lords and some of the younger and more go-ahead members of the Tory Party. They are constantly "chipping" each other in the course of the debates, in a way the older members do not think desirable or dignified. Crooks, who is often frankly referred to as "Consul" by his friends opposite (owing to a fancied resemblance in figure to that talented baboon), in the midst of the war of words called out, "Starving people, not overfed lords!" This was a ludicrous misdescription, because, curiously enough, the thinnest people in the House are

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Winterton, Hugh Cecil (who might be called Lanky instead of Linky by his friends), and Castlereagh, while Bob Cecil and Charlie Helmsley cannot honestly be called "overfed."

Winston was then allowed to proceed with his statement on the condition of the Navy. It was no mere explanation as to how he intended to spend the £900,000, but a careful and weighty survey of the whole struggle for naval supremacy between ourselves and Germany. He admitted our position was none too satisfactory, and warned the House and the country that we must be prepared for further sacrifices in the coming years.

In the gallery sat Mr. Borden, who must have been gratified at the reception Canadian support received. As Austen Chamberlain said later on at the United Club dinner, "The one bright feature of the situation was the growing willingness of our great Dominions over the seas, not to acknowledge, but to claim their share of the responsibility for the defence of the Empire of which they formed a part." Looking back on the First Lord's speech, it contains a great many promises, but not much action. Everything was in the future.

In the lobbies and the smoking-rooms the most pacific members admitted that the situation was very grave, whilst some openly said, "Peace at this price was almost as expensive as war." At the present moment we were in a position to dictate terms, whilst later on we might not be able to do so. The British are very patient, but some men openly say it would be wiser to repeat "the guilt and folly of the Crimean War" rather than allow Germany to get the upper hand.

There was very little party spirit in the debate, and, except for the Labour men and a few peace-at-any-price people, the whole House, regardless of party, voted with the Government—the Unionists not because they were satisfied with what was being done, but to show that they supported the Admiralty in their efforts to make up the leeway. There was no talk of "nightmare scares" now.

To go to smaller matters (for, although they are very important, they seem small after the question of the existence of the Empire), the London members met upstairs in the afternoon to discuss the dock strike. They did not take very seriously the ungracious reception their overtures had received from both parties. They reiterated that it was their business, as the representatives of London, to interfere, and appointed a small committee of eight, taken equally from both sides, to see the employers and the leaders of the men. The position seems to be as follows: After breaking their agreements in the most light-hearted manner, the men thought, when the strike was over, even if they lost, that they could go back to the *status quo ante*, but the masters say: "No. We have discovered that certain concessions made by us in the late agreements have been unfairly used. For instance, engagements outside the dock gates, instead of inside, are used to coerce the men into joining the Transport Union. If you had no ticket, you had not much chance of getting a job, so the matter is complicated by other things besides the present position." The men are fighting for the old position. The masters say: "No. The men must be engaged inside the gates." And so the deadlock continues.

The Insurance Act appears to be working very badly. Hundreds of people have been turned off and fresh arrangements made to avoid the payment of the tribute, to the detriment of the worker. Hundreds of thousands of employers and employed openly boast that they have taken no notice of the Act at all—that, like the Shops Bill, it is a dead letter—whilst there is a sinister rumour going the rounds to the effect that the only way the Government can retrieve the position is to put on another 2d. and add death benefits. This would anger the insurance companies, but please the great orders, as the same agent collects the Government insurance coppers and the life insurance at the same time, and it appears to many that the Act stops short just when it is most needed.

And so the Radical proposals grow. I feel very melancholy about the whole outlook—the Navy, the strike, and the Insurance Act—and when I took up Gibbon to read as I went to bed it did not improve my spirits.

How true it is that sometimes when we get our own way we are not satisfied! O'Grady clamoured for an adjournment on Monday, and was refused—to his obvious annoyance; on Tuesday he got it, and still he is not happy. There was nothing on except Scotch Estimates, and no one can call them exciting; so O'Grady obtained his adjournment at 8.15. He and Lansbury and MacDonald begged for Government interference—and succeeded! Lloyd George, in quite a casual off-hand manner, said that the Government would interfere—that, conciliation having failed, compulsion would have to take its place. Monetary guarantees would have to be put up on both sides. Early legislation would be introduced, and the whole thing put on a new basis. The Irish looked frightfully sick—indeed, they held an emergency meeting during the evening to discuss the matter, for it affects them very vitally. "Early legislation" means interference with the passage of the Home Rule Bill. The Labour men, also, were not altogether pleased. It is clear that the trade unions must once more be brought within the pale of the law. The Trades Disputes Bill will be torn up, and other unpleasant things take place.

Norman Craig made an excellent speech on behalf of the masters, and Bill Crooks suggested that the Prime Minister and Bonar Law might form themselves into a Committee of Arbitration. The House reluctantly divided, but there were many abstentions; some people cannot see how you can make a man work if he won't. Our little Welsh showman has given the "pannerrammer another twist" with a vengeance; and it was done in such an off-hand manner, too. The people who came to the peep-show saw far more than they had expected.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Art

Some Exhibitions

THERE is now open at the Dowdeswell Galleries, in New Bond Street, an exhibition of modern etchings which includes a good deal of the work of Mr. Ernest Lumsden. There is a singular beauty in practically everything that Mr. Lumsden does, an exquisiteness of feeling and touch which belongs to each one of these etchings. Among them are a number of Chinese subjects: "The Great Wall," "Chinamen from Without," and others, as light and delicate as the work of Le Gros, and, although not resembling it, the pictures have that same wonderful appearance of having hardly been touched by hands. It is not possible to speak of each one, of "The Dean Bridge, Edinburgh," "The Figure Eight," with the stretches of sand, "R.M.S. Dairen," with its curving railway lines, or of "St. Sulpice" or "Loch Shieldaig"; but "The Pier," which has been exhibited before in this gallery, still remains for us one of the most beautiful of modern etchings. Beside such work as this, other things are apt to seem heavy or laboured or hard; but in the corridor of the gallery are a few lovely impressions by Mr. T. Murray Smith—"Waterloo Bridge," "Mortlake," and some others, and Mr. Hamilton Mackenzie's "Fenwick Church" and "Market Cross, Crail." In the main gallery also, amid much interesting work, there are "The Harbour Light" and "The Morning Market" by Mr. Frank Mason, "A Summer Gale" and "Summer Afternoon" by the Hon. Walter J. James, and several things by Mr. Albany E. Howarth—best of all, perhaps, his "Strand-on-the-Green."

Messrs. Dowdeswell are still showing in their first gallery a collection of black and white Beardsley-like drawings by Mr. Kay Nielsen. They are wonderfully interesting and singular, full of a curious Oriental mysticism and yet modern in spirit. They are worked out with a great deal of detail, in beautiful lines, with a sort of restrained luxuriance. One is called "Metaphysics," yet it merely represents a pierrot in an armchair full of cushions, and the printed name was not necessary. But the most interesting drawings in the exhibition are the ten illustrations to "The Book of Death," in the fifth of which, called "The Chasm," there is a strange haunting beauty, which, indeed, one feels in all of these.

At the Chenil Gallery, in Chelsea, there is a collection of some fifteen paintings by Mrs. Mabel Nicholson. Most of them are portraits of children—children whose plain faces and straight hair and simple dresses have a beauty and individuality of their own, though none is quite equal to "Nancy in Tartan Frock," which was exhibited some time back, but is among those now to be seen at Chelsea.

The London Salon, 1912

THE motto of this year's Salon is Alfred Stevens' saying, "To compare is to know." Its truth can be realised more fully after a couple of hours spent in the Albert Hall. After gazing horror-stricken at divers lurid freaks of diseased imaginations, vainly seeking draughtsmanship and colour, we left, praying more fervently than ever that the vagaries of *l'art nouveau* may be no more than a temporary smear upon the glass of art. As for certain of the paintings and drawings—alas! many of them—we can only describe them as the crystallisation of the obscene. In Mr. Epstein's unfinished "Maternity" we were unable to find any of the primitive strength of Rodin: the treatment is coarse without being rugged, and contains no vestige of tenderness. Mr. Mervyn Lawrence's large figure, entitled "The Argument," is a fine study of muscle, and nothing more. Of the smaller statuettes in the arena we were chiefly attracted by the dainty charm and delicate modelling of Miss Gwendolen Williams' "Sappho." The miniatures were almost uniformly poor.

As to the larger paintings exhibited upon the walls of the arena, the most notable was Vereker M. Hamilton's "Vitality," a knight upon a spirited steed carrying off a nude female: the whole composition is full of the quality which is its title. The portrait of Miss Eileen O'Malley by Kirkby Wynne suffers mainly from the too studied arrangement of detail. A. de Bries' "The Scout" errs slightly in the opposite direction. Robert Walters' "A Summer's Day on the Wye," has caught just that peculiar atmosphere and tone which characterise the scenery which it depicts. With the above exceptions, we saw nothing which rose to the level at which criticism is provoked.

If such be our judgment of the major exhibits, what shall be said of the minor atrocities awaiting an unwary visitor to the gallery? It is not even paint which here is flung at us. One or two works, it is true, contain something of the beautiful, something of the true, such as Mary McCrossan's "Nocturne," W. E. Gladstone Solomon's "War," Constance Law-Adam's "Dordrecht," and the late Mrs. Thomas' Swiss studies. But with very few exceptions the exhibits were glaring examples of all that is tending to make Art a by-word amongst us—lack of line and form and finish, crudeness of colour, commonplaceness—nay, vulgarity of subject-matter. Lest we might at length come to believe that the art of painting has really fallen to the depths suggested by this parade of imbecility, we hurriedly persuaded ourselves that we were suffering from a species of visual nightmare, due, perhaps, to an incautious lunch, and fled.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Notes and News

Messrs. John Long publishes this week a new novel from the pen of Lilian Arnold, editor of the *Ladies' Field*, and author of that popular novel, "Also Joan." Mrs. Arnold's new book, entitled "The Storm Dog," is a romance of Western Cornwall.

Although much has been written about the Durbar, and a novel has been announced, dealing with the historic event, it has been left to the well-known lady journalist, Mrs. Charlotte Cameron, to write a romance with the many brilliant ceremonies and festivities for a background. She has entitled her story "A Durbar Bride," and her official position at Delhi afforded her unique opportunities for witnessing the many incidents revealed in the story, which appear for the first time in print. Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are the publishers, and they also announce that "The First Signs of Insanity," by Dr. Bernard Hollander, will be published on the 23rd instant.

Mr. Paul Neuman, in his new novel, "Simon Brandin," to be published by Mr. Murray during the next few weeks, breaks new ground. His hero is a Jew whose family has suffered from the Pogrom in Russia. He sets his whole heart and fortune to revenge the losses he has suffered. The working out of the story gives full scope for Mr. Neuman's powers. Mr. Murray also hopes to publish, early in the autumn, the fourth volume of Professor Gomperz's authoritative history of ancient philosophy, entitled "Greek Thinkers," which has been in preparation for a considerable number of years. The work is now practically complete. It treats more especially of Aristotle, and has been translated by Mr. G. G. Berry, of Balliol College, Oxford.

The proprietors of the *Bioscope*, the trade journal of the cinematograph industry, were requested by members of the London County Council to arrange a demonstration of the possibilities of the cinematograph in education, at the County Hall, Spring Gardens, S.W., on Thursday last, at 5 p.m. The films shown were selected with a view to illustrating the range of subjects which could be educationally utilised by means of the cinematograph. The branches of learning thus visually demonstrated include geography, history, zoology, botany, marine biology, embryology, and ornithology; films dealing with the details of various industries and with the subject of physical culture were shown. An attempt will be made to prove that the cinematograph would be an invaluable adjunct to almost every kind of teaching, from elementary to the most advanced. A preliminary address was given by Mr. C. H. Heydemann, Ph.D., who was the lecturer at the medical and educational demonstrations recently organised by the *Bioscope*. The display at Spring Gardens is unique in the history of cinematography, and it is the first time that living pictures have ever been shown in a council chamber before an official audience.

The Marquis of Crewe, who is President of the Summer School of Town Planning which is to be held at Hampstead Garden Suburb, is announced to give the inaugural address in the Institute Hall on Saturday, August 3. The Summer School is being held under the auspices of the London University Extension Board, and covers a fortnight—from the 3rd to the 17th of August. The lectures and demonstrations are intended to be of special value to municipal engineers, architects, and surveyors, but most of them will be of interest to others who are concerned with town planning from the more general aspect of civic and economic progress. There will be a series of lectures on the legal aspect of the subject by Mr. E. R. Abbott, Clerk to the Ruislip-Northwood Council, who has just successfully piloted the first town planning scheme from a local authority to be accepted by the Local Government Board. Professor Adshead, who occupies the first chair of town planning established in an English University, will give a series of lectures on "Town Planning in Foreign Countries and Past Times." Mr. Raymond Unwin, F.R.I.B.A., who is responsible for the planning of the Hampstead Garden Suburb, will lecture and demonstrate on "Town Planning in Practice." Among other lecturers are Mr. Henry Vivian, J.P., who speaks on the financial aspects of the subject, and Mrs. S. A. Barnett, to whose genius and energy, as founder and honorary manager, the initiation and success of the Hampstead Garden Suburb are largely due. Applications to attend the course, or single lectures or excursions, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Summer School of Town Planning, Hampstead Garden Suburb, N.W.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE MIKADO.

IN his old-world palace in Tokyo the Emperor of Japan, at the time of writing, lies perilously near the brink of death. We are told that throughout the crisis, which has so suddenly been announced to the unsuspecting millions of the Island Empire, a deep hush has settled upon the life of the nation. The history of Japan can show no parallel to the circumstances which surround the Imperial affliction to-day, for never before have the masses been admitted to such a degree of intimacy in relation to the sacred personality of a Mikado. It is not the intimacy between monarch and subject as we know it in the West—the doctrine of divinity does not make for human fellowship—and yet it marks a wonderful advance upon conditions that have existed within living memory. Indeed, it is safe to assume that the graphic and detailed bulletins that have been issued during the past few days for the information of an almost dumbfounded proletariat were not worded without a great deal of opposition and heart-burning on the part of highly-placed personages of the old school. For in Japan there are two generations of Monarchists, the first holding jealously to the belief that the doctrine of divinity should be expounded as a spiritual essential, the second advocating its retention on grounds of purely political expediency. The influence of the old Conservatives can be seen behind the suggestion, a suggestion which was vetoed by the Court Chamberlain, that all business should cease during the critical period of His Majesty's illness. In common with the people of Japan, we can only register a fervent hope that their monarch may yet be spared long to watch over the destinies of the Island Empire.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

NAVAL STRENGTH.

The decision of the Government to increase our naval strength in the Mediterranean comes as a welcome corollary to the note of vigour that has recently marked British policy in its relation to the European situation.

It is no exaggeration to say that up to the present Great Britain has led the world in the development of naval science. The Dreadnought type was not, as is popularly supposed, the direct result of the lessons learned from Tsushima; nor were the Japanese responsible for its creation. It was for British architects to discover the secret of the single calibre in big-gun fire, and much of the delay which characterised the construction of the *Satsuma* was due to the fact that the experts of Japan, watching closely the experiment being carried out in this country, endeavoured to apply the principle as nearly as possible to their own ship. From the moment that we begin to multiply types unnecessarily we shall be sacrificing the originality of our constructors, and placing rival Powers in the self-same position of advantage which we have hitherto enjoyed.

In one sense we cannot help sympathising with the cry of the extremists, though from a different motive, and in a spirit of philosophic resignation to the inevitable. We regret the impossibility of an expansion which would have provided a sufficient display of sea-strength in the Pacific, and particularly in the waters of what is comprehended in the term, the Far East. Over the Mediterranean question Sir Edward Grey has rightly recognised that diplomacy, unsupported by military force, can have no influence in the councils of nations. This truth applies the world over, but nowhere, as far as we are concerned, has it more regrettable significance than in China to-day. Forced by a combination of political and economic circumstances to concentrate our sea-strength in home waters, we have been obliged in recent years virtually to abandon the leading position we once held in the Far East; and although in the fulness of time it is more than probable that, with the growth of Canada and Australasia to nationhood within the Empire, we shall regain that position, the interim is likely to be fraught with danger to the peace of the world. Already it is suggested from inspired quarters in St. Petersburg that the settlement of what is euphemistically called the Far Eastern Question should be left solely in the hands of Russia and Japan. Actually, the purport of such a proposal can mean nothing less than the gradual disintegration of China, a country that, for the sake of future peace, apart altogether from its just claim to universal sympathy, should at the present moment be helped and not hindered in its efforts to bring about national cohesion and stability. Anticipating the opening of the Panama Canal, Russia and Japan are on the eve of concluding an understanding—not an alliance—in respect of the final disposition of Manchuria and Mongolia. It is inconceivable that territorial aggression of such a magnitude could have taken place had Great Britain been free to follow her traditional policy in China, a policy which had in its keeping the integrity of that great country. But, for the time being, Great Britain is not in a position to bear the burden of other and weaker nations. We must face this fact unless we wish to delude ourselves. There is, however, as I have said, some hope in the future.

For the first time in the history of the country circumstances have favoured the drawing together of the members of the Imperial family. This statement may be challenged, but it is the truth. Hitherto the Canadian Government has, under Sir Wilfrid Laurier, cherished ideals, which, however much we may admire them in a spirit of detachment have been subversive of all practical schemes for Imperial unity. Remembering that Canada is far and away the most progressive among the British Dominions, we cannot be surprised that her lukewarm advances in the past met with no more enthusiasm than they deserved by a Government that would have sacrificed its self-respect, and the respect of the nation, had it pandered to the wishes of the yellow press and adopted an attitude of sycophantic invitation. Now the old order has changed, and Mr. Borden has behind him a large majority of Canadians, loyal to the Crown and to the Empire. The unswerving fidelity of New Zealand has never been in question, while the cut-the-painter party in Australia is automatically going to the wall. The concrete result of the Imperial unity which is slowly but surely coming about will be the restoration of British prestige in the four corners of the earth by means of an Imperial navy, whose mission shall be that of protection and peace, and whose power shall remain unchallengeable.

MOTORING

FOR the Goodwood Races—July 30 to August 2 inclusive—the Automobile Association and Motor Union has made arrangements for a special car enclosure for its members. The enclosure is conveniently situated almost opposite the entrances to the grand stand, and patrols will be on duty to direct members and render

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."
"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.
If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to
S. BOWLEY & SON,
DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT,
"Express" and "Bomo" Brands.
Wellington Works,
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.
Established 1744.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

any assistance that may be required. The charge for admission will be one guinea for the four days, or six shillings per day. Petrol, tyres, and other requisites will be obtainable in the enclosure, and a competent staff of mechanics will be in attendance.

The committee who have consented to supervise the forthcoming tyre trial, which is to start on Monday next, includes Earl Norbury, Earl de la Warr, Lord Kingsale, Lord Clifford, Sir Thomas Lipton, Admiral Sir John Hopkins, and Admiral Sir George Neville. Two members of the Technical Committee of the R.A.C. have also been invited to act on the committee, and the Michelin, Dunlop, and Continental Companies have been asked to send a representative to accompany the test throughout. Whatever the result of the trial may be, therefore, it can hardly be contended by the losers that its bonâ-fides is open to criticism.

For some years past it has been assumed that the motor-car as now constructed represents finality in general design, and that there has been nothing to look forward to beyond detail improvements. News, however, is to hand from Paris that a "winged motor-car," differing radically from the standard type, has actually accomplished a run from Paris to Lyons—320 miles—at an average speed (running time) of 28 miles an hour. This revolutionary car, says the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, is propelled by means of a two-bladed wing-propeller, constructed on the principle of the action of a bird's wing and attached to a shaft at the rear of the car. The propeller, which is 45 inches in diameter, is protected by a cage, and has a maximum number of 2,200 revolutions per minute. The chassis is that of an ordinary car, with the motor and radiator in front. The motor, a 40 h.p. Labor, controls a shaft running the whole length of the body, with a chain transmission rotating the wing-propeller at the rear. All the wheels of the car run free. A single lever beside the driver controls at the same time the clutch and the forward and reverse movements of the wing. In combination with the reverse action of the propeller there is a foot brake to stop the car. Speed changes are simply regulated by the acceleration or diminution of engine speed. It is stated that at various stages of the run from Paris to Lyons a speed of 60 miles an hour was obtained. In appearance the winged car is somewhat startling, but so were the early attempts at ordinary motor-car construction, and it would not on that account be safe to ridicule its future possibilities.

Except for the existing grievance over the price of petrol—a grievance which is entirely attributable to commercial operations, and which, it is to be hoped, will not assume a permanent character—the motorist's only real trouble in the matter of upkeep is that associated with tyres. It is beyond doubt, however, that much of this is due to his own carelessness. Leaving out of consideration for the moment the disastrous results of bad driving—excessive speed round corners, violent starting, and unnecessary use of the brakes—it is certain that many motorists regularly drive with their tyres much under-inflated. They do this in spite of the repeated warnings of the tyre manufacturers, all of whom issue instructions as to proper pressure, and emphasise the damage necessarily done if these pressures be not maintained. As an instance of thoughtlessness in this respect, the writer may mention that, the other day, in the course of a discussion on the subject with a motoring friend, he tested the back tyres of the latter's car—a heavy Mercedes—with a Schrader gauge, and found the pressure to be 45 lbs., which is just about half what it ought to have been. And it was with his tyres half-inflated in this way that he had just completed a run of 120 miles. It is little wonder that he finds his tyre bill excessively heavy, and probably most other motorists do so for a similar reason. The fact is that it is impossible for the most experienced motorist to judge from mere observation whether his tyres are adequately inflated or not, and every car owner should carry with him one of these little pressure gauges for periodically testing his tyres. They occupy no more room in the pocket than a penknife, cost only a few shillings, and are simplicity itself in use.

We are requested by Messrs. S. Bowley and Son, of Battersea, the manufacturers of "Champion" motor lubricants and distillers of Bowley's motor spirits, to state that there is no foundation for the reports that have been circulated in certain quarters to the effect that they have withdrawn from, or compromised in any way, the action now pending between one of their late travellers and themselves.

Mr. McCurd, of McCurds, Ltd., Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, W., informs us that he has at present a 25 h.p. 1912 Clement-Talbot, absolutely unused, with handsome five-seater touring body, for sale at a bargain price. It may be mentioned that the list price of the chassis of this model is £515.

At the meeting of directors of Rolls-Royce, Ltd., held on Friday, the 12th inst., it was decided to pay an interim dividend on the whole of the company's shares for the half-year ended April 30 last at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum (1s. per share), less income tax, payable July 31.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

NOTHING is talked about except the price of Consols. Every kind of remedy is suggested, although naturally none of them has the smallest chance of success. The idea of passing an Act of Parliament redeeming Consols at par within a certain date would mean taxing the nation to a prodigious extent. From a business point of view it would be much cheaper to go to war with Germany next week. We might win, in which case we should get a big indemnity, and even if we lost I doubt whether a losing fight would not cost the country less than a sinking fund for the redemption at par of a stock now standing under 74.

The idea of consolidating the whole of the debts of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Colonies, India, and Great Britain would cost less and have an infinitely greater effect upon the credit of the Empire. We all realise that we should never allow any of our Colonies to default. We insist upon these Colonies stating when they issue a loan that the Colony is alone responsible. Nevertheless, this is only a fiction. If Great Britain is not to be responsible for her Colonies she might as well give them up. We must consolidate our defence, our credit, and our finances. Admittedly the scheme is vast; but so is our Empire. We should have to raise the rate of interest on the National Debt, but we could reduce the rate of interest on our Indian and Colonial debts. I hope some great statistician like the Editor of the *Statist* will work out the figures. The trouble is that we have no really patriotic and hard-working statesmen who will devote their lives to such a scheme. The Colonies would gladly agree and India would save money.

The new issues still fail to please the public. The Chilian Northern Railway debentures have the guarantee of the Chilian Government, the soundest of all the South American Governments, and the issue was attractive. The Brazil Railway 5 per cent. debentures at 98 are convertible into common stock at 150. This does not appear a very valuable option, but the house of Speyer Brothers is not in the habit of making many mistakes. The Anglo-Brazilian Meat issue does not please me. The Cuban Central Railway's offer of 5 per cent debentures at par is hardly as good as that of the Chilian Northern at 96. The Tin Trust asked the public for £50,000, but it did not state definitely what properties it intended to buy.

MONEY.—The Money market is still in an uninteresting condition. The Americans appear to be borrowing in London, but there is very little demand outside Wall Street, and this demand is more or less due to the crop, which it is said will be very good. There is no chance of the rate being reduced.

FOREIGNERS.—Very little business has been done in the Foreign market; there was some attempt to sell Japanese, but it came to nothing. Even if the Emperor died this would not affect securities. Tintos are now being bought, for the copper scare is dying down.

HOME RAILS.—The Great Eastern report was very bad indeed, and the Board appears to have lost its head over the coal strike, for the figures show over £20,000 increase in the coal bill and a great increase in other expenses. The traffics were quite good, but it is clear that most of the companies make the bulk of their profit carrying coal, and that when this falls off the takings have to bear the cost of carrying passengers and goods. The profit on these is small. The Lancashire and Yorkshire report is also disappointing. The dividend has dropped 1 per cent. and £25,600 is carried forward and £20,000 placed to reserve. Apparently the decrease in earnings was all net loss, but we must wait until the figures are issued before we can speak with confidence. The "bears" have been buying back Metropolitans, but the railway market on the whole is flat. I am still of opinion that Home Rails should be purchased on any reaction. The quotations will recover and a good profit should be made by those who buy now.

YANKEES.—The American market looks like going better. The crop reports are excellent, and this is really all that the nation asks for. There is some talk of an agreement being entered into between Eries and Baltimore and Ohio. As a result, Eries have been bought and they look like higher prices. The copper position in the United States is as strong as ever. The big selling agencies who work for the Amalgamated and Guggenheims did not reduce their price for electrolytic copper below 17¾ cents. This in spite of the fact that some of the small people sold little lots under 17. They soon got tired of doing this, however, and the Continental "bears" also bolted when they found that they were up against a very strong "bull" clique. I think that all copper shares will rise.

RUBBER.—The Vallambrosa report showed a profit of £67,917, and the dividend is reduced to 130 per cent. This Company, however, will be tapping some of its new trees, and if the shares fall to 20s. they should be purchased. The trouble with Vallambrosa was that the estate was too closely planted. Now the trees have been cut out the yield from those left will increase. The Rubana report was good, and those who hold the shares have a splendid investment. Sumatra Consolidated paid a dividend apparently with the idea of refunding the guarantors a portion of the money they had put up for dividend purposes. It is not a satisfactory company.

OIL.—The Emba Caspian Oil Company still hangs fire, and it is now said that the prospectus will not be issued until the law suit has been settled. The ground is good, but I think the company over-capitalised. All oil shares are very dull. The Spies have offered their shareholders the new shares at 22s., and those who hold Spies shares should certainly take up their quota.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—It is said that Barnatos intend to move the Kaffir market, and we may expect a revival here before the end of the year. In my opinion the best purchase is City Deep, but Knights are very cheap. No doubt the first shares to feel the revival will be the Far Eastern propositions, but some of these are, in my opinion, dangerous, and if a rise comes should be sold. The Latilla group intend to have a dash at Rhodesians, and as Amalgamated Properties now have funds in hand we may see an attempt made to revive the Rhodesian market, as the dealers are short.

TIN.—Apparently the public decline to come into tin, and the little spurt in Nigerians died down. However, as the companies are now making better returns and as most of them have very rich ground, I think that in the end we shall get increased values. Nigerian Tin is, of course, a gamble. So many people bought the shares that I hope an effort will be made to get them out. Pahangs are being talked about. It is said that the Company has struck some rich tin ground and that its rubber is looking extremely well. The market is not a good one, but I should not be surprised to see a still further advance in quotations.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Marconis improved, as I suggested they would. They will probably be supported until the new issue is made. I do not advise anyone to buy the shares, as I think they are much over-valued. Those who hold them should get out whenever the market moves up. The general market in Miscellaneous shares is very dull, but there is some talk of the Helsby people putting up Automatic Telephones. This company runs a most ingenious automatic telephone which is now being tried by the Post Office. If it is adopted the shares, which are guaranteed by the Helsby Company, should have a still further rise. They are not a speculation, and cannot be carried over. Agricultural Banks and other Egyptian shares are in an uninteresting condition. The crop will be good and the shares should be bought.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

GERMANY AND GREAT BRITAIN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I agree with Mr. Turner as to the desirability of removing the apprehensions on both sides; if *there are* apprehensions on *both* sides. But I do not agree with those who would leave it to "the man in the street" to ensure a settlement by the force of public opinion of both nations. "The man in the street" is but the blind populace, who too often have forced their rulers into declaring, against their better judgment, war which has ended with disaster. History shows us many cases where the populace have, by their cries, precipitated war, with all its hideous consequences.

With regard to "removing the apprehensions on both

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

sides." If there were apprehensions on both sides, it would be a very laudable desire; but there are apprehensions on one side only, and that not the German side. The German side is "Imperative Need" and resentment at England because England (for her own protection) stands in the way of the satisfying of their "Imperative Need."

In Europe, Germany is a Power that no other European nation can ignore, because Germany has the finest army; but in the world, outside of Europe, Germany does not count, because Germany, until recently, had no great navy. She has power to negotiate and secure what she wants in Europe, but she has no power to back up her negotiations outside of Europe, until her fleet is equal to, or greater than, that of the country with whom she wishes to negotiate, or the country that stands in her way. Germany is therefore building her great fleet in order to be able to satisfy her "Imperative Need."

Her "Imperative Need" can only be satisfied at the cost of other nations, among whom England is not the least. Hence the cause for apprehension is only, and can only be, on the English side.

But what is Germany's great need? Germany's great need is "*land.*" Land suitable for colonisation, so that her sons and daughters can continue under the protection of their flag and retain their German nationality. Her population is increasing by about 900,000 annually. She is fast becoming an industrial nation, and she wants markets wherein to sell her manufactures in order to be able to maintain her people; markets which do not depend upon the goodwill of any other nation for right of entry; markets which are absolutely under their own control, to be closed against foreign competition when it is to the interest of Germany's industrial population.

If Germany is to continue as "a great self-supporting European nation" she must become a "World Power." Without adequate colonies and markets of her own, she must soon exhaust her resources, and fall into decay.

Every German knows this, and every German is preparing for the struggle which will decide the future history of their land and the destiny of two nations.

Whether the struggle will be of "war" or of "negotiations" depends entirely upon England's preparedness to face the struggle.

England's preparedness depends upon the honesty of her statesmen.

There are only two ways to remove the apprehension of England: first, by conceding to Germany what Germany wants and assisting her to become a great world empire; second, by being so strong as to make it impossible for Germany to attempt to coerce any concession. Which method does Mr. Turner approve of? He cannot approve of the first, because to do so would be to approve of the betrayal of England. To refuse to adopt the second method is to "sit still and drift."

With regard to it not being possible to take 50 steamers and utilise them as transports for the conveyance of troops and munitions of war without some news leaking out to the intended enemy, surely Mr. Turner knows that adequate means would be taken beforehand to prevent information of the operations being given. It is generally recognised that "no declaration of war" would be given, and that a favourable moment would be chosen most suitable for the success of the undertaking. Even in these days of wireless telegraphy it is not impossible to elude the British fleet which *might* be waiting for them.

Yours truly, THOS. MCLEOD.

West Hartlepool, July 22, 1912.

OUR RELATIONS WITH GERMANY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I am authorised by Lord Courtney to say—and I have great pleasure in saying—that the interpretation which, in my former letter, I applied to the remarks quoted by me from his article in the *Contemporary Review* was a mistaken one. The quotation was: "Such a union" (*i.e.*, a friendly union between Holland and the German Empire) "could not be resented by us except through motives of jealousy. But . . . it would have to be established under conditions very different from those that now prevail." I took this latter sentence to mean "we should not consent to such union unless it were established," etc. Lord Courtney has been good enough to inform me that this sentence was intended, not to qualify the first, but to convey his opinion that such a union "could not come within the range of practical politics until after a complete change in the circumstances and principles of policy now dominant in the two countries." You will, I hope, Sir, allow me publicly to express my sincere regret at having misinterpreted Lord Courtney's views: and also the great pleasure with which I find that in Lord Courtney's opinion "we should have no right of interference in the case of a voluntary union between Holland and Germany."

Mr. Turner's remarks, in your issue of the 20th, on the necessity of arriving at a friendly settlement with Germany are admirable in the abstract, but they throw no light on how the thing can be done. Mr. Turner and I might appeal to the man-in-the-street, from now till Doomsday, without making any impression on him. What is needed is some action in, and if necessary outside of, Parliament on the part of somebody whom Parliament and the man-in-the-street are likely to listen to. If neither the Peace Society nor the Labour Party will provide us with a leader, where are we to look for one?—

I am, Sir, yours, etc., T. G. MARTIN.

2, Anderson Street, Chelsea, July 20, 1912.

A MYSTERY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of the 13th there is a note which begins: "America having standardised steel, lobsters, pork . . . . is now rather worried as to why somebody does not standardise the English language." The whole paragraph is vague and involved. It reminds me of a group of candles that the summer heat has melted into a mass of shapeless wax. In fact, it cannot be "standardised."

There is the gleam of a hatchet buried among the molten wax: "We are antagonistic to the 'nu speling,' it is true . . . ."; whence a passage to the "American Language." I know you do not wish to open the sluicegates to further correspondence on the question of rational spelling. You have treated us most fairly. But from this hotch-potch of a paragraph I am afraid the reader may carry away a dim idea that the "Nyu Spelling" and the "American language" are one and the same. I want to assure him that the headquarters of the Simplified Speling Sosiety are in London, not in New York. An ocean lies between, and the "nyu speling" was born on this side. We are not enemies who go about in the fields of the English language to sow tares among the wheat. "Nyu Speling" stands for purity of speech.

There are dark mysteries in the Note. But (1) Is "standardising" identical with the making of "the perfectly inflexible word, the irrefragably rigid rule"? And whatever is meant by this oracular talk about "the perfectly inflexible word"? You can't hold a word in fetters. (2) *Is* "slang" . . . . "the manufacture of the word for the occasion"? Technical terms cannot, I think, be set down as slang?

I assume, however, that THE ACADEMY pleads for liberty in spelling. It would write "standardize" and "standardise," "plow" and "plough," "delight" and "delite." This is a great step forward, and I rejoice. Yours faithfully, SYDNEY WALTON.

Simplified Speling Sosiety,
44, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.

July 16, 1912.

[Mr. Walton takes a steam-hammer to kill a butterfly—and even then misses the butterfly. Our harmless

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

little paragraph needs no explanation or defence, being perfectly clear to anyone of ordinary mental equipment; but we quite see why Mr. Walton is incensed. We spelt "Nyu" without the "y." Gently, but firmly, we must decline to apologise. Meanwhile, bearing in mind the stress of our recent "Spelling" correspondence, we cannot re-open the subject just yet.—THE WRITER OF THE NOTE.]

THE NECESSITOUS LADIES' HOLIDAY FUND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—You have been good enough to allow me to appeal in your columns now for several years past for funds to provide holidays for necessitous ladies by the sea and countryside, and through your kindness and that of your readers I have been enabled to bring rest to many to whom it meant a boon untold.

May I be allowed to appeal again for help to send away governesses, typewriters, hospital nurses, secretaries, musicians, actresses, and ladies of gentle birth engaged in other professions, unable to provide holidays for themselves, who, without the possibility of earning money in the summer months, are left behind in London, exposed to the sufferings attendant on poverty?

I plead, then, for those too proud to plead for themselves, for the sick, and more especially those broken down in health from overwork.

All contributions sent to this address will be gratefully acknowledged and distributed.—Your obedient servant,

CONSTANCE BEERBOHM.

48, Upper Berkeley Street, W.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Cameos of Indian Crime. By H. Hervey. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co., 12s. 6d. net.)

The Mundas and Their Country. By Sarat Chandra Roy, M.A., B.L. With an Introduction by E. A. Gait, I.C.S. Illustrated. (The City Book Society, Calcutta. 9s. 6d.)

Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III: Personal reminiscences of the Man and the Emperor. By the late Baron d'Ambès. Edited and Translated by A. R. Allinson, M.A. With Illustrations from the Collection of A. M. Broadley. 2 Vols. (Stanley Paul and Co., 24s. net.)

Three Lectures on St. Theresa. By the Rev. James M. Wilson, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 6d.)

Knickerbocker Days. By Harris Tweed. (John Ouseley. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Fourth Generation. Reminiscences by Janet Ross. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Syndicalism and the General Strike: An Explanation. By Arthur D. Lewis. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Martin Marprelate and Shakespeare's Fluellen: A New Theory of the Authorship of the Marprelate Tracts. By J. Dover Wilson. (Alexander Moring. 5s. net.)

A Zola Dictionary: The Characters of the Rougon-Macquart Novels of Emile Zola. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction, Synopses of the Plots, Bibliographical Note, Map, Genealogy, etc. By J. G. Patterson. (George Routledge and Sons. 8s. 6d. net.)

Bacon is NOT *Shakespeare!* A Reply to Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, Bt. By Ralph Winnington Leftwich. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 6d.)

FICTION.

Affairs of Men. By D. C. F. Harding. (John Long. 6s.)

The Modern Market Place. By "Coronet." (John Long. 6s.)

The Race of Circumstance. By H. R. Campbell. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

An American Girl at the Durbar. By Shelland Bradley. (John Lane. 6s.)

Selmin of Selmingfold. By Bertram Mitford. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

Love's Cross Road. By L. T. Meade. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Big Fish. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

VERSE.

Studies and Portraits. By E. Herrick. (H. R. Allenson. 1s. 6d.)

King Henry III; or, The Rise and Fall of Simon de Montford. By Bernard Wyman. (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 2s.)

Pavements and Pastures: A Book of Songs. By Thomas Burke. (The Author, 12, Craigton Road, Eltham, Kent. 1s. net.)

EDUCATIONAL.

A School Atlas of Ancient History. (W. and A. K. Johnston. 2s. net.)

A Junior Geography of Scotland, Regional and Practical. By David Frew, B.A. (Blackie and Son. 1s.)

La Révolution Française. By F. A. M. Mignet. Selections edited by Taylor Dyson, M.A., with Notes, Retranslation Passages, etc. (Blackie and Son. 4d.)

JUVENILE.

Granny's Wonderful Chair. From the Story by Francis Browne. Illustrated in Colour. (Blackie and Son. 9d.)

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Illustrated in Colour. (Blackie and Son. 9d.)

PERIODICALS.

Quarterly Review; Book-Prices Current; Constitution Papers; Mercure de France; Atlantic Monthly; The Rajput Herald; Bookseller; L'Action Nationale; Mind; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Manchester Quarterly; The Collegian, Calcutta; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Journal of the Anthropological Society, Bombay; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Report for the Year 1911 on the Victoria and Albert Museum and the Bethnal Green Museum; Friendly Greetings; Boy's Own Paper; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Sunday At Home; International Journal of Ethics; The Periodical; Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK, IN POWDER FORM.

THE COOLING SUMMER DRINK

MADE IN A MOMENT BY STIRRING BRISKLY IN COLD WATER.

Its cooling and thirst-quenching qualities, as well as its nourishing value, commend it to Athletes, Sportsmen, Golfers, Tennis Players, Cricketers, etc.

VERY REFRESHING WITH A DASH OF SODA.

SERVED IN REFRESHMENT ROOMS AND BARS, AT MANY SPORTS GROUNDS, AND IN RESTAURANTS AND CAFÉS.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles, at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s.

Trial size free by post on application.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Vià the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—
DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.
For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Isles, & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Thursday Fortnight.	London.
THE AZORES.	£17†	19.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
NORWAY.	From £1 a day	13 upwards.	June to August.	Grimsby & Leith.
BALTIC & RUSSIA.	From £1 a day.	24.	August 24.	Grimsby.
MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.

† Including Hotel Accommodation.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published by the Proprietor at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London E.C. Office for Advertisements, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TO

THE ACADEMY

CONSISTING OF

NOTABLE ARTICLES, REVIEWS, Etc.,

WHICH HAVE APPEARED FROM TIME TO TIME IN "THE ACADEMY" AND "LITERATURE" SINCE ITS INCEPTION.

Perishable Books: By Leslie Stephen

(LITERATURE, November 27, 1897.)

A SPEAKER at the recent conference of librarians complained that most modern books were doomed to speedy destruction, not in the spiritual but in the material sense. The paper on which they are printed will rapidly become mere pulp or impalpable powder. One might have supposed that such a result would be gratifying, especially to librarians. Considering what a vast proportion of printed matter not only is, but is intended to be, purely ephemeral, there could, at first sight, be no reason for desiring its preservation. The regret, perhaps, is an instance of a tendency noted by all psychologists. A pursuit becomes delightful for its own sake, even when its ostensible end ceases to be valuable. A zealous librarian takes such a pleasure in preserving literature that he forgets to consider whether the stores accumulated can be of any use, and then to ask whether useless stores are not positively pernicious.

Persons who are not subject to that illusion may take a different view. Why should not all books be made of perishable materials? Hawthorne somewhere argues that when we have become civilised we shall again give up houses for tents. Why encumber ourselves with huge masses of bricks and mortar which, if they suit the convenience of one generation, are all the more likely to be ill-suited to its successors? Why on the same principle should we try to carry with us vast accumulations of printed matter which have served their only possible purpose? Would it not be a good thing if a law were made that no paper should be used which was not warranted to vanish (say) in a century? Domestic life now involves a continuous struggle against the masses of waste paper, circulars, and advertisements which pour in by every post; and but for a systematic destruction would cause a household to be snowed up as under a paper avalanche. The race at large is suffering in the same way; and some mode of self-defence is becoming absolutely necessary. The legislation we have suggested would provide an automatic machinery which would become operative at the end of the twentieth century. From that time forth no book would be in existence which would have been printed more than a hundred years, and room would be constantly made for a new influx by the spontaneous vanishing of rubbish.

It would not follow that all literature above a century old should perish. It would simply be that books not reprinted for a century would vanish. All the great books, the models and masterpieces of literature, would be preserved; and there would, we may suppose, be a constant watchfulness over books which were approaching the fatal term. The effect would be like that of cremation. We should destroy what is really dead instead of preserving mere mummies. The literature actually preserved would be mainly such as had some *prima facie* claim to the title of classical. We are often exhorted to limit our reading to really good books. That is obviously impossible, if we are to know anything of our contemporaries; but it seems to be a sound rule for the study of older literature. Shakespeare is worth reading; but the only real use of plunging into the enormous rubbish heaps of the small Elizabethan literature is to glorify the Dry-as-dusts who won't recognise the inevitable law of death. The advantages are obvious in the case of history. A book which shall be a great work of art as well as an accurate record is now scarcely possible. The improvement of modern history is a familiar topic, and in certain respects is undeniable. But it is permissible to doubt whether modern historians would not be better if great masses of records had been summarily destroyed. The examination of all manner of archives and State paper offices has, it is true, enabled recent inquirers to give elaborate accounts of the various purposes and impressions of statesmen from day to day. If history is understood as implying an exact knowledge of Queen Elizabeth's intentions as to Mary Queen of Scots at any given date, the records have been invaluable. But even in the hands of a great literary artist like Froude, history written on this scheme often becomes wearisome because we feel that the minute personal questions are both insoluble and irrelevant. The broad and really important facts are obscured by the supposed necessity of going into minute biography. Imagine a history of the present day written on the scale adopted for periods when documents were comparatively rare and the unfortunate historian bound to be familiar with all the

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

views of Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury and all their subordinates, to read all the private letters, and all the despatches, and all the Blue-books, and all the statistical tables to make up his mind about all the ins and outs of the labour question, and the education question, and the rights of our policy in Egypt and India—any one of which is enough to occupy the whole time of a contemporary. If it takes Mr. Gardiner a year to write the history of a year at Cromwell's time, it will hereafter take a lifetime to write of a year under Queen Victoria. History on such a scale is plainly impossible; and it is every day becoming more essential to tabulate, classify, prepare indexes, and in one way or other to organise the vast masses of information which are accumulating more and more rapidly. The unhappy historian in the future will be physically unable to go into a hundredth part of the available sources of information. He must constantly be content with summaries without trying to go behind them; and it is desirable that the burthen should be lightened by destroying what is plainly useless. We seem to be making such a mistake as a collector of a museum of natural history, who should not be content with getting examples of every species, but should try to keep every example he could of each species. The historian is constantly tempted to waste time by ascertaining facts, not because everybody supposes that they can throw any more light upon any serious question, but simply because they are ascertainable. He can only refuse on peril of being denounced as superficial by somebody who spends his whole energy upon the minute details which are really without any significance. The historian will clearly have to abandon the pretence of omniscience; but he should be freed from the temptation of pretending to it by destroying the worthless records, which, so long as they exist, make constant calls upon his attention. After all, a vast mass of knowledge is valueless; it could be destroyed without really altering our judgment of any important point, and if we here and there destroyed something which might be of some use, we should get a greater advantage by making the waste of time upon such investigations once for all impossible.

The argument applies even more clearly to pure literature. How much of all the writing intended for ephemeral amusement is really worth the space it occupies on the shelves of the British Museum? Look at any collection of British poets. Say honestly what proportion of it does any good to any human being. The old rule as to mediocrity in poetry gives the principle. A tenth-rate historian may add something to our knowledge of fact; but a tenth-rate poet does nothing whatever. He is simply an inferior echo of something better, and the original is enough for all our purposes. Would anybody suffer if Blackmore's "Creation" or Boyse's "Deity" had calmly and quietly vanished away? Will our grandchildren have any cause for sorrow if ninety-nine hundredths of all the publications of to-day should disappear like a bad dream? To keep such things, it may be said, is a harmless superstition. They may be stowed away in boxes and do no injury to any one. There is, however, some harm to libraries, as every one knows who has anything to do with the accumulating matters which are always overpowering the energies of their guardians. But the bare existence of such repositories discourages and overwhelms conscientious readers. They are haunted by the vague impression that they ought to read everything, and forget that the more rubbish they study the less energy they have for what is good. And surely the honest writer of such stuff may feel the same. He writes an article to amuse his neighbours for a few minutes. He has nothing whatever to say to posterity. When he writes a letter to a friend he means it for the waste-paper basket. When he addresses the public, he means the public of his own period, and should feel it to be an impertinence if he is forced to present himself to the future race without any intention of his own. We are, as has sometimes been remarked, ephemeral beings, and ought to behave as such. Why should we be forced to be immortal? We should be content, and even eager, to pass into oblivion as soon as the temporary purpose of amusing an idle hour has been fulfilled. A writer who feels that strongly—of course, we do not speak to the Heaven-born genius—should insist, if he could, upon having his work printed upon perishable materials. Immortality in print is not only a superfluity; the bare suggestion of its possibility is a positive injury to one's feelings.

Review: Hawthorne.
By Professor Saintsbury

(January 17, 1880.)

Hawthorne. By HENRY JAMES, JUN. (Macmillan.)

A CAVILLER might ask, on beholding the title of this book, what business Hawthorne has in this particular galley. It certainly would seem that the lamented author of "Mdlle. D'Arvers" might as justly figure in a collection of French authors as Hawthorne, an American citizen born thirty years after the Declaration of Independence, among English men of letters. This, however, is rather an objection for Americans to make than Englishmen. It may be somewhat cruel of Mr. Morley to take their ewe lambs and range them with his stately flock. But no Englishman will be sorry to have a convenient life and criticism of Hawthorne, and certainly no one will be sorry to have it from the hand of Mr. Henry James. Mr. James's already published criticisms and analyses of French novels and novelists contain some very admirable work of the kind here required; and the fact sometimes noticeable in those criticisms, that he busies himself more with the life and character than the literary achievements of his subjects, is hardly against him. Something of the last-named peculiarity may indeed be noticed as recurring here. We should have

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

liked a somewhat clearer and more definite attempt to sum up the characteristics of Hawthorne's novels than that which Mr. James has given us. Such attempts no doubt often lead those who make them into the fault of exaggerating special features in order to make the picture definite and distinct. But if literary criticism is worth anything at all, it ought not to decline an attempt simply because the attempt is often made badly. Such handbooks as these are, we suppose, intended either as a substitute or as a preparation for the study of the original. As a substitute—which very likely Mr. James would say he had no thought of attempting—this book seems to us inadequate. A person unacquainted with the writings of the author of "The Scarlet Letter" would, we think, lay it down without any clear notion of the sum and nature of the work which he actually accomplished. Nor would a person who, having studied it, proceeded to attack the texts find himself provided with any clear notion of where to lay his critical hold. Interspersed in Mr. James's pages are many scattered remarks about Hawthorne's different works which are excellent as criticism; but whether they are sufficient, in the words of the prospectus to the series, "to satisfy intelligent curiosity as to the performances" of the man of letters they deal with is a question which we feel inclined to answer in the negative. Moreover, to get over what we have to say that is unfavourable at once, we do not always like Mr. James's style. Such a sentence as "out of the soil of New England he sprang—in a crevice of that immitigable granite he sprouted and bloomed," appears to us, we must confess, to be a mixture of the inappropriately sublime and the indisputably ludicrous.

These shortcomings, however, though they can hardly be passed over by a critic who has to give an account of a book professing to do certain things, and, as it seems to him, failing to do them, do not prevent this book of Mr. James from being an exceedingly interesting one. As a critical biography of an artist by one of the same craft it has unusual excellence. Mr. James's account of Hawthorne's novels may seem to us to lack fullness and precision; his account of Hawthorne himself, as a man and a novelist, is quite proof against any such criticism. He has treated his subject as carefully and as lovingly as if he were the hero of one of his own stories. Hawthorne's idiosyncrasy has, it is well known, been very variously judged. There are readers whose judgment is not contemptible, and who regard him as simply a morbid horror-monger possessed of some literary skill. There are others—of whom, by the way, Mr. James quotes M. Emile Montégut as the most prominent instance—who look upon him as the type of the Puritan novelist ever harassed and goaded by a consciousness and conviction of sin. Edgar Poe looked on him as the great representative of quiet or repose in literature—but this was, it is true, when his work was but half accomplished. In short, *quot homines tot sententiae* is truer of Hawthorne than, perhaps, of any other novelist. Mr. James has picked his way among these perplexed paths with great skill, or rather, to speak more truly and to do him more justice, he has disregarded them all, and has been his own road-maker. Without going into the extravagances of the Taine school, it is, of course, clear that, speaking roughly, the idiosyncrasy of any man or writer is determined by his temperament *plus* his circumstances. Mr. James has endeavoured to indicate Hawthorne's temperament with great analytical skill, and has illustrated his circumstances with full knowledge. The earlier portion of the book is hardly more a biography of Hawthorne than it is a picture of New England society from sixty to forty years ago. The theoretical equality, combined with a very decided pride in race and pedigree; the shy, unsocial ways; the universal diffusion of elementary education and decent affluence without any great scholarship or luxury; the eager aspiration after higher culture, with very few opportunities for its attainment; and, above all, the traditional religionism with its gloomy teachings and constant incentives to introspection and soul dissection, are admirably indicated without being at all "charged." Many of the incidents of Hawthorne's life of "cool solitude" become highly dramatic and pictorial in Mr. James's hands, particularly his short sojourn at Bowdoin College, with its curious result in the half-lost romance of "Fanshawe" and the later episode of his residence at Brook Farm. Mr. James's treatment of this latter quaint establishment and of Margaret Fuller is delightful, but there are things in it which make one reflect, copybook fashion, on the mutability of things. "There flourished at this time," says Mr. James, "in Boston a very remarkable and interesting woman, Miss Margaret Fuller by name." Evidently Mr. James thinks that the poor marchioness's name will be new to most of his readers. If this be so—and he is probably a better judge of the fact than we are—how quickly are the mighty fallen! Only five-and-thirty years ago, to anybody in England who took the slightest interest in matters literary or in matters American, Margaret Fuller's name was familiar enough, and familiarity with it has been handed down to at least some persons who at that period had not the advantage or disadvantage of existing. But now it seems Margaret Fuller, Marchesa d'Ossoli, contributor to the "Dial," transcendentalist and all the rest of it, has to be reintroduced to most readers as "a very remarkable and interesting woman, Miss Margaret Fuller by name." We have not recently come across a more striking example of *sic transit*.

"Margaret" has led us, as indeed she has led Mr. James, a little out of the way. To return, we may say that in all Hawthorne's modest vicissitudes, his temporary and not specially congenial official employments at Salem, his happy marriage, his Liverpool consulship, and his subsequent wanderings, Mr. James follows him with the same intelligent touch, showing how each situation affected him and was represented in his work. In the rather thorny matter of "Our Old Home" the biographer has conducted himself with very considerable tact. He makes the best case he can for his hero, and he does not make any concessions to

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

English feeling which a good American ought not to make; but he admits freely that Hawthorne had "a constant suspicion and mistrust of the society that surrounded him," and that "his national consciousness was exaggerated, painful, and morbid." This is all that any Englishman can reasonably claim, though putting "Our Old Home" quite aside, and, looking at Hawthorne in his American rather than in his English relations, we think that we should give a more unfavourable account of him than Mr. James has done. He seems to us to have had a distinct vein of "ill-conditionedness" in him which may or may not be worth noticing in connection with his purely literary work, but which certainly shows itself in his relations with the actual world. It is at least significant that Brook Farm complained of "The Blithedale Romance" quite as much as did English society of "Our Old Home."

Mr. James, as we have said, does not give us much "lead" to a discussion of Hawthorne's literary characteristics, and such a discussion would therefore be out of place here. His inclination to defend his author from the charge of special gloom leads him to argue that the selection of such subjects as that of "The Scarlet Letter" was rather due to the paucity of really striking subjects open to an American novelist of his day than to any natural predilection. The gloomier side of Puritan faith and practice offered from a purely artistic point of view a good subject, and Hawthorne as an artist jumped at it. This, at least, is Mr. James's argument as we understand it. It might be interesting to inquire whether the choice of the subjects of "Transformation" and "Septimus Felton," where no such excuse can be offered, does not militate strongly against this hypothesis; and, indeed, Mr. James in some places of his book seems himself to hold opinions rather inconsistent with that which, as against M. Montégut, he champions. But, as we have said, he has not summed up or arranged his literary judgments of Hawthorne with sufficient definiteness to allow them to be in their turn seriously criticised. We think that this is a pity, but for what he has given us we return him very hearty thanks. Much of his information and many of his points of view are from the nature of the case inaccessible to an unassisted Englishman, and for the supply of them, as well as for the way in which they are given, he deserves our best gratitude.

The "Inhumanity" of Art

(LITERATURE, June 4, 1898.)

THE lecture with which that sternest of the old school of critics, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, recently disconcerted an audience convened by the Paris Société des Conférences, has since been republished by him as a pamphlet under the title of "L'Art et La Morale." His views will, no doubt, be received by his readers with more composure than they were by his hearers, whose artless surprise at the lecturer's denunciation of what may be called the Antinomian philosophy of Art was quite refreshing in its way. It is so long since these sensations have lost their original stimulus for ourselves. They have, indeed, been so thoroughly blunted by the psychologists of the daily Press that a discourse on "the relations of art to morality" is one of the last things by which we in England should expect to be startled, and one of the first by which we should apprehend being bored. To M. Brunetière's hearers, his assertion of the supremacy of morals and his unsparing rebuke of those who maintain that art is its own ethical law-giver, apparently combined the attraction of novelty with the charm of paradox. His contention that "in all forms of art there is a latent germ of immorality which is ever striving to develop" (and which, as we gather, it is the duty of the artist, as a good citizen, to sterilise) appears to be as new to Frenchmen as the first of his three supporting arguments is familiar to ourselves. For, as to M. Brunetière's "firstly"—that the end of art being the pleasure of the senses, it is necessarily directed to what either is, or is continually tending to become, an immoral purpose—was not this thesis expounded years ago with fascinating perversity by the late Mr. Stevenson? And did he not succeed in demonstrating to his own perfect satisfaction that there was no essential difference either in spirit or vocation between the novelist and the *fille de joie?*

These heart-searchings of the philosopher and the philosophising artist are far too familiar to have any freshness of interest at this time of day for Englishmen; so that neither M. Brunetière's "firstly" nor his "secondly" (which is like unto it) need detain us longer. But his "thirdly" is in a different case. His "thirdly" is an argument not nearly so often adduced in this country to prove the essential immorality of art; being, indeed, put forward much more frequently to demonstrate its preciousness as a possession of mankind. The French critic's third reason for pronouncing art immoral is founded on its "isolating" tendency. In proportion to the refinement of his æsthetic sense the artist necessarily becomes segregated from the rest of mankind. Their inability to share his subtle sensations, to comprehend his complex emotions, to discern those elements of beauty in the world of thought and things to which his own perceptions are so keenly alive, produces a constantly increasing effect of estrangement and alienation. In the end the breach between the artist and his fellowmen becomes complete; he gets into the habit of speaking of them as "the crowd," "the herd," and declares, as Flaubert does in his correspondence with George Sand, that they will "always be hateful." And a gift, an occupation, even an instinct which can induce a comparatively small class of men to speak in so unbrotherly a way of a large body of citizens who are many of them excellent husbands and fathers, pious and benevolent, upright and conscientious, respectable and respected in every relation of life, is on the face of it a thing to be reprobated and reprehended by civilised

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

humanity. It is anti-social, inhuman—in a word, immoral.

These, no doubt, are seriously disquieting thoughts. The democrat in all countries feels the burden of them; but among us at any rate, and we presume in the other English-speaking democracies, they do not beget quite so despairing a conclusion as that to which they seem to have led M. Brunetière. Our own democrats, for instance, decline to accept his minor premiss. While admitting that all things which have an anti-social tendency are immoral, they deny that art is to be included under that category. The artist, they contend, is only temporarily estranged from his fellow-men. In the course of time the advance of "culture" will heal the breach; and the "herd" will cease to be "hateful" to him by becoming a community of art lovers like himself. The expectation may be illusory—in our opinion it is wholly so—but at any rate it saves the logical situation. The democrat of artistic tastes who entertains it is no longer tied down to the conclusion that those tastes have in themselves an anti-social, and therefore immoral, tendency, and thus he escapes the extremely awkward practical consequences which follow from that conclusion, and with which the French critic does not appear to have grappled. For M. Brunetière will find his "thirdly" a desperately disagreeable argument to live with. With his "firstly" and "secondly" it is otherwise. Effect might be given to them without positively fatal results to art. The immoral tendency which is inherent in it, either as ministering to sensuous pleasure or as imitating a Nature which is itself too frequently immoral, is to a great extent an affair of "subject," and may be corrected by a judicious choice of material. But the deeper, the more vital immorality of spirit—the immorality which belongs to art as art, and which inhumanly estranges the artist from the mass of mankind—is a much more difficult matter to deal with. One does not readily see how art is to be freed from this more essential taint. What would M. Brunetière himself advise "in the premisses"? That the artist should, out of sheer "enthusiasm of humanity," follow the example of the American humorist of whom it was recorded that out of regard for his fellow-creatures, "now he never writes, As funny as he can?" Should the artist, in other words, make it his endeavour not to work "as artistic as he can," and so get nearer to the common heart of humanity, after the manner of the famous Parliamentary advocate who used to drink a pot of porter at lunch in order to "bring his intelligence down to the level of the Committee's"? No doubt it is possible for the literary artist to avoid this painful rupture with the rest of his species, and to write in such a way as to win the sympathy of hundreds of thousands of readers, and to insure the periodical sale of many scores of editions. But it is to be observed that in these cases there is no conscious or deliberate debasement of artistic standards. The "art" which these artists offer to their public is simply the best art they know, or, at any rate, can command.

It would appear, therefore, that if the possession of an artistic gift has the "anti-social" effect attributed to it—if art has this essentially "inhuman" tendency—there is nothing for it but submission. Still, it seems necessary to remind M. Brunetière that the possession of *any* gift in which the majority of mankind do not participate tends to the same result. We fancy we have heard of the vanity of personal appearance and physical strength, the arrogance of learning, the pride of science, the mock-humility of self-righteousness, the conceit of connoisseurship in a host of matters which are not even distantly connected with art. The man with a fine discrimination in wine is not unconscious of his superiority. We may be pretty certain that Juvenal's epicure, who could distinguish *primo morsu* between Lucrine and Rutupine oysters, was in the same case. It is possible that the general body of worthy London citizens figure as the "crowd" or the "herd," and as such appear contemptible, if not "hateful," to an accomplished tea-taster in Mincing Lane. The attitude of all these people is more or less anti-social, but we do not on that account exclaim against the essentially inhuman character of the gift or the acquirement which fills its possessor with this sense of superiority to his fellows. The fact is, of course, that the feeling which it is apt to excite is inherent in human nature, and instead of protesting against its particular excitant for the time being—whether art or anything else—it would be much more reasonable, though perhaps not much more profitable, to lament the existence of original sin.

The whole discussion curiously illustrates the prevalence of that malady of self-analysis which is so specially characteristic of the age. It is a malady which, as is the case with maladies of the physical order, is aggravated by dwelling upon it. The artist who, instead of simply following his artistic bent, sits down to consider solemnly whether it is not inhumanly alienating him from his fellow-men is, in reality, ministering subtly to that egotism which he professes to dread. He is going the way to make himself not less, but more, conscious of his superiority to the rest of the world. If he is really haunted by apprehensions of the danger of which he discourses, there are at least two topics of reassurance which he might with advantage accustom himself to consider. In the first place, he might reflect that, if the consciousness of artistic endowment has an anti-social influence, the practice of art, at least in many of its literary forms, has, or should have, a broadening effect on the sympathies; at any rate, the creator of Falstaff and Shylock, of Hamlet and Juliet's nurse, does not seem conspicuously out of sympathetic contact with his fellow-humans. In the next place, we would remind him that it takes two to make an estrangement, that "the crowd," "the herd," whom he hates, are much too well satisfied with themselves to reciprocate that feeling, and that, so far from smarting under a sense of their own inferiority to the artist, they are, many of them—in fact, every "practical" man among them—complacently convinced that the inferiority is all on the other side. They themselves feel immensely superior to men who, like some, though

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

assuredly not all, artists, are wanting in "business instinct"; but even here the feeling towards the inferior is not that of inhuman hate, but rather that of good-natured tolerance. If the artist, haunted by a sense of his "isolation," and brooding generally, as M. Brunetière seems to think he should, over his parlous state, has not sufficient sense of humour to feel himself reconciled to the crowd by the very fact that he and they are mutually looking down upon each other—if, after all, he still remains oppressed with the burden of his superiority, we are left without any counsel, save such as may sound a little frivolous, to offer him. We can only advise him to act in the spirit of the injunction laid upon the youthful daughters of the house of Kenwigs, who were instructed to tell their schoolfellows that, though they enjoyed certain domestic educational advantages over other children, they were "not proud, because Ma says it's sinful."

Sonnet: Love's Pilgrims

(November 23, 1889.)

I SAW them pass, their high clear faces pale
With deathless longing, their dark eyes upturned
To where the dying flame of sunset burned,
While deep in shadow lay the enflowered vale;
Above, one cloud, a snow-white hurrying sail,
Sped o'er the darkening sky, as tho' it spurned
The azure depths; while passionate planets yearned
Toward the hidden god love only might unveil.

I saw them go, press up the desolate hill,
And stand clear-cut against the sunset's fire,
Yet dared not follow; like a broken lyre
That sings not, smitten, so my tortured will,
Pale as the ghost of some unslaked desire,
Held me in bondage, anguished—frozen—still.

EVELYN PYNE.

Sonnet

(January 20, 1883.)

ΑΙΑΣ.

(*In St. Andrew's Hall, Cambridge, December* 1, 1882.)

CLEFT is each dark and thickly peopled age
'Twixt our low time and Man's supremest height,
And through the varied vista comes to-night
A moment's vision of the Attic stage;
Athene visits us with counsel sage,
A hero tells the secret of his might,
The book of life is opened in our sight,
With here its fair and there its blotted page.

O people wise and human, strong and free!
O well-filled life, in all thy fulness calm!
O Greece! teach us to walk where thy sons trod,
To live as men, nor more desire to be,
To know that path beyond which is but harm,
To understand the irony of God.

HENRY NORMAN.

Thoughts on Style

By J. P. MAHAFFY.

(LITERATURE, November 13, 1897.)

LITERARY men of old were supposed, I believe, to wander at will among their books and cull from their shelves what took their fancy. If such was indeed the case, they enjoyed a leisure very different from that of our generation. The man of books no longer brings out of his treasure-house things new and old, like the householder in the Gospel, but these things are borne in upon him by circumstances, and his mind is determined by what he has to read. Who can avoid, at this moment, reading critic after critic upon the "Life of Tennyson," a book which has hit the fortunate moment "when nothing else was going on," and so has got an ample hearing. A college Don in Dublin is led by his examinations at this same moment to re-read the great classics which have long been part of his mental furniture, and so I chance to have before me again Virgil, the literary artist whom common consent has declared to be the most Tennysonian of the ancients. Not that our poet's direct obligations to Virgil are so marked as those to Theocritus, with whom he seems to have been saturated, but the general resemblance is surely the most remarkable. Virgil is far the greatest of the Roman poets, not by reason of his great ideas—in that Lucretius is his rival—but by reason of the combined purity and dignity of his style, which bears the evidence of being deliberately and consciously polished to the utmost degree of propriety and refinement. Illustrations abound on every page of his work. Take but one, not above the average, in his brief lines on the palace of Circe, which Æneas passes at the opening of the seventh book of the epic, from which I select but two:

> Hinc exaudiri gemitus, iræque leonum
> Vincla recusantum et serâ sub nocte rudentum.

You feel that Virgil must have heard the strange grating and metallic sound of a lion's roar at some Roman amphitheatre. And so he uses the word *rudentum*. This is the kind of perfection to be found all through Tennyson, and when one of our weekly oracles of wisdom, in its recent comparison of Shakespeare with him, said many true things, it seems to me to have missed an important contrast in this respect. To talk of the style of Shakespeare seems to me odd and irrelevant. The style of Tennyson is of the essence of his greatness.

This reminds me of an interesting remark in Gustave Flaubert's correspondence. "What distinguishes great genius is generalisation and creation; it resumes scattered personalities in a type, and brings new characters to the consciousness of humanity. Shakespeare is something tremendous in this respect; he was not a man, but a continent; there are crowds and countries in him. Such men have no need of attending to style. They

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

are strong in spite of all their faults, and even because of them; but we, the little ones, are worth nothing except by finish of execution. V. Hugo, in this century, will eat up everybody, although he is full of faults. I venture on this proposition—that great men often write very badly, and so much the better for them. It is not to them that we must go for the art of the form, but to men like Horace and La Bruyère." I should leave out V. Hugo, who certainly aimed at a splendid style, and should put in Walter Scott, who now offends the young Scotland of Stevensonians by the negligences of his diction. But he, too, was far too great for style; he was unfolding such a wealth of human nature, galleries of great portraits, of nationalities, volumes of history and of legend that he had neither time nor care for the graces of a polished style. Look how his people live, just like the people of Shakespeare, in the hearts of all English-speaking people, nay, even in the hearts of foreigners, for Scott, owing to his want of style, is capable of translation! On the other hand, there is something so personal in an elaborated style that the characters are thrown into the shade by the personality of the poet, and so Tennyson has not left us a single character whose name is a household word, such as Scott and even far lesser men have created. His imagination has not furnished us with a great hero. The portrait of Arthur Hallam is drawn from real life with loving care, but fades out in the great "In Memoriam" before the great world-problems which fill the poet's mind, and so that exquisite monument of personal grief is like the Attic tomb reliefs, in which we wonder at the poetical pictures of human sorrow without knowing or caring what individual bereavement they were designed to commemorate.

But here I am, discoursing of style, concerning which my fastidious academic friends tell me I know nothing. Nevertheless, every man who writes must have some notions about good and bad writing, though they may be faulty. In a paper just published I had reason to compare two authors whom I called Miss Austen and Marie Corelli. An excellent academic Mentor said that was wrong; I should have said for conformity's sake, "Jane Austen." But, if I could only clear myself of the grave charge of having courted alliteration, I should defend my phrase by the fact that when I was young I always heard from my prim and staid relations of *Miss* Austen, a lady of whom they spoke with respectful but distant admiration. They would have thought *Jane* rather forward. And this marks the contrast to which I was pointing between certain older and newer novelists.

I have just said that thoughts on style may be expected from any literary source, and, by way of curious confirmation, where do I find the latest essay on this subject? Actually in the *Hellenic Journal*, where there is a paper not only very instructive but very interesting on the well-known tract "On the Sublime," which dates from the purist Renaissance in the days of Augustus. The author, who is apparently a literary amateur, tells us his ideas concerning fine style, as opposed to poverty and vulgarity on the one side, artificiality and bombast on the other. Mr. Rhys Roberts has given an excellent analysis of this very sensible and "modern" piece of criticism, and only shows in one spot that he has not taken the lessons of Longinus adequately to heart. I do not think the off-hand judgment disparaging Bacchylides in comparison with Pindar will be justified by what I have read of the new papyrus. There seems to be, with great simplicity of structure and of metre, a rich vocabulary and a great deal of fine and moving pathos in these odes. But it is hard to judge æsthetically when impeded by the trouble of deciphering even an easy hand. There is no need, however, to anticipate the verdict of scholars which will be let loose upon the world almost immediately. But I return to the interesting passage thus translated in the *Hellenic Journal*:—"The legislator of the Jews, no ordinary man, having formed and expressed a worthy conception of the might of the Godhead, writes at the very beginning of his Book of Laws:—'And God said'—what? Let light be, and it was; let earth be, and it was." What a strange bathos in expression! And has Mr. Roberts never appreciated our Authorised Version? Longinus is quoting loosely from some version (not the LXX.) read out to him by some Jewish friend. But surely the A. V. is just as accurate—"Let there be light, and there was light. Let the dry land appear, and it was so." At all events, this was English.

I suppose it is only in so very simple an instance that we can reproduce sublimity in a translation. And how many of us can really understand the beauties of any language but our own? When I see criticisms on French and German masterpieces written by men who are unable either to speak or write these languages, it reminds me of the foreign criticisms on Burns by people who can read English, but who only know the dialect of Burns, as I do, through a glossary. And what knowledge of a dialect can we gain through a glossary, or even through a dictionary? How can we learn the clusters of associations, the delicate shades of feeling which cling about words familiar to the poet from childhood and which determine both the beauty and propriety of their use? So then, to the great body of English-speaking people, Burns, as a great poet, is inaccessible. How much more to foreigners? And for the same reason Goethe's "Faust," or the lyrics of V. Hugo, are by us only very imperfectly understood. Of course, the same may be said of our appreciation of Sophocles and Virgil, who would laugh their sides sore at our Babu verses in their language. But then in dead languages no better knowledge is now to be had. In the living we should perhaps be content with native judgments. I have even heard it said by a great linguist that no man really knows more than one language—and most men not even that. But what a blow to all our critical literature and our fancied appreciation of the great masterpieces of many languages! These considerations are so humiliating that I feel disposed to apologise for bringing them forward.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"The Mikado"

(March 28, 1885.)

"THE MIKADO," at the Savoy Theatre, is, let us say to begin with, a frank success. Among the works of Gilbert and Sullivan it will rank next after "Patience," and "Patience" is already classed among nearly immortal things. Indeed, almost the only objection we can make to the "Mikado" is, that it is not absolutely fresh, though it is absolutely tuneful and merry. Somehow the music reminds us pretty often of "Patience," while the sentiment of the libretto reminds us—well, not so much of "Patience" as of Mr. Gilbert. The personages of the drama, of course, are Japanese, and their action is thus happily freed from the fetters which restrain us in our western civilisation—from the "custom which binds us all." A Japanese damsel may, with utmost merriment, receive affectionate attention from a gentleman who is doomed to be beheaded in a month, but whose philosophy, meanwhile, is of the Epicurean order, while a second gentleman looks on furnished with the pleasing knowledge that the lady is destined for him when the first gentleman's month is over. Thus it is that they settle matters quite amicably in the Japan of Mr. Gilbert. And in the Japan of Mr. Gilbert—as in Mr. Gilbert's England for the matter of that—a spirit of mockery is abroad. The love that those feel who are no longer beautiful and young is a subject of ridicule. The promptings of integrity are an ingenious pretence—everybody has his price—but it is natural that a Lord Chancellor's price should be a more substantial one than that of a police-court solicitor.

The most important person, however, in Mr. Gilbert's Japanese realm, is the Lord High Executioner, who objects to the suicide of the miserable only as an undue interference with his vested interests—an undue curtailment of his prerogatives. This important State functionary is played by Mr. George Grossmith in his driest fashion, and he sings a song indicating how many are the leaders of politics and society who, if capital punishment befell them, "never would be missed." He capers here and there on the stage, full of that cheerful assurance, and practically he amends the famous saying that *il n'y a pas d'homme nécessaire* by holding that there is but one *homme nécessaire*—the public executioner. Entertaining as Mr. Grossmith is, however, in the utterance of his naïve brutalities, he is, in the present piece, less absolutely àpropos—less certainly Japanese—than Mr. Rutland Barrington, who has been either to Yokohama or to Knightsbridge to excellent purpose. His eyebrows are painted in so completely at the proper angle that they deserve the traditional "sonnet"—if eyebrows in Japan ever win a sonnet. His highly intelligent and—dare we say it?—wicked little eyes are very telling, and so is his smooth face and his placidity of demeanour. And he pads about the stage with the half-feminine courtesy and softness which belong to the cultivated male in the Land of the Rising Sun. So Mr. Barrington acts his part well, and he sings charmingly. His part, we should say, is that of every public functionary *except* the Lord High Executioner; and as Secretary of State he advises that which as Chancellor of the Exchequer he could not even listen to, and as Paymaster-General he cooks the accounts in a manner which as Archbishop of Titipu it becomes his duty to denounce. Mr. Durward Lely plays Nanki-poo, the son of the Mikado. He sings tastefully enough the first part of his long first song—the sentimental portion—but has not volume or energy enough for the change into the patriotic.

The ladies are four in number, over and above the most quaintly attired chorus now in London. These are, first, Yum-yum, who is to marry Mr. Lely first and afterwards Mr. Grossmith; then her two friends, "two little maids, in attendance come"; and, lastly, Katisha, an elderly lady in love with Nanki-poo—a lady whose features are not exquisite, but who has a left shoulder-blade that is a miracle of loveliness. "People come miles to see it. My right elbow has a fascination which few can resist. It is on view Tuesdays and Fridays, on presentation of visiting card." Of these four characters, the two that are the most important are Katisha and Yum-yum. Miss Rosina Brandram plays the elderly Katisha, and in her serious passages—for much is serious in Katisha—uses a fine voice sympathetically. Miss Leonora Braham is Yum-yum. She and the other "little maids" besides are admirably vivacious. They are more Japanese than the Japanese. Their sudden, angular picturesqueness outvies that of the screen, and their ready cheerfulness that of the tea-house. Yes, as we said to begin with, "The Mikado" is a frank success. It is great nonsense, no doubt; but then it is the very funniest fooling to be seen. And so pretty, too!

(July 29, 1899.)

THE vigilance of our readers is unfailing. Last week we quoted the following announcement of a country clergyman in his parish magazine: "The ancient oak chest belonging to the parish has been restored and placed in the schoolroom. It is over two hundred years old. If any parishioners have books or articles of public interest which they would like to give to the parish, and hand down to posterity, they will be welcomed by the rector and churchwardens, and deposited in the chest." And now comes a card from a novelist, asking pertinently, we must admit, "What have the parishioners done to be deposited in a chest two hundred years old?"

Published by the Proprietor at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C. Office for Advertisements, 63, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C. Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week... ...	131
St. Gabriel	132
The Lost Sir Massingham	132
The Thrill of a Tarpon ...	133
Reviews:	
Churton Collins	134
An Alien Muse	136
Among the Rougon-Macquarts	137
William Sharp Himself	138
A Magnificent Ruin ...	139
Shorter Reviews	139
Fiction	141
The Theatre:	
"Autumn Manœuvres" at the Adelphi Theatre	142
The Day of Short Plays	142
Some Irish Types	143
The Psychology of Error...	144
University Extension ...	145
Foreign Reviews	146
The Celluloid Danger ...	148
At St. Stephen's Shrine	149
Indian Reviews	151
Grammar for Futurists ...	152
Art: Whistler and Legros at the Tate Gallery	152
Notes and News	153
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	154
Motoring	155
In the Temple of Mammon	156
Correspondence	157
Books Received	159

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

THE judgment of the Wreck Commission, presided over by Lord Mersey, which has been inquiring into the loss of the *Titanic* on April 15 last, confirms the opinion which many people will already have formed. The principal finding of the court was that the craze for speed is at the root of the mischief. The blame, as we understand it, does not rest wholly on the company, but to a considerable extent upon the travelling public—especially the American portion of it—who demand speed at all costs. Had the *Titanic* slackened down or altered her course, having been advised of the ice ahead, the disaster would not have happened. If one steamship company would refuse to guarantee that its boats shall keep time like an express train, and would reserve discretion to alter routes when deemed advisable, others would soon follow, and people would travel by the line which promised safety rather than speed. Upon the other findings of the inquiry we need not comment; the above is the most important, and we trust that the lesson to be drawn from it will not be lost.

"We told you so" is not the most admired method of converse. We have taken occasion, however, both in articles in this journal and on the platform, to warn the dupes of the agitators that the strike—after the fiasco in the coal trade—was an obsolete weapon, so far as any advantage for themselves could be derived therefrom. The end of the dock strike is a ludicrous confirmation of the opinion we expressed. "We have been sold!" exclaim the men, who are ordered back to their work without any advantage gained, after weeks of strife and often destitution. They will always be sold, until they cease to listen to self-interested demagogues, whether in the Cabinet, in Parliament, or on Tower Hill. It is almost a truism, but it seems that it must be frequently repeated, that these people are playing entirely for their own hands, and merely use what they believe is the ignorance and credulity of the masses to gain their own ends. Labour disputes must be dealt with on other and scientific lines, which will ensure general advantage and needs being carefully sifted, and right will then be done according to the actual position and prospects of trades and industries, which alike need the capitalist and provide sustenance for the employed.

According to news received to-day, rioting at the docks has resulted in the death of one man and injury of serious description to many others. Between forty and fifty revolver shots are said to have been fired. In the old days of Panama, before the United States established law and order, these pastimes were habitually indulged in, but now they are unknown. There is not, so far as we know, any South American Republic which would welcome Mr. McKenna as a Minister. In May last we wrote, "Why not shoot?" The question was not intended to be a direction to the ruffians who are Mr. Tillett's intimates, but to soldiers whose duty it is to shoot such scum. We applaud the action of free labourers in defending themselves in every manner which is open to them, since they live in a country without a Government. It is true, of course, that in loyal Ulster the Government are employing troops to quell disorder, but it is apparently hopeless to expect them to take similar measures against the revolutionary blackguards who meet on Tower Hill and at the docks.

It has been said that the seasons are gradually changing, and perhaps the silly season is changing in sympathy. Before July was ended, somebody saw one of the sea-serpents that are such familiar objects on the English coast towards the middle of August, and already someone else has written to the Press rebuking the scoffers—"only frivolous people," says this correspondent, "make fun of the sea-serpent theory." And then he spoils his own admirable solemnity by suggesting that this particular ophidian might have been "a harmless submarine scouting on the surface before diving for its prey!" We await now the story of the gooseberry twelve inches in circumference, the correspondence on "Are Good Manners Vanishing," and the other well-known signs that the London Season is over. Without these annual commentators what would the papers do?

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

St. Gabriel

YET once again the messenger of morning
  Wakes the imprisoned wonders of the clay,
And the cold Earth, Spring's altar-shrine adorning,
  Lifts up her lilies to the day.

And if no more among their stars descending
  The Angel of the Strength of God is seen,
Perchance his feet in darkness touched them, lending
  Light to their living green.

Before the swirl of unborn suns was limnéd
  First on the sunless purple of the sky,
The promise by angelic throngs was hymnéd
  Of Gabriel's embassy.

Though now his song of hope cleaves not asunder
  The aimless tumult surging everywhere,
The lilies of the garden hear, and wonder,
  And lift their hands in prayer.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

The Lost Sir Massingham

MR. MASSINGHAM is the Garvin of the Radical Rump. Without him, Progressive Radicalism, which may be interpreted to mean larceny, would be in a parlous extremity. As Mr. Garvin is the self-appointed guardian of the Empire—and on many occasions an extremely able and eminently sane guardian—so Mr. Massingham is the mentor—and very often the very foolish mentor—of the Radical group, who strut about leaving cards on which is the National Liberal Club as the address of their choice. This unconsciously comic person has lately written:—

> Yet there comes a time when, if statesmen are to be saved from themselves, the critic must speak.

No doubt, when a crisis such as this is reached, an uncomfortable time has arrived for those who must perforce listen or read. An irate critic is apt to miss the essentials of criticism. Such a critic not infrequently strays from his appointed path, and, losing his way, is swallowed up in

> A gulf profound as that Serbonian bog
> Betwixt Damiata and Mount Cassius old,
> Where armies whole have sunk.

He emerges no longer a critic, but an oracle. So Mr. Massingham. Like other oracles, however, he speaks with more than one voice.

On July 15 Mr. Massingham's momentous message in connection with the modest naval proposals of the Government was:—

> Sooner or later he [the Prime Minister] will lose his Chancellor; and nine-tenths of the thinkers and fighters of Liberalism will follow the banner of the only executive statesman in Europe to whom the mass of the people look up as their champion and friend.

The picture is an awful one, but, having regard to recent bye-elections, we think the "thinkers and fighters" will manage to survive with tolerable serenity.

On July 29 the oracle had a further message, which suggests a suspicion that it has been discovered that Mr. Lloyd George is not the little-Navy man Mr. Massingham believes him to be. Mr. Lloyd George is therefore dethroned by the literary King-Maker, and—*solventur risu tabulae*—Mr. Ponsonby reigns in his stead.

Now Mr. Ponsonby is quite an interesting man. He is a descendant of Earl Grey, the Prime Minister; he was educated at Eton and Balliol; he has been in the diplomatic service; and he was responsible as private secretary for some of the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's performances as Prime Minister; he is a member of the National Liberal Club, and, so far as we can gather from "Who's Who," of no other club as a set-off; lastly, we suspect he is honoured with the friendship and certainly the confidence of Mr. Massingham.

No man who can lay claim to or who has achieved thus much can be expected to set bounds to his ambition.

Perhaps it is unjust to suggest that Mr. Ponsonby is ambitious as Cæsar was. As the author of the "Camel and the Needle's Eye," he may conceive that the greatness which his friend would thrust upon him is a little difficult of realisation. What exactly is the ambition of Mr. Massingham for the man of his choice?—

> Let him raise the banner of revolt. Thousands will gather round it. And, above all, let this party vote against the estimates.

Well, thousands will gather round any banner, whether it be the symbol of revolution, criminality, or mere foolishness. Therefore we do not deny that, if Mr. Massingham takes Mr. Ponsonby on his knee, the wire-pulled automaton will be sure of an audience. The show is to represent "an independent Radical party." In itself a monstrous parturition, owing its being, we think—in our charity—to "much muddled thinking and talking in our present-day politics and journalism." Mr. Massingham will approve the passage, because it is culled from his own literary gems, amongst which may also be noted the pretty simile anent statesmen who are like horses, and are therefore liable to madness at times.

It is a little disquieting to have the editor of the *Nation's* admission that he has been honoured with the acquaintance of some of these Ministers of unstable mind, because in a work just published, entitled "The First Signs of Insanity," there is a passage . . . but we do not pursue the line of argument.

Suffice it to say that Mr. Ponsonby's trifling task is to keep Ministers "well bitted and firmly driven along the path in which they ought to go."

Au revoir! Mr. Massingham. We hope to enjoy very much more of your delightful tiltings at the party which you honour with your patronage, and deluge with your advice.

CECIL COWPER

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Thrill of a Tarpon

By F. G. AFLALO.

THE low and steaming shores of the Gulf of Mexico on a perfect morning "im wunderschönen Monat Mai," with the sun beating down out of the brazen heavens on the dancing blue waters of the Pass. Out at sea a thunderstorm is circling, an inky blot in an otherwise cloudless sky. Inland, the fish-houses shimmer in the haze like museum models of Swiss lake-dwellings of the Stone Age. Heavy pelicans and vulturine turkey buzzards strut uncouthly over the shell-strewn beaches of the keys in search of such food as may please their easy palates. Quantity, not quality, is the delight of these scavenging fowl, and the turkey buzzards in particular will gobble anything that once had life, no matter how long it has been dead. The line of the long, low beach is broken only by a little white lighthouse that marks the narrow inlet from the Gulf, and the lonely lighthouse-keeper suddenly appears on the look-out platform. He sweeps the Pass with his glasses, and this is what he sees.

Midway between the low shores, eight fragile skiffs are moving slowly against and across the tide. Each little craft has two occupants—one at the oars, the other holding a short fishing-rod at an angle of sixty degrees over the stern. They are fishing for tarpon, one of the most coveted prizes of those who, in the past few years, have carried the precepts of Izaak Walton from drowsy backwaters of the Lea to the threshold of every ocean.

Of a sudden one of the fishermen throws himself backwards, almost into the arms of his guide; there is a commotion a hundred yards from his boat, and a curved something, gleaming molten silver in the sunshine, flings itself in the air, throwing off the coruscations of spray and falling back on the surface of the sea with a booming splash that distinctly reaches the keeper of the light. Forthwith the skiff detaches itself from the rest of the flotilla, amid shouts from the others, and heads slowly for the beach. The man at the oars is not, however, to have matters all his own way. Again and yet again that shining bar of silver shoots up in the air, and now the skiff is being towed back towards the fleet. Now it turns completely round, the result of the oarsman's efforts to keep the angler face to face with his redoubtable foe; and, with a fresh somersault every whit as high as those that have gone before, the great herring heads inexorably for the open Gulf. Then follows some manœuvring which for the moment puzzles the solitary watcher overhead. The boat is a mile away from him by now, and, unable to follow the struggle to his own satisfaction, he goes inside. The men in the skiff, however, have just seen the sinister black fins of a great shark gliding tandem over the oily surface in the wake of the plunging tarpon. The first impulse of a fisherman unaccustomed to the conditions of the three-cornered duel thus inaugurated would be to reel in with might and main, so as, if possible, to haul the precious tarpon out of his enemy's reach. By so doing, he would court defeat of his dearest object, since he would fail to make due allowance for an instinct of opposition common to tarpon and those who fish for them. In short, the tarpon, feeling the coercion in front, would forget all about the danger behind, and, resisting the fisherman, would fall straightway into the jaws of the shark.

Fortunately, on this occasion, the man behind the rod is no stranger to such complications. Instead, therefore, of further handicapping the tarpon by dividing its attention, he actually pulls line slowly off the reel, relying on the hook having taken firm hold in that adamantine mouth, so that the fish, its movements unhampered by the rod, may give all its speed and strategy to evading the terrible apparition looming in its track. These tactics answer admirably, and the tarpon, forgetting for the moment that it is still anchored to the boat, actually swims towards it. Instead of the fisherman reeling in line, as he would do under happier circumstances, the guide, who knows every move in the game, pulls slowly and unobtrusively for the beach, and to such good purpose that in a few minutes the skiff, tarpon, and shark are all in shallow water. Suddenly realising the fact, the shark, an arrant coward like all its tribe, half relinquishes the pursuit, and contents itself with cruising threateningly to and fro, its sinuous movements betrayed by the tell-tale triangular fins that cut the water. A quarter of an hour's twisting and turning to avoid the sudden rushes of its natural enemy has not, however, been without effect on the tarpon's strength, and even as the guide jumps, gaff in hand, out of the skiff and pulls it up the gently sloping beach, the fish allows the angler to reel it to within twenty feet of him and rolls wearily on its side. Yet the fight, which has already lasted over half an hour, is not quite won and lost, for the sight of the white sand, which spells defeat, makes the tarpon forget that other peril lying out in the deeper water. It makes a gallant rally, and even throws itself once more clear of the water, shaking its blood-red gills in a last desperate effort to rid itself of the hook. Then the end comes. Quickly it is reeled back to the shallows, and, after two or three failures to gaff its slippery body, the guide hauls it ashore, six feet and some inches of burnished, quivering silver, and the great tail beats a despairing tattoo on the hard sand.

It is not without a dash of sadness in his cup of joy that the fisherman, gladly laying down his rod and relaxing his tired muscles, looks down on the fallen foe, beautiful in the iridescence of death, and realises, like Wellington at Waterloo, that there is bitterness in victory as well as in defeat. He could wish that the gallant fish, which taxed his skill and strength in a way to win any sportsman's heart, might have been spared to live and fight another day, and he hopes that more merciful counsels may yet prevail, so that every tarpon,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

so beautiful in life, so useless after death, may be released after owning honourable defeat. On such an understanding, the cruel gaff might be dispensed with and each fish reeled close to the boat. Were it played absolutely to a finish (as all fish must need be if the angler has neither gaff nor net), it should even be possible to appraise its weight with sufficient accuracy to check the angling imagination, since it has been found that the length in feet cubed and divided by two gives the weight in pounds. Not every fish in the ocean could be treated by so simple a formula for evolving weights from measures, but the tarpon in normal condition is so symmetrical that the result is correct to a pound or two, a sufficient approximation in the case of individuals that may exceed a hundredweight.

All this the lighthouse-keeper might have seen had he waited for the end, but the spectacle, of daily recurrence throughout May, was too familiar to keep him standing in the sun. What he could not have seen was the wondrous thrill of a first tarpon, the exhilaration, momentarily numbing like a galvanic shock, that goes tingling up the right arm and puts the man on his mettle against the fiercest fish he ever fought with rod and line. After a few tarpon have been landed, familiarity breeds, if not perhaps contempt, at any rate a calmer bearing and more confident response; but the rush of the first tarpon is an unforgettable sensation. It seems incredible that the faint nibble, no more than that of a pond roach mouthing a morsel of paste, should be followed by such tremendous work on the reel, such frenzied vaulting in the air, such lightning speed through the water. The newcomer is all unprepared, whatever he may have read on the subject, for a fish that one moment goes careering away through the underworld like a torpedo, and the next behaves like a rocket. He has to concentrate all his mind and body on fighting the giant, and, as he is so engrossed, an enormous whipray, tormented by sucking-fish, may hurl itself into the air close to his boat, falling back on the water with thunderous crash, or a loggerhead turtle may suddenly thrust its snakelike head above the surface. The Pass is full of such surprises.

Taken all round, tarpon fishing is the most perplexing, challenging, inspiring business in all the angler's experience of river, lake, or sea. A trout on gossamer gut may tax his finesse. A salmon on a Castleconnel rod may outmanœuvre him in heavy water. Here, however, is a fish that makes less of tackle that should hold a runaway horse than trout or salmon of the gear we catch them on. The effect is nothing short of staggering. Here is sport for men indeed—no kid-glove dallying with feeble creatures to excite the pity of gentle hearts, but a fight with a very worthy foe, the better, it may be, of the man by both pounds and inches. The one blemish on the sport is the killing of a creature that does no harm and that cannot be eaten. "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." No one would wish his bitterest enemy to eat a tarpon. But the argument in favour of sparing the tarpon's life is simply unanswerable.

REVIEWS

Churton Collins

The Posthumous Essays of John Churton Collins. Edited by L. C. COLLINS. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s. net.)

THOSE who have any knowledge of the mass of material that Churton Collins left behind him will not need to be told that some such book as this was necessary. Primarily he was, of course, a lecturer; and the printed word can no more carry the spoken than the spoken can carry the balanced deliberation of the written. It is true that these lectures were not given from notes, extempore, but were written down in their completion; to a man accustomed to the demands of lecturing, however, that is a side issue. He devises his form of sentences for delivery; and consequently their construction is looser and their matter more tentative. That this is so no one who has done any lecturing will need to be told; but on reading through these various "essays" it is surprising to see how the fact is exemplified in them. They are not essays; they are lectures. They are a rearrangement of those lectures that Churton Collins delivered on his famous University Extension courses, and that were not re-cast by him during his lifetime for literary form.

This does not diminish their value: it only has reference to the form in which they appear. Their value is a matter of very much deeper concern. The literary remains of a man who read so widely and who enjoyed such a vogue in his day, in themselves command attention; and it is not merely a filial duty that Mr. L. C. Collins has served in seeking to find a more final form for some of the heavy mass of matter that his father left in exercise-book on exercise-book. Yet in the choice of his material Mr. Collins has not been as wise as he might have been. In the first place, it would have been common wisdom to have recognised Churton Collins' natural limitations; and to have avoided those lectures in which these limitations made themselves most pronounced. To that we shall return. At the moment we have more in mind those lectures that are manifestly out of date—if ever they were in date. The worst of these is the very one that Mr. Collins has selected to open this book. Many wrong things have been said from time to time, and many very wrong attitudes taken, with regard to the "Shakespearean Theatres"; but in the present essay nearly all the faults and all the errors seem to have combined together to make a picture that is not only erroneous, but even ridiculously erroneous. Some of the pages contain more mistakes than we could have thought conveniently packed together in the space. For example, it is true that at one time it was held that the balcony in the Elizabethan manner of playhouse contained all inset scenes, such as the play within a play in "Hamlet"; but this idea has long since been discountenanced. The whole conception of the inner stage, which may be taken as the pivot on which Elizabethan stagecraft was swung, is entirely neglected.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

This is perhaps only a question of the post-dating of old ideas, although a careful examination of the sources, such as Churton Collins was well fitted to give, would have revealed the true position of affairs; but when he goes on positively to state that "it was for the audiences of the private theatres of the Black Friars that Shakespeare wrote," one can but wonder what he had in mind. We know that in the closing years of Shakespeare's life there was a revival of Shakespeare's plays at the Blackfriars, but that they were written for the Globe, and first acted at the Globe, is not only a simple historical fact, but is even obvious by some of the implications in the text. Such things may be forgiven, however (although their revival in book form at this time of day is not to be so easily forgiven); but when we are taken in a fanciful trip to the Globe, and the scene during one of the plays is described to us, one is inclined to be a little indignant. It is not a question of scholarship; it is a simple matter of common sense: is it conceivable that the terrific sequence of Shakespeare's tragedies could have been written for, or appreciated by, an audience such as Churton Collins describes? It is pure burlesque. One has only to hear the giggling, trivial audience that nowadays attends drama that intends nobly, to appreciate the true stature of an Elizabethan audience, to realise how far from the truth Churton Collins was in his essay.

It is an indication of the special quality of Churton Collins' mind when one realises that the best essays in this book are on such men as Dr. Johnson and Edmund Burke. His was the scholar's outlook, with more than a little of the pedantry and blindness to live issues that one has hitherto come to associate with that type of thinker. He often wrote, as it is the function of the literary critic to write, on poetry; but it is very doubtful if he knew what poetry was. It was part of the province of literature, and that province was his field of work: that was all. There are many indications of this strewn throughout the book. In his essay on Matthew Arnold, for example, it is almost comical to read of the "essay on Shelley, in which surely justice is not done in very important respects to Shelley's genius and work." When one realises that in that particular essay on Shelley, Matthew Arnold revealed an attitude of his mind that has done more than anything else to shatter his reputation as a critic of poetry, one sees how almost humorous that sentence is. Indeed, he has done more than that. He has shown us that criticism, as such, is an impertinence in poetry. If a poet be appreciated, criticism is superfluous: and if he be not appreciated, it is even more completely superfluous. Churton Collins rightly gauged the possibilities of Matthew Arnold in saying: "Virgil he can measure and understand, but not Pindar; Sophocles, but not Æschylus; Cowper, but not Milton"; though he might have gone on to add Gray, but not Wordsworth; Byron, but certainly not Shelley. Yet in that very criticism he not inaccurately measured the quality and faculty of his own mind. In neither one nor the other critic is there anything of the "tendentemque manus rapae ulterioris amore" that is the especial quality of the truest poetry, or appreciator of poetry. Indeed, while Arnold was conscious of it, and distrustful and cynical towards it, Churton Collins, in his careful, scholarly, matter-of-fact way, was blissfully unconscious of it.

This naturally mars his work in many ways. It is rather in the subsidiary patient work that one realises Churton Collins' true strength. For instance, it is possible for one to say that Wordsworth's vision cannot be seen otherwise than in Wordsworth's own poetry; that the poet sang it so because it could not otherwise be told. And it is certainly desirable that it should be recognised that no possible kind of writing on a poet can convey what he has seen, or what is to be discovered in his work. Yet if it is necessary that such writing should be done, then the essay, "Wordsworth as a Teacher," is as careful and comprehensive a piece of work as can be desired. There is more of the true Wordsworth to be discovered in it than may be found in, for example, Matthew Arnold or Walter Pater. It takes more account (or one might even say it takes account) of the mystical prophet and seer in Wordsworth, who saw the Earth flaming with being. As is the scholar's way, Churton Collins is too apt to date back the live tendencies of Wordsworth's mind to sundry Greek philosophies that probably bothered him little. This is a thing that one gets accustomed to in English thinking and writing, and makes allowance for. Men of moment may possibly be inspired by others' thinking, but they do not derive from it. Yet if one reads for "Stoicism" a certain upright integrity of mind and high heroic resolve, it is possible to think a good deal more clearly of Wordsworth as a result of the essay.

As we have said, however, the best pieces of work in the book deal with the men of lesser inspiration. The essay on "Samuel Johnson" is a very interesting and entertaining piece of work, while that on Edmund Burke is one of the best short essays on the subject we have seen. It hits off very effectively a picture of the man and the age he moved in. And if in "Emerson" the lecturer frankly professes himself puzzled in the attempt to convey an orderly account of his philosophy it will be admitted that in that he is not the only one of Emerson's readers who has faced the difficulty. "Browning and Butler" is another of those unfortunate essays that the present editor would have been better advised had he omitted. To quote from Browning and Butler in a series of parallel passages seems to us one of the most hopeless of possible proceedings. A parallel like that means nothing, of course. In fact, in none of the three essays on Browning does Churton Collins appear to advantage. Such a book as this was almost necessary; but we think Mr. Collins has been not altogether happy in his editing. Some of the essays, too, seem to have been re-cast and altered from their original form as lectures.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

An Alien Muse

Défense de la Poésie Française à l'Usage des Lecteurs Anglais. By EMILE LEGOUIS. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)
Du Rythme en Français. By ROBERT DE SOUZA. (H. Welter, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
Omar Kheyyám, traduit en Vers Français d'après la Célèbre Version Anglais de Fitzgerald. By J. H. HALLARD, M.A. (Rivingtons. 2s. 6d. net.)

"JE sais (trop bien, hélas!) que tout étranger, qui se mêle d'écrire des vers français, court bien des risques." So writes Mr. Hallard at the beginning of his heroic attempt. In a different spirit Landor, in one of his "Imaginary Conversations," quoted by M. Legouis, proclaims, "I would not creep into the secrets of your versification." French verse is undoubtedly a difficult subject, especially for foreigners, though we have abundant evidence, in the brochure of M. de Souza, for instance, that it does not lack its thorns and controversies for the native investigator.

M. Legouis' apology for French poetry is a most delightful piece of pleading. It presents an extraordinary combination of ability and modesty. Having disarmed criticism by the frankness and courtesy of his admissions, and by his preparedness for all the usual and many unusual objections, the author assumes the offensive with the well-tempered weapons of humour, analogy, and learning, and forces us to confess that if we still cherish a feeling that the appeal of French poetry is not as universal as that of some nations, we should at least revise the grounds on which we base that opinion. We have ourselves, not without a certain pride of authorship, ventured on the pronouncement, "We go to France for prose, to Germany for poetry"; it is with a pang of disillusionment, therefore, that we find it roasting, textually, along with other similar "chestnuts," before the fire of M. Legouis' wit.

The eminent professor of English at the Sorbonne has established a great many things. He has reminded us that English poetry owes an enormous debt to France; that "l'accident Shakespeare" and a "règlement de police" were the deciding causes in the bifurcation of the two schools in the sixteenth century; that, at the very least, "there is a great deal to be said" for the French conception of tragedy in the seventeenth century; and that France has or has had during the present generation poets who can be read by men of any speech, poets such as Auguste Angellier, who is practically the only modern witness called, and by his amazing versatility and power gives the strongest support to his cause. M. Legouis is further concerned to prove that French poetry has been in England the victim of a conspiracy which, initiated by Dryden, has found in later times such spokesmen as Coleridge, de Quincey, Landor, and Matthew Arnold. With the last-named, as the representative of a scholarly, courteous, insidious, and, at times doubtless, perfidious, line of criticism, the debate becomes serious. The half-truth contained in the line,

> France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme,

is most satisfactorily refuted by a reference to French architecture; the general proposition breaking down, the particular one, concerning French verse, is obviously in jeopardy. On another point the credit of this important witness is even more seriously shaken. Arnold, dealing with the thorny subject of comparative rhythm, has placed side by side the Shakespearean gem,

> Take, oh! take those lips away
> That so sweetly were foresworn,

and some little-known alexandrines from a source unknown to M. Legouis. The latter uses his advantage to the full, and in a page or two of humorous criticism completely turns the tables.

If at times M. Legouis smells—pleasantly, it may be admitted—of the Salle des Pas Perdus—as, for instance, when he draws inferences from the respective predominance of the vowel and the consonant in such words as "oiseau" and "bird," "force" and "strength," or when he illustrates the advantages of a thrifty vocabulary, or when he turns Pope's metaphorical comparison of the snake and the alexandrine against the heroic verse itself—he has succeeded on the whole in giving us a view of the matter that is remarkable for its breadth and sanity. Some of his pronouncements deserve to be printed in gold: for example, "En réalité il n'y a pas de jugement porté du dehors sur la valeur esthétique d'une langue qui ait grande autorité." And he imagines the best kind of international criticism as a kind of dialogue on the model of part of the "Shepherd's Calendar," where Willye and Perigot shall chant alternately the praises of their respective mother-tongues, and the umpire shall have nothing to do but to divide the prize.

M. Legouis, we have said, skilfully demonstrates a great deal. We are not sure if he can ever persuade us that the full enjoyment of French verse will ever be an easy acquisition for the English reader, that it can be attained without much prayer and fasting. That is, we think, the whole point. We may feel that the dicta of Dryden and Arnold were unjust or impertinent, but we cannot but repeat with the latter:—

> What rendered vain their deep desire?
> A God, a god their sev'rance ruled!
> And bade between their shores to be
> The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea.

M. Legouis gives two principal reasons for the difficulty, apart from "l'accident Shakespeare"—the first is the classical tragedy, the second is the alexandrine verse. This latter, or rather the entire question of French versification, with the problem of the accent, is enough to account for the whole misunderstanding. In this connection we will abstain from any comment on Mr. Hallard's feat of arms, except to say that his translation of Fitzgerald's Omar is extraordinarily faithful, and should provide rusty Omarites with an agreeable method or excuse for "reviving old desires" and thrills.

M. de Souza is to some extent a revolutionary. He believes in a chastened "vers libre," as distinct from an "artificielle liberté," as the "pensée libre" of M. Paul Flat claims to be from "la libre pensée." But the freedom of M. de Souza is not to be won with a caress; it is to be attained only with tears and mortification.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Its champion seems at times almost a sinister personage; his clarion-call, "Be free," and his word of warning, "Be worthy of your freedom," strike such diverse notes, that we feel before him as before La Fontaine's hero, who

Souffle le chaud et le froid.

We may console ourselves by remembering that M. de Souza is not only a critic, but also a poet of acknowledged merit, and that his severities are due less to a desire to make a technique seem difficult than to a deep sense of the loftiness of his divinity. He believes that the revolution he advocates will before long win a glorious victory. The scene that greeted the first performance of "Hernani" is to be repeated, when the enlightened lips of some great actor will tell the truth about rhythm to the enlightened ears of a converted audience. Meantime the proselytes are to be strengthened in their faith by the evidence of comparative phonetics. The system and apparatus of the Abbé Rousselot, it would seem, contain the answer to the whole metrical question. Every sound and every nuance is capable of the most complete analysis. The results may not always be the same—M. Landry, for instance, in his recent work on French rhythm, reached very different conclusions—but to men of goodwill the path is one and plain. Poetry is to eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and to know her own good and evil.

Briefly, the postulates of M. de Souza are these:—There is a real accent in French poetry—not quite like the Anglo-German accent, which, according to M. Legouis, is a "tatonage," painful to acquire, and impossible to get rid of—but still an accent. It is composed of length and intensity, which have been inseparable in French since the days of Cæsar's soldiers: there is a metrical, as opposed to a grammatical, word, in prose as well as in poetry: in poetry, words and syllables have no existence—nothing exists but the line, the verse: in the verse the vowels alone count: and, finally, there is only one judge to whom appeal can be made—the ear.

Life is short; Art is immeasurably long, but every excursion in her domain is profitable. In the realms of Art no region bears more unmistakably the impress of her gracious sovereignty than that of French poetry; and of those who are privileged to wander therein.

Heureux qui, comme Ulysse, a fait un beau voyage.

Among the Rougon-Macquarts

A Zola Dictionary: The Characters of the Rougon-Macquart Novels of Emile Zola. With a Biographical and Critical Introduction, etc. By J. G. PATTERSON. (G. Routledge and Sons. 8s. 6d. net.)

ON Michaelmas Day ten years will have elapsed since the death of Emile Zola, and it is incontestable that the sale of his works has declined during the period in question. No better proof of this could be found than in the figures which Mr. Patterson gives in his note on the editions of the Rougon-Macquart series. By comparing these figures with those which appeared in Vizetelly's life of Zola issued in 1904, it will be seen that the number of copies of these books sold during the interval has been far from large. It may be pointed out, however, that a similar fate overtook the writings of Balzac during the twenty years which followed his death in 1850. Later there came a Balzac revival, and it is, of course, possible that there may also be a Zola revival.

Meantime, Zola's writings are at least of interest to the student of literature, as, for good or ill, their influence on fiction-writing has undoubtedly been far-reaching. It follows that Mr. Patterson's compilation may have its utility, though we could certainly have wished for a work of greater scope, that is one embracing all Zola's novels, whereas Mr. Patterson's volume is strictly limited to the well-known Rougon-Macquart series. In 1901, a year before Zola died, M. F. C. Ramond produced a compilation entitled "Les Personnages des Rougon-Macquart," which is familiar to all Zolaists, and which covers precisely the same ground as that which Mr. Patterson has been exploring. True, one work is in French and the other in English; but to what real student of literature can the latter appeal when the former is at his service? A knowledge of the French language is becoming widespread in this country, and every publishing house is aware that only a very small market is now left for English translations of French authors

Mr. Patterson certainly supplies a biographical introduction, together with synopses of the plots of the Rougon-Macquart novels—features which are not included in M. Ramond's work—but in other respects his volume is the inferior one. Once or twice we have found him giving a brief entry which is not in M. Ramond's book, but again and again the entries in the latter are far more informing and complete. Mr. Patterson must assuredly be acquainted with his forerunner's work, for although he does not mention it with others in his prefatory note, we have more than once found him using virtually the same language respecting some particular character. Let us take an instance at random. This is what Mr. Patterson says of Worms, who figures in "La Curée":—

> A famous costumier, before whom the ladies of the second Empire bowed the knee. Renée Saccard was one of his customers, and when she died owed him an account of two hundred and fifty-seven thousand francs (£10,280 stg.).

Here, on the other hand, is what we find in M. Ramond's book:—

> *Worms.*—Illustre tailleur, devant qui les reines du second Empire se mettent à genoux. Il les habille avec l'inspiration et le recueillement d'un artiste génial. Renée Saccard est une de ses clientes, et laisse chez lui, en mourant, une dette de deux cent cinquante sept mille francs.

Thus Mr. Patterson's two sentences are virtually iden-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

tical with M. Ramond's first and third; and M. Ramond's account of the personage is the more informative, as his second sentence, omitted by Mr. Patterson, tersely describes Worms's gifts and disposition.

'We have not space for further comparisons, but the attention of those who may use Mr. Patterson's book must be directed to one very extraordinary instance of mistranslation. He says of La Mère Louis, a character in "L'Assommoir," that she was famous for her "hen feet." The statement greatly puzzled us, but on referring to Ramond we found that this woman was famous for her "pieds à la poulette"; and on opening "L'Assommoir" at page 336 we learnt that Coupeau proposed to take Bec Salé to Mother Louis to partake of some sheeps' trotters, for that is the meaning of "pieds à la poulette"—"poulette" sauce being compounded of butter and yolk of eggs, with pepper, salt, and a dash of vinegar. But, according to Mr. Patterson, Mother Louis had "hen feet"! Perhaps, when he perpetrated that remarkable blunder he was thinking, not of Zola, but of Anatole France and "La Reine Pédauque," otherwise Queen Goosefoot. In conclusion, we must say that while Messrs. Routledge may well be commended for their enterprise in issuing a series of dictionaries to famous authors, this particular volume is by no means so impeccable as those previously allotted to Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, and others.

William Sharp Himself

Poems by William Sharp.
Studies and Appreciations by William Sharp. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. WILLIAM SHARP. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net each.)

MESSRS. HEINEMANN are rounding off their handsome collected edition of the works of "Fiona Macleod" with the works of William Sharp. That the latter should be issued as supplementary to the former is in itself significant. Few to-day will judge otherwise than that Sharp won for himself an honourable niche in the literary Pantheon; that niche may prove to be a little obscure, set in a somewhat select corner where only the chosen worshippers may foregather, but he is likely to hold it secure from usurpation. Most will be agreed, however, that the face in the niche will be the face of "Fiona Macleod." This, indeed, would appear to have been William Sharp's own judgment, at least thus far, that he recognised his "Fiona" work as the expression of his most secret self and the fruit of his choicest moods. It was for this function that he, so to speak, donned his priestly robes and with confidence invoked the *divinus afflatus*.

There are some good poems in this new volume. Take, for instance, the one entitled "Motherhood," or that very successful ballad, "The Weird of Michael Scott." The "Sospiri di Roma" struck a new note, and some of the numbers in this sequence have a wonderfully elusive atmospheric quality. But for the most part the muse of William Sharpe is pedestrian, where the muse of "Fiona Macleod" winged the strange ether. This may help to explain why the best things in this book are the sonnets, a form in which polish and careful craftsmanship count for quite as much as lyric spontaneity. But by far the greater portion is descriptive verse, turned with all that artistry of delicate colour and sweet sound which is distinctive of William Sharp in any rôle, but lacking the more characteristic Celtic glamour and bated mystery of the "Fiona" poems.

> Great moths came out, with myriad sharded wings
> Huge beetles droned, and other twilight things
> Hummed their dim lives away, and through the air
> The flittermice wheeled whistling: while the glare
> Of summer lightnings flashing furtively
> Blazed for a moment o'er the sleeping sea.

There are many pages similar to this, but nothing in the whole volume like "Fiona's" "The Secret Gate," or "Dreams Within Dreams," or "Dim Face of Beauty," or the eerie little poem:—

> I hear the little children of the wind
> Crying solitary in lonely places:
> I have not seen their faces,
> But I have seen the leaves eddying behind,
> The little tremulous leaves of the wind.

Not that we would imply a too fantastic idea of psychic difference, as it were. Now that we know the jealous secret of "Fiona," it seems easy to compare, discern similarities, and pick out parallels. Little personal idiosyncrasies may frequently be discovered in both volumes by the curious—as a fondness for the words "flittermice," "spire," "banneret," and the use of the phrase "the Hollow Land" for the spirit-world. It is noteworthy that the later "William Sharp" poems betray most affinity with those of "Fiona Macleod."

The new prose volume is by the nature of its contents removed from the delicate imaginative prose of "Fiona." At the same time it is a collection of considerable worth and interest. It includes, in addition to the valuable treatise on the Sonnet—for which many of us have treasured the little "Canterbury" sonnet-anthology—his critical preface to "The Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare," and the paper introductory to the "English Odes," both issued in the same series. There are also essays on "Modern Italian Poets," "Sainte-Beuve," "Some Dramas of D'Annunzio," and other papers collected from the reviews. Mrs. Sharp tells us that her husband himself intended issuing these essays in volume form, and we are left somewhat sadly to imagine the introductory essay he had planned on "The Sevenfold Need in Literature," from the following suggestive outline, which is all that remains to us:—

I. Idea.
II. Technique.
III. Spontaneity of Impression,
Fidelity of Observation,
Sincerity in Expression.
IV. Judgment.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

V. Emotional Power :
(i.) Rhythm,
(ii.) Emotion.
VI. Invention. (i.) As Formative Energy ; (ii.) as Synthetic Vision.
VII. The Achievement in Beauty.

It is a vain thing out of our plenty to mourn the books that have never been written, but we would give a good deal to have seen this fragment complete.

A Magnificent Ruin

The Fall of the Mogul Empire. By SIDNEY J. OWEN, M.A. (John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

INDIAN history may be written in several ways: by a complete statement of the facts, by analysing the causes in operation, or by some mixture of the two methods in varying proportions. Mr. Owen does not aim at what he calls regular history. His object is to bring out the salient features of the story of a limited period by indicating the causes which effected the dissolution of the Mogul Empire. As an expert in his subject, as a Professor in India, and Reader for an unusually long time at Oxford, he may be trusted for the accuracy of his narrative, which is derived almost entirely from contemporary and recognised authorities. The lectures which he has thus summarised covered rather more than a hundred years from the illness of the Emperor Shah Jehan in 1657 and his deposition, to the fatal battle of Panipat in 1761, when the Afghans broke the Mahratta power. The common view of historians is that the Emperor Aurangzib's (1658-1707) bigoted and anti-Hindu policy originated the decadence of the Mogul Empire, and that his degenerate successors contributed to its downfall. Mr. Owen's theory is that Aurangzib dealt it a mortal blow from which it could not recover, and that the Mahrattas under Sivaji and his followers completed its ruin. He shows so clearly the errors committed by Aurangzib and the development of the Mahrattas that it would be difficult to avoid concurrence with his views. Aurangzib's successors really never had a chance of retrieving their position. The Empire was too unwieldy in size, the central government was too weak, there were too many racial and religious elements of cleavage, and, apart from the Mahrattas, the foreign invasions of Nadir Shah the Persian, and Ahmad Shah Abdali the Afghan, further impaired the waning resources of the Empire.

The merit of Mr. Owen's book is that it is eminently readable, his extracts from native and other sources are to the point, and he avoids as far as possible the kaleidoscopic mixture of innumerable names which is fatal to all pleasure in the study of history, especially Indian. It would be easy to take exception to his transliteration of certain well-known Indian words which shows his want of acquaintance with their originals, and the eye is struck by the same word being spelt differently in different places. It is strange that he should end his work with the battle of Panipat, which brought to grief the Mahrattas who had contributed to the ruin of the Mogul Empire, though their discomfiture did not resuscitate the Empire, and that he should make so little allusion to the English who had asserted themselves in India long before 1761, working their way inland from the sea coast, by contact with the Native Powers. But he has said enough to support his main theory, and to present the history of an important century in a form which the general reader cannot only tolerate but will find attractive. His chronological table of chief events helps to prove Mr. Owen's mastery of his subject.

Shorter Reviews

Big Game Hunting in Central Africa. By J. DUNBAR-BRUNTON. Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.)

EVEN the man with some years of experience of South Central Africa will find this a useful book, and probably, after studying its recommendations on the subject of health preservation, will be amazed at his own lack of elementary medical knowledge. The author is, first of all, a sportsman; he is incidentally a medical man as well. He has given here an immense amount of information regarding the habits of nearly every species of African big game, and from that point of view his work will prove a help to the intending hunter —and to the comparatively old hand as well, since additional knowledge is always useful. For the stay-at-homes, who get their big-game thrills from books rather than from actual experience, here is enough of exciting incident to satisfy the most exacting, and all bearing the stamp of reality—we feel that these things happened, for the author frankly relates stories against himself as well as those illustrative of his successes.

His familiarity with native dialects has enabled him to include a few legends and folk-lore stories told by his carriers round their camp-fires. The rabbit is the central figure in each story, save in that one in which the cat, seeking for the strongest of all protectors, comes at last to sit by the woman's fire. We should have liked to see more of these folk-tales, but, then, it is a hunter's book.

We cannot congratulate Captain Dunbar-Brunton on his choice of photographs, which, with two or three exceptions, do not adequately represent the text. Apart from this, and one or two other trifles, the book is a simple, straightforward record of experiences in the life of a good sportsman, who knows how to make his stories interesting.

The Oxford Country: Its Attractions and Associations Described by Several Authors. Collected and Arranged by R. T. GÜNTHER, Fellow of Magdalen College. Illustrated. (John Murray. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE character of this work is described by the above head-note. Several of the essays appeared so long ago as the middle of the last century, but in a work

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

dealing with the surroundings of a city where the lapse of centuries produces little change in men or manners that fact in no way diminishes their interest. The one-time *alumnus* of the *Alma Mater* will peruse with interest these descriptions of familiar haunts and jaunts, and by so doing will demonstrate once again that even the commonplace may become of importance if a sufficient number of people emphasise it sufficiently. It is curious and instructive to notice upon the very first page one of those charming old-world split infinitives —"to adequately record"—which are so seldom met with in the present-day world. The "humour" to be found in these pages is of the type illustrated upon page 313, where we find a pterosaur described as "an early Oxford flying machine," and upon the next page, where the reader is shocked to behold in graphic form the fate of the sacred Bagley Wood, whence the public has been rigorously excluded so long that "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Bagley Wood let in building plots! Ye fauns and dryads, what a fate! The book is plentifully illustrated with photos and plates.

Caught in the Chinese Revolution. A Record of Risks and Rescue. By ERNEST F. BORST-SMITH. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

IF the reader will forgive the author for a rather catch-penny title, and the publisher for a very crude cover, he will find much to entertain him in this profusely illustrated little volume. Mr. Borst-Smith writes in his preface: "I am deeply conscious of the many imperfections of this work, but find comfort in the fact that the interest of these pages lies in its story rather than its style; in the tale itself rather than in the telling." We think that the author, who is at all times most modest, has, on this occasion, done himself an injustice, for the subject of this book, which cannot fail to awaken considerable interest, has been treated most excellently. Our only adverse comment is that some of the photographs, especially those of babies, should have been relegated to the family album.

Mr. Borst-Smith gives a vivid account of the revolution in the province of Shensi. Though he admits that "the Manchu rule of the past three centuries has been little else than a story of oppression," he points out that this fact cannot possibly serve as an excuse for the fearful atrocities perpetrated by the revolutionary party, and more particularly by the "Elder Brother Society," for Mr. Borst-Smith is at some pains to discriminate between the two movements. The revolutionaries proper had every intention of protecting the foreigner, but their good intentions were too often overruled by irresponsible rioters. The aim of "Young China" was to wipe out the Manchus. The object of the rioters was personal gain, and no means were too foul to attain that end. Even those who have no particular interest in missionary enterprise cannot do otherwise than admire those men and women who figure in this volume, for their loyalty and heroism add a glory to human character that is happily quite distinct from creed and dogma. China's missionary work has been adversely criticised of late. We have heard of arduous and expensive labour giving a return so small that it can hardly be called a harvest. Whether this is so or not is quite apart from the purpose of this book. The thrilling story of the Shensi Relief Expedition, the story of those men who risked their lives to rescue the Shensi missionaries, reveals, without a doubt, fine, stirring, fellows—heroes all. It is to these men Mr. Borst-Smith has very appropriately dedicated this book that describes on the one hand the terrors of a mad, voracious mob, the slaughter of helpless women and children, and on the other hand the splendid strength of men who are prepared to lay down their lives for others.

Letters to Myself. By A WOMAN OF FORTY. (T. Werner Laurie. 5s. net.)

WHEN it is stated on the title-page of these epistles that they are dedicated to Miss Winifred James, the reader has a good idea of what may be expected from a perusal of the pages following. There is very little in any of the letters that one can either praise or blame. They are very sentimental and occasionally morbid. Like many of the recent outpourings of the female mind, they are very selfish and self-centred. The dread of grey hairs, fading charms, and a large number of dots help to fill the book. We suppose there always will be a certain number of people who will read their own feelings into and appreciate a book of this kind, just as there are people who imagine that they possess all the symptoms which are suggested in each line of a patent medicine advertisement. As long as there is a public devoted to this class of writing, there will always be those who will supply the demand, while the more healthy and optimistic are courting sunshine even when the sky is most lowering and forbidding.

In the Garden. By MARGARET CAMERON. Illustrated. (Blackie and Son. 6d.)
Rambles in the Park. By WM. J. CLAXTON. Illustrated. (Blackie and Son. 9d.)

THESE are the latest additions to Messrs. Blackie's admirable series for the young, "The Rambler Nature Books." The first is for pupils of nine to eleven years of age, and the second for those a year or so older. They are bound in green limp cloth, and are altogether remarkably well got up for the low price at which they are published, the coloured page plates being particularly good; the smaller black and white illustrations in the text leave nothing to be desired either. The booklets are brightly written, and contain a fund of nature lore so pleasantly imparted that they cannot fail to interest and instruct the young readers for whom they are intended. "The course of Nature is the art of God," and those who find pleasure in studying her ways are better and happier for doing so; hence we cordially recommend this series to parents and teachers.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Eugenics Review. (Vol. IV., No. 2. 1s. net.)

THE First International Eugenic Congress has just held its session, at which a number of interesting papers were read, provoking discussions not less interesting. Of these we hope to say a few words in a later issue. Meanwhile we feel we cannot do better in the cause of social regeneration than by calling attention to the quarterly review published by the Eugenics Education Society now before us. Many problems which have long puzzled the sociologist and economist are here discussed in an illuminating manner. In the essay upon "The Inheritance of Mental Characters" Mr. Cyril Burt presents a very strong case in favour of the doctrine of heredity as opposed to that of environmental modification. The journal also contains a number of excellent reviews of treatises bearing upon topics closely concerning the study of eugenics.

Fiction

The Chief Commissioner. By HILDA M. SWABEY. Evenden. 2s.)

THIS story concerns one Henderson, who, after marriage, found his wife so far beneath him in things intellectual that he left her and went to take up a post in the Indian Civil Service. This resulted in the chief commissionership, and here the book begins, leaving us to find out Henderson's earlier history as we go along. The unexpected arrival of Dora, the eldest daughter of the ill-assorted pair, rouses in Henderson an active animosity against his wife for sending the girl out, for he has practically forgotten his children as well as his wife in his ambitious projects. We see him as a dour, hard, upright, narrow-minded, bad-tempered Scot, and in Dora his temperament is partially reproduced, plus feminine intuition, but minus sexual impulses and a certain strength of character. In the ensuing contest between father and daughter, which gives scope for the display of a certain amount of quiet humour on the author's part, Dora succeeds in conquering her father's aversion, and leaves him a slightly better man than she found him.

This is practically all the story, and so slightly is it told that the three hundred odd pages seem rather a waste in the development of the plot. Yet the book contains some clever character-drawing; Henderson's warped temperament is well realised, and Dora, a singularly unlovable heroine, is quite convincing. Though a somewhat level monotony characterises the story, it is a high level, and the work is interesting throughout.

The Hidden Fear. By JAMES BLYTH. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

IN "The Hidden Fear" Mr. Blyth has given us a very fine novel indeed. The story is based on the theory of a dear old professor who will have it that all cases of insanity are hereditary, and who spent twelve years of his life endeavouring to prove that a man who was rendered insane by the fracture of his skull, consequent of a fall from his horse, is really the possessor of a certain specific micro-organism. It is not until a second accident occurs to the patient in exactly the same spot as the previous injury, which was cured by an operation that the old doctor will allow his pet theory to give way to the views of an eminent German specialist, who for the second time proves that the patient only requires surgical treatment in order to restore him to his normal condition. Winnie and Trixie, the daughters of the unfortunate man, are two very real and well-drawn characters. Winnie especially is a type of woman very seldom encountered in the pages of modern fiction. While loving passionately and devotedly Sir Richard Covehithe, who returns her affection, she has sufficient self-restraint and respect to claim him only as a friend until such time as the supposed ban of hereditary insanity is removed and she can honestly be his wife. The portrayal of Lady Whitestone, who, as her grandson Cyril says, is not "Victorian, but absolutely antediluvian," in her attitude to all the families who she considers are socially her inferiors, is delicious, and we only wish that Mr. Blyth had devoted a chapter to a meeting between the old county dame and the wife of the prosperous manufacturer who tried so hard to enter the ancestral mansion and at last succeeded in manœuvring an invitation from Cyril, who is only too glad to escape from the bonds of class seclusion. There are many other characters, particularly among the women, who make the book well worth reading, and we are certain that, while Mr. Blyth writes up to the standard of the present volume, his public will in no ways diminish.

The Vicar's Secret. By C. E. JEFFERY. (Murray and Evenden. 2s.

WHILE little or no sympathy can be extended to the insufferable cad who figures as the Rev. Hanbury-Greene in the pages of "The Vicar's Secret," we think that it would be advisable for the author to gain a more detailed knowledge of matters connected with the Church before he again attempts to depict one of her ministers. A priest does not usually regard a stole as a "useless" article, nor does a rector, however, "ritualistic," "entertain" penitents in his study, and we have yet to meet a preacher of the Gospel to whom a "belief in the supernatural was as a red rag to a bull." For the rest, we can only conclude that the author has at some time or another read "The Silence of Dean Maitland," and endeavoured to write a romance in a similar vein. The present book, however, has none of the force of the earlier work, and is much hampered by inelegant English and the frequent use of French expressions in places where the English equivalents would read very much better.

Lady Dorothy's Indiscretion. By ARTHUR APPLIN. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

WE suppose that when novels from the pen of an author follow one another in such quick succession it is too

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

much to expect that very great care can be extended on the production of each one. Lady Dorothy is a bright and light-hearted girl, with just a touch of daring in her composition. One day she comes across an airman overhauling his machine on a moor, where he has just alighted. Thirsting for adventure, nothing would suffice but that she must accompany him on his voyage, and in spite of many protestations on his part she has her way. The machine becomes unmanageable, and they alight, late at night, many miles from Lady Dorothy's home. From this point endless complications follow one another in quick succession, and Lady Dorothy, who is blackmailed by more than one despicable wretch, changes from a gay and winsome maiden into a worried and careworn woman. She, her lover, and his mother are the only three characters in the book who are worth a passing thought. The rest are mean and contemptible people, and are useful only to show up more clearly the better natures of those we have mentioned. All is well in the end, although we cannot say that we have very greatly enjoyed the lengthy working out of the various intricate situations.

Modernismus: Ein Weltraum-Roman. By O. SCHULTZKY. (A. Stein, Potsdam. 3 Marks.)

THIS is a strange book. It is a kind of romance, divided into two main parts, "Der Grossdenker" and "Leta eine Gottessidee," each of which is symmetrically divided into six sections, while each section again is made up of a triplet of knotty chapters. It is based on the newest psychological-evolutionary theories, tinctured with reminiscences of the second part of "Faust." The fourth dimension plays a certain part, and the curious conception of a "Weltraumstadt." It is all very suggestive, if not convincing. Psychical evolution is by now almost a truism, but the absolute conception of a superman has begun to lose some of its arrogant definiteness. Herr Schultzky's antagonism to "orthodoxy" amounts to an obsession, and makes us feel that, in spite of the universal character attributed to his hero's researches, his psychology is not very deep. Heterodoxy is the largest thing in the world; but it has a hundred heads: orthodoxy is an easier quarry for a moderate marksman.

The Theatre

"Autumn Manœuvres" at the Adelphi Theatre

A PLAY with music is the pleasant description which Mr. Henry Hamilton gives to his adaptation of the well-known German *mélange* of folly, love, fun, intrigue, and melody, but it might also be especially called a farce with actors. For, in its present form, in which it defies all weathers and draws enormous houses, the humour and popularity of the piece is largely the result of the efforts of Mr. Huntley Wright, who has never been quite so amusing as in the character of Captain Withers of the Broadshire Territorials. The delight of the thing is in its utter absurdity; the wild fun of it removes all possible offence, and prevents the feeling that there is any too bitter satire on a particular class of officer and gentleman. The joke may indeed do the Territorials good; such good-natured laughter can hurt no one. Mr. Edward Sass, who is always excellent, is particularly at home in his present *rôle*, and, like Mr. Evett and Mr. Mackinder, never allows the spirit of the comedy to flag for a moment. Of course, Mr. George Edwardes takes thought that the ladies of the cast shall lack nothing of fascination, and thus with Miss Hilda Anthony and Miss Gracie Leigh and a battalion of other alluring people the comedy and plot of "Autumn Manœuvres" swings through its three brilliant acts with easy grace.

For the many wise or wayward people who love laughter without too much thinking, for the holiday mood, the "play with music" at the Adelphi will prove a sure delight.

The Day of Short Plays

THE popularity of the larger music-halls and the new regulations in regard to stage plays have produced a fine crop of short dramas and old plays which have renewed their youth in a more compact form. One of the best examples of this selection or compression is seen in Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "The Masqueraders," which appeared so exciting when all the world was young, some fifteen years ago, at the St. James's. At present it is being played at some of the music-halls of the outer London circle, but will soon, no doubt, be of the centre. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has met the taste of the moment, also, in "Dolly's Little Bills." This Miss Ethel Irving makes even more delightful at the Hippodrome than she did some time ago, when this one-act comedy was a rather long-drawn play. Although there are, of course, a thousand and one motives that need the spacious four-act form, such adaptations as the "Little Bills" rather outlined the fact that we have been contented with a good deal of padding in the good old days, and may look forward to an increase of brisk action and vital phrase in future from our playwrights. For a time there will be many to regret the change, but as the ideal to be sought has always been a short and brilliant comedy which began at nine o'clock and ended at eleven, there is nothing to be said but words of praise for a development in dramatic art which is gaining ground so swiftly and so justly.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Some Irish Types

TALKING with a well-known London bookseller on Bray Head the other day, I learnt that it was his first visit to Ireland. He had come over for the annual Booksellers' Conference, that was held this year under the hospitality of the Dublin Branch, and I asked him what his impression of the country was. His reply was significant. "There seems to me as much difference in kind," said he, "between English people and Irish people as there is between the French and the English; I feel as far removed from England here as ever I have felt in France." To many his words will seem no more than trite; but he spoke with the air of one who had made a perplexing, if not astounding, discovery; and it was plain to see that he was revising a good many of his ideas with regard to the problems that lie unsettled between the two nations.

It was a remark one could not easily forget, if only because of the way in which it was made. It was as though one were to hear the sudden comment in Grafton Street in wonder at the number of blue eyes: when immediately the whole street seems to shine with the twinkle of blue eyes, and the mind begins to count up the percentage of eyes other than blue. For a few days after I had to be taking the weary day's travel between Dublin and the Far West; and, inasmuch as that comment was working away like yeast in my mind, I began to notice what otherwise I should have paid no particular heed to. An environment always gives a fitness to the people produced in it, and to be familiar with the environment is not to notice particularly the people who are framed in it, and who, indeed, are a portion of it; but I began to pick out the people from their environment and to notice those types that would defy attempts to frame them in any other surrounding than their own.

Outside, examples enough would have lent distinction to the thought. Outside, in fact, the types that would have borne transplanting without outrage would have attracted attention by reason of their rarity—especially as the journey grew more westward. But as the train crept insistently from station to station the railway carriage seemed like a net catching examples up for observation, and surrendering them when observed. There was a detachment, a remoteness and insularity, about it almost inhuman in its fascination. Indeed, it was absolutely inhuman, as far as any human study may be so.

The first was a woman who sat apart in a corner, rigid and immobile. There was a suggestion of humour and kindliness about her mouth, and in her deep blue eyes a soft light gleamed, although they seemed stern and sorrowful immutably. A plain shepherd's plaid shawl had been drawn over her head, but this had fallen to her shoulders, revealing jet-black hair pulled firmly back to a knot at the back of the head. Her hands were in her lap, and consequently her shoulders were a little pulled forward. But this seemed only to give a softness to the firm, almost hard, set of them as she sat with her eyes fixed on nothing terrestrial. Her face was tanned with many weathers; but there was, deeper than this, a swarthiness proper to her complexion; and it accorded well with her firmly-moulded but high cheek-bones. Her dress was of the poorest, but there was the memory of a high and ancient race in every line of her features and in each poise of her mien: a calm, patient, self-sufficient dignity that belongs to the older orders of the world when aristocracy was an instinct, not a cult. The rain beat against the windows of the carriage, and someone addressed a remark to her: "It's a rough day." A light seemed to travel in her eye as she brought it to a nearer focus, and her mouth softened as she replied: "It is so." Then her glance went round the carriage incuriously as she noticed her fellow-travellers; and she resumed her distant dream. Only now, I observed, the gleam of humour in her seemed curiously intensified; and it had a quality of its own. It was not the humour with which one may watch the play of children. It was rather the humour with which one might regard the war of worlds. Simple peasant woman she was; but as I sought for an expression to describe the light in her eyes, I could think only of "cosmic mockery." Then the train drew up at a station; she pulled her shawl over her head, took her parcel with her large hands, and the clank of heavy boots rang out on the stone platform as she stepped away with a dignity and calm not less instinctive than when she sat.

Beside her a man of a nature wholly different had been seated. The blue in his eye was brighter and merrier; and his shrewd attentive glance took in the characteristics of all his fellow-passengers. I recognised him at once as the man at Athlone who, when an inspector had pointed out his train to him, had at once asked: "But where's the engine to it?" He wore a tall hat like an old sugar-loaf cone, which, with his very bushy brows drawn over his eyes, and his prominent adventurous nose, gave him an aspect of keen inquiry. His long upper lip bespoke reflection; and his half-whiskers a certain gravity. He might in the hands of some artists have been made to serve as the typical, in the sense of traditional, Irishman; but in his kindly glance there was a reserve and dignity that would have defied such treatment. To his friend sitting beside him he was at times quite loquacious; but to a stranger that loquacity would have been a disguise and not information. For, as I compared and contrasted him with the woman beside him, dissimilar though they seemed, there was an indefinable oneness between them that one could not find a name for, nor an occasion, till the eye was turned about on the miles of desolate brown bog on every hand. The scene was dreary enough; yet it had a haunting dignity, the same that wrapped the man and the woman opposite me.

In the farther corner sat a man enveloped in his own mists of thought. He, too, had the long upper lip that caricature has fastened upon to identify the Irishman; but, whereas in the other it was contrasted with a short, somewhat receding forehead, with him it was

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

given a different tone by his high, thin brow. He spoke to none, and seemed to notice nothing; yet when a woman wished to leave the carriage at a station, and complained excitedly that she could not do so, as she had seen the guard lock the carriage at the previous station, he turned about and quietly said, "Unlocking it he was that time," and lapsed again into his silence. He seemed to be some small farmer by his dress; but with his erect figure, his stern glance, and his iron-grey hair, he might have been accepted as an equal in any rank. Not that he would have recorded that equality. Indeed, that same difficulty of approach that I noticed about the others seemed intensified in him. And when, after some two hours' silent sitting in the train, he at last went out, I was considerably surprised to see a little woman from the other end of the carriage go out with him—evidently his wife. They walked silently down the platform of Claremorris.

This reserve could not be claimed for the woman opposite him, whom, for all her vivacity, he scarcely looked at. The many jags in her row of teeth, the chin thrust out, and the skin of her face like tanned leather, well crinkled to fit over its prominent framework, spoke of the passage of years over her, but her eyes leapt and gleamed with irrepressible youth. Her glance was everywhere; not so much to evoke merriment from anyone else as to find a vent for her own. When someone addressed a question to her, it was answered with extraordinary heartiness and fulness. When her company was sought it was accorded with an exuberant vivacity; when it was not sought it was not offered, but her wonderful eyes continued to twinkle fun everywhere. They almost seemed to fill the carriage with light. And when she, too, went out the officials at her station greeted her heartily, though, I noticed, none of them, save one of the boys, with familiarity.

Did one set out to seek such types, distinct in their nationality, many more could be found; but here were these caught up in a carriage during one day's journey. Each of them had the indefinable furthermore of personality, that strange something that cannot be caught and imprisoned in the description of words, but in their merely superficial presentment they challenged transplanting. They were of the race, racy; and each of them, in his or her degree, had that rarest of human qualities: spiritual dignity. DARRELL FIGGIS.

The Psychology of Error

IT is a grave matter if a man commit a crime, but it is a graver one still for him to make a mistake. In other words, it may be said that it is a mistake to commit a crime, but it is a crime to make a mistake. And in this view there is a certain amount of justice, for the consequences of a man's mistake, of a moment of carelessness or haste, may be far more serious than his deliberate crime. Among non-thinking, indulgent people the notion prevails that a mistake is just a mistake, nothing more, and that it is idle to discuss a matter further if it can be proved to have originated in a blunder. Even though hundreds of lives or thousands of pounds have been lost in consequence, these good-natured people cannot find it in their hearts to blame if it can be proved that the act was not wilfully intended. But all experience teaches the danger of this attitude. Men must be held responsible for their mistakes even more than for their crimes; the former are aggravated by the fact that they usually are so unforeseen and superfluous; whereas crimes are, generally speaking, the actions of abnormal people acting under strong temptations. One of the ironies of some of the greatest tragedies in history is that it appears afterward that they might so easily have been avoided or that they had such insignificant causes. It is this very spirit of *laissez faire* which is indirectly responsible for half or perhaps three-fourths of the evils of life.

Too common is the illusion that most of the evil of the world is brought about by malice or mean and base motives, or by deliberate design. Mistakes and indifference are responsible for more mischief and misfortune than all the machinations of the evil-minded, for the worst that these can do is little and is not lasting, and, indeed, generally defeats its own end; but the men who forget or neglect their duty, or blunder, are collectively more culpable and dangerous to the community. It cannot, therefore, be held an excuse that a man did not foresee, was inattentive, that he had never blundered before, or that others might have made the same mistake—a man is responsible for anything which happens disastrously under his administration if it be not an earthquake or something which none can control. This law of responsibility is illustrated in war when a sentry, found asleep at his post, often suffers the extreme penalty, whatever the circumstances may be; and since all men who are in a position of responsibility are the sentries of life against the approaches of death, or of good against all the hosts of evil, any dereliction of duty, any negligence, any inefficiency or want of prevision is usually liable to be as serious in its consequences and is punished as severely.

But mistakes are serious not only in great matters and in their public consequences; they are still serious in small affairs when they injure no man but the blunderer himself, because they make him ridiculous. In social life, for example, a solecism is an unpardonable crime, and from its consequences, if it is of a certain kind, a man never recovers. Character, capacity, culture, and antecedents are indicated in a man's mistakes much more than by his virtues and excellences, for virtue may be acquired and imitated and a man may avoid most common or other errors by rote, whereas in his mistakes one always glimpses what lies below the surface—he gives us an advantage, and we see the real stuff of which he is composed. There is, however, a wide difference between blunders which no man of sense or sound instinct would make twice and errors arising from an inferiority of capacity, a defect of education, or from what Dr. Johnson describes as "pure ignorance, madam." From the evidence of the pronunciation or the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

spelling of a single word it is often possible to know approximately a man's entire mentality, taste, education, and status. In the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" the author instances in this respect the person who asks, "How's your health?" for "How are you?" or who says that he "remembers of" a certain incident, and quotes a visitor to one of his friends who asked if a statuette of Cupid in the parlour of her country house was "a 'statoo' of her deceased infant." One need not, however, cite errors so comically illiterate as this; there are a hundred degrees of inaccuracy between the correct and the grotesque, and it is in the easy and unconscious avoidance of these that the scholar, the gentleman, and the man of sense are known.

It is almost alarming to think of how much a man may reveal of what he does not know or has never been told in a single slip of a certain kind, and of how difficult or even impossible it is to conceal for long anything that we do not know. The chief value of education does not lie in the possession of large stores of knowledge, but in the art of concealing or avoiding what is not known. It teaches not so much what to do as what to avoid, not so much what to say as what to leave unsaid, and an educated man is so called simply because, if he has been well educated, there are so few of still superior knowledge to whom he can give his ignorance away. It is, of course, perfectly true that even intelligent and clever people often cannot spell correctly and may even commit solecisms of speech, but it will invariably be found that their blunders are inaccuracies only, and that they never commit those ludicrous, vulgar, and banal errors which the illiterate, and even more, the half-illiterate, perpetrate daily and hourly. True, even the vulgar are not devoid of virtue or excellence, but men of natural sense always have the wit to confess or avoid the things of which they are ignorant and to discover and make good their defects at every opportunity. Even a man of talent and intellectual ability may blunder in matters in which he is chiefly self-taught and has not had opportunities of learning better, but it may be declared that no man of good sense blunders badly in the same way twice; he avoids anything with which he is not well conversant. Intelligence is best illustrated in an aptitude to learn and correct one's own errors in a capacity for improvement and progress. This capacity for self-correction and self-improvement always characterises an astute and intelligent mind, and goes far to repair and remove defects which arise merely from circumstances. A man of this kind invariably feels too deeply humiliated by any error he discovers himself to have made to allow himself to blunder in the same way again, always verifies doubtful points in his knowledge, and is never caught tripping twice. This, indeed, makes his progress. All science, it has been said, has been built upon mistakes, and this is true of all human progress, individual or collective. It is by doing wrong and suffering the consequences that men learn to avoid error. Experience, as has been said, wisely and wittily, is a name which everybody gives to his mistakes. F. H. M.

University Extension

EVERY sentiment being in the economy of Nature has to take the season's risk. Civilised man surrounds himself with an environment designed to deaden climatic shocks and changes, but the savage is Nature's partner in rain and storm. He has no need to study weather reports or tap barometers; one glance at the sky or the receipt of an unconscious air message suffices to telegraph to him prescience of snow or storm in store. The sailor and the woodlander have the savage's faculty in a lesser degree. It is one of the disastrous effects of our modern craze for bloated cities and the consequent blotting out of the countryside from the ken of vast hordes of the rising generation that the man or woman so reared is an artificially-limited product.

The thesis we advance is that the British race would acquire fresh vigour and tenacity if it became the fashion for the sons of the moneyed classes to spend a year in a Canadian or South African University, such University being specially designed as a school of hardihood. Our present system of School and University is producing a crop of men who are estranged from actual contact with the real issues of the common heritage of primitive folk. Their eternal patter about sport is a feeble substitute for the faculty which enables the young up-country Colonial to fend for himself when pitted against elemental conditions. In the Old Country we set about the same sort of training in amateurish fashion. A vast proportion of educated young Englishmen know nothing of the gamekeeper's art, of forestry, or of such physiography as has become an instinct with the up-country Colonial. Geology is a sealed book to them, and their powers of reconnaissance are atrophied. They have rung the changes on the usual games, they may perhaps have learnt to shoot driven pheasants and to do a little trout fishing, but a shepherd boy could give them points and beat them with ease in all countryside lore worth acquiring.

Let us then imagine a University established on some healthy spot in Canada or South Africa, far from the cities. A youngster has, let us say, taken his degree at home, and is then sent to our bush University for a final year's training. He would find there the University life maintained, that is, its discipline and culture would not be relaxed, but the young graduate would henceforth be systematically worked in the open air. He would spend a large proportion of his time in the saddle, would be drilled, made a marksman, and taught to take his share in the rough and tumble of a squatter's life. We venture to say that he would come back braced and stiffened to truer ideals. His horizon would be widened, his hold on essentials deepened. The ineffable young gentleman who is too familiar to us nowadays would have been taken down the necessary number of pegs by his Colonial training.

It may be objected that the course we suggest would habituate a growing lad with vagrant notions. That touring sometimes has such effect affords, however, no proof of a similar tendency under the conditions we

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

advocate. It is hardly necessary to say that to attain the desired end the home and colonial Universities must needs work together, in order that there might be no hiatus between their respective dual courses. If the home and South African Treasuries and the Universities of the Old Country were to club together, a workable scheme could be readily evolved and its effects would be far-reaching. To knock the conceit out of the young British graduate, to make him a handy man instead of a dilettante, to show him that college success is a poor substitute for the capacity of taking his place in the fighting ranks of his fellow-men, to widen his chest, fill his lungs with pure air and exorcise the demon of ennui, would all be no trivial gains. But if to that be added the staying of the plague of reaction in South Africa, the stiffening of the Home connection and the enrichment of the race types of both lands, as the result of inevitable intermarriage, we surely have an ideal well worthy thought and effort. Expenditure on buildings in South Africa would be cut down to a minimum, as all our Colonial graduates would of course go under canvas for a considerable proportion of their term. The traditions of our resident Home Universities would not be copied in the South African University. The scheme of the latter would have for its object to engraft on the home growth, the product of the spoon meat of lectures and laboratories, the ideal of the noble savage. Let the young Englishman, before he settles down to the business of his life, for a year or so discard the respirator and spectacles of his home upbringing and catch the inspiration of wide vistas.

We go a step further. We would make it a high prize for, say, 1,000 of our picked Boy Scouts that they should have a year's training in South Africa on the lines we have indicated as the basis of our University extension. In the Boy Scout organisation we have one of the most promising assets of the future. Its effect will be wider than that of the Volunteer movement, which was specifically designed to kill the idea of universal military service in this country. Every Boy Scout is a potential apostle of this. That universal service is inevitable, that the country is running a risk of national shipwreck so long as it evades its obvious duty of accepting the yoke, is patent to every man who is not a doctrinaire or a Little Englander. Britons must either face the music as their grandfathers did before them or give place to a hardier race-type. Conquest is not always settled on the stricken field. A walk through the dreary slumlands of London must convince anyone who is not "too blind to have desire to see" that England is half conquered already. In the 'seventies Disraeli boasted that no street corner agitator could attract an audience of half-a-dozen. Great measures of social reform characterised that period of our Parliamentary history and lack of proper excitement was not due to apathy. Now on every side we hear of industrial wars and rumours of wars. Vain would be the sophistry of Socialist and revolutionary if the worker did not feel, in some inarticulate fashion, that all was not well with his class, that the wheels of the chariot of State drive heavily.

The waste spaces of Greater Britain cry out for men to till and subdue them; the whole world is eager for masterhood, for leaders, seers, men whose vision is not limited by the narrowing gossip of the market-place. While in England during ten months or so of each year the best intellect we possess runs to waste watching the spectacle of degraded politics, the bone and muscle of the country is meanwhile watching cricket and football matches. The vital interests of the Empire may be ignored, provided those redoubtable politicians, Tite Barnacle and Co., are not detached from their coigns of vantage. Our legislators wear out human time and tissue with futile party strife. If any measure of real utility has to be discussed it is scandalously scamped under the guillotine. Meantime surely but slowly the conquest of Britain goes on, and we are slipping from our premier position of high renown, down the easy inclined plane of self-abasement.

Foreign Reviews

Die Deutsche Rundschau.

THE two principal items of the July number are a most vivid and picturesque account of Florence in the time of Dante by Herr Robert Davidsohn, and an appreciation of Count Aehrenthal from the pen of Herr Franz Zweybrück. The antecedents of the great Austrian statesman are explained, his tenacity and his services to his country are illustrated, and at least a partial justification is made out for the *coup* of Novibazar. An impression of a very forceful personality is conveyed, and the circumstances of his retirement and death are invested with a certain tragic significance. Herr Rudolf Holzer contributes the almost inevitable appreciation of August Strindberg. Herr Herbert Stegmann uses the recent work of Mme. Nicati as a peg on which to hang an enthusiastic study of Elizabeth Browning. Frau von Bunsen's Neckar travels are concluded, and Annette von Droste-Hülshoff's letters and "Stephana Schwertner" are continued.

Le Mercure de France.

July 1.—Léon Dierx receives a tribute from M. André Fontainas. M. Buffenoir discusses the authenticity of the reputed death-mask of Rousseau, and reviews the career of Houdon, the sculptor. The publication of some interesting "félibriste" correspondence, in which Jean Reboul and Théodore Aubanel figure, is begun. M. Norel draws a dark picture of the dangers of modern Atlantic crossings.

July 16.—Three long articles of extraordinary interest form the main body of this number. M. Beck, *à propos* Montaigne's journey, discusses the history of the taste for natural scenery, sometimes venturing on the most daring precision M. Guimbaud is admirable on Rousseau in England; the amenities of the sojourn at Wootton are contrasted with the quarrel with Hume,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and the latter is made responsible for much of the trouble that followed. Finally, M. Dumesnil's account of Flaubert's connection with the theatre is to be recommended; there is a good deal of the original Flaubert in it, and the whole thing is well done. In the "Revue de la Quinzaine" M. Davray discusses Mr. Gosse's recent article on Rousseau.

La Revue.

July 1.—M. Gaston Riou, in the course of a "Lettre aux 'Jeune-France,'" a kind of Republican manifesto, analyses "les trois visions"—"le rêve ultramontain," "le rêve traditionaliste," and "le rêve Français," with which last he identifies his own political principles. M. Georg Brandès has some good stories of the vanity and simplicity of Hans Andersen. M. Faguet examines in piquant fashion the book of M. de Pradel de Lamase on the vicissitudes of his family under the Revolution and its existing claim to compensation. M. de Gallier presents some unpublished documents dealing with an officer of the eighteenth century.

July 15.—M. Normandy gives unpublished letters of Rollinat. M. Chuquet shows Murat in a bad light—inefficient as Napoleon's representative after Moscow and a faithless ally in his dependent kingdom. Signor Sighele, who, since his last pronouncement in the *Revue*, has been expelled from his Austrian property, continues his debate with M. Dauzat about Franco-Italian relations. The Futurist grievance, in a sane form, is to be noted in Signor Sighele's contribution. M. Faguet discusses M. Marcel Prévost's recent venture in "Pedagogy."

La Revue Bleue.

June 22.—M. Paul Bonnefon starts the publication of a large mass of correspondence of Ximénès Doudan. Mme. Frederika Macdonald discusses the enigma of Rousseau's children and of their alleged abandonment. M. Duboscq is very interesting on "La Question Albanaise" in its latest aspect.

June 29.—M. Paul Cambon and Sir Edward Grey are, according to M. Ernest Lémonon, "des diplomates, qui cachent des âmes de soldat"; Baron Marschall is "un soldat, avec une âme de diplomate." The latter has achieved great successes at Constantinople, but he does not appreciate the difference between that city and London; he is too full of "coups de poing," has, it seems, made a bad initial impression, and will achieve nothing. M. Paul Gaultier reinforces M. J. Reinach's indictment of alcohol as a national peril.

July 6.—M. Arthur Bauer in the first of a series of articles discusses the irreducible minimum of moral teaching in schools. M. Bourgin makes some general observations on the efforts of Mr. Sidney Webb and others to grapple with the problem of pauperism.

July 13.—M. R. G. Lévy, armed with statistics and general considerations, attacks the nationalisation of railways in France. M. de Glouvet writes charmingly of the relations between the fifth Duc de Guise and Anne de Gonzague-Nevers. M. Julien Roshem estimates Rousseau's influence on the conception of the duties of maternity.

L'Action Nationale.

The July number is devoted almost entirely to a series of well and profusely illustrated articles on French East Africa. The idea of a great black empire under French auspices has been gaining ground so steadily that this number is very much worth attention. M. Maurice Viollette, apart from some commonplace counsels, urges an extension of public works and the avoidance of concessions to private companies. M. L. Sonolet, in his remarks on the native troops, quotes Stanley as regretting that France had got the best of certain African partitions—"car elle a le pays des guerriers."

Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes.

Colonel Camon, both by precept and by manifold example, sets himself to show that Napoleon had a system of generalship. Unfortunately he never wrote it down, though he started to do so. But in most of his campaigns and battles he "n'avait eu que *deux* systèmes de manœuvre et *deux* systèmes correspondants de bataille." The two systems were (*a*) La manœuvre sur les derrières, (*b*) La manœuvre sur position centrale. It is with the former and more frequent of these methods that Colonel Camon deals in the present article. Plans of the illustrative battles are inserted. M. Ballot deals with an odd side of Napoleon's political economy—his loans, frequently forced loans, to manufacturers, to assure stability of industry. M. Driault keeps us abreast of the French and Russian armies of 1812—dealings with Poland, the resignation of Jérôme, and the advocacy by Bagration of an offensive movement on the part of the Russians, bringing us down to the Battle of Smolensk and the subsequent forward movement. The other end of 1812 is supplied by the final instalment of Captain Fabry's contribution—the diary of Wittgenstein's army.

Revue de Métaphysique et de Morale.

The May-June number of this review is entirely devoted to Rousseau, and to admirers of the apostle of Geneva it is well worth the five francs for which it is to be obtained. Thirteen articles approach the subject from almost as many points of view, and most of them bear names of the very highest eminence. M. Boutroux, for instance, undertakes the difficult task of proving that Rousseau had a consistent philosophy; he finds consistency even in his inconsistencies. Professor Bosanquet is among those who deal with the political ideas, and disposes of some classical English misconceptions. M. Jaurès, in a lecture of 1889 on the same subject, is alternately brilliant and *démodé*. M. Levy-Brühl gives a clear account of the quarrel with Hume, and M. V. Delbos discusses Kant's debt to Rousseau.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVUE GERMANIQUE.

The July-August number of this little periodical is devoted to a review of English poetry for the year ending May, 1912. M. Floris Delattre is responsible for the whole number, and has carried out his task remarkably well. It is quite a useful synopsis, in the manner of Whittaker, of the events of the poetical year, and the criticisms are sound and suggestive. From a less accomplished bi-linguist the occasional "conseils" would seem a little out of place, but M. Delattre has a perfect right to give them, and it would be a keen critic that caught him tripping.

REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

June 22.—M. Marçais' "Textes arabes de Tanger" is praised as embodying sound linguistic methods—not confounding literary with spoken dialects. M. Cartier's great discovery—the only existing copy of Calvin's "Excuse de Noble Seigneur Jacques de Bourgogne"—is discussed. M. Bastide notices M. Delattre's book on fairies, and Mr. Bates' "Touring in 1600."

June 29.—M. Bastide writes a brilliant appreciation of M. Delattre's "Herrick," lately reviewed in THE ACADEMY. For the comparison with La Fontaine he substitutes the parallel with "l'abbé poudré et élégant" of the eighteenth century. M. Chuquet discusses M. Vulliod's essay on "Die Pietisterei im Fischbeinrocke"—Frau Gottsched's translation of Père Bougeant. M. Bastide also notices Mr. Westcott's work on new poems of James I. of England, and M. Feuillerat's "Arcadia."

July 6.—Mr. J. G. Robertson's "Nathan der Weise" receives high praise. Several German books on Goethe are noticed. M. Chuquet gives a précis of M. Masson's "Napoléon à Sainte-Hélène."

July 13.—Mr. J. C. Lawson's studies of modern Greek folklore and its connection with ancient religion are highly recommended for their suggestiveness. M. Roustan notices the "Oxford Book of German Verse," reviewed a short while ago, less favourably, in THE ACADEMY. M. Madelin and his revolutionary methods in relating the Revolution—no notes and all sorts of odd omissions—are discussed, not unkindly. Mr. Buck's book on Greek dialects is strongly recommended.

The Celluloid Danger

By WALTER F. REID, F.I.C., F.C.S.

FROM time to time the public conscience is shocked by fires due to celluloid, which burst out suddenly, generally in workshops where numbers of girls are employed. Individual accidents, caused by the same substance, such as the ignition of celluloid combs, are still more frequent, but rarely lead to loss of life.

Those not familiar with the industry naturally ask themselves whether steps could not be taken to prevent the loss of life that experience has shown may be expected during the handling of this substance, as now carried on. Many consider that celluloid is explosive, but this is not the case, although it can be ignited so quickly, and its combustion proceeds so rapidly, that it may, under some circumstances, become more dangerous than many explosives. The chief constituents of celluloid are collodion, cotton, and camphor, usually with a small percentage of castor oil to give the necessary flexibility and toughness. The camphor prevents the explosion of the collodion cotton under all circumstances; but, once the celluloid is ignited, the camphor is converted into vapour, which is itself highly inflammable. Owing to the presence of the nitro cellulose, the celluloid contains within itself enough oxygen to support combustion sufficiently to convey fire from one article to another, and, as the camphor vapour is a gas, combustion spreads with great rapidity.

Celluloid has become so essential to our comfort and daily wants that it would be impracticable to forbid its use, and there is at the present moment no substitute for it which possesses all its properties, and is yet less inflammable. Many such substitutes have been suggested, and some are being made on a commercial scale, but at the present moment celluloid cannot be completely replaced. The practical question then is: how can its manufacture and use be so regulated as to prevent the loss of life which is constantly occurring? In the factories themselves, where the celluloid is produced, accidents are rare on account of the precautions taken, especially with regard to the use of lights.

The explosive industry, which, under the superintendence of the Home Office in this country, has formed a model for other nations and for our own dominions, affords some indication of the direction in which we must look for practical means of safety. One of the most useful restrictions placed upon explosive manufacturers is the limitation of the quantity of explosive material present in any building at any one time; the number of workpeople allowed to be present in such a building is also limited, and these two limitations have probably saved more lives in explosive factories than any other regulations. It would be quite possible, without materially interfering with the industry, to limit the quantity of celluloid allowed to be present in any workshop in proportion to the number of workers present. In many cases this would merely mean passing the articles through the workshop in smaller batches, instead of allowing them to accumulate in large quantities. When finished off, the articles should be stored in safety rooms or buildings where no fire should be allowed on any consideration whatever. Similar restrictions are imposed in many other cases, especially in connection with the storing of benzoline, petroleum, spirits, and other substances scarcely more dangerous than celluloid. No doubt in some cases structural alterations might be required, but no manufacturer can claim the right to expose a number of workpeople, generally girls, to a danger which experience has shown is a very real one.

It is to be hoped that our authorities will take the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

necessary steps before some fresh disaster causes them to legislate in a panic, and thus hamper an industry the products of which have become indispensable to all of us.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

LLOYD GEORGE sometimes forgets that he is not Prime Minister; it seems he spoke a little hastily when he promised "early legislation" on the subject of strikes in his speech on the adjournment on Tuesday, 23rd inst. Last week I described the Irish as "looking sick" at this promise of "early legislation," and the general impression is that John Redmond Dictator had seen Mr. Asquith, and told him that it was all nonsense: "early legislation" must mean when the Home Rule Bill is through and not before. There must be no promise about English legislation for strikes whilst the Home Rule Bill is still in the hands of the moulders; it must be cast before anything else is put in the cupola of the legislative foundry.

On Wednesday Bob Cecil asked Asquith when the Strike Bill would be introduced. The Premier, with the tail of his eye on John Redmond, "hoped" it would be next session. This mild interpretation of "early legislation" caused Lord Robert to ask sarcastically if this was "another obligation of honour." Asquith winced, but sententiously replied that it was an obligation of honour which would be performed in due course.

Mr. Barnes wanted to know if the noble lord was correct in describing the Bill as proposing compulsory legislation. Asquith skilfully parried this by saying that Lloyd George had described the Bill in "much more general terms." Mr. Brace showed the alarm of the Labour members by asking the Government to remember that the trades unions for years had declared by enormous majorities against compulsory arbitration. This is quite true, and the Labour men are bitterly angry with the Government; when they asked them last night to interfere, they meant that the Government should use compulsion to end the strike at once with the masters, not the men. In fact, the leaders have been so much in touch with the Government that they felt sure that in the end they would interfere in their behalf. They never dreamed of general legislation in favour of compulsory arbitration all round being introducd, it was "hoped," next session—what good was this to the men on strike to-day? No wonder when the news filtered down to the East End there were riots and charges of police with drawn batons. The day was devoted to more Navy Estimates, and the Radicals were astonished when that original shaver, Sir J. C. Compton-Rickett, ranged himself on the Imperial side. Sir Compton looks and is the essence of Liberal Yorkshire Nonconformity, but he has won the respect of the whole House by his impartiality as an able Chairman of Committees. His neighbours could not believe their ears when he concluded a weighty speech with the remark "that our social requirements were as nothing compared with our predominance on the sea, and, if that was challenged, we must accept the challenge." It was like the voice of one of Cromwell's Ironsides speaking across the centuries. Thirty-two Little Englanders supported the amendment to reduce the vote of £22,000,000 by £100, and were defeated by 249.

In the House of Lords Haldane threw over Mr. Outhwaite and his Single Tax.

If rumour and the evening papers are correct, Lloyd George is having a pretty rough time of it in the Cabinet. The *Daily News* had a naïve interview with Elibank on the subject, and that bland cherub felt it necessary to declare that Mr. Lloyd George was on intimate personal terms of friendship with the Premier.

On Thursday the debate on the defence of the Empire was continued. The speeches were on a high plane. Mr. Borden from Canada and Mr. Reitz from South Africa were again attentive listeners in the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery. Mr. Asquith told us something of the work of the Imperial Defence Committee which Mr. Balfour, with far-seeing statesmanship and in view of the days that are impending, had founded some ten years ago. It consists of men of all parties, and it gladdened my heart to-night to see unmistakable signs of the fact that, in the event of trouble, party disputes would vanish into thin air and the House and country rally as one man round the Premier.

Bonar Law made a splendid speech. He is still an untried man in several subjects of debate, but on each necessity he has risen to the occasion in a way that has surprised and delighted his followers. He refrained from saying, "We told you so," or indulging in vain regrets, beyond remarking that, if in the past there had been the "cool and methodical development" Winston now preached, the rivalry between ourselves and Germany might have been postponed. The Little Englanders, led by Ponsonby, bleated feebly against the increased expenditure, but the House was in no mood for talk of this kind, and they were again beaten by nearly 300 votes.

A close observer will admit that the present Government have had splendid luck all through. I have never belittled their cleverness and courage, but it is impossible not to see how time after time they have had all the luck as well, and it was again exemplified on Friday morning.

If Lloyd George had spoken for sixty seconds longer than he did, when he moved that the Supplementary Estimates for the new services should be taken on Monday, the Government would have been beaten, for, when the door of the Lobby was locked, it shut out eight Unionists, and three Radicals who were breathlessly tearing up the staircase. This would have given us a majority of two. The Government would not, of course, have gone out, but it would have shaken them horribly. Every Unionist paper throughout the country would have simply had on its placard, "Defeat of the Govern-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ment," and the man in the street would have got it into his head that the end was near. He cannot understand a Government with a huge majority being actually defeated in the division lobby.

There was much recrimination. The Radicals said it was sharp practice, and the Tories said everything had been open and above-board—there was no secret snap at all. The Radical Whips used scorpions in lashing their unhappy followers who strolled down "in time for lunch, don't you know," whilst our own late birds could have cried with vexation. And here, as the session draws to a close, I should like to pay a tribute to our Whips. People used to talk about "Bob Acres" (now Lord Chilston) as the best Whip of the century, but I doubt if he comes up to Lord Balcarres. "Bal." has all the qualities which go to make up a successful Whip—he is as genial and charming as Walrond (who was as lazy as a Circassian girl), while he has all Alec Hood's resource, without his cavalry sergeant-major's manner. He is never in a hurry, and he suffers bores and fools patiently, even taking notes of their suggestions, which sends them away content. Ned Talbot is always kind and affable, and far more successful than his easy-going predecessor in getting speakers. Pike Pease is an excellent lieutenant, contriving with rare abrogation to give other people the credit of the things he thinks of himself. He is probably the most popular man on our side. The rest are young men, all keen on their jobs, and the result has been such whipping as we have not seen for years and years.

I do not quite know what is the matter with that journalistic bear leader, H. W. Massingham. Last week he attacked Lloyd George, and on Monday he ran amok in the *Daily News* about Winston and his ways, and compared him to a startled steed. At the end of the article he pleaded for a new Radical peace-at-any-price party, with the pale-faced Ponsonby as leader. He is evidently very angry with the whole Cabinet.

At half-past three a red-haired, stalwart, thick-set-looking man arrived in the cloisters with his father. It was Ernest Craig, the victor of Crewe, come to take his seat, but not quite knowing how to do it. It was late, but he was rushed upstairs, and after due formalities was marched up the floor by Balcarres and Stewart, amid the deafening cheers of the Tories. Bob Cecil tried to tie the Government down as to when it was intended to bring in legislation about strikes, but luck has again favoured them. The strike is at an end, the holidays are just beginning, so that it can go over for the present. The "near future" of Lloyd George was now translated by John Redmond through the patent McKenna megaphone into May, next year.

We dealt with various supplementary estimates all the afternoon: George Kemp has at last been allowed to resign N.W. Manchester, and the supplementary vote for Uganda was absolutely necessary. Tim Healy is a great stickler for Parliamentary forms. He knows far more about the Standing Orders than ninety-nine men in a hundred, and in days gone by was a terror to Speakers. Nobody knew what he would be up to next, and then prove he was in order by the book. (I think it was he who once spoke from the Gallery.) Well, Tim was very much exercised over his favourite Uganda—a supplementary estimate ought to bear some relation to the size of the original estimate. To estimate a thing was going to cost £70,000, and then want half a million because you had made a little mistake was rubbish, and it was adding insult to injury to refuse information or to give details as to how it was going to be spent. He declared the legislation was bastard, wasteful, and illegal.

This was all very well for a purist like Tim, but when you have just lost Crewe, and want to save Manchester if you can, you can't expect a Government to allow trifles of that kind to stand in the way; so Uganda had her half-million.

Later on we discussed why another £42,000 was wanted for the Insurance Commission, and Masterman got his lank hair pulled in all directions, till he was quite cross and had a smart set-to with Worthington Evans, who went bald-headed for the inaccurate leaflets of the Government. Masterman tried to counter by complaining of a poster at Crewe, but unfortunately failed to quote the wording accurately, and nobody had the original to refer to.

At ten the guillotine fell, and the House filled up; all those guilty people who know that they have been absent from divisions came down to adjust averages. In an hour and a half we marched through the lobbies continuously, and voted without discussion sums amounting to sixty-eight millions sterling.

At the close of the night Bob Cecil raised a question of privilege. I was out of the Chamber at the moment, but rather fancy it had something to do with making payments without the leave of the House. It was evidently a point of some moment. "Where's Asquith?" somebody called out—he had apparently gone home. "Send for Ponsonby!" implored some wag on our side, but the new leader was also absent, so Cecil agreed to adjourn it.

On Tuesday our great Indian Empire's affairs were once more to the fore, but the interest chiefly lay in the questions and answers that went before.

The Opposition obtained a definite pledge from the Prime Minister that the new proposals with regard to land would not include a single tax. That does not mean, although it sounds so, that the land will not have a single tax on it, but that the particular doctrine preached with so much success by Hemmerde and Outhwaite in recent elections of a "single tax" had no foundation in fact; but, like the Chinese slavery lie, it has served its purpose and can go into limbo.

Birrell is throwing himself heart and soul into protecting workmen at Harland and Wolff's yard in Belfast, who are being molested by their fellow-workmen. Police and soldiers are being hurried to the scene, and members wanted to know why this was not done in the case of the Port of London riots. Why this difference of treatment by the Government officials between Belfast and London? The Chief Secretary does not

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

know anything about London, declared the Speaker, with a face like granite, so we could not question him further.

Having regard to Asquith's well-known declaration in 1901 that no Liberal Government ought to remain in power at the mercy of the Irish vote, and having regard to the majority of three on Friday last, it was asked, did he intend to adhere to his view and resign? The Premier read the following reply:—

> The Government do not propose to resign office in view of the division referred to. The speech from which the hon. member quotes was made by me eleven years ago, and should be read as a whole. I think that the advice which it gave as to the conditions under which the Liberal Party should thereafter assume office was sound. I went fully into its application to existing circumstances in some observations which I made on the motion for the adjournment of the House on Wednesday, June 19.

Mr. Montagu then gave an optimistic address on the condition of India. It was very well put together; he spoke of the attempts of the India Office to make the lives of Indian students less lonely, and pleaded that Englishwomen might be more hospitable in letting the youths see something more of English home life. Some of us, however, have had experience of hospitality abused, whilst Ramsay MacDonald, with remembrances of the "Broken Road," doubted if Western education was good for the natives of India. However, he has been put on a Commission to consider and report on the public services in India, and there he ought to be very useful.

Mr. Mallet, a Radical politician who was badly beaten at Portsmouth, has been put into the position of superintending the Indian students at £1,000 a year. The appointment was much criticised: Unionists were inquisitive. What was his pension, if any? Had he passed any, and if so, what public examination? Did he understand any, and, if so, which, of the many Indian languages? But we obtained very little information from Mr. Montagu.

Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Reviews* (Trichinopoly) for June are as independent as usual. Indians never fail in critical capacity. The proceedings of the Mysore Economic Conference show how advanced the State is, but the editor, disagreeing with the Education Committee, does not advocate the founding of a University there. He quotes at length Lord Brassey's book on fiscal policy and Lord Inchcape's support of Free Trade for India, whereas all Indians are Protectionists. In the cause of temperance in India he advocates the extension of local option, a policy which has been officially condemned as inappropriate to India. The writer of the many papers on English life through Indian eyes has reached women in politics, and stageland. The articles on Hyderabad, the premier native State, its history and present aspects, afford materials for a standard account thereof. The editor strongly contests the conclusion, elsewhere advanced, that the Eurasian community hold the balance of the political situation in India, and that the continuation of British rule rests on their sweet will. It certainly would be news to the domiciled community themselves that they held the key to the political situation in the country. "A Citizen of the World," writing on Mahomedan Powers and Indian Moslems, challenges the main Moslem propaganda, the bond of religion. He points out that "the stress and struggle is economical and political all the world over, and religion has almost ceased to be a motive power in governing the mutual relations of nations."

The *Collegian* (Calcutta) for June has an interesting announcement of a contemplated college at Bombay for girls, to be taught by the Jesuit fathers. A committee to frame a scheme for a University at Dacca has been appointed. Free education is making a beginning in a small way. The new University projects hang fire for realisation of the promised subscriptions. Articles of Elizabethan prose and Indian history are useful contributions for students. The report of the Calcutta Imperial Library shows difficulties in its working. The experiment of having an Indian as librarian was a fatal measure. On his death he was found to have "borrowed" between 200 and 300 books, many of which must be regarded as lost.

The London-printed *Rajput Herald* for June has a character sketch of the Gaekwar of Baroda, remarkable for its plain speaking. "He is, judging by his net accomplishments, an average Indian ruler, possessed of qualities of commonplace statesmanship, but at the same time imbued with American ideals, especially in his hunting after publicity." An Indian critic on "What's Wrong with England?" supplies the answer that there is rampant in England's social life the utmost corruption which, if unchecked, must in due course evolve into dire catastrophe. "Political Science Among the Ancient Hindus" is an interesting historical study, but the "Real Cause of India's Downfall" has more practical bearing on the present: the cause assigned is security, leading to luxury, inaction, physical unfitness, degeneracy. "British Rule in India" is generally commended, as being without a parallel in the world's history, but not without a grumble at the insufficiency of the latest changes. The editorial notes on the Indian princes in London and on current Indian questions are well written, though the Indian view has always to be discounted.

The *Hindustan Review* for May-June has an encouraging paper on the development of the silk industry in Kashmir, which has made great progress. Irrigation in South India is a technical subject of great importance, but it is too dull for such a journal. "The English in the Court of the King of Ceylon" in the eighteenth century is an obscure chapter of Oriental history. A notice of some Indian reformers is a text for harping on Indian nationalism, which is an ideal not

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

likely to be attained in our time. The miscellaneous reviews and notices in this journal are always useful, and it does a service in reproducing the full text of the presidential address at the United Provinces Conference at Cawnpore on "Some Imperial and Provincial Problems." Such an address concentrates advanced opinions on the prominent questions of the day.

Grammar for Futurists*

THE Futurist is certainly an amusing fellow, and, if at times his words and his tones make him rather compromising company, we may console ourselves with the thought that the metropolis of letters is a big place, and that it is odds against our being seen by any of our acquaintances. We have seen some of his pictures, we have read some of his poems, "La Bataille de Tripoli," a whole sheaf of his manifestos, and "Le Futurisme (cinquième édition)." It is this "cinquième édition" that supplies us with an excuse for writing about Futurism at all. The movement may not have deep roots, but it has a rapid and luxuriant growth, and we have no doubt that, beside the large number of Italians who sympathise with its sane, primary grievance, there exists a handful of persons who take the wilder words of its prophets as spoken in good faith. That they are not so spoken may be proved on the excellent evidence of Signor Marinetti himself. Confronted with an ironical representative of *Le Temps*, he has confessed that "le reste," that is everything but certain elementary, almost incontrovertible, principles, "n'est qu'arguments, et clairon, et coups de poing."

Readers of THE ACADEMY have heard of Futurism more than once, and have no need to be instructed in its principles. It is possible that they are not acquainted with all the ramifications of the movement—Futurist poetry, Futurist drama, Futurist music, and Futurist war-correspondence. A Futurist war is actually going on, and should not be the last of its kind; we have not yet heard of Futurist cooking.

Futurist grammar and syntax we have met with in their embryonic stage; we did not know that they would so soon be codified. Signor Marinetti has just launched the most fascinating of all his manifestos. "Ce fut en aéroplane" (as a passenger) that he first got the idea. Examples of how to write easily occurred to him from his own works. And here are some of the results of his cogitations, some excerpts from the "body of rules" that are to constitute the new art of literature:—

> Il faut détruire le syntaxe en disposant les substantifs au hasard de leur naissance.
> Il faut employer la verbe à l'infini.
> Il faut abolir l'adjectif.
> Il faut abolir l'adverbe.
> Plus de ponctuation—

mathematical and musical signs will give us all we want.

> Il faut orchestrer les images en les disposant suivant un maximum de désordre.

The result may be obscure. We may have to "renoncer à être compris." *Tant pis!* "Etre compris n'est pas nécessaire." So long as we chant for our own delectation the song of Matter, all will be well. "Après le vers libre, voici enfin les mots en liberté;" *et les lettres? et les points sur les i?* There is no end to the process, save, perhaps, Signor Marinetti's coming-of-age, or, at any rate, his fortieth birthday, when he has given leave to a new generation of Futurists to trample on his carcase. But in the meantime some over-literal supporter will have blown up the Pitti or the Forum.

Art

Whistler and Legros at the Tate Gallery

LAST week I spoke of the horrors of the London Salon. With the object of effacing the memory of the same from my mind, were it possible, I paid another visit to the loan collections at the Tate Gallery, which will remain on view until September in the case of Legros, and October in the case of Whistler. The two painters are as sharply contrasted as is possible. In Legros is wanting that inimitable airy grace which is indelibly stamped upon the works of Whistler. There is nothing light or fantastic about Legros: his was the grand style of painting: he painted what he saw, and painted it with consummate skill. Compare his portrait of Thomas Carlyle with that of Whistler. They both presented the man as he was, but Whistler gave us something in addition, namely, the concentrated, unsatisfied yearning of a lifetime.

Compare again Legros' "Le Grand Canal à Venise" with Whistler's pastels of Venice. No finer illustration could be found of the truth that you can paint every stone and every ripple, and yet fail to catch the spirit of the whole. When you look at Whistler's tiny pastel of Santa Maria della Salute from a distance, you suppose that upon a closer scrutiny you will find the most elaborate workmanship. No such thing: nothing beyond supremely skilful disposition of colour-masses. When I stand before such works as the nocturnes, my favourite amongst which is "The River at Westminster," or the portrait of Miss Cicely Henrietta Alexander, I am filled with sorrow at the thought that the author and creator of such beauty should have been all that Mr. Macfall recently told us in THE ACADEMY that he was. And the pity of it that he whose soul thirsted

* *Manifeste Technique de la Littérature Futuriste.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

for beauty could ever have painted the appalling "Symphonies in White."

There is a curious little connecting link between these two loan collections in the fact that Whistler's much discussed "Piano Picture" was exhibited, after its rejection at the Salon of 1859, by Bonvin in company with Legros' portrait of his father. At that time the latter had not attained to the supreme mastery of portraiture which distinguishes his later works. Amongst the latter the finest examples now upon view are the ecclesiastical pictures—"Rehearsing the Service"; the portrait of Sir Edward Burne-Jones, with its visionary eyes and broad, contemplative forehead; the "Priest Saying Mass"; "St. Clement of Alexandria" (the same face appears in the largest of the canvases, "The Pilgrimage"); and the portrait of the Right Hon. C. G. Milnes Gaskell. The greatest of all Legros' themes is the rapt devotion of simple souls, and his grandest rendering of it is to be found in the large picture which I have just mentioned, "The Pilgrimage." In this and its sister picture, "Femmes en Prière," though the two were separated by seventeen years, one forgives the somewhat uncouth grouping and the lack of depth because of these wonderful faces. Both in subject and in rendering, "Le Repas des Pauvres" is completely Rembrandtesque.

In "The Barricade," an otherwise uninteresting composition, the face of the boy holding a pistol shows a marvellous rendering of expectant earnestness. There is in practically all the interiors and figure-groups a certain studied stiffness or formality of arrangement, most pronounced in the earliest works, which Legros scarcely ever succeeded in shaking off. He succeeded in the case of the "Fishmarket," at all events, save in the background. In the same picture he demonstrated an ability to portray still life far higher than one would have attributed to him. As I have said, he never seems to have caught the breath of the fields, the spirit of the open air. The more striking, therefore, is the anomaly presented by the masterly oil-sketch painted before the pupils of the Slade School of Art on Hampstead Heath in 1876, redolent as it is of breezy uplands.

One should not miss seeing a curious and interesting fragment called "L'Incendie." I am not greatly drawn to Legros' efforts in sculpture, though some of the bronze medallions are good; but amongst the collection of etchings, lithographs, and engravings which lines the walls of the Sculpture Gallery are many treasures. They are, principally, the gold points of Berlioz and Darwin and the dry point called "Le Cours de Phrénologie," an excessively rare plate, containing, also, a beautiful portrait of the artist's father; and an engraving in an early state called "La Mort du Vagabond." There is one painting which I have forgotten to mention, "The Leaf Burner." The date I do not know, but it is fraught with all that subtle appreciation of humble toil which belongs in so high a degree to Alphonse Legros.

R. E. N.

Notes and News

Messrs. Chatto and Windus are publishing a new edition of the popular "Bridge Catechism" by Robert Hammond. Arranged in the form of questions and answers, the new edition includes particulars of the Portland Club code, as well as the latest practices of the leading bridge clubs.

Arrangements are being made by the newly founded Blake Society for the compilation and publication in numbers of a bibliography of William Blake, a Blake concordance, and other works, which are to be issued gratis to members. The precise mode of procedure will be settled at the meeting of the society at Wyldes, North End, Hampstead, on August 12. The secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, Olney, Bucks.

In an article appearing in last week's issue of the *Stage*, Mr. Oswald Stoll says that it is estimated that in London alone nearly a million admissions are paid to picture theatres every Sunday. Mr. Stoll argues that the question of Sunday opening has reached such dimensions that a solution of it should no longer be delayed. He takes the position that, in fairness to other competitive forms of amusement, picture houses should not have this exceptional treatment, and should be closed on Sundays, or theatres and music-halls should be allowed to open in common with them.

The full prospectus of the eighteenth season of promenade concerts at Queen's Hall, under the conductorship of Sir Henry J. Wood, contains upwards of 500 separate items. Of these 300 are purely orchestral numbers (many of them quite new), 60 instrumental, and 120 vocal. The general scheme is framed upon the same lines as in recent years, viz.:—Mondays, Wagner; Wednesdays, symphony; Fridays, Beethoven; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, popular. Dr. George Henschel has kindly consented to conduct the orchestra on September 30, October 1, 2, 3, and 4, during Sir Henry J. Wood's absence at the Birmingham Festival.

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. announce for immediate publication a new work by Virgil M. Harris, entitled "Ancient Curious and Famous Wills." The author is a lecturer at St. Louis University. His book deals with about 500 wills obtained from various parts of the world, beginning with the earliest times and coming down to the present day. These wills range from Plato, Aristotle, Virgil, and Augustus Cæsar, to Mary Stuart, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Wellington, Washington, Whittier, Longfellow, Barnum, and Brigham Young. The book contains many anecdotes, and is most entertaining. The same firm announce "The Romance of Sandro Botticelli," by A. J. Anderson.

Beginning on August 3, a full programme of events has been arranged at Stratford-upon-Avon in honour of Shakespeare and to further the revival of folk song and folk dance. The festival will continue till the end of the month. There will be representations of Shakespeare's plays by the F. R. Benson Company, and in the theatre garden demonstrations of morris and sword dances and folk songs. Classes will be held daily, where competent instructors will teach the steps and movements of the various dances, and the words and music

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of folk songs. The detailed programme may be had on application to Miss Rainbow, the Box Office, Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Gustaf Janson, who has been described as the Kipling of Sweden, has achieved a remarkable increase of vogue with his latest book "Lognerna" (*i.e.*, "Lies"), which has been welcomed on the Continent not only by literary critics, but also by the leaders of the movement for international arbitration. It deals with the Turco-Italian War in Tripoli, and consists of seven stories, independent but closely related by their incidents and characters, by means of which Herr Janson shows the essential inhumanity of war as it appears to the officer, the conscript, and the Arab peasant. Under the title "Pride of War" an English translation will be published immediately by Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson.

A musical gathering of great interest to musicians is being organised jointly by the Musical League and the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and will be held in Birmingham during the conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians from December 30, 1912, to January 4, 1913. It is intended to give three concerts, one of orchestral works, one of choral works, and one or two of chamber music, and in the choice of works preference will be given to those of British composers which have not hitherto been performed. Members of both societies are invited to send in works to the Secretary of the Joint Committee, c/o the Incorporated Society of Musicians, 19, Berners Street, London, W., from whom all particulars can be obtained.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE DAWN OF THE MEIJI ERA—SOME REFLECTIONS.

AT a time when the glorious features of the reign that has just been brought to so sad a close are receiving the treatment they merit in the columns of the Press, it may perhaps be of interest to recall some of the incidents that marked the early days of the restoration of the monarchy; for, from such a retrospect, the achievements of Japan during the brief period of her national transition can only appear the more remarkable. One of the first instances which went to show that the leaders of the new movement were in earnest in their desire to establish an era of genuine reform was the presentation, in 1868, of a memorial to the Government, signed by the ex-Princes of Echizen and Tosa and the Princes of Satsuma, Choshu, Geishiu, and Higo. In this quaintly worded document it was admitted that a mistake had been made in the past in closing the country to foreign intercourse, and in the following terms a new policy was advocated:—

> Let the foolish argument which has hitherto styled foreigners dogs and goats and barbarians, be abandoned. Let the Court ceremonies hitherto initiated from the Chinese be reformed, and the foreigners' representatives be invited to Court in the manner prescribed by the rules current among all nations, and let this be publicly notified throughout the country, so that the countless people may be taught what is the light in which they are to regard this subject.

In the same year an invitation was extended to the Diplomatic Corps to proceed to the Court at Kyoto. This was regarded as one of the most momentous events in the early days of the Restoration, for it was the first occasion on which foreigners had been permitted to approach the sacred presence of the Emperor. Unfortunately the visit was marred by the committal of an outrage which, in point of audacity, had never been equalled in the long series of savage attacks upon foreigners that had taken place since the opening of the country. The British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, left his residence at the appointed hour on March 23, 1868. His escort consisted of eleven ex-constables of the London Police, under Inspector Peacock (who, until his recent death, remained a well-known figure at the British Embassy at Tokyo), and forty-eight men of the 9th Foot. As the escort turned the corner, two Japanese suddenly attacked them, and, slashing right and left with their long swords, succeeded in wounding nine out of the eleven police, one soldier, a Japanese groom, and five horses. A Japanese official of the Foreign Department, named Goto Shojiro, and an officer named Nakai Kozo, attacked one of the assailants, and after a severe fight, in the course of which the officer was wounded, cut him down and beheaded him. The other assailant was wounded by the escort and taken prisoner. The Court nobles subsequently presented apologies to the British Minister, and the surviving assassin had the unenviable distinction of being the first Samurai to be degraded previous to being executed as a common criminal. He was deprived of his sword, his name was erased from the list of warriors, and his head was exposed for three days. Three men who were implicated in the outrage were banished for life. The British Government, in recognition of the gallant defence made by the Japanese officers accompanying the procession, presented each of them with a sword of honour. Five days after the outrage upon Sir Harry Parkes the Emperor issued a decree, in the course of which the following striking passage occurred:—

> All persons in future guilty of murdering foreigners, or of committing any acts of violence towards them, will be not only acting in opposition to his Majesty's express orders, and be the cause of national misfortune, but will also be committing the heinous offence of causing the national dignity and good faith to suffer in the eyes of the Treaty Powers with whom his Majesty has declared himself bound by relations of amity. Such offenders shall be punished in proportion to the gravity of the offence, their names, if they be Samurai, being erased from the roll.

Apart, however, from the feeling of antagonism displayed towards foreigners—a feeling which, as has been shown, was not shared by the central administration—the country was not without its domestic tribulations. On the night of October 4, 1868, the citizens of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

capital were alarmed by the news that the fleet of the ex-Shogun, which had been lying at anchor in the bay, had suddenly set sail. The fleet consisted of eight warships and steam transports, including the yacht presented by Queen Victoria to the Shogun, and a large paddle-steamer, with a total personnel of 3,000 men. The commander of this strange expedition was Enomoto Kamajiro, a naval captain who had studied navigation in Holland for five years. Several French officers, acting entirely on their own responsibility, joined the adventure. After recruiting men on the coast of Sendai, the fleet proceeded to Yezo (Hokkaido), where an army was landed. The Government officials at Hakodate fled precipitately, and the town was left unprotected. Enomoto was explicit in proclaiming that he intended no disloyalty towards the Throne, but that he merely wished to colonise Hokkaido. He proceeded to draw up a scheme for the establishment of a truly Gilbertian Republic. He was to become Governor-General, and was to be the supreme authority acting on behalf of the Emperor in the new colony.

Not until four months after Enomoto and his gallants had landed in Hokkaido was the Imperial Government able to organise a punitive expedition. Meanwhile the Republic had not proved a conspicuous success. The problem of food supplies presented great difficulties, and the task of maintaining law and order among so motley a band did not improve as conditions became worse. When the Imperial forces arrived, the rebels had little heart for fighting, and in a series of miniature engagements were defeated both on land and sea. They were treated with exceptional consideration, and many little courtesies were exchanged between the conquerors and the conquered. It is recorded that, when Enomoto realised that further resistance was futile, he sent the commander of the Imperial army a present of two volumes consisting of "The Complete Digest of the Maritime Laws of Nations," a work which had formed one of his principal studies when in Holland. The French officers surrendered to a warship belonging to their country, and were sent as prisoners to Saigon. The Emperor showed characteristic leniency in his treatment of the rebel leaders, who were merely sentenced to terms of imprisonment and afterwards pardoned. Enomoto lived to become a viscount and a vice-admiral, and on several occasions held Cabinet rank.

MOTORING

THE Royal Automobile Club again desires to draw the attention of motorists in Kent to the advisability of driving with consideration for the rights of other users of the road. It appears that the Club has received a number of complaints recently on the subject, and it warns the offending motorists that the inevitable result of a continuance of their practices will be the imposition of irksome restrictions by the authorities. There is a hint, moreover, of possible prosecutions by the Club itself, as the numbers of the offending cars are taken and transmitted to headquarters.

There were fourteen entrants for the second annual Standard Car Race, but several of these were rejected at the last moment for non-compliance with the regulations drawn up by the R.A.C., and one or two others, including the "Sunbeam," withdrew for one reason or another, so that there were only eight actual starters in the competition. These consisted of three Singers, a Vinot, a Gladiator, a Turcat-Mery, a Crespelle, and an S.C.A.R. One of the rejected entrants was the Star which was the winner of last year's event. On this occasion it was held not to conform to the more stringent conditions, which are that every competitor must be identical, so far as engine and chassis are concerned, with the standard selling models, except in size of petrol tank, rake of steering column, and adjustment of carburetter. It is this stipulation which renders the Standard Car Race of special value to prospective buyers and the most useful competition held under the auspices of the R.A.C. This year the event has again proved a triumph for Great Britain, one of the Singer team, driven by Mr. Haywood, securing first place after a tremendous struggle with the Gladiator, which was beaten by a fraction of a second. The whole distance of 277 miles was covered by the Singer and the Gladiator at an average speed of 57½ miles per hour. It is only right to mention that the Gladiator had considerably the smallest engine of any of the cars which competed in the race, with the single exception of the Vinot, the dimensions of which are the same. Every credit, therefore, must be given to the French car for its wonderfully fine performance.

That the use of simple plate glass for the windscreens of motor cars is attended with a certain element of danger is indisputable, many serious accidents having happened to the occupants of cars through the breakages of glass by collisions, etc. But although the danger is recognized, and although many attempts have been made by inventors to devise a means of eliminating it, no really satisfactory solution of the problem seems to have been found; or, if it has, it is not known to the generality of motorists.

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."
"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.
If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to
S. BOWLEY & SON,
DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT.
"Express" and "Bomo" Brands.
Wellington Works,
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.
Established 1744.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Celluloid by itself is not an efficient substitute for glass, as it soon loses its transparency in use, and, moreover, is dangerously inflammable; mica is not sufficiently transparent for the purpose; and the method of strengthening glass by embedding it in fine wire netting in the process of manufacture does not appear likely to become popular. It adds considerably to the cost of the screen, is not by any means a perfect preventive against accident, and moreover, materially diminishes the transparency of the glass. Interest, therefore, attaches to an entirely new invention, called "triplex safety glass," which has recently been introduced, and which, it is claimed, combines the perfect transparency of ordinary plate glass with impossibility of breakage. The method of construction is as follows:—a sheet of specially selected clear celluloid is placed between two sheets of plate-glass, and the three sheets, after a patent treatment, are hydraulically welded together, the result being, it is stated, an unbreakable sheet as clear as the best plate glass. The celluloid, being hermetically sealed and protected from atmospheric conditions, retains its original transparency, and its toughness prevents the adhering glass from flying off in splinters however severe the shock or blow may be. In theory the "safety glass" sounds very plausible, and if it can be proved in practice to possess the qualities claimed for it another of the risks of motoring will have been removed.

Mr. H. Douglas Kerr, formerly advertising manager of the Continental Tyre Company, has just been appointed assistant manager of the tyre sales department of the North British Rubber Company, Limited, the manufacturers of Clincher tyres. For several years Mr. Kerr, who is well-known throughout the motor industry, has been the responsible head of the publicity department of the North British Company's tyre business, and he will, we understand, continue to act in that capacity in addition to fulfilling the duties attaching to his recent appointment.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange, for lack of anything better, has talked Home Rails all the week, and on Saturday, if one had listened to the irresponsible chatter of the Street, you would have bought all Home Rails in the market and gone home satisfied that you would wake up on Monday morning a millionaire. But Saturday markets are always dangerous. Indeed, a careful gambler who is willing to sacrifice his week-end for the sake of making money, may pick up a very reasonable income by always jobbing against a Saturday market. Very few of the leading firms come to town on Saturdays. The House is only half full, and business is not taken seriously. As a result, anyone who wants to mark up a stock and make it look good, invariably chooses Saturday to effect his purpose. On the other hand, those who wish to buy shares cheap very often bang the market on Saturday. But Monday brings its revenge. Then the conditions of business are normal, and prices adjust themselves accurately to the state of the account. It is always a dangerous thing to follow a Saturday market, and it is usually quite safe to go against it. Therefore, I am suspicious of the enthusiasm displayed by the Stock Exchange in the matter of Home Rails.

The new issues continue to go badly. The Kansas-Oklahoma Oil is a prospectus principally remarkable for the large profit asked for by the promoters. The Anglo-French Mercantile and Finance was not an attractive proposition. The Oilfields of Mexico was an attempt to sell the Furber Oilfields to the British public. Opinion as to the value of these fields is divided, and it is a curious thing that no definite statement of past profits is included in the prospectus. It is a very gambling venture. We have had two important issues during the week. Messrs. Speyer Brothers offering one million 4½ per cent. debentures in the London General Omnibus Company, and one million 5 per cent. cumulative income debenture stock. The first debentures are, of course, an excellent security, but the income debentures are definitely speculative, and are really more in the nature of preference shares. The Omnibus Company is doing a very large business, but if its profits continue to increase, there is very little doubt that a good many people will start competitive omnibuses. Messrs. Speyers have done extremely well out of their omnibus deal, and the way in which they have pulled the Underground Electric out of the mud shows that the firm has not only immense courage and foresight, but also a remarkable capacity for finance.

The Emba Caspian prospectus is now issued. I do not wish to be too critical, because I believe that the land that the company will acquire is some of the best Oil land in Russia, but I think that the price to be paid, namely, one million roubles, is far too high. The Ural Caspian has more land, and its purchase price was only 327,500. The public are asked to subscribe for 1,140,000 shares, but they should understand that if the land is as valuable as is stated, it would be much better to buy Urals, for the Ural Company has been at work for a long time past, possesses a more valuable property, and works out at a cheaper rate per plot. There seems no end to the Canadian real estates companies. The Western Canadian City and Town Lands ask us for £80,000. There is hardly a person in England who has not had a gamble in Canadian land, and up to the present everybody has made money. But in the opinion of good judges who have studied Canada closely, a set-back seems inevitable. Then, only the companies which have moderate capitals and good land will be able to withstand the panic.

MONEY.—If the Government would only release its balances, we might have easy Money for a few weeks. But the American demand will prevent any lengthened period of cheap Money. Crops in the United States are good and will require to be financed. The Canadian crop is also good, and it is said that in Russia and Hungary much better crops than last year will be obtained. All these good crops mean a demand on the Money market. If we got a boom on the Stock Exchange in the autumn we should certainly see the Bank Rate go to 4 per cent.

CONSOLS.—There has been some buying of Consols, but it is declared that the bear account has vanished. It is difficult to know exactly how accounts stand to-day on the Stock Exchange, for most people pawn the stock with banks, and thus appear to be paying cash when they are really carrying over. I think Consols will improve.

FOREIGNERS.—Nothing has been done in the market. Paris continues to support Russians, and the big banks have just made an issue of Russian Railway bonds.

HOME RAILS.—The reports, as they come out, show

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

that the working expenses of all the railways increased enormously during the past six months. The Great Central is in a bad plight, and few people expected that it would pass all Preference share dividend after 1874. I think, however, that the company has turned the corner. It will take some time before it reaps the benefit of its expenditure on the Immingham Docks, but it has a big future in front of it, and those who want a lock-up investment cannot do better than buy the '89 and '91 Preference. Whether they will get a dividend for the current half-year is, perhaps, doubtful, but each year that the company exists its position will grow stronger. North Eastern have made great savings. This is an admirably managed line, and the stock is cheap. Lancashire and Yorkshire should easily recover their position. The tip on the Stock Exchange is Dover A. The House always gambles in Little Chats and Dover A. I only repeat what I am told. I will not take the responsibility of advising a purchase. The Midland figures were not so bad as they appeared. This railway is well managed, and I think that the Preferred ordinary are a thoroughly sound investment. The Deferred look quite high enough. The Brighton figures are bad, and those who hold Brighton A should get out.

YANKEES.—Mr. Pierpont Morgan has returned to New York, and he is said to be bullish. The tone is undoubtedly good, but I do not think that any important rise will take place before the autumn. Everyone is talking about a famous circular issued by the great Berlin house of Bleichroder, in which the big banker warns his clients not to gamble in Yankees. Copper oscillates in an uncertain fashion. Nevertheless, I feel sure that Anaconda will increase its dividend at the next distribution, and that Amalgamated will follow suit. Copper will remain strong during the whole of the present year, for the refineries have the position in their hands. Trade is good, and the supply unequal to the demand.

RUBBER.—The market in raw rubber has not strengthened as I expected. The contracts for the forthcoming year have been made, but no rise has ensued. This is unusual. Nevertheless, I see no chance of any drop in Rubber. There has been a steady investment demand for the leading shares. I see no advantage to the Selangor River shareholders in purchasing the two new estates. The capital of the company is increased, and dividends will be reduced, all for a prospective advantage. Were I a shareholder, I should attend the meeting, and vote against the increase in capital.

OIL.—The Oil market is fairly steady. The dealers have kept prices firm in view of the big Emba Caspian flotation. Mr. Barnett has now arranged to take the Moreni Oilfields into his combine, and this gives him additional working capital. I hope it will prove sufficient, but he has a big area to work, and he will require large sums. Urals appear to me a much cheaper purchase than Embas. The lawsuit with regard to the Emba Caspienne was settled by the payment of 22,500 shares, £6,000 in cash, and all costs. Everybody is now asking when these shares will come upon the market. The Shell people bid 3¼ for them, but the offer was refused. This hardly seems wise.

KAFFIRS AND RHODESIANS.—There is still talk of a rise in Amalgamated Props. I do not think that anything will be done before the autumn, but there is no doubt that this will be the first share to move. All the Rhodesian reports, as they come out, are very bad. Eldorado appears to be in a bad way, and there is no good news of Shamva. It is safe to keep out of all Kaffirs and Rhodesians until the holidays are over. Paris declares that she will have nothing more to do with the Kaffir market.

TIN.—The Tin market looks reasonably hard. It is said that the Bisichi have patched up their pipeline. All sorts of rumours are coming over with regard to the increased outputs, and there is no doubt that Nigeria will turn out a large amount of Tin within the next two months. Amalgamation is to be the order of the day. Nigerian Consolidated intend to amalgamate with Ningghi, and it is said that Anglo-Continental will absorb another company. Nassarawa, one of the most disgraceful companies floated during the boom, is in trouble, and people who have been landed with the shares are now determined to get their money back. I am afraid it is a hopeless business.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The news that Lord St. Davids had gone into Egypt should put heart into holders of Egyptian shares. His group is very powerful, and Abdy's Company will be re-organised. The shares look cheap.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE DOCK STRIKE—FREEDOM THE CLEAR ISSUE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The community are greatly indebted to Lord Devonport and his colleagues for the clear and consistent stand they are making for freedom of labour in the Port of London. When estimating the representative character of Lord Devonport, the 18,000 men at work in the Port must be taken into account, to say nothing of those who have been coerced into striking.

The men on strike are not asked to surrender unconditionally, and one condition, as quoted in Lord Devonport's letter, published yesterday, is such as should be satisfactory to all who believe in freedom. The condition is that "men engaged undertake to work as directed by their employers, and they engage not to require the production of any union or federation ticket from any other man, however employed in the Port of London, whether afloat or ashore." The members of the unions are left free to remain members. Is it asking too much that it be a condition of their returning to work that they shall not interfere with the freedom of the non-unionists to remain outside the unions?

That freedom is the clear issue is manifest from facts recorded in Sir Edward Clarke's report on the origin of the strike, viz. :—James Thomas, in the employ of the Mercantile Lighterage Company, sixty-one years of age and a freeman of the River Thames, refused to join the Amalgamated Society of Watermen, Lightermen, and Watchmen of the River Thames, in spite of all attempts on the part of the society to induce him to do so. On April 30 last, a member of the society refused to work with Thomas; other members followed in this, and on May 16 all the firm's men were called out because of the continued employment of Thomas. This action not having the desired effect, the society on May 19 called out their men in other firms, and on May 21 the Stevedores and the Dockers' Union and the Carmen's Union passed resolutions supporting the strike.

Thus, what the leaders of the strike call recognition of the unions means annihilation of the non-union workers. The Report of the Royal Commission on the Railway Strike last year made an important pronouncement on this point. The Commissioners were unanimous in reporting that "Men have the right to determine their engagement by giving a lawful notice, but with the exercise of their freedom in this respect they should *not,* in our opinion, *be permitted to incite or coerce by threats or any form of intimidation men who desire to give their labour.*"

The Royal Commission on the Trade Union Outrages in Sheffield, in their report in 1869, were most emphatic in their insistence on freedom for all. This report gave to trade unions their charter, and all trade unionists should take to heart the following paragraphs from this report :—

"With regard to the general question of the right of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

workmen to combine together for determining and stipulating with their employer the terms on which only they will consent to work for him, we think that full liberty be left to all other workmen to undertake the work which the parties combining have refused, and no obstruction be placed in the way of the employer resorting elsewhere in the search of a supply of labour; there is no ground of justice or policy for withholding such a right from the workmen. It cannot be doubted that a demand backed by the resolution of a large body of workmen to decline work if the demand be not acceded to comes with more force than that of an isolated workman; and we think that the workmen may reasonably claim to be allowed any advantage which they can derive from such concerted action, in bargaining with their employer from time to time as to the terms on which they will dispose of their labour. . . .

"But upon the same principle and for a precisely similar reason we think that, whilst conceding to such workmen a desire to exercise it an extended right to combine against their employers, especial care should be taken that an equal right be secured to those workmen who desire to keep aloof from the combination, to dispose of their labour with perfect freedom as they severally think fit. The power of working, and consequently the value of a man's labour, varies in different individuals according to their strength, their skill, and their industry. The workmen who think it for their advantage to combine together in the disposal of their labour are no more justified in constraining any other workman, who does not desire such association, to combine with them—to bring his labour into common stock, as it were, with theirs—than an association of capitalists in constraining an individual capitalist to bring his capital into common stock with theirs; and it is the more important that the law should protect the non-unionist workman in his right freely to dispose of his labour as he thinks fit, because, standing alone, he is the less able to protect himself."

If there were only 18 non-union workers employed in the Port of London to-day, instead of more than 18,000, their freedom should be maintained.

"In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old:
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held."

I am, etc.,

MARK H. JUDGE,
Chairman of Committee.

Societies of Free Workers, 7, Pall Mall, S.W.
July, 1912.

ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have read Mr. T. G. Martin's letter in your issue of the 13th inst., and Mr. Immo Allen's and Mr. Turner's comments thereon, with sincere admiration for the patience with which these two gentlemen have replied to his long-winded and somewhat atrabilious dissertation. I had read Mr. Martin's letter with something of the amused interest with which I watched and listened to the impudent drollery of the Münchner Kasperl at the open-air theatre in the Bavarian capital last year. For the quality that extorts both one's merriment and—despite moral qualms—one's admiration in the German Punchinello is the rascal's reckless audacity and the impartial iniquity with which he distributes his blows, and plays his scurvy tricks on friend and foe alike. In one respect, too, he shares the distinction of another noted dramatic author; there is no moral in his tale, unless it be "toujours l'audace."

I cannot help suspecting that Mr. Martin must some time or other have loitered too long at the Marionetten Theatre in Munich, with the result that a whilom blameless character has suffered serious moral deterioration, while a saturnine humour has developed Mephistophelian qualities, albeit its lambent flames play about their subject harmlessly enough. For what is the upshot of the two columns which your correspondent has induced you, in a moment of surely thoughtless generosity, to grant him? A nasty blow for Mr. Allen, a would-be ally; a back-hander for "T. McL."—as far as three initials are vulnerable; a swipe for Lord Courtney of Penwith, and a wild lunge at poor Mr. Turner. But these exercises are merely hors-d'œuvres. Having got his hand in, our hero swings his flail round and round and runs amok among the nation at large, till one sees whole swathes laid low, pacifists and Jingoes, Norman Angells and English devils alike.

Surely, after all this pother we might expect to be treated to some inkling of the true and only gospel according to Mr. T. G. Martin. If everybody else is wrong we might at least hope for guidance by Sir Oracle after making our submission with becoming humility. But beyond dark hints—"I might, an I would, a tale unfold"—and a vague suggestion that war is not inevitable and might be averted by concessions which we could "afford to make," there is no light or leading for anxious inquirers. To add to the confusion we are told that "we are not likely to get on to the right track until we realise . . . . (2) that in order to avoid war it is necessary not only to get on to the right track and stick to it ourselves, but to see that other people who have it in their power to drag us into war follow our example"! As I am not one of those who hold peace or war in the hollow of their hand, I am only concerned to "get on to the right track" in order to avoid war; and I am all the more anxious for guidance as I am assured that a realisation of the necessity of getting on to the right track is the only way to get on to it.

It is all breathlessly bewildering. But in order to clear the ground I will conclude by asking Mr. Martin to answer a plain question. What are the concessions on our part which fulfil the dual condition, suggested by him, of having the power to avert war and at the same time being such as we can "afford to make" while "safeguarding our own interests"? I am Sir, yours faithfully,

GEORGE F. SHEE.

Streatham Hill, S.W.

POETRY AND THE PUBLIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As a nation we certainly are not such sentimental lovers of poetry as they were in the Elizabethan age, "when even the pastrycooks were expert mythologists, and when at dinner select transformations of Ovid's metamorphoses were exhibited in confectionery, and the splendid icing of an immense historic plumcake was embossed with a delicious basso-relievo of the destruction of Troy." But although we do not nowadays make use of poetical extracts as they did in the time of Elizabeth, and although the present generation is dead to the harmony and thrilling vibrations of our best and noblest poems, there are, notwithstanding, more readers of poetry in this age than ever was known before. The reason why the better kind of poetry is not appreciated as it deserves to be, or why so many individuals who give themselves to the reading thereof do not feel the thrills of delight which vibrate through the soul of a true lover of poetry, is, I believe, chiefly due to the neglect of our present system of education in cultivating the feelings and emotions—in leaving them so entirely to the sway of the carnal propensities that the heart and the affections become defiled and corrupted at the root. The feelings and emotions of the present age are not dead. Of a truth, they are stronger than ever. But they have become so perverted and misdirected through too great a love of self, and so debased through love of worldly things, that good and noble thoughts have lost their

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

power to thrill and draw man's soul into higher and happier states. It is said that during the Civil War and the Protectorate poetry and the drama were buried under the strife and anxiety of contending factions. And maybe another reason why good poetry does not appeal in these times more directly and extensively to the higher feelings and emotions in man is on account of the strife and contentions existing among all classes and conditions of mankind. Nevertheless, as all good poetry has something divine in it, it can never die. It may be neglected, but it is continually sowing the good seed; and the progress and happiness of all nations is, and has always been, greatly dependent upon the influence and the power the writings of the Muses exert over the feelings and emotions of mankind.—Yours faithfully,

J. R. MORETON.

"Lynton," Brockley Rise, S.E.

QUESTIONABLE POLICY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In his article "Playing with Fire," Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett states that there are only two ways of facing the situation which he is discussing, namely :—

(1) To let Germany know that our patience is exhausted, and that we would just as soon fight now as later; or

(2) To build an unassailably predominant fleet by means of a Naval Loan.

I venture to suggest, however, that there is another and a wiser course open to us, namely :—

(3) To recognise Germany's absolute right to territorial expansion, and to assure her of our full sympathy and co-operation in her efforts to obtain a temperate colony into which her population may overflow.

I have always maintained, and I shall continue to maintain, that the attitude of ourselves and of the United States to Germany is selfish and ungenerous in the extreme. We British are obviously terror-struck at Germany's growing strength and are resolved to go to any lengths (short of actual fighting) to keep her within her present boundaries; and the United States have a similar feeling with regard to Japan. Let us, therefore, join together to keep the Teuton and the New Oriental in their respective places, while we, the Anglo-Saxon race, the crown of age-long civilisation, control the destinies of the world!

This is the broadly ethical view of the situation; but if we look at the matter from a merely practical standpoint, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett's "two ways" suggest two corresponding doubts :—

(1) If we were to fight now, would we necessarily be successful against Germany?

(2) If we build a predominant fleet at vast expense, is it not possible that some development in aerial navigation will render all these costly ships quite ineffective as a protection to our shores?

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

London Institution. IMMO S. ALLEN.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Dictionary of Quotations. (*Enclyclopædic Library.*) By Colonel P. H. Dalbiac. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)

The Good-Natured Man. She Stoops to Conquer. By Oliver Goldsmith. (Blackie and Son. 6d. each.)

The Doctor and His Work, with a Hint of His Destiny and Ideals. By Charles J. Whitby, M.D. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The National Insurance Act Explained. By O. H. Cooke, M.A. With a Preface by J. H. Whitehouse, M.P. Third Edition, Revised. (Murray and Evenden. 3d. net.)

A Comparative Study of the Law of Corporations, with Particular Reference to the Protection of Creditors and Shareholders. By Arthur K. Kuhn, Ph.D., LL.B. (P. S. King and Son. 6s.)

The Negro at Work in New York City: A Study in Economic Progress. By George Edmund Haynes, Ph.D. (P. S. King and Son. 5s.)

The Spirit of Chinese Philanthropy: A Study in Mutual Aid. By Yu-Yue Tsu, Ph.D. (P. S. King and Son. 4s.)

Provincial and Local Taxation in Canada. By Solomon Vineberg, Ph. D. (P. S. King and Son. 6s.)

The Shifting of Literary Values. By Albert Mordell. ("The International," Philadelphia.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

British Radicalism, 1791-1797. By Walter Phelps Hall. (P. S. King and Son. 8s.)

Dans l'Atlantique: Sainte-Hélène aux XVIIe et XVIIIe Siècles, etc. By Henri Dehérain. With Maps. (Hachette and Co. 3 fr. 50 c.)

Luke Shepherd: Ein Satirendichter der Englischen Reformationszeit. By Dr. Friedrich Germann. (Theodor Lampart, Augsburg. 2 marks 50.)

The Romance of Sandro Botticelli, Woven from His Paintings. By A. J. Anderson. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Adelaide Anne Procter: Ihr Leben und Ihre Werke. By Ferdinand Janku. (Wilhelm Braumüller, Vienna and Leipzig. 2 marks.)

Arthur Hugh Clough. By Paula Lutonsky. (Wilhelm Braumüller. 2 marks.)

L'Histoire des Arabes. By C. Huart. Tome I. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. The 2 vols, 20 fr.)

FICTION.

The Web of the Golden Spider. By F. O. Bartlett. Illustrated by Edmund Blomfield and Charles M. Relyea. (Frank Palmer. 6s.)

The Storm Dog: A Romance of Cornwall. By Lilian Arnold. (John Long. 6s.)

Basil Verely: A Study in Charterhouse Life. By Archibald K. Ingram. Illustrated by F. E. Hiley and H. L. Bacon. (G. Allen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mightier than the Sword. By Alphonse Courlander. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Marooned in the South Seas: A Tale of Adventure for Boys and Others. By F. L. Langdale. Illustrated by Mowbray Percy. (Murray and Evenden. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Confession of a Fool. By August Strindberg. Translated by Ellie Schleussner. (Stephen Swift and Co.)

The Reformer's Wife. By A. Jeans. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

Dr. Brown's Partner. By Ianthe Cavendish. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)

Pan's Garden: A Volume of Nature Stories. By Algernon Blackwood. Illustrated by W. Graham Robertson. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

From the Angle of Seventeen. By Eden Phillpotts. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)

Paul Burdon. By Sir Wm. Magnay, Bt. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

A Member of Tatts. By Nat Gould. (John Long. 1s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

The Economic Review; Cornhill Magazine; Everyone's Story Magazine; Blackwood's Magazine; Windsor Magazine; Bookseller; London University Gazette; Fortnightly Review; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest, N.Y.; The Idler; The Triad, Dunedin; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Antiquary.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
VIA the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, ——PALERMO, NAPLES.——

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Isles, & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Thursday Fortnight.	London.
THE AZORES.	£17†	19.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
NORWAY.	From £1 a day	13 upwards.	June to August.	Grimsby & Leith.
BALTIC & RUSSIA.	From £1 a day.	24.	August 24.	Grimsby.
MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.

†Including Hotel Accommodation.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by Wm. Dawson and Sons, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by Bonner & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	163
The Satyr	164
Romance	164
The Novels of Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866) ...	165
To St. David's	166
Reviews:	
Two Worlds	167
The Compleat Lyric-Taster	168
Egyptian Literature ...	169
Indian Imputations ...	170
A Victory of Criticism	171
The Noble Game ...	172
Fair Portugal	173
An American Traveller	173
The Satires of Horace	174
Shorter Reviews	175
Fiction	177
The Apotheosis of Mrs. Humphry Ward ...	178
Posterity and Boswell ...	179
A Martyr of Empire ...	180
A Correspondence with Mr. Andrew Lang ...	182
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	183
Notes and News	186
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	186
Motoring	188
In the Temple of Mammon	189
Correspondence	191
Books Received	191

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

THE opening of the holiday season has been marred by wretched weather, and, unhappily, by several accidents, many of which must be set down as caused by the storms and gales of the last week or two. The mishap to the cutter of the boy scouts off Sheppey is one of the saddest occurrences of the Bank Holiday week-end, and has cast a gloom over all who are interested in the movement. It is remarkable how often we have to be roused by some lamentable fatality before steps are taken to prevent the possibility of an accident or to minimise its effect; especially has this been emphasised lately. Through the loss of the *Titanic* fresh regulations as to the equipment of fast liners will undoubtedly come into operation; and now, after nine little boy scouts are drowned, we learn that "the Board of Trade has decided to provide life-saving apparatus for the Sheppey coast, and with the consent of the Admiralty it will be stored at Leysdown coast-guard station"—the very spot where such appliances might have saved their lives. As a nation, we seem adepts at the game of shutting the stable-door after the horse has gone in matters of this sort. The sensible thing would appear to be to use a little more fore-thought—to supply life-saving gear wherever it is likely to be needed, without waiting for the loss of life to prick us into belated activity.

Englishmen should really have learned by this time that if they propose to cruise in German waters their cameras should be left behind. We say nothing here as to the rights or wrongs of the arrest of the five young Englishmen who were sailing their yacht near Kiel a few days ago; but the probability seems to be that they were simply enjoying a harmless holiday in the best and most thoroughly English way—on the water. They ought to have known, however, that to be seen taking photographs in the vicinity of German fortifications was to ask for trouble; in view of recent occurrences it was a stupid thing to do—not long ago we were exercised over the case of a young German who sinned in the same way over here. These incidents are not calculated to improve the strained relations that unfortunately seem doomed to exist between two countries which by all considerations of reason should be friendly, and it is a pity that with their holiday equipment they did not include a larger proportion of common sense.

One by one our little illusions are vanishing, and during the last week another has gone. For years we have clearly understood that if we desired true happiness, a healthy bank account, fine weather for our holidays, immunity from colds in the head, and plum-pudding at Christmas, the absolutely infallible way to secure these and other blessings was to take a "cold tub" every morning. It was delicately intimated to us by enthusiasts that devotion to the icy morning dip had made us a great nation; that people who shirked it were cowards, of no worth physically or mentally. We have always admired the cold morning bath—from a distance; we have awakened with the lark and other distressingly early birds and thought, as we rearranged our pillows, how fine a thing it must be to take the plunge, to appear at breakfast-time on an equality with those tough young blades who, smiling loftily, recount their prowess at unearthly hours with towel and sponge. And now we learn from an octogenarian of Hampstead that his long life and jollity is solely attributable to—neglect of the cold bath, and a periodic indulgence in the hot bath. There is no arguing with an octogenarian, and so genial a one withal; nor do we wish to argue. We believe him, gratefully; and for once the process of shattering an illusion has been pleasant.

Another notion fairly common to most of us is that food and drink were necessary to support life; but even this, it seems, must be modified. "If a man is hungry," says Professor Bergonie, of Bordeaux, "give him electricity; if he asks for bread or a beefsteak, put him in an electric chair and turn on the current." The learned professor has discovered that certain currents passed through the body produce warmth and increase weight just as do more ordinary forms of nutriment, and that they "do not tax the digestive organs." We can well believe it. At the same time, we like our digestive organs to be taxed (in a strictly non-political sense). We are inclined to ask the professor to turn his busy brain to some more pleasant theme. One can carry scientific effects too far!

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Satyr

SOFT falls the dappled sunlight's print
Upon the lawn beneath the beeches:
It showers bright discs of yellow tint
Across her dress: like ripening peaches
They glimmer through the muslin's folds
And shine like oats among her hair.
Dropped in her spreading lap she holds
A heap of roses. Seated there,
She follows where her visions lead:
And to and fro behind her seat
A satyr pipes upon his reed
A music so forlorn and sweet
That, while it falls across her dream,
The tears grow starry in her eyes
For fauns and nymphs of wood and stream
And perished garden-deities.

MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG.

Romance

WHERE dwells Romance? The pessimist grumbles and groans, and with a wry face declares that there is no such divine thing as romance in this prosaic age. The townsman grieves at his constant imprisonment by bricks and mortar, and tells us that romance has fled to the country, affrighted; the countryman comes to London, and finds the city to be the very home of romance; the fact being that romance is as elusive as the cricket of the wayside hedge, whose song we hear, yet seek him in vain. It lies in ourselves, undoubtedly; but there is a sense in which we may judge the townsman to be nearer to the truth. For it seems certain that romance is not in the writing of books, or in the multitude of offices, or in the mechanical roaring of streets and high-roads; it must surely be nearer to the man whose concern is with the earth and sea, who wrests his living from the rich brown land, or spends his evenings at the wide seine, afloat in some little bay, enclosing a shoal of fish. He may not always feel it; but he often does, for we know of one old Cornishman who sits day after day watching the sky and sea before his little fleet of four or five boats, who said emphatically that his one day in London was enough for him. He couldn't stand it; he wouldn't live in town for anything; and he pitied those who had to earn their daily bread out of sight of the sea, far from the sound of its waves. And, confronted with his simple wisdom, we realised a tremendous contrast between the purity and perfect naturalness of his life, and the artificiality of the strenuous life of the city.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this contrast more evident than in some corners of the West Country. There is a tiny village, set in a cleft of the great rocky cliffs of Cornwall, betrayed even close at hand only by the thin smoke rising from its ivied chimneys, where not a murmur from the outer world ever comes. A little curved stone pier protects half-a-dozen fishing-boats from storm and wind and makes a fairy harbour, where Titania might well embark—for heather and foxglove bloom right down to the ridge of dry weed that marks high tide. Its whitewashed inn has no bar, and two old ladies welcome the traveller who knocks on its open door. Its post-office is distinguished by a painted board almost buried in purple clematis, and he who would buy stamps forgets his errand in breathless admiration of its garden crammed with flowers—with fuchsias whose trunks are thick as a young oak, and under whose living shower of blossom a man may rest in the shade. Hardly a murmur of sound can be heard save the gentle lapping of the waves, the lazy booming of bees, and occasionally quiet voices from open doorways. A few feet up the cliff on either hand, and you may turn to look down on the thatched roofs of this tiny world; a few feet more, and the village is lost to sight, and you are alone with the wind, the sailing gulls, and the eternal sea.

And what is this thrill that takes the heart when, with almost the feeling of an intruder, you walk its winding pathways—it has no street—and find that life is good? What but the rising of romance, that, like some stream long hidden underground, suddenly springs to a re-birth in the sunshine?

> So that I draw the breath of finer air
> Station is naught, nor footways laurel-strewn,
> Nor rivals tightly-belted for the race.

So sang Meredith, than whom none heard the call of earth more clearly. The city buries us; it breeds competitors at every turn, waiting for our failure that they may step higher; is it any wonder that we recapture some of the gracious influences of the earth when for a time we consider the less complex problems which men have to face in simpler spheres? To watch the sky, to row off to the nets at sunset, to gain the news of the day in faint echoes by chat in front of cottage doors; to feel a more lively interest in the ripening corn in a field on the cliff-side than in a dock strike or a possible German invasion; to find incidents and episodes in the flourishing of the gardens or the painting of the boats: these things are true and real and important, yet are of the very essence of romance. They are as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; for a time the burden of the city slips from our shoulders. And, in fine, our argument amounts to this: that in seeking holiday away from towns, we are in reality only obeying a primal impulse that bids us seek romance, or that bids us, rather, seek a real, visible outlet for that romance which is implanted deeply within us, and which never withers nor dies.

W. L. R.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Novels of Thomas Love Peacock (1785-1866)

IT is an ill day for an author when he ceases to be known save as the friend of a more illustrious contemporary. On such days, alas! does Thomas Love Peacock appear to have fallen, for he is better known as the friend of Shelley than as the author of works which may justly be described as unique in English Literature. One reason of his obscurity is the atmosphere of pedantry in which he invariably enshrouded the most simple utterances and the most commonplace incidents: indeed, the flavour of Attic salt which permeates his novels is so pungent as to be distasteful to any save a strictly classical palate. Yet a taste for that flavour once acquired is not easily lost. No author is better skilled than Peacock in the art of heightening the piquancy of a ludicrous situation by the grandiloquence of the language in which it is described. Of Peacock as a poet it is not here our concern to speak save in so far as we happen to touch upon the fragments interspersed throughout the novels.

Like Horace, he shunned the heights of Parnassus, and he was too keen a critic ever to allow his imagination the freedom requisite for attainment thereunto. The position which he holds in English Literature is exceptional from many points of view and for many reasons. When one of our most eminent literary critics is driven to describe his style as "having something of Sallust, something of Tacitus, something of Lucian, and something of Voltaire," it is almost self-evident that his style is peculiarly his own. Not less peculiar to himself than his manner of expression are the sentiments which he expresses. So bitter was his enmity against the champions of what passes for social progress that one might be tempted to set him down as an advocate of the so-called simple life. But no greater injustice could be done to his memory than to suppose that he was an opponent of real progress. The main lesson which he is constantly seeking to enforce is the truth, now as in his day assiduously ignored, that more knowledge does not necessarily make a man wiser, nor an increase in the aggregate wealth of a community connote an increase in the happiness of the individuals composing it. Unfortunately, so inveterate was his habit of mixing chaff with grain, the gall of satire with the wine of edification, that the two are rarely severable; consequently Peacock never became more than an armchair reformer, and wasted his energies in a futile, though vigorous, *laus temporis acti*. Like many another critic, he was apt to forget that the denunciation of cant is in danger of degenerating into that against which it is directed.

The novels consist of the following, in their order of publication: "Headlong Hall" (1816), "Melincourt" (1817), "Nightmare Abbey" (1818), "Maid Marian" (1822), "The Misfortunes of Elphin" (1829), "Crotchet Castle" (1831), and "Gryll Grange" (1860). Many features are common to all of them: for example, the continuous fire of scorn and criticism aimed at parsons, paper money, universities, officialism, and Grub Street journalism. With the exception of the Reverend Dr. Opimian in "Gryll Grange," possibly also of Dr. Folliott in "Crotchet Castle" (who, however, is only *follis optimus, folle ottimo*—to wit, a windbag), the fraternity of the cloth is uniformly represented as seeking and caring for naught beside the good things of this world. Dr. Gaster in "Headlong Hall" is "*venter, et praeterea nihil*"; the Reverend Mr. Portpipe in "Melincourt" devotes most of his attention to the buzzing of bottles and kindred diversions. In the last-mentioned work the author portrayed the most despicable of all his characters, the Reverend Mr. Grovelgrub. A slightly more kindly view of the Church is presented in "Nightmare Abbey" in the person of Mr. Larynx, who is simply "a good-natured, accommodating divine."

The mere mention of paper money suffices to render Peacock rabid, and of universities he has no good word to say. In "Nightmare Abbey" Scythrop is sent to a private school, "where a little learning was painfully beaten into him, and from thence to the university, where it was carefully taken out of him." The University is described as "the house of mental bondage." Harry Headlong in "Headlong Hall" set off on an expedition to Oxford, to inquire for other varieties of the same genera, namely, men of taste and philosophers; but being assured by a learned professor that there were no such things in the University, he proceeded to London. In "Crotchet Castle" the Universities are denounced for their scornful neglect of Plato. The only thing in Oxford to which Dr. Folliott was inclined to pay the least respect was Friar Bacon's brazen nose adorning the portals of the college of that name. "That nose, sir, is the only thing to which I shall take off my hat, in all this Babylon of buried literature." Sir Telegraph, says Mr. Forester in "Melincourt," "had some learning when he went to college; but he was cured of it before he came away. Great indeed must be the zeal for improvement which an academical education cannot extinguish."

That Peacock extended such rancour to individuals matters little now that they have long passed away. Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron all came in for liberal and insensate stripes of the tarred rope. The novels are pervaded by ironic humour of the kind which provokes laughter not loud but deep. The most romantic scenes and incidents do not escape this ironic treatment. Peacock was, above all things, a disciple of Rabelais, and everything in heaven and earth is viewed in the light of *la haute sagesse Pantagrueline*. He is inimitable in inventing and describing droll situations: typical of them is the passage in "Nightmare Abbey," descriptive of the first occasion upon which Scythrop is confronted jointly with his two fair charmers, Stella and Marionetta. "Scythrop knew not what to do. He could not attempt to conciliate the one without irreparably offending the other; and he was so fond of both that the idea of depriving himself for ever of the society of either was intolerable to him: he therefore retreated into his stronghold, mystery; maintained an impenetrable silence; and con-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

tented himself with stealing occasionally a deprecating glance at each of the objects of his idolatry."

The dialogue of the novels is replete with delicious repartee and *bons mots*. "I am sorry," says Matilda ("Maid Marian") to her father, "that you should have gone to bed supperless." "I did not go to bed supperless," said the baron; "I did not go to bed at all." "Small talk," says Escot in "Headlong Hall," "small indeed! The absolute minimum of the infinitely little." But few of Peacock's characters rise above the level of marionettes, created and maintained for the express and sole purpose of voicing certain sentiments, often incongruous with their supposed character. In fact, if more than a moderate dose of the literary tonic is taken at a single sitting the effect of one character after the other popping up and expatiating upon the favourite theme in the favourite way is apt to cloy. The novels are almost wholly deficient in plot, and even if it be conceded that Peacock occasionally succeeded in creating a male character, Seithenyn ap Seithyn, for example, he never made more of a female one than a doll. Again, he was guilty, from the point of view of technique, of the most flagrant faults. Fax and Forester in "Melincourt," supposed to be engaged in an anxious search for Anthelia, devote the greater part of their time to viewing local objects of interest and to protracted philosophical discussions. But no wise reader visits these tales for plot or delineation of character, and there is abundance of riches to compensate for that which is lacking in such respects.

Many of the songs and poems contained in the novels are of the greatest charm and the very highest literary merit. The war song of Dinas Vawr in "The Misfortunes of Elphin" has been described as "the succinctest piece of humorous modern poetry in the world":—

> The mountain sheep are sweeter,
> But the valley sheep are fatter;
> We therefore deemed it meeter
> To carry off the latter.

and the song of the seamen three in "Nightmare Abbey":—

> Seamen three! What men be ye?
> Gotham's three wise men we be—

has substantial claims to be considered "the very best of all modern drinking songs." The glee song entitled "The Ghosts," in "Melincourt," is almost equally rich in artistic merits. Of the serious poems, whatever may be said in favour of the claims of "Love and Age" in "Gryll Grange" to pride of place, there can be no doubt concerning the beauty of the three little stanzas in "Crotchet Castle" beginning:—

> In the days of old
> Lovers felt true passion,
> Deeming years of sorrow
> By a smile repaid.
> Now the charms of gold
> Spells of pride and fashion
> Bid them say good morrow
> To the best-loved maid.

The lesson which Peacock learnt from those days of old and seeks to enforce upon his hearers is that the art of enjoying life lies "in the regulation of the mind, and not in the whisking about of the body," and a great part of his satire is directed against a generation which goes everywhere for the mere sake of going, "rejoicing in the rapidity with which they accomplish nothing." All of the novels are full of good things, such as the description of the character of King Melvas, who "did much mischief, not for mischief's sake, nor yet for the sake of excitement, but for the sake of something tangible." But let us not succumb to the temptations of citation; for no author within an equal space ever created more sayings which one itches to repeat than Thomas Love Peacock. R. E. N.

To St. David's

THE western sea was now not far off, and at the edge of it the only cathedral I ever set out to visit. The rocky land was divided by little rivers in deep valleys, and subdivided, except in the steep and bracken-covered spaces, by stone walls which were crested and sometimes fully and tightly clad with gorse. These gorsy walls lined the road, some of them displaying stones large enough to fill a cart. Few trees stood up, and those only in the valleys. It was near the end of the land and near the end of the year.

A dark isolated tower, all that remained of a castle, dominated like a lighthouse of gloom instead of light the waste of rocks, mud, and drowned grass, and the few small farmhouses or cottages or the ruins of them. All over the earth the sky was dark; but at the horizon before me, well upon the left hand, a pallid gleam descended from behind the clouds on to the sea and on to the high rocks of Ramsey Island: a black promontory, and a chain of black crags beyond, ran out almost to this region of light. Far from Ramsey and its gleam, almost at the verge of the dark sea, rose the azure island of Grassholm, so remote and so unlike earth that I regarded it less as a place on the map than as the island where men once found "a fair and regal spot overlooking the ocean," and a hall thereon where they rested and were glad, and forgot sorrow and all things of the past for four score years, and would have so continued until this day had not a man opened the forbidden door looking towards Cornwall, and thus broken the spell for ever.

I could hear the waves continually, but could not see their motion: the foam breaking on one distant crag hung always in the air as if suspended. Never had the sea and all that was on it appeared to me thus utterly unlike the land. The division between them was as that between the real and the unreal, the tangible and what has been dreamed, the present and the past: in fact, the division was not only as great but the same, and azure Grassholm was indeed a thousand years away, part of a vast dream which I was sharing. The sun came out, warming the bracken, lighting the floods

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and the white wings of gulls among the rushes, and was hidden again; but still Ramsey loomed pale in its far-off separate gleam, and Grassholm dark and so ancient that no longer did it receive the sun.

The pallid high rocks of Ramsey formed part of a broken ridge, now seen to be prolonged inland across my path, like a jawbone with four or five jagged fangs. Whenever I ascended out of a valley or from the shore I saw this ridge, stark and hungry, flashing its teeth at the heavens. Between it and me a few lonely white houses, whitened even over their roofs, shone out in the dark land which had yet fewer trees than houses. Black cattle moved across the fields, or stood looking over the gateways, always silent. But before me hung that pale ridge, haunting the mind, so that the beautiful bright houses seemed no more than fragments fallen away from it, until suddenly I said to myself: "The cathedral!"

That carved pile, apparently of white marble, about two miles in front, must be the cathedral. Not a house was near, no sign of village or city. The building was solitary, without sign of human possession, in the midst of the low dull land—ample and shining, but alone. That such a cathedral was rewarding my first pilgrimage filled me with gratitude and enthusiasm. I hurried forward eagerly, still with some astonishment that no one had ever given me any idea of the marble wonder at the edge of the land crowning this solitude. How proud and simple it was of the builders to place it, in spite of raiding and burning Norsemen, alone here in the open. A cathedral, divided by nearly twenty miles of wild land from a railway, without a tailor's, an old furniture shop, a picture postcard depôt, or a bookseller's where Paley's "Evidences" could be obtained, without lime trees and embowered Queen Anne residences, clergy and nursemaids, slow glossy carriages and swift butchers' carts—such a cathedral ought to have become one of the famous places of Britain, however unfit for popular resort.

My reason was overcome by this improbable cathedral. I began to think it had been deserted, except by jackdaws. Deserted by clergy, vergers and parasites, it might again become a goal for pilgrimages. I hurried enthusiastically. How extraordinary that no one had ever told me about this cathedral, as lonely as a ship or a windmill. Was it possible after all? Lacking a spire, and possessing hardly a tower, could it be a cathedral? I was inclined to doubt, to suspect that, after all, men had missed the opportunity of building a cathedral out here among two or three white farms and the silent black cattle. No. It could not be. I began to see that it was not one complex building—that it was not of marble—that the mass was resolving itself into two or three distinct insignificant buildings grouped about a more or less central round tower. Half a mile beyond, in St. David's itself, I learnt that this was Twr y Felyn, the Windmill Tower. I was to find that the real cathedral was almost equal to the one which nearness had disenchanted, but as different as possible. The marble cathedral, like a white hill in that stony, dark land, like a fortress, like a lighthouse, beautiful, austere, solitary, remoter even than Grassholm, in a world dreamier than the sea, exists perhaps nowhere except on this paper. EDWARD THOMAS.

REVIEWS

Two Worlds

Anglo-American Memories (Second Series). By G. W. SMALLEY, M.A. (Duckworth and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

PATRIOTISM being by definition an exclusive passion, the possesson of two patriotisms seems at first sight a kind of bigamy. It is theoretically possible to have all the patriotisms, or, like the Hervéists, none at all, but the result would be a simple negation of morality. Mr. Smalley, by observing one essential condition, that is, by always thinking of his native land first, has honourably achieved the feat of having two countries of his own—America and England; nay, since every cultured and travelled American contains a Parisian, he may claim to be citizen of three lands. The case, within certain limits, may not be quite so rare as we have hinted. Lord Kitchener once said that every Englishman had two countries—England and Italy. The phrase was no doubt exaggerated to suit a particular occasion, but it contains more than a seasoning of truth. It is easy for an Englishman to project himself into the mind of an Italian, to share in the glories and sorrows of his past, and to look forward with him to the realisation of a splendid but not too Futurist future.

That which is true as between England and Italy should *à fortiori* hold good between England and America. Mr. Smalley makes the remark to Earl Spencer that he had "once heard Sir William Harcourt say that all the great Americans of that great period (Washington's) were English." Earl Spencer's reply, good as a retort—"True, but they were Englishmen who chose to be Americans"—does not invalidate our contention, nor justify, on the face of it, such a feeling as we have lately seen expressed by a judicious, if paradoxical, writer that "to him an American was a foreigner." Wars of independence and dividing seas are like marriages; they destroy but they create families. Misunderstanding is a necessary prelude to completer understanding.

Mr. Smalley in any case is capable of feeling, "à ses heures," like an Englishman; like an Englishman, it may be objected, of a certain caste and of a certain party; but this, after all, is exactly how an Englishman feels. As to the more patent of his patriotisms, we will quote the following bit of dialogue, merely mentioning that the subject was a dispatch destined for the *Times* and that the first speaker was called Theodore Roosevelt.

"But your point of view is very American."

"Why else do you suppose the *Times* chose an American as its American representative? It's the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

American point of view they want. No other could be of so much use to them." ("Which I," adds the narrator, "thought obvious, but it seemed slightly to surprise Mr. Roosevelt at that time.")

This dialogue is illuminating in more ways than one; it proves that Mr. Smalley has not suffered a process of moral denationalisation, and it gives a clue to his conception of journalism. An international journalist, according to him, is an ambassador. He is to find out the facts and to present them as dispassionately as he can to his public. Having done this, he should try to direct opinion towards a certain end. If he has begun by presenting his facts clearly, the task of promoting a good understanding will be robbed of most of its difficulties. The points of sympathetic contact between any two nations, especially between England and America, are numerous, and it is the business of the journalist to emphasise them: which proves the importance of a sound diagnosis. For Mr. Smalley the chief point of contact consists in the social relations between the "governing classes" of the two countries; it is an undemocratic view, but we do not think we need give our grounds for believing it to be a true one. Democracy is blind with many bandages; aristocracy has temptations to fight against. For the unpolitically-minded amongst us, and our name is legion, the chief need is an interpreter, of unimpeachable qualifications, to show us that our national and international aristocracies are at least honest. Mr. Smalley possesses these qualifications; he has strong views of his own, but he moves in both camps, and is thus precluded from seeing his adversaries through distorted glasses; he does not confine his attention to politics in the narrow sense, but gives us glimpses of the other *milieux* of government—society, finance, art, etc.; finally he is writing, as regards the present work at any rate, of what now belongs definitely to the past, with the result that his judgments have become more matured, and that he can proclaim many things that he once had to keep locked within his breast. "Cessante ratione, cessat lex," as he pleads, in giving the story of a compact, secret at the time, with President Roosevelt.

The most remarkable fact about Mr. Smalley's "Memories" is their exhaustiveness. In the preface to the present volume he answers a hypothetical indicator of lacunæ by pointing out that many other names may be found in other books of his, "and there may be more hereafter." But the room of his International Portrait Gallery that he has just thrown open to us contains enough work for one day. In it we find portrayed three actual Cabinet Ministers, one great chief of Opposition, several departed or resting statesmen, Speakers, Ambassadors, American financiers, actors and artists; with one huge canvas of President Roosevelt to dominate the gallery. Some wear more or less conventional expressions; Lord Rosebery "has a respect for logic which the English people do not share with him"; so has Mr. Balfour. Gilbert sulks and Whistler storms. Others are seen in their less familiar aspects. "I should like to cram his jewelled sword down his Russian throat," says Lord Morley in reference to a certain presentation. As to Mr. Roosevelt, "let us admit, and regret, that he honestly believes it impossible to differ from him honestly."

There is so much that is absolutely new and so much that is new in its accurate form that we despair of indicating anything like a selection. We will merely mention Mr. Chamberlain's introduction into the front rank of politics, through the medium of Sir Charles Dilke, Lady Bathurst's successful campaign against Mr. Balfour, and the German attempt of 1898 to discredit Lord Pauncefote and to embroil England and America, as among the matters to be found recounted in this book.

Mr. Smalley has a theory, which at first sight seems decidedly fantastic, that the *entente cordiale* originated on the stage and in the green-rooms of London and Paris. "It would not seem an exaggeration in Paris, where the theatre has a direct and continuing influence upon life and upon opinion. Nor need it seem so even in London; or not always." Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Irving were the signatories of the first treaty. But there were other critical moments in the history of the *entente:* "You might date it, if you liked, from Mr. Gladstone's appearance at the theatre when Sarah was playing 'Phèdre'; the old man in a stage box, leaning forward; a book of the play before him; his hand to his ear; his blazing eyes fixed mostly on the *tragédienne*, for he needed the book only on account of his deafness; and, when it was over, going behind the scenes to offer his homage to the artist." A fine picture! One of many fine pictures, and perhaps nothing more. Yet it is a hint, to be taken with Mr. Smalley's other hints, as to the way the world is really governed, telling us in time what History can only tell too late, and what the daily newspapers can never reveal to us.

The Compleat Lyric-Taster

English Lyrical Poetry. By EDWARD BLISS REED, Ph.D. (Henry Frowde. 8s. 6d. net.)

IN times of dearth, hungry men have been known to abstain from food for a whole day that they might gratify a desire for satiety upon the day following. It is the practice of the hedonist. He thinks that life most admirable which is fullest of "mad magenta minutes." He is like a lover who, having heard that the pinnacle of happiness is attained at the moment when love is crowned with a kiss, bolts clumsily to the hill-top to court disaster, instead of proceeding by all those delicate gradations of feeling without which a kiss is an outrage.

Perhaps it is the poverty of the times; perhaps it is because the life of the average man has become full of noise; but whatever the cause, there seems to be an increasing indulgence, even among those who profess to care deeply for poetry, in the form of spiritual hedonism, which is ever waiting for the exquisite moment of the perfect lyric. To gratify this dilettante taste there has arisen a whole army of anthologists ever ready to chop

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

off the heads of the tallest flowers in the poets' garden so that he who runs may have an opinion. And as prompters to these garden terrorists there is a school of criticism, with its Imperial Statute of Weights and Measures, ready to assess the emotion of a given lyric to the least drachm. We have seen criticism of the lyric which made the reader feel as if he were looking into a funnel where first this and then that glory of the language was rejected as being too concrete, until it seemed that nothing would pass the circular extremity but that perfect expression of lyrical feeling, the letter O.

This is hardly the method of Professor Reed. He has written a truly monumental book of 616 pages. We can only hope that Ariel may not feel encumbered beneath such a burden. It is nothing less than a History of English Lyrical Poetry from its Origins to the Present Time; and if it be necessary to do for poetry what the "Encyclopædia Britannica" has done for all knowledge, no one could accomplish the task more thoroughly than Professor Reed. He passes down the ranks of lyrical poetry like an inspecting officer on parade, and in all the files there is not a uniform that escapes his vigilance. But the criticism of beauty (beauty that obeys no law save the law of life) is second only to the creation of beauty in its possibilities of self-revelation. Thus we find Professor Reed saying that "Donne was a romanticist at heart," and actually quoting these lines to illustrate his belief:—

> But he who loveliness within
> Hath found, all outward loathes,
> For he who colour loves, and skin,
> Loves but the oldest clothes;

that "Sidney is aware that his passion can lead only to a dishonourable conclusion," because that soul of honour wrote:—

> Alas, have I not pain enough, my friend?
> . . . . .
> But with your rhubarb words ye must contend
> To grieve me worse, in saying that Desire
> Doth plunge my well-formed soul even in the mire
> Of sinful thoughts, which do in ruin end,

when the humblest student at Yale University knows that the sonnet continues:—

> If that be sin which doth the manners frame,
> Well staid with truth in word and faith in deed,
> Ready of wit, and fearing nought but shame;
> If that be sin, which in fix'd hearts doth breed
> A loathing of all loose unchastity,
> Then love is sin, and let me sinful be.

Shelley's conception of liberty is found to be "a vague ideal." "He would have rejoiced in the prospect of a second deluge." Wordsworth is "a deeper mystic than Blake"; and "Byron, the greatest personal force in English letters since Dean Swift." We are said to "hear the voice of Hamlet" when Byron allows this sort of thing to trickle from his pen:—

> It is that weariness which springs
> From all I meet, or hear, or see:
> To me no pleasure Beauty brings,
> Thine eyes have scarce a charm for me.

Such vagaries, instead of driving us with increased delight to the springs of Helicon, leave us querulous with the author. That is the bane of books of this kind. The desire for correctness of attitude makes whatever praise is bestowed seem thin or condescending, and more than half the blame to be founded upon misapprehension, the inevitable misapprehension of lesser minds attempting to assess the value of greater ones. We defy any lover of poetry to read this book through without experiencing the sensation of the auction-room.

As already hinted, Professor Reed allows the word lyric as wide a connotation as possible. The heading of Chapter I., "The Lyric Defined," is, however, misleading, for instead of receiving an answer to the vexed question "What is a lyric?" we are offered nothing more than a working formula. Even this, serviceable as it is for the purpose of the book, is wide enough to admit "Gray's Elegy," but too narrow for Milton's "Il Penseroso" and "L'Allegro."

Again, the work of Mr. Kipling, Mr. William Watson, and Mr. Noyes is considered, but space has not been found for Mr. Thomas Hardy or Mr. W. B. Yeats; which seems to us to show a faulty sense of values. Indeed, the valuation of contemporary verse is such a hazardous business that the book would gain by the loss of Chapter X., where we are once more disturbed by a critical sense which puts Stevenson's sentimental and unchildish "A Child's Garden of Verse" above Blake's marvels of intuition, the "Songs of Innocence."

No doubt this book will serve its avowed purpose and "be of use in college courses." We only hope that in spite of its limitations it will send many students to the masters themselves; for it is questionable whether, from the creative standpoint, more of the how and why of lyrical poetry may not be learnt from a single reading of Coleridge's "Ode to Dejection," than from the most laborious study of this dull but conscientious work.

> O pure of heart! thou need'st not ask of me
> What this strong music in the soul may be.

Egyptian Literature

Legends of the Gods. Annals of Nubian Kings. By E. A. WALLIS BUDGE. (Kegan Paul and Co. 6s. net each.)

THE object of these two volumes, in the well-known series of books on Egypt and Chaldæa, is to provide complete specimens of Egyptian literature by the publication of a series of groups of texts in which the actual works are printed in hieroglyphic type, and arranged with English translations, page by page.

Dr. Wallis Budge, whose interesting edition of the "Book of the Dead" we noticed in THE ACADEMY, November 5, 1910, writes excellent explanatory introductions, from which we learn of the original sources of the texts.

The first volume begins with the remarkable legend of the Creation, from a papyrus discovered on the Nile,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

near Thebes, in 1861. The date of this papyrus is established from a colophon—"the twelfth year of Pharaoh Alexander"—*i.e.*, 311 B.C. This legend is entitled "The Book of Knowing the Evolutions of Rā, and of Overthrowing Apep." The doctrine of the immanence of God is almost inferred in the idea of "Nebertchen"—"Lord to the uttermost limit," "an almighty and invisible power which filled all space."

The sequence of creation is remarkable. First, there is presumed the existence of a vast mass of water, or world-ocean, called Nu, which contained the inert and helpless germs of all the living things yet to be formed. Then follow the sun and the moon; the latter curiously associated with the fertility of the earth, crops and harvests. Next, all creeping things and quadrupeds; while men and women spring, not from earth, but directly from the body of the god himself.

Other legends are parallel to stories in the Book of Genesis—for example, the legend of the destruction of mankind, in which one of the terrors was a darkness which covered the land; and formulæ are given of protection against bites of serpents, showing the great antiquity of the profession of the snake-charmer. "To this day water in which the written words of a text from the Kur'ân have been dissolved, or water drunk from a bowl on the inside of which religious texts have been written, is still regarded as a never-failing charm in Egypt and the Sûdân."

There is also a legend of a terrible famine which lasted seven years—the exact duration of a certain famine, when, as Mark Twain said, "Joseph created that little corner in corn in Egypt." The text of this legend is found in hieroglyphics on a block of granite on the Island of Sahal by the First Cataract. This famine took place in the reign of Tcheser, a king of the Third Dynasty. Such famines were common enough in Egypt, owing to insufficient Nile floods. One is recorded in the years 1066-1072 A.D., which nearly ruined the country.

The legend of the death and resurrection of Horus is very interesting, and contains some passages of beauty and pathos. Horus was stung by a scorpion, when Isis says: "I passed the day in seeking to provide food for the child, and on returning to take Horus into my arms I found him, Horus, the beautiful one of gold, the boy, the child, without life. . . . His body was motionless, his heart was powerless to move. . . . I sent forth a cry, saying: 'I, even I, lack a son to make answer for me. My two breasts are full, but my body is empty.' . . . The child was the desire of my heart, and I longed to protect him. . . . I cried then, saying: 'Who among the people will indeed let their hearts come round to me?' . . . And the people came forth to me from their houses, and they thronged about me at the sound of my voice, and they loudly bewailed with me the greatness of my affliction."

This legend is found on the famous "Metternich Stele," "given to Prince Metternich by Muhammad 'Ali Pâshâ: it was dug up in 1828 during the building of a cistern in a Franciscan monastery in Alexandria, and it mentions the name of the king in whose reign it was made, viz., Nectanebus I., who reigned from 378 B.C. to 360 B.C."

The awful terror of serpents, scorpions, and all noxious reptiles, which always possessed the Egyptians, is constantly illustrated by the magical spells for protection inserted throughout these remarkable legends.

The second volume gives the royal inscriptions from the Seven Stelæ (now at Cairo), which were discovered in the great temple at Gebel Barkal, some miles from the Fourth Cataract in the Egyptian Sûdân. They describe events which took place in the kingdom of Napata from the year 750 B.C. to 500 B.C.; but as there are many gaps, Dr. Wallis Budge has written an admirable historical introduction, tracing "the growth of Egypt's great colonial possessions in the Sûdân from the time of the great raid of Senefern, under the fourteenth dynasty, to that of the conquest of Egypt by Piānkhi." This conquest (about 721 B.C.) is described in the first of the actual texts.

Dr. Wallis Budge considers the stele of Piānkhi to be one of the most important monuments which have come down to us. The text describes a state of things in Egypt which, but for the evidence of this document, would be well-nigh incredible. There were several petty kings, and each wanted to be sovereign lord.

There was no capital, nor central government, and not long after the end of the twenty-second dynasty, whose kings had ruled Egypt for 200 years, Egypt had lost all her foreign possessions, and the chiefs of the Northern Sûdân ceased from paying tribute to Egypt, and the time became ripe for the Nubian conquest. Piānkhi's great campaign is described at length—his rapid forced marches, the surrender of city after city, his decision of character, his clemency, his love of brave men and of fine horses. He realised his aim, which was to prevent the Thebaïd from becoming an appanage of the kings of the Delta. He was practically the founder of the twenty-fifth dynasty, whose first king was his brother Shabaka.

The hieroglyphic texts of the other six stelæ are given in full, with translations and introductions. There are also twelve full-page plates, some of modern views, Gebel Barkal and its pyramids, ruins of the Temple of Tirhâkâh, others of scenes from the different stelæ.

Students of Egyptology will find these learned and well-edited volumes of great value, while the ordinary reader will welcome so important a contribution to the study of Egyptian history.

Indian Imputations

Britain's Dilemma. By M. DE P. WEBB, C.I.E. (P. S. King and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

"BRITAIN'S DILEMMA" is a book which has a deceptive appearance of innocence. The author of it is a Fellow of the Royal Economic Society and a Fellow of the Royal Statistical Society, and it is natural that he should write in the following strain:—"In no period

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of British history has the national conscience been more keenly alive to the disabilities under which great masses of our population labour, or more genuinely anxious to alleviate those disabilities by the introduction of practical measures of reform, than at the present day. And nobody who visits the great mining and manufacturing centres of British industry, or inspects the poorer quarters of our largest and most famous cities, can doubt for a moment that there is much scope for the reformer's activities. At the same time, whilst there are many ready and able hands working at the amelioration of the social, industrial, and political conditions amidst which we are living, there is one factor in our national life—perhaps of greater importance than many others put together—to which the bulk of our people give little or no attention, yet which is at the present moment undergoing a change calculated to vitiate much of the good reforming work being done in other directions. I refer to the purchasing and measuring function of the nation's money."

After this we expect to find that Mr. Webb is a worthy economist with the familiar limitations of the economist, that he believes incorrigibly in the possibility of stating and regulating social problems in the sphere of economics only, and that he is the thousand-and-first magician who has obtained the power of charming away "labour unrest" and other disquieting symptoms of our time by the adjustment of the purchasing power of a sovereign. That is a wrong conception of Mr. Webb's position. His remarks on economics may serve the purpose of making his theme appear topical, but they give no clue to the serious purpose of this book.

It is a very serious purpose; for Mr. Webb's arguments are intended to convey the impression that certain persons in posts of high responsibility have betrayed their trust, with the result that grievous damage is persistently and wilfully done to the interests of India. He refers to the problem confronting the India Office when the world's output of gold first reached its present vast bulk, and says: "Unfortunately the wrong counsels for the time being prevailed; and Lord Morley was led to place the power and prestige of the India Office at the disposal of that school of London financiers who, looking only to their own immediate interests, decided that, notwithstanding the coming deluge of gold, India should not be allowed to draw off one single drop more of the precious flood than could possibly be prevented. The means employed for this end were the continuous transfer to London of any and all State funds in India upon which the India Office could conveniently lay hands. Whether the India Office had any *right* to the money—whether the India Office had any *use* for the money—these were considerations that were wholly ignored, or, if considered, quietly put aside. It was sufficient that by transferring State funds from India to London the balance of indebtedness to India which could (and should) have been adjusted by shipments of sovereigns to India was temporarily changed, and gold thus saved to London for the time being, for the further use of the London money market."

Again, "the India Office is charged with misapplying vast sums of money—the property of the peoples and Government of India, and that, too, in face of continued protests from several quarters in India, not the least important being, so it is generally believed, the Government of India itself," and "it seems quite clear that the India Office has withdrawn money from India when it was very badly wanted, and where high rates of interest might have been obtained for its use, much to the benefit of India, and has lent out that money in London at much lower rates of interest (only about 2½ per cent.) to the inconvenience and loss of the general taxpayer of India."

The persons accused of exercising a malign influence upon Lord Morley for their own financial advantage are named by Mr. Webb, who indicates almost as plainly the Indian interests which he is concerned to advocate. There is no doubt that those interests will secure wide publicity in India for the allegations which Mr. Webb is eager to press, and in the hands of agitators and malcontents such a weapon may do incalculable mischief. It is of great importance that adequate attention to such an indictment should not be given in India only, and Mr. Webb's book ought to be publicly answered in this country

---

A Victory of Criticism

Le Roman Anglais Contemporain. By FIRMIN ROZ. (Hachette and Co. 3 fr. 50 c.)

M. FIRMIN ROZ is a great critic. He has achieved what we had almost thought impossible—a faithful representation of five writers belonging to another country and speaking another language than his own, because he has abundantly the great quality of sympathy, without which the labour and the learning of all the critics in the world would be as sounding brass. He has himself well stated the principle that should guide the literary raider: "La littérature comparée serait un jeu bien puéril si elle consistait à faire comparaître les œuvres étrangères devant un étalon national pour y mesurer leur valeur et les classer à l'avenant." This principle, or the principle we arrive at by negativing M. Roz' condition, is not only stated but also observed by him. While crossing, in spirit, the English Channel, he has thrown all his critical baggage into that boisterous arm of the sea, and has been enabled to view our strange literature with a detachment soon warmed into sympathy.

There are two principal elements in M. Roz' book. There are five studies of modern English novelists—the late Mr. George Meredith, Messrs. Kipling, Wells, and Thomas Hardy, and Mrs. Humphry Ward—and there is a continual attempt to arrive at a synthesis of the English novel. It is this second task that really

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

tests the critic's resources. International conceptions have such a strong tendency to degenerate into the reproduction of a type that it is very hard to see with a single and unprejudiced eye. M. Roz seems to have started from one of these ready-made judgments, but he has developed it till he has made it into something new and his own. It was once almost a paradox to say that the English, as a nation, are anything but "practical." Lately the paradox has worn into a truism. Both sides, however, have forgotten to define what they meant by "practical." M. Roz returns to the old conception: Englishmen are practical in the sense that they see "things as they are," and recognise the limitations of the human mind. The English novelist is fundamentally "realistic," as no modern French author is; the latter has managed to "fausser la signification du mot jusqu'à le déshonorer." "Les réalités de la vie, telles quelles, dans leur complexité même . . . voilà ce que l'Anglo-Saxon opposa toujours d'instinct aux abstractions de l'idéologie." After this it is not surprising to find that, of the five novelists discussed, Mr. Wells, with his Utopianism and hatred of actuality, should meet with the least sympathetic treatment. But even Mr. Wells has one saving insular virtue—that of individualism, which, next to realism, is the great quality of the English novel—that is, if the diagnosis of M. Roz be a true one.

We do not propose to discuss at length the judgments on the various writers. No one has ever written more enthusiastically on Mr. Kipling; M. Roz has seized on all the points in the Anglo-Indian stories and the private-soldier ballads; more than that, he sees that his author's Imperialism is something different from mere Chauvinism, that it is based on facts and is inspired with a soul. But there is one novelist to whom M. Roz has done more than justice. George Meredith is not an easy writer for a foreigner; he is ignored even by those of his own countrymen who dislike the "aliquid amari" of effort in their reading. But to M. Roz his divinity is apparent; he must be judged by divine standards. "La personnalité de George Meredith est si forte qu'il ne peut être autre qu'il n'est. Nous n'avons plus alors le droit de nous en offenser et c'est au contraire notre devoir de l'accepter, de nous élever jusqu'à lui." Again, if Meredith, "entre deux termes successifs de sa pensée, supprime comme oiseux tout intermédiaire," and "l'esprit n'a pas où se poser," it is not for the reader to complain. In his virile pages "l'individualisme joue à l'aise . . . car le fond est assuré." The English society of his time had solid bases. His style is the very antithesis of the French ideal; it aims at being "suggestif plutôt que définitif."

We have wondered once or twice whether, in our appreciation of M. Roz, we have not succumbed to the subtle arts of an inspired flatterer. It may be so, up to a point. We have found ourselves up in arms in one or two places—notably where "Stalky and Co" is being discussed. We do not agree with M. Roz that it is the Imperialist ingredient alone that has made this book one of the "livres de chevet" of so many of us; it is a product of the art that defies criticism, while apparently open to its attacks on all sides. We are glad to have discovered some passages where we think we have found M. Roz at fault; they only enhance our gratitude and admiration, and persuade us that we have not been simply cozened. We look forward with eagerness to the promised second series.

The Noble Game

The Art of Golf. By JOSHUA TAYLOR. (T. Werner Laurie. 2s. 6d. net.)

"THE ART OF GOLF" is a book that should be widely read by that ever-increasing section of the public of the present day who are continually on the look-out for hints as to how to improve their game at golf, or for correctives for faults all too easy to acquire and all too difficult to detect and remedy. There are many always ready to prescribe; the improving beginner is usually more ready than any in giving advice, but it is wise to turn a deaf ear to him and wiser to dip into the pages and digest all that Joshua Taylor, backed up by such a brother as the more renowned J. H. Taylor, has to say on the methods of using the various clubs and when and how to get the most out of them.

For mashie play the all important adjunct to one's short game, whereby matches are lost or won, there are no greater exponents than the brothers Taylor; what either of them has to say about this modern club is well worthy of serious note, and well has the author headed the chapter dealing with it as "The Mysteries of the Mashie." In the days not long gone by nearly all approaches were made by running up the ball with either an iron or a wooden putter, and when J. H. Taylor, about 1893, came forward with a new style of approaching by pitching the ball up to the hole, he was laughed at by the expert exponents of the game, who predicted that the new style would never answer. But when he won his second championship at St. Andrews, of all places the school of the noble game, and especially the school of the famous running-up shot, he completely won over his critics and mashie play became general. That there is an art in playing it no one will deny. Taylor lets us into the secret of that art if we will but only take the trouble to practise what he preaches to us. Nearly every club in the bag has its special chapter devoted to it. "Things Worth Knowing and Remembering" and "Some Faults and Their Cure" are worthy of being learnt by heart, but there is no chapter more useful to the man who wants to play and do well than that on "Powers of Concentration," which has already appeared as an article in the *World of Golf*. The question of temperament is all important, and temperament is largely bound up with the concentrative powers of the player:—

> Concentration and will-power are the two great things that help in golf. Concentrate your attention on how you want to hit the ball, and have will-power

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

enough to make yourself hit in that way. You will not make many mistakes.

Secretaries of clubs and greenkeepers no doubt will read some parts of the book with a shudder; for instance, "There is one great fact about iron play which can, with benefit, be remembered by all classes of players, and that is, it is imperative that a piece of turf be cut out during the act of hitting the ball;" again, with reference to the mashie, "Make sure of hitting the ball low. Aim half-an-inch behind it, and be sure you take a piece of turf." We can imagine the nightmares of the much-harassed secretary and the painstaking greenkeeper at the thought of all the members carrying into effect this piece of sound advice. The book is distinctly useful, and by its usefulness and soundness makes up quite for its lack of literary style.

Fair Portugal

In Portugal. By AUBREY F. G. BELL. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN Iberian description Mr. Bell has already attained success in his previous work, "The Magic of Spain." Now he has turned his attention to the sister country, and has given us some sketches of Portugal which are both scholarly and graphic. We are ignorant of the length of his sojourn in this romantic westernmost land of Europe; but he appears to have delved fairly deeply into the life of its inhabitants, and to have attained an intimate acquaintance with those local characteristics and touches which go to distinguish a nation from its fellows. Indeed, our sole quarrel with Mr. Bell is that he appears a little over-anxious to display his knowledge of the Portuguese tongue and of local nomenclature, with the result that italics bestrew some of the pages as thickly as hailstones. So far as this indulgence in nomenclature is concerned, we would refer more especially to page 77, which almost in its entirety is occupied by a single bristling and formidable sentence of the kind.

When we have said so much, however, our fault-finding is at an end. Mr. Bell has shown a keen eye in his search for the jewels of Portugal. He has found them; he has held them up to view, and they sparkle with a genuine brilliance from the pages of his book. Unlike the majority of recent writers on the land of Camoens, he has relied upon no photographic material to assist his literary matter, but has allowed his text to shine alone, as well it may. He has not failed to emphasise those important temperamental distinctions which separate the character of the Portuguese from that of the Spaniards, differences of which the European in general—who is addicted in a haphazard fashion to classifying the two nations as one—is almost invariably profoundly ignorant.

The chapters on the Alemtejo and on the Algarve are specially happy; but, for the matter of that, there is not one in the book which does not possess its special charm. On one point alone do we think that the author has been a trifle too enthusiastic. It occurs in his description of the Bussaco forest. "Everywhere is a densest depth of green," says Mr. Bell; "the undergrowth trails and twines round the trunks of trees, and from leafy spaces beyond comes the cooing of doves. Or a nightingale sings as overhead the shadows deepen. . . ." Now, Mr. Bell has been exceptionally fortunate in these notes of the Bussaco birds. On the occasion of our own visits to the spot we have had occasion to lament the silence of the green aisles. The cooking-pots of the forest guards were insatiable in their lust for the bodies of even the purest songsters! The author must have lit upon a blissful interlude. Or did he succeed in softening the hearts and appetites of those sauntering guardians bearing firearms of so ancient a design?

An American Traveller

European Years: The Letters of an Idle Man. Edited by G. E. WOODBERRY. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

IT is a commonplace that, in these days of telegrams, cheap postage, and rapid living, the art of letter writing has become extinct. But volumes of letters occasionally appear which contradict the universality of this dictum. The present book is evidence on the point. The author writes anonymously, though he may be traceable. He is admittedly a Bostonian; the letters describing his travels in Europe and Asia range over the thirty years, 1876-1905: he visited every European country, wandered in the East, chiefly in India and Japan; crossed the United States, and saw something of California. He does not adhere to his own principle that "a letter, if it is to be anything, should, of course, be an airy nothing; anecdotes are airy nothings: hence a letter may contain anecdotes." His productions are anything but the "trivial stuff," "altogether frivolous scriblet" he depreciatingly calls them.

His editor, without discussing the letters, rightly expresses a "delight in the vignettes of nature on the pages, singular in the power of brief descriptive strokes to give space, picturesqueness, sharp detail. The habitual and spontaneous response of the writer to nature, to her freshness and simplicity, to atmosphere as a physical thing, climate, and the real joys of country life is one of the traits of the book, which is rich in temperament." The editor makes two other points, that personality is the right substance of a letter, and that to be a good letter-writer one must be an idle man. The author certainly lets himself go, in his familiar talk on paper to intimate friends. Besides the usual traveller's account of places visited and their objects of interest, there are plenty of deeper thoughts, opinions, reflections, and acute remarks, which give some idea of the writer's

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

personality: his airy anecdotes and quotations are sometimes perhaps too obviously wanting in spontaneity, but they serve to illustrate his sense of humour. Altogether the letters form a series which not only idle men can read with profit, but they show how different is the American from the English standpoint of observation. He disclaims the idea of being a fine writer.

Dresden is the place to which he most often returned; better than Paris in its simpler life, it suited his love of communion with nature. He preferred Germany to Paris, in which he did not care to remain. He found nothing so amazing in all history as the growth, within thirty and forty years, of wealth and luxury in Germany, accompanying an enormous expansion of population, under Protection. In Italy he noticed a vast amount of Socialism all over the country, Socialism of a destructive kind—not constructive as in Germany—incessant strikes and a chronic bitterness of the labouring classes; the hunger in Italy was harrying, the grinding of the lower classes by taxation altogether infamous. Six weeks in Spain afforded great pleasure; the landscapes, the towns, the architecture, the pictures were all worth seeing, but it would, he thought, be the least desirable country in Europe in which to dwell; he could only say that Spain was better than its reputation. Vienna he thought a handsomer city than Paris. Florence was a dreadful place in winter, almost intolerable at any other season. Milan was a fine city. At Rimini he moralised on "what shadows we are and always have been." Rome was truly delightful to him, and the place he would choose if he could live in any city; but he was restless.

The scenery, not the people of India, captivated him, especially the view of the Himalayas from Darjeeling: the sight was worth the journey to India. In about a page he disposes of India, but makes conflicting statements as to whether he saw or did not see Mount Everest. The climate of India *in winter* was to him divine, both in Calcutta and Bombay: with his limited experience he wrote, "India is the safest country, too, in winter; you could not possibly get sick there; I never heard of anybody being taken down in winter by any sickness." He must have been specially fortunate; many persons could correct him about the sickness even in a winter in India.

Repetitions sometimes occur, for instance, on the question of cremation or burial, and on Henry James's style, which he condemns as muddled, futile, and absurd. His anecdotes are many and good. "What can one expect when even a colonel in the British Army said to me in Rome when the newspapers reported Herbert Spencer's last illness, 'Who is Herbert Spencer?'" Again, someone complained to a farmer that his clock was not right. "Well, you see," said the farmer, "nobody don't understand much about that clock but me. When the hands of that clock stand at twelve then it strikes two, and then I know it's twenty minutes to seven." These letters are avowedly ephemeral literature, but they are amusing and instructive, never wearisome or didactic.

The Satires of Horace

Œuvres d'Horace—Satires. Texte Latin avec un Commentaire Critique et Explicatif. By PAUL LEJAY. (Hachette and Co. 15 fr.)

THERE are obvious advantages in reading a Latin author from a French point of view. In spite of all the tirades and paradoxes that are daily levelled against the teaching of the classics in France, the study of Latin is in that country a much easier and more real thing than it is, for instance, in England. Latin is to the Frenchman a far more living language than Anglo-Saxon to the modern Englishman. M. Lejay's edition of the Satires of Horace is a magnificent example of French scholarship illuminated by enthusiasm. There are no dry bones in it; the critical notes go straight to their aim, and seem to gain cogency from the kindred idiom.

It is a curious fact, alluded to in the introduction to M. Lejay's work, that this is part of the first really complete edition of Horace in French since 1681. *Prima facie* it would seem that the great Latin lyrist and satirist should make an irresistible appeal to the inheritors of the Latin tradition; many examples, the works of Boileau, for instance, prove how considerable has been his literary influence. But the scholarly commentator has somehow found his home in other lands —"dans les pays où s'est gardée la tradition des Bentley et des Orelli." This circumstance is not without its advantages; M. Lejay is debarred from inviting the reader to take many things on trust, and is constrained, a little *malgré lui*, to make a complete and self-sufficing edition of his text.

The introduction is a masterpiece of historical criticism, a miracle of breadth and lucidity, like some of the great French rivers. M. Lejay finds his parallels everywhere; the Capucin in "Wallensteins Lager," for instance, serves to illustrate a point. And it is impossible to read more than two or three pages without striking on a sentence that will throw a flood of light on the questions at issue, and that will root itself in the memory. For instance, when defending Horace's originality and discussing the conventionality of the *genre* satire—all satire, by the way, even the most informal and the least intended for publication, tends to be conventional—M. Lejay remarks, in parenthesis, that "toute la littérature de l'antiquité est une littérature de tradition."

On the subject of the ancient love of apostrophe and imaginary dissentients we find this excellent comment: "Nous écrivons dans le silence pour être lus dans le silence. Toute la littérature ancienne est faite pour être parlée. Toute œuvre littéraire de l'antiquité, si étrangère qu'elle soit à l'éloquence, est un discours suivi." M. Lejay combats the theory that the Greeks, after their enormous literary and linguistic loans to the Romans, took nothing back from them. Lucian, to take a single instance, was greatly indebted to Horace. The chapters on the early

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

developments of the satire and on the Stoics and the Cynics are excellent, and so are most of the introductions to the individual satires.

Shorter Reviews

Miniatures. By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Cheerful Way. By LADY DOUGHTY. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE essay in miniature has, in these days, taken the place of its more ponderous predecessors. It has much to recommend it, and this especially—that its author need say no more than he wishes to say. He is in no danger of exhausting his own interest or his reader's patience. An impression, too, may be as readily conveyed in 500 words as in 5,000. And it is in impressions rather than in ideas that the modern author is apt to deal.

Among these essayists in little Mr. G. A. B. Dewar occupies a recognisably honourable place. He unites a keen and sympathetic faculty for observation with a graceful style of writing which, though it never degenerates into mere colloquialism, always seems to preserve an air of warm intimacy and friendliness. Many of these small papers have the perfection of cameos. They are just brief, fleeting impressions and records of "things seen"—things seen, indeed, by everyone, but observed only by those who are deeply versed in Nature's secret lore. The lover of "open air" literature will find for this book a place in his library not far from Izaak Walton, or Gilbert White, or Richard Jefferies. For Mr. Dewar does indeed belong to that select band.

Lady Doughty is a writer of a different calibre. "The Cheerful Way" belongs to a certain type of "literature" that had an enormous vogue in the sentimental 'seventies, and that even yet is not entirely extinct. The type was known variously as "sunny" or "breezy" or "wholesome," and stood in the same relationship to literature (properly so called) that "I wonder if you miss me sometimes" does to a lyric of Shelley. Lady Doughty preserves, unimpaired, the best traditions of this type. This is how she rhapsodises on the subject of old love-letters:—

> Who does not know the pathos, the charm of old letters! Sweetest of all links with the past! Bridges to bear us from the precious present to the days of long ago! Magic wands to transport us back into youth again! Witchery to carry us to old scenes and friends of long ago! Old letters! What they conjure up of dearest associations! Some we tie with blue ribbon, and some with white, and some with rose. Some we lay in musk and lavender. . . .

And the rest of the book is in a similar style.

Sixty Years of Progress and Fiscal Policy. By EARL BRASSEY, G.C.B., D.C.L. New Edition. (The Free Trade Union. 1s. 6d. net.)

LORD BRASSEY'S book, now re-issued, originated as a pamphlet which appeared in 1904. This was enlarged and republished in 1906. In the preparation of the third edition Lord Brassey has had the assistance of Mr. John Hilton, of the Free Trade Union. The title and history of the volume sufficiently indicate that new arguments for use in the fiscal controversy are not to be found between its covers. Lord Brassey has made a compendious statement of the familiar case for free imports, to which some useful statistical appendices and a full index have been added. The style is that of a well-informed party lecturer who is able to avoid wearying his hearers if they are interested in his subject. Lord Brassey's fiscal opinions are summarised in the following sentences:—

> Thus far we have held our own. We have had the immense advantage given by Free Trade conditions. The splendid fabric of British industry rests on a Free Trade basis. To reverse our policy, now that we have gone so far forward as Free Traders, would be a Herculean task. The manufacturers who now clamour for Protection imperfectly realise the cost. The great consuming public would get nothing out of Protection.

Again, "Free Trade has presented nobler ideals. Nor has our generosity been without reward." The main object of the book is to show that the country adopted and has maintained the system of free imports for commercial reasons and to its own advantage, and it is difficult to see why the author has thought it worth while to drag in this example of cant about "nobler ideals" and "our generosity." There is nothing in the enlarged pamphlet which is likely to impress Tariff Reformers, who have not yet heard it explained why Liberals in one breath glorify Cobdenism as the one sound fiscal system and the source of unexampled prosperity, and in the next echo the late Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's lament about the portentously high proportion of the population that lives on the verge of hunger and Mr. Lloyd George's more recent fulminations on the same subject.

The Supremacy of Public Opinion (?Parliament) in a Constitutional Empire. By "QUISQUE." (The Century Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this book is anxious for a "paper constitution." Parliament, he contends, is no longer an entirely representative body. It has delegated—perhaps unconsciously—much of its power to that most potent organ of public opinion, the British Press. Hence the necessity for an Imperial State-owned and State-subsidised newspaper, which should aim at bringing the teeming millions who constitute our Empire into a direct relationship with the Home Government. It should be published at a halfpenny, and might, "Quisque" thinks, become a self-supporting concern.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"Everything published would be recognised as possessing a strictly official status, and nothing would appear except under the authority of the Government or department concerned, and under the official signature of its chief or his deputy." It is a fascinating proposal; but it may well be doubted whether the establishment of such a newspaper would achieve the end aimed at. The representatives in Parliament of the various Government departments are notoriously reticent in the communication of information, and it is hardly likely that they would allow to be published in a newspaper details that are withheld from questioners in the House of Commons. The existence of the party system provides, too, a very serious obstacle to the successful working of such a scheme. For the first aim of a Government is invariably to defend itself against the attacks of its opponents, and the general policy of such a paper as that suggested by "Quisque" would inevitably be dictated by the party in power. It is due, however, to the author to say that he has stated his case with an admirable lucidity and precision.

Studies in Arcady. (*Second Series.*) By R. L. GALES. (Herbert and Daniel. 5s. net.)

THE title of these essays does not express the full scope of the work, of which a large part is taken up with "Discussions and Digressions" on many topics, such as French inns and French picture-books, the soul of Brittany, Pierrot, "Bestalissima Pazzia," etc. There is a section on "Folklore and Tradition" and another on "Speech and Language." All are well written in easy, pleasant style, the shrewd observations of a clever man of culture. The studies in Arcady show that some country clergy are beginning to get beneath the surface, not so deeply as Balzac—at least in print, that would be too much for Mrs. Grundy—but sufficiently to know something of the hidden feelings and difficulties of the poor. It is refreshing to find a parson writing a good word for the village public-house, which "represents a perennial human need and instinct just as the village church does—that it is, in fact, a necessary human thing." In short, Mr. Gales takes a good broad view of humanity, foreign to many clergy, and generally unknown to their wives. Too many "labour (with deplorable success) to realise an utterly dehumanised, mechanised world." These interesting studies give much food for reflection, and we commend them with pleasure.

The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen. Vol. XII.—From Ibsen's Workshop: Notes, Scenarios, and Drafts of the Modern Plays. Translated by A. G. CHATER. With an Introduction by WILLIAM ARCHER. (Wm. Heinemann. 4s.)

THIS volume contains drafts and bits of drafts of plays from the "Pillars of Society" downwards. They are of the highest interest to enthusiastic Ibsen students, as revealing the mind of the playwright in his unguarded hours. These drafts were not apparently meant for publication, but, as Mr. Archer points out, Ibsen had his remedy in his own hands—he could have destroyed them: more than that, he gave his executors a free hand in dealing with all his papers, so that protest has no ground to stand upon. The most extraordinary thing about these initial sketches is that they contain few of the great "coups de théâtre" or the characteristic traits by which the plays are remembered. Ibsen seems to have groped his way to the light. "Little Eyolf," for instance, is here almost a different play; the lameness of Eyolf and all that depends on it only came into the final text; on the other hand, many might perhaps prefer the original version of the "Doll's House," with the famous macaroons left out.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti and German Literature: A Public Lecture delivered in Hilary Term, 1912, at the Taylor Institution, Oxford. By L. A. WILLOUGHBY, Taylorian Lecturer in German. (Henry Frowde. 1s. net.)

DR. WILLOUGHBY deals with a little-known aspect of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, whose German proclivities have hitherto received scant attention from literary historians, and whose studies of the German language came to a premature end. "I do not know that language," he is recorded as having said in later life. But Dr. Willoughby gives very good evidence for his having in his youth studied zealously both the language and the literature, the latter at first in translations, but subsequently in original texts, and to some purpose. Apart from the general influence of such works as Goethe's "Faust" and of romantic novels like "Undine" and "Peter Schlemihl," Rossetti owed a great deal to German in that his first considerable poetical achievement consisted of a translation from that language. Bürger's famous and oft-translated ballad "Lenore" was the subject of the venture. Rossetti followed this with renderings of a part of the "Nibelungenlied" and of "Der Arme Heinrich." Dr. Willoughby analyses these translations in the light of Rossetti's later tendencies.

The Child's Empire Picture Annual. (The Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.)

CHILDREN'S books generally connected with the Christmas season are already making their appearance, and one of the first to reach us is this new annual published by the Religious Tract Society. It is a bulky quarto volume, attractively bound and full of pictures, stories, and rhyming verse, which are sure to interest the younger children at all times and prove a pleasant companion to them from one year's end to another. There are, in addition to pictures in the text on almost every page, a large number of coloured plates, printed apart, the eight on art paper being exceedingly well executed. Four of these are by that children's favourite, Mrs. Arthur J. Elsley, and with the others form a notable feature of the volume. As the title implies, the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Annual affords some glimpses of the lives of children in many lands, especially those of our own Empire and the countries with which we have most in common. It is thus an instructive as well as an entertaining book, which many parents will no doubt be only too pleased to place in the hands of their inquiring offspring.

The Tyranny of Trade Unions. By ONE WHO RESENTS IT. (Eveleigh Nash. 1s. net.)

THE anonymous author dedicates this small volume to the working men of the Anglo-Celtic race. In a thoroughly partisan spirit he presents the case against trade unionism, but we are at a loss to understand his motive in remaining unknown to his readers. The treatise deals with the recent coal strike, and with trade unionism in the United States and in Australia. The remedies proposed to meet the growing evil are private effort, mainly in the way of organising counter-attacks upon the trade unions by associations of employers, legislative effort, and, lastly, administrative effort. But the keystone of such a propaganda is personality, and we fear that the author, by choosing to remain anonymous, has defeated his own ends.

Fiction

The Touchstone of Fortune. By CHARLES MAJOR. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

THE author has a rather blunt, heavy method, which suggests that he found the task somewhat difficult; apart from that, "The Touchstone of Fortune" is an excellent story, telling how Charles the Second sold Dunkirk to the French, and more particularly how Mistress Frances Jennings, sister to Sarah of that family, played her part in the sale that she might win through to the man she loved.

George Hamilton, Frances' lover, is a fine character, and well worth knowing, as is his friend, Baron "Ned" Clyde, who let his title and estates slip willingly enough when he went to marry Bettina, daughter of the landlord at the Swan in "Gracious Street." In some respects Bettina is the best of a goodly company of players who strut for our amusement, and to some extent for our edification, for there are in the book some very realistic sketches of Whitehall society in Charles's time, my Lady Castlemain, Nell Gwynn, and others being well rendered. Plenty of exciting scenes and the necessary amount of rapier work to a story of the kind are given us.

The chief fault of the book is that the virtue of restraint is carried to excess. Melodramatic descriptiveness is not a desirable quality in a novel, but here the other extreme is reached, for the author never succeeds in being enthusiastic, even in his most exciting or emotional scenes, over his own work—the ponderous manner of stating facts and events is not shaken off. In spite of this, however, the book is one of deep and well-sustained interest from the first chapter to the final "note."

The Chief Constable. By VINCENT BROWN. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

TRUTH may be stranger than fiction, but we venture to suggest that truth seldom walks out in more unreal and sordid fashion than that in which this story is presented. Beatrice Lumley, having been adopted by old Gordon Broxworth, goes with him to Hyères, where he dies. Her brother Lewis circulates a report to the effect that she married Broxworth two days before his death, and, when she arrives back in England, persuades her—so the author tells us—to connive at the maintenance of the imposture. Lewis, weak to the point of criminality, makes his sister's life a burden for a matter of two or three years by his blackmailing demands, and finally escapes from England, with a warrant out against him, leaving Beatrice free to marry the chief constable, who has known of the imposture all the time, though he has given no hint of his knowledge to Beatrice.

In the face of a plot like this, with its working out extended over a period of years, we are asked to believe that Beatrice is a pure-minded girl, to whom the idea of deceit in any form is abhorrent—and she is not even given the excuse of deep affection for her criminal and neurotic brother. We are introduced to a number of more or less improbable persons, improbable mainly through the overdrawing of their eccentricities and undue accentuation of their various traits. The characters of the principal figures are so much at variance with their actions as to render them unconvincing, and the chief effect of the tale is that of dreary depression at the short-sightedness—and even meanness—of the world's good people.

The Top Farm. By ALGERNON GISSING. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

EVERYDAY people and everyday incidents make up this book, and the result is an engrossing story—until with the last incident comes a sense of unreality, due to a desire on the part of the author to achieve a happy ending. Looking beyond the end, we confess that we can see but little happiness for the hero and heroine; contentment, perhaps, and "the wind on the heath," quoted here from Borrow, may be possible, but the mistakes in both lives forbid more.

The plot tells how the heroine married and was widowed when the hero came into her life a second time as a grown man. Then both marry most unsuitable partners, who finally ride off together and get killed, leaving the way clear for the desired ending. Up to this catastrophe we are faced by strong, sincere work and a convincing atmosphere of reality—there is more than a suggestion of Eden Phillpotts' earlier work about this book—but when fate is made to cut the tangled cords in such a manner we refuse to see in fate

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

anything but the author's desire that his characters should live happy ever after—they become puppets instead of personalities.

The "wind on the heath" pervades the book, which is grey and sombre with the sense of life lived hardly and seriously, close to nature. Here are primal passions and impulses, scarcely affected by the refinements of civilisation; the setting is twentieth century, but it might equally as well have been the tenth. We find it hard to forgive the author that last unfitting touch of melodrama, by which he has turned a great story into an average interesting novel.

Love Gilds the Scene and Women Guide the Plot. By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

THOSE who already know the forerunners of "Love Gilds the Scene and Women Guide the Plot" will find pleasure in this, the latest of the series; while those to whom the writings of Mr. and Mrs. Castle have hitherto been an untrodden field will doubtless profit by the introduction now afforded them to seek to learn more of the Incomparable Bellairs, now known as my Lady Viscountess Kilcrony, and of the members of her set. The present book consists of a series of light sketches or episodes strung together by the *personæ* common to them all. They can be read as a whole or separately, and in either event will amuse and interest the jaded reader in search of some light mental refreshment. The authors have made the most of the romance of the period of which they treat, although the story, so far as there is one, cannot be said to have any plot; its whole strength rests in the portrayal of the characters. Concentrating on this, the authors have occasionally neglected the smooth joining of the various incidents which pursue one another from the first page of the book to the last. Thus at times we come across traces of haste in the composition; but as the book is intended merely to amuse, it certainly attains its object admirably. Incidentally, an origin is furnished or suggested for the style of ladies' headgear rendered so famous by Gainsborough.

A Little Aversion. By C. T. MARTIN. (T. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 6s.)

BY her grandfather's death and his peculiar will the heroine, Marion Annesley, is left alone in the world, and utterly unprovided for. Some old friends offer her a home, and she eventually fills the place of the longed-for children, who never arrived. The hero, Sir Jeffrey Clifford, falls in love with Marion, and so does his rival, Lawrence. The former detects the latter cheating at cards, thereby winning Clifford's best home farm. In a fit of quixotic gallantry Clifford throws the marked cards into the fire; but eventually Lawrence, in a mood of bravado, voluntarily confesses having won in a questionable manner. It is somewhat difficult throughout to discover which of Marion's numerous lovers is the favourite. To those who like an old-fashioned long-drawn-out novel, where the tale moves slowly and without enthusiasm or excitement, we commend "A Little Aversion."

The Damsel Dark: A Fool's Romance. By CLARA TURNBULL. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

"THE DAMSEL DARK" is a "first novel" which took a high place in the competition of 1911 arranged by Mr. Andrew Melrose. It is a tale of Stephen's time, when England was in a very turbulent state, each baron fighting for his own hand. The chronicler is a fool who becomes an esquire, but the story is centred round "the damsel dark," who, in the absence of a brother, raises the fortunes of her house and strikes terror into evil-doers. She unhorses her fighting uncle in a tourney before the king—quite an unwomanly thing to do.

The book is full of incident, and finishes with a wedding under romantic circumstances. There is also a grateful and rich Jew, who reminds one of Isaac of York.

The Apotheosis of Mrs. Humphry Ward

WE had thought that the days of hero-worshippers were over. There are many reminders of the fact that no man is a hero to his valet, and Mr. J. Stuart Walters* now sets out to prove that it is still possible for a woman to be a heroine to her biographer. Mrs. Humphry Ward is depicted as a moulder of the centuries. Shakespeare and Milton, Newton and Kant—these pale their ineffectual fires before the fierce radiance that glows and burns in the pages of "Robert Elsmere." Mr. Walters opens with an introductory chapter in which the "religious, political, and social conditions of England during the period immediately prior to the publication" of that immortal work are passed in rapid review. It was a period when a man was hanged for sheep-stealing, and English fiction was represented by the amateurish efforts of a Fielding, a Thackeray, a Dickens, or a Jane Austen. Then came the sound that shook the spheres. "Robert Elsmere" was written. Henceforward the whole aspect of humanity is changed, transformed; Fabian societies spring into being; social settlements appear—pharos-lights in the dark wastes of London. The mists of superstition melt before the light of the rising sun, and the pathway of a Campbell or a Clifford is prepared. And all of this is due, it appears, whether directly or indirectly, to "Robert Elsmere." Well, well!

A certain perverted industry must be placed to the credit of Mr. Walters. Just as in the old, idolatrous, pre-Elsmere days, a few silly people used to count the

---

* *Mrs. Humphry Ward, Her Work and Influence.* By J. STUART WALTERS. (Kegan Paul and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

number of letters in the Bible and compare them with the number of acres in Yorkshire, so Mr. Walters has gone to the trouble of counting the number of quotations from English and foreign authors that are to be found in "Robert Elsmere." They are all solemnly set forth, together with the page on which they occur, and it appears that they total 75.

Then follows one of the most amazing passages which it has been our fortune to read. Mr. Walters must be quoted in full:—

> Sometimes the authority is quoted, as on p. 554:—
> "I thought of a saying of Vinet's, 'C'est pour la religion que le peuple a le plus de talent; c'est en religion qu'il montre le plus d'esprit.'"
> Sometimes sub-quoted, as on p. 560:—
> "Like Heine, I am qualified to give lectures in heaven on the ignorance of doctors on earth."
> Sometimes merely referred to, as on p. 514:—
> "Then it would be the turn of his favourite poets—Wordsworth, Tennyson, Virgil"—
> but always with a clear understanding, as the text shows, of the matters dealt with.
> There is perhaps a pardonable pride on the part of the young author discernible in this display of erudition, but it is never obtrusive, and the whole subject is one that could not have been handled except by a person of generous culture and reading.

It would be interesting to inquire whether a more *banal* passage has ever appeared in print. The answer, we are inclined to think, would be in the negative. Still, it is something to have established a record. "Perhaps that quality which is most lacking in Mrs. Ward's work is wit," continues the author. We should not have thought that wit was one of Mr. Walters' subjects.

On another page of the book the influence of French thought upon Mrs. Humphry Ward is stated to be discernible in the number of French words which she uses in "Miss Bretherton." They include such unfamiliar expressions as "finesse," "salon," "au naturel," "aide-de-camp," "rôle," "débutante," "matinée," "au revoir," and "en route." How very French!

The book abounds in curious facts. On page 33 we are gravely informed that John Stuart Mill, Hume, and Wesley were Nonconformists. It would be interesting, by the way, to hear Hume on the question—or even Wesley—while on page 200 we learn that Hell, "with its terrors of eternal burning and its utter elimination of hope," was a Victorian institution, which has been abolished by Dean Farrar and the Rev. Samuel Cox (of Nottingham); but that the labours of these pious abolitionists would hardly have availed had they not been supplemented by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

We will not pause to inquire what Mr. Walters means when he asserts that with the Æsthetic movement "the names of Ruskin, Wordsworth, Rossetti, and William Morris are *immemorably* connected." But we must take leave to point out that there is no such person as "his Grace the Bishop of London," and that the leader of the Education movement in the late 'sixties was the Right Hon. W. E. Forster—a name that will be imperfectly recognised as "Foster."

On the critical side the book is lamentably weak. It is a little unfair, indeed, to Mrs. Humphry Ward—by no means a negligible novelist—that she should have to bear the burden of such praise. Mrs. Ward has won for herself—it is the just reward of years of patient effort—a recognised place among contemporary writers of fiction, and, as Mr. Herbert Paul has aptly said, her novels are "an interesting 'end-of-the-century' example of the art of separating instruction from amusement." Few people, it is to be supposed, take "Robert Elsmere" very seriously to-day, while it is doubtful whether even the Labour Party reads "David Grieve." But in "Marcella" and "Sir George Tressady" we have careful and laborious studies of a certain type of English political life, and the future historian of the English people may well discover in these books much useful information. Those of us, however, who find in Mrs. Humphry Ward an interesting, rather than an epoch-making, novelist, can only regard such a volume as this with feelings of unmitigated bewilderment.

Posterity and Boswell

By HENRY STACE.

WE have a naive habit of entrusting to posterity the task of correcting our own crude judgments of the contemporary great. In our biographies and critical dissertations on their work we almost always adopt a tentative manner, and suggest, by implication or in as many words, that only by some later generation than our own, more enlightened and clear-sighted than we are, can the object of our admiration be truly comprehended, measured, and appraised.

No doubt those among us who secretly know that they are, or at some future time may be, among the great, look even more eagerly to posterity than the rest of us. They certainly have a stronger sense of the misunderstanding which is their lot in life; and it is natural that they should console themselves with the thought that their merits will be more clearly seen and valued, and their weaknesses viewed with a greater sympathy and comprehension by a wonderful race of clear-eyed, justly-thinking men to be evolved somehow out of the chaos of the present; a race which will make its happy advent at some not too remote period—say, about the year 2000 A.D.

Unfortunately, posterity is always in process of materialising out of the to-be into the actual; and as each succeeding generation marches out of the future into the present it reveals itself as being remarkably like its forbears. The bewildered public of our own day, with its contemporary whims, fads and crotchets, listening open-mouthed to its self-elected pundits, is the posterity of which, no doubt, the misunderstood great ones of some past century had happy and confident dreams; and it is not clear-eyed nor enlightened at all.

It is, on the contrary, as resolutely as ever set against

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

comprehension of its departed heroes. It is generously ready to admire; and it is very easily intimidated and brought to its knees by the mere existence of a reputation. But its mental habits are anything rather than accurate and unbiassed. What it desires is not to comprehend, but to worship. And to worship even the greatest of men might be difficult if one saw too clearly not only his great achievements, but his follies and meannesses, his monstrous vanities and egoisms. It is intolerable to think that one's idol has at times fallen as far below the standard of the average citizen as he has occasionally risen above it; and accordingly we, this realised posterity of which we are all members, prudently decline to see too clearly. We ignore, deny, or explain away everything that makes worship difficult. The eye of posterity is a peculiar organ; it has its high magnifying powers, its distorting lenses, and its blind spots, adjustable at will to any angle. When it is applied to some hero of the past he obtains, not the sympathetic comprehension for which his soul may have panted, but transfiguration—which perhaps would in many cases have been quite as agreeable to him.

It is sad to think that among the eminent there have been unhappy wights for whom even the eye of posterity could do nothing. Such an unfortunate was Boswell. It is due far less to any demerits of his own than to the fact that he happened to form a convenient theme for two of the most ruthless writers who have ever used the English tongue, that he has come down to us indelibly stamped, not with infamy, but with absurdity. If he had only been a ruffian or a coward, posterity might have contrived to avert its gaze from these faults, and have set him up as a minor deity in the literary Pantheon on the strength of his book and of his friendship with Johnson. But worship is incompatible with absurdity. When Boswell had passed through the hands of Macaulay and Carlyle his chance of apotheosis was for ever gone. He had become ridiculous.

Macaulay, who was always cold, precise, and moderate in praise, became fervent when the rage of vituperation was on him, and he seized upon poor Boswell as his predestined prey. He did his worst with him, but it is possible that Boswell might have survived his onslaught. Macaulay was far more of a controversialist than an artist, and he devoted his attention to what he chose to call infamous in Boswell rather than to what was absurd. His method was somewhat crude: he dealt his victim a rain of bludgeon strokes, though he had a neat thrust here and there. He repeated, it is true, some of the absurd things that Boswell did, but he did not succeed, as Carlyle did a year later, in making Boswell's name synonymous with absurdity. And there was just this in Boswell's favour, that a kind of cold malignance in Macaulay's abuse tends to awaken resentment in the reader. Probably no one has read the essay upon the poems of Mr. Robert Montgomery without feeling a sneaking sympathy with that unfortunate simpleton.

Carlyle took up the rags of Boswell's reputation left by Macaulay and tore them afresh into shreds and patches. Macaulay had dealt with him for his own sake, out of the savage love of the vituperative writer for his victim; Carlyle struck at him, as it were, in passing. Johnson was his true game. Boswell was to be blackened merely to emphasise the grandeur of Johnson—that imaginary Johnson who was to be created solely in order to embody the great arch-quack's hero-idea. But Carlyle's attack was infinitely more destructive than Macaulay's.

With all the pitiless unscrupulousness of the critic he seized upon poor Boswell's personal appearance to make him ridiculous. It was nothing that he called him a sycophant-coxcomb, a Scottish squirelet full of gulosity and gigmanity, that he wrote him down both fool and knave, that he drew attention to his gluttony and drunkenness. It was that terrible sentence describing his appearance that for ever destroyed poor Boswell. "In that cocked nose, cocked up partly in triumph over his weaker fellow-creatures, partly to snuff up the smell of coming pleasure and scent it from afar; in those bag cheeks, hanging like half-filled wine-skins, still able to contain more——" What virtue, courage, or intellectual glory could have survived this?

It is ludicrously unfair and exaggerated, but that matters not at all. Boswell has been made ridiculous to us, and so for him we make no allowances and no excuses. We admit that his book is the finest of biographies, and that he was the constant companion and friend of Johnson, of whom we think so highly, but we allow him scarcely any credit on those grounds. On him posterity never turns the blind spots in its eye. Gibbon had the cocked-up nose and the wine-bag cheeks at which Carlyle sneered, but in his case we do not see in them evidence of a contemptible nature. Nelson was almost as vain as Boswell, and as naive in his vanity. Cromwell, Warren Hastings, Wellington, and many another hero did ugly things. Wordsworth was certainly vainer than Boswell ever was. Poor Bozzy had not a fault, indeed, that we cannot find in at least as high a degree in the character of many a hero and poet whom we worship. But in thinking of them we never remember these matters. Our estimate of Shakespeare is not in the smallest degree affected by the common belief that he died after a drunken debauch. We either ignore this, or we attempt to disprove it. We give all our heroes the benefit of similar treatment. At poor, amiable, "babbling Bozzy" alone do we look with pitiless scrutiny; he who of all men was least fitted to bear it.

A Martyr of Empire—I

NO nation which has ceased to worship its heroes will continue to produce heroes. Cynicism is a narcotic habit which paralyses all sense of freedom and proportion. In an age of shallow artificiality the cheap cynic becomes a prophet new-inspired and the bourne of his teaching is that decay which is the fruit of self-seeking. No profounder word has ever been uttered of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

men or nations than this—he that loseth his life shall save it.

In the year 1618 England may be said to have reached the nadir of her infamy, for in the October of that year, at the dictation of the foe whom she had caused to bite the dust, Sir Walter Raleigh was executed on the green facing Westminster Abbey. Nearly 300 years have since passed over the national fortunes. They have but served to burn into sharper contrast the lights and shadows of that scene. James I. during his reign was loathed and detested as a cold-hearted murderer. His memory has been held in increasing execration and contempt ever since. One may perchance be pardoned for recalling the salient outline of Raleigh's story. It cannot be told too often, for it is a parable of the nation that bred the man.

In the year in which he was born—1552—Elizabeth was nineteen. Under the snows of oppression lay a mighty national harvest, destined in the sunlight to leap into blade and ear. Raleigh sprang, as all the world knows, from the West country. The wise men came from the West in those days—Devon and Dorset men, slow of speech, but die-hards. The swarthy sailormen who sailed back to Plymouth Sound with strange birds and shells, and stranger yarns of "the Indies," must have dinned their golden legends into the boy's ears. Never had a youngster sharper ears and eyes, a quicker brain or a readier tongue. At the age of 17, such was the schooling of the sons of gentlemen in the great Tudor Queen's days, Raleigh fought as a Huguenot trooper in the Lowlands. There he saw the brutal side of war. The Prince of Condé with a broken leg was, we are told, captured by the Spaniards, who then mounted him on an ass and led him in derision before the soldiery. The Huguenots, in open revolt at the hardships they had to endure, were in this fight routed, and narrowly escaped destruction. Such war was a rough school, but it left young Raleigh keen as a fasting hawk. The next news we have of him is some six years later, when he is fighting in the French civil wars. Crossing the passes of Languedoc, his party come upon a body of Catholics hidden in a cave and forthwith proceed to smoke them out, gaining rich booty by their surrender. France in the struggle became one huge shambles. It was wild and bloody work, before which the ghastly horrors of the French Revolution pale.

At the age of 23 we find Raleigh a dandy about Town, with lodgings in the Temple. There we may be sure he ruffled it with the best. He published his poems, even as other gallants of his day—poems in which the high ideals of Feudalism were cloaked in a motley garb of words. We should nowadays call much of the verse of the day high-flown bombast, but it was typical of that transition period when masque and pageant were in the heart and not alone on the lips of men. Notwithstanding its dandyism, it was an age never surpassed for vital insight. Raleigh was physically of noble and commanding mien, and, as a young man, with his bold flattery, could melt the heart of any woman. We know that he mixed freely with the gallants of the Court, that his feet were already on the ladder of fame. Southampton was of the Essex faction, and therefore we may conclude that Shakespeare would be inclined to bite his thumb at Raleigh. Still he knew a man when he met one. May not the magic lines of Mark Antony have been suggested by Raleigh at this period of his career?—

> "His life was gentle; and the elements
> So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

But sterner work was at hand. His half-brother, Gilbert, was organising that expedition—ostensibly to Newfoundland—which was destined to lay in failure the foundation of our oversea dominions. Elizabeth was supposed to be hostile to raids such as this, and was careful to put her blind eye to the telescope of State, so as not to recognise them officially. She even, as a matter of form, imprisoned a few of the folk mixed up in them. In the State Paper Office is a "Discourse to the Queen," dated November 6, 1577. The signature is that of Gilbert, but the hand is the hand of Raleigh. In this document it is pointed out to Elizabeth that a policy of unofficial buccaneering may be made the instrument for conveniently ridding a kingdom of impending invasion and filling the State coffers with foreign gold. How pregnant was the wit of the writer may be judged from one sentence, which comes home to us today: "This realm, being an island, shall be discharged from all foreign pillage, if all the monarchs of the world should join against us, so long as Ireland shall be in safe keeping."

The crews gathered together for Gilbert's expedition were reckless sea-wolves, and they commenced operations by riotous living in the town of Plymouth. The expedition with Raleigh aboard ultimately set sail, but returned many months later in a shattered condition and without the promised treasure. Whither it had sailed can only be conjectured. It is probable that the leaders struck for the West Indies and the Spanish treasure ships. One thing is certain—Raleigh returned salted for the rough game of sea-fighting. He had tasted the bitter spindrift of adventure, and henceforward the sea was to be his mistress.

Elizabeth's court was seething with intrigue and treason, and Raleigh we may be sure did not neglect his chances, for the ear of the Queen was at this time open to him. Next follows the sordid brutality of the campaign in Ireland, Raleigh's share in which Charles Kingsley has faithfully narrated in "Westward Ho!"

Raleigh on his return to the Court from Ireland reached the zenith of his worldly career, for Elizabeth treated him with that extraordinary favour which she was wont to extend to one or another of the men about her. Doubtless the risks and chances of the realm, both internal and external, were such that in the policy of pitting one courtier against another she saw her best chance of escaping shipwreck for her Crown and State. Raleigh's heart was probably uplifted by the royal

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

favour, and of this period we may guess was that intrigue with Bessy Throckmorton which brought him disgrace and remorse, but ultimately a true-hearted helpmeet, as faithful a wife as man ever had.

Meantime in 1582 Sir Humphrey Gilbert was preparing for his second voyage, and hoped that Raleigh would accompany him. This the Queen vetoed. Whether Raleigh's presence would have saved that ill-fated expedition from failure it is impossible to say. Gilbert was a noble patriot of single aim, reckless perhaps and inclined, in Raleigh's terse phrase, to trust in "the god of fools." He died a glorious death, and has enriched the annals of English manhood for ever, but his squadron came to hopeless undoing.

In the six years which elapse before the coming of the Armada Raleigh may almost be said to have founded the oversea empire of England. His counsel was predominant with Elizabeth, and, under her astute protection, were organised expeditions which not merely raided Spanish towns in the New World, but left scattered settlements of Englishmen to carry on the tradition of the race.

A Correspondence with Mr. Andrew Lang

IF we cannot say that the lamented death of Mr. Andrew Lang has "eclipsed the gaiety of nations," we may at least assert that it has suddenly arrested for the English-speaking peoples a seemingly inexhaustible fount of instruction and entertainment. It was my good fortune in the course of last year to receive from him a sequence of three letters, and, as these are of more than private interest, it seems right that the many readers who took delight in the workings of his acute and versatile intelligence should have an opportunity of appreciating them.

Everyone is aware of Mr. Lang's interest in psychical research, and that last year he was President of the society devoted to that object. Early in 1911 "The Life of Robert Browning" fell into his hands, and he at once fastened on the episode of the Brownings' presence at D. D. Home's séance in 1855. The outcome was the following letter, which reached me from St. Andrews on February 25:—

"Dear Sir,—While reading with keen interest your Life of Mr. Browning, I came across pp. 203-205. I lately read the catalogue of the books and MSS. of my old acquaintance, Mr. E. C. Steadman, in which was published a letter of Mr. Browning, written not more than three days after his one séance with D. D. Home. In that letter he expresses complete incredulity and suspicion, but speaks of no discovery or detection. Now, if he had 'caught hold of Home's foot under the table"—caught it in nefarious practices—he would have said so. Mr. R. B. Browning in your book says that he heard his father 'repeatedly describe' this incident. The late Mr. F. W. Greenwood published a much more odd (and impossible) story, in which he said that Mr. Browning told him about this matter. But as Mr. Browning's letter of the same week in July, 1855, refers to no detection, but to general suspicion, I must presume that the reporters of these legends are in error. I proved to Mr. Greenwood that his yarn was not possible, much to his surprise. You will understand that I am not backing Home, but the interesting point is that mythology, in the course of some forty years, took hold of the events. I think you can procure all the evidence, if you care to see it, though except to the student of modern mythology it is of no interest. Either Mr. Browning's memory became hallucinatory, or the persons to whom he spoke misrepresented him."

The letter to Mr. Steadman had, at this date, only lately been printed in the *Times*, so that it was not available when I compiled my account of the Home episode. In replying to Mr. Lang I cited evidence of the faultiness of Browning's memory, and suggested that Mr. Greenwood's memory must also have deceived him, since his version of the affair was an "impossible" one—as, indeed, it is. I could not end without thanking Mr. Lang for the pleasure his varied writings had given me for many a year. A few days later I received the following kind and interesting letter:—

"St. Andrews, March 1.

"My dear Sir,—I quite agree with your view of Mr. Browning's memory, but I am not sure that Mr. Greenwood's was wrong, for the story told to him was more recent in his memory than the old affair of 1855 in Browning's. Memory is a very hallucinatory faculty. I enclose a little book"—his "Historical Mysteries"—"which please do not return, containing the gist of what I can find about Home. Aïde's evidence is not easily explainable, and Sir W. Crookes is not a gibbering idiot. Unluckily your book has returned to Mudie's. Browning had a very queer yarn of his own about a clairvoyant, and another about meeting Horne (when he was in Australia) and walking up the Strand with him. I only met him (Browning) occasionally; he was always the best of company.—Believe me, faithfully yours,

"A. LANG."

The reference to Horne—man of letters, dramatist, Government official, and friend of the Brownings, whom the Australians wrongly supposed to have been the original of "Waring"—was too tantalising. I ventured to write once more, begging for details of the story. I also offered to lend Mr. Lang a copy of Sir Francis Burnand's "Reminiscences," which contains an account of Home's rising in the air and floating through a window, in the presence of Lord Dunraven and others—an episode more lightly touched in his own "Historical Mysteries." His reply is the more valuable in that it contains a psychical experience of his own:—

"St. Andrews, March 7.

"My dear Sir,—I don't think there was more than tattle about Home's private character. As to the levitation and Lord Dunraven, the evidence is all at sixes and sevens, no use, and I must not trouble you to send

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

'Burnand,' which I can see later in London. All these people, like Eusapia, run in and out, now cheats that a child can detect and now puzzling. It is evidence like Brewster's family letters and Aïde's diary that are best, for the light was good"—the reference here is to a séance at which Sir D. Brewster and Aïde were present, when both were puzzled by Home's manifestations. "The Horne story," proceeds the letter, "is too long to write, and ended in the man saying, 'Give my love to Horne," and then being lost sight of. Browning was interested in my meeting the Oxford Professor of **Latin in the street**, when he was suddenly dying a hundred miles away. If he had not been so very unmistakable, tall, etc., there would be nothing in it."

Such is the third and last letter which I received from Mr. Lang. Its conclusion is touching. At this sad juncture may we not, humbly and without offence, picture to ourselves other and less transient meetings of severed friends upon the happy plains of Elysium?

H. C. MINCHIN.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WE have now entered upon the last lap. It has been a strenuous race, although up to now, to drop the metaphor, it has been singularly free from all-night sittings. It is a curious thing, but it has often been noticed that your Radical cannot and will not sit up all night. He does not seem to have the breed or the stamina. If he tries to, he is no good the following day, but lies asleep in a more or less elegant position in the Lobby.

On Wednesday, July 31, the Premier moved the Address to the King to convey the deep regret at the loss the country had sustained in the death of the Emperor of Japan. In a terse but excellent speech he approved of the Japanese Alliance, and wound up by saying he could not recall the name of a single ruler in history within the limits of whose single reign progress so vast and of so much meaning, both to his own subjects and to mankind, had been attained. This was seconded by Bonar Law, who referred to the fact that the alliance with Japan had been formed by one Government, carried further by another, and had done much to secure peace in the East. After this was carried without a dissentient voice, we once more plunged into party politics.

It was Irish Supply, and the Nationalists made it a pretext for an attack on the Opposition with reference to the disturbances in Harland and Wolff's yard. Devlin was in his best form. He stormed at the Ulstermen and painted the situation in lurid colours. The workmen in the great shipbuilding yard would never have ill-treated the Catholic Home Rulers, their fellow-workmen, in the way they had if it had not been for the speeches of Bonar Law and Carson at Blenheim. Carson got up to reply. He deemed it—nay, more, he claimed that, if he had not laid a restraining hand on the Ulstermen, there would have been rioting and bloodshed much earlier in the proceedings. He proved by dates that it was the Ancient Order of Hibernians who began the row by attacking a defenceless Sunday school at Castledawson. John Redmond then took a hand, and dared Bonar Law to repeat in the House of Commons the language he had used at Blenheim. Bonar Law has the singular knack of seeming to know what his opponents are going to say. He seems always prepared when one fears he may be at a loss. Sitting behind him in my humble seat under the gallery, when a fierce and clever attack has been made on him, I often picture myself in his place, and with a shudder of apprehension say to myself, "What the dickens should I say in answer to that?"

Not only did Bonar Law adhere to every word, but he said he was so impressed with the seriousness of the position that he carefully considered what he was going to say, and had actually written out the very words he uttered! He turned to his followers, and said perhaps some of them might think he had gone too far (there was a deep and sustained shout of "No!"), but for his part he believed that it was the most serious situation that had arisen since 1642. If there had been any sign that the Unionist Party throughout the country had disagreed with his views, he would, without hesitation, have resigned; but there was no such sign. He warned the Government that, if the Home Rule Bill passed in the autumn and became law eighteen months hence, there would be a feeling in Ireland with which the Government would find itself unable to cope. Had the Government a moral right to carry through a revolution? Under the Parliament Act (without the promised preamble being carried) they could do away with the Monarchy and set up a Republic. They had no more right to do one than the other, and they would be resisted to the last in either event.

Asquith always gives one the idea of trying to patronise Bonar Law in a way that he would not dare to try on Arthur Balfour. There is a sort of "You are a young man, and take heed what you do; you may in a single night wreck your reputation" kind of air about his remarks. He was surprised that a responsible statesman (meaning Bonar Law, but subtly conveying he was not a responsible statesman) should give utterance to such thoughts. Did he really mean force against constitutional government? What would happen if he were in power, and the large majority in Ireland tried on the same game? "If," chipped in Bonar Law, "that contingency arose, we should have gained power by clearly stating our intentions, which the present Government have not done." Asquith appeared to be very shocked, but the rank and file behind him for the first time seemed to realise that there was more than mere bluff in the utterance of the Leader of the Opposition. This was the last of the allotted days, and there were a number of reports on the various votes. Divisions were taken, but the Whips took care there were large majorities.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Any act of the Radicals of an unexpected nature they contrive to do in such a way that it looks as if it were a low but smart trick. Thus, on August 1, Mr. Buxton announced that the Government proposed to denounce the Sugar Convention. It is true we have been expecting this for some time, but why announce it just before the holidays, when there is no time to debate it? Mike Thompson began to be suspicious. When was the decision come to? But he got no direct answer, so Austen joined in, and Asquith had to admit that the decision had only been recently arrived at. Just so. It looks exactly as if this was another attempt to help the Free Traders in North-West Manchester.

I believe it was the late Lord Salisbury who as a young man in an early speech referred to the action of the Liberal Government of that day as "unworthy of a hedgerow attorney." The House was shocked in those days at such dreadful language, and everyone felt that Robert Cecil, as he was, had gone too far, and, like Bonar Law to-day, in danger of ruining his career. On the following day Robert Cecil came down and craved leave to make a personal explanation. The House cheered (it is always generous to young men who make mistakes and are willing frankly to own up to them), so it received Cecil with cordiality. "I have been thinking over what I said last night," said Cecil slowly and with diffidence, "and I am sorry for what I said. (Pause, and approving cheers.) On consideration, I must apologise—(pause; more cheers)—to the hedgerow attorney." (Cheering, bathos, rage, and indignation.)

Tim Healy seemed to feel like this about Uganda—another North-West Manchester bribe. I, alas! am old enough to remember what a favourite cock-shy Uganda used to be with the Radical Opposition in 1901. I can recollect John Burns, on the strength of one short trip to the East Coast when he was a "greaser," giving his experiences in sentences that had no ending. McKenna, Lloyd George, and all the noisy crew below the gangway used to pour ridicule on the whole project, and yet here they are realising that we were right and wanting more money for the scheme—quite unnecessary and useful, but done in the crooked, underhand way of the hedgerow attorney. Tim in his serio-comic way, with his head on one side like a mischievous magpie, poured out a stream of abuse on the Treasury bench. "Fraudulent statements come out of the mouth of the Secretary for the Treasury like ribbons out of the mouth of a conjurer," was one of his gems, whilst the unhappy Masterman looked more like a dentist's patient about to be given gas than a Maskelyne or Devant.

Various subjects were discussed—the Army when General Pole-Carew, in answer to a taunt from Seely, hoped he could have managed the Army better than "the voluble and plausible lawyer" who had "organised a sham and a make-believe." Persia and Putumayo took up the rest of the time till eleven, when, after the closure had been applied, the Appropriation Bill was read a second time. When the House went into Committee on the Finance Bill Austen rose to say it was perfectly scandalous to treat finance as the Government persisted in doing—they deliberately put it off to the end of the year to escape criticism, and it was a mockery of Parliamentary control to ask the House to consider a Bill of this importance at 11.30 p.m. Lloyd George persisted, and so we determined to give them a run for their money. Not a Radical dared move. There was a double supply of whips on the door, and from time to time the usual bolt holes were patrolled to see that men were not sneaking home to bed. The majority of our men went home comparatively early, but the rest stuck it out, and the House did not rise until nearly five.

Do you recollect in Edgar Allan Poe's story of the Missing Letter there is an essay on heads and tails and the way different minds approach the subject? This occupied the attention of the Radical whips on Thursday night. It will be remembered that on Friday, July 26, we nearly beat them, they escaping by a majority of 3. "They will never attempt it again this Friday. They know we shall be ready," said Whip No. 2. "Nay," retorted Elibank; "don't you think that they will reason that we shall reason that way and try it on again? That fellow Balcarres is capable of anything." So a double and urgent whip was sent out to the tired host still sitting on. But as we have said, Radicals cannot stand late sittings—in spite of what Sam Weller would have called a double-barrelled steam power, A1 at Lloyds, extra quality, jewelled-in-four-holes whip—the men turned up very badly, and Gulland's white skin seemed to look like alabaster against his black beard as he realised it was going to be a close thing. As a matter of fact, they won by 26, but it was no credit to the Government—it was the Irish who once more saved the situation.

Some members came down to the House on Bank Holiday with the air of conscious virtue worn by those who rise early, but in the best circles it is considered the thing to come down as a matter of course. We have no concern with anything so plebeian as the holiday we created for the benefit of the *oi polloi;* we can take our holidays when less favoured mortals cannot! So a goodly few of us turned up to discuss the third reading of the Appropriation Bill. The Government professed to hope it would be over early, and seemed to be surprised at the number of questions asked—payment of members, the Army, the Navy, the Insurance Act, and celluloid all came upon the carpet, and it was not until 9.45 that the division was called.

The Radical papers have recently been inveighing against "snaps," "mean advantages," "unworthy of a great party," "To what a loss of argument must the Unionist Party be reduced when they have to resort to tricks like these to turn our noble Government out," etc., etc., etc.

To-night, or rather to-morrow morning, there can be no such excuses in the Radical Press. Elibank must have known that the first division after a holiday would naturally be selected by a keen enemy for an attack, and taken means to meet it. As, in fact, he did, by means of a heavily loaded and leaded whip. But all to no purpose. The Radicals were not there. If the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

division could have taken place early, there is no doubt that the Government would have been beaten, and would have been bound to go; but, as a matter of fact, the division did not take place, as I have said, until six hours later, what time the Whips wore out their telephone and used up all the telegram forms at the counter of the post office (at least there were none there when I wanted one at 7 p.m.) in frantic endeavours to get men up.

What was the result?—162 Unionists voted against 109 Radicals. The Government were saved by 62 Nationalists and 20 Labour men, showing a coalition majority of only 29. This was deplorable when you think that the Government possesses a nominal majority of 110. As a matter of fact, the Radicals are worn out and take no interest; they are like the French soldiers who retreated from Moscow—they prefer to lie down rather than continue the endless march (through the lobbies), in spite of what it entails. One member was so sleepy he lay down on a bench in the "No" Lobby and was with difficulty persuaded to vote, a Unionist peer kindly offering to put him in the petition bag behind the Speaker's chair, on the plea that it was another way to call the attention of the House to your views.

There are rumours to-night that Elibank is going to resign. I am not surprised. What is the use of being a general if your men will not obey the word of command? There are other changes announced, but it is not for me in a weekly review to prophesy, although I view some of the rumours with scepticism.

Negotiations went on all the afternoon over the Finance Bill. There were pages of amendments down, and it was obvious that breakfast-time would not see them half through. I think the division clinched the bargain, for after an hour and a half Austen got up and moved to report progress to enable Lloyd George to make a statement. The Chancellor accepted seven new clauses, including one making a concession to the growers of timber over the death duties, two or three licensing concessions, a narrower definition of what is a mineral, sea insurance, etc.

It was a notable victory. John Ward, voicing the opinion of the Labour men, looked with suspicion on the whole affair. They were all concessions to the rich, he inaccurately claimed, but subsequently admitted, after an explanation, that the first was not so bad as he thought. Wedgwood got it into his head that underwood was also excepted, because it afforded shelter for game, and was so persistent that he was finally driven to ask if heather in Scotland was treated as underwood. "No," said the Chancellor; "no more are thistles"—a retort that silenced Wedgwood for a time and made the House laugh.

A division was challenged, and the whole Unionist Party supported the Government, the figures being 319 to 17 men who love to show their independence when it is perfectly safe to do so.

It was explicitly stated by Austen that the bargain did not include other amendments being moved, and, to the surprise of the tired House, the Bill was not reported until 3.30 and there was scarcely a taxi left in Palace Yard.

It takes a bold man to defy the Speaker, as his patience adds to his difficulty. MacCallum Scott, a turbulent Northerner, kept on asking questions about some obscure dispute between the Colonial Office, the Khan of Hoti, Sir George Roos-Keppel, and himself. The House was not interested, but he wanted the House to know that the accusation which somebody had made against him that he had said Sir George Roos-Keppel was actuated by malice against the Khan was untrue. He persisted at question time, and then rose when the orders of the day were about to be called on. He stood while the Speaker stood, and neither Gulland nor Illingworth could get him to sit down. He persisted with angry obstinacy, and there was nothing for it but to name him, which the Speaker did, and Asquith moved that he be suspended for the rest of the session. A few recalcitrant spirits below the gangway shouted "No!" but had not the temerity to carry it to a division. As he went out, MacCallum Scott made a melodramatic bow, which most people thought very foolish.

The Labour men, on the whole, have been very loyal to the Radical Party throughout the session; indeed, some of the Socialists say they have been servile. Be that as it may, they were promised a reward, and that reward was the reversal of the Osborne Judgment.

Time ran on; questions were asked, and Mr. Asquith said, "All in good time," "Leave it to me," "Wait and see," and the result has been that on the penultimate of a hard-fought session the Trades Disputes Bill came on. Rufus Isaacs made a perfunctory speech on its behalf. He spoke about safeguards for the trade unionist who did not want to pay for the support of a candidate whose political views were opposed to his own.

Clavell, who is known as Dry Salter, because of his unemotional manner, dissected the scheme with care. It was "Your money we want" with the Socialists, and they were quite alive to the fact that they could only get it by compulsion.

The Labour men and Radicals spoke soft words, just as they did during the Trades Disputes Bill, and yet we have seen during the last few months the practical interpretation of peaceful picketing. They talked of the safeguard of the ballot. Anyone who has had anything to do with a trade union ballot knows perfectly well that it is a farce. The ballot paper is seen before it is put into the box, and very often marked for the man who is supposed to put it in, and any objection on the part of the voter leads to suspicion and the man is marked. It was all very well for Ramsay MacDonald, with a lofty air, to say "that the man who did not want to subscribe to the political fund would not be interfered with in the exercise of his liberty"! The Labour men themselves know that this is rubbish. The division against the rejection of the Bill was carried by a hundred, which greatly cheered and was greatly cheered by the dispirited majority.

The Government had kept their word, although they

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

had broken it to the hope of the Labour men, who cannot, however, afford to say so. The Bill has received a second reading, but its chances of becoming law this year seem remote.

We then plunged back into the Finance Bill on report. The usual amendments were proposed—encouragement of home-grown tobacco, a preferential duty on wine, and an extension of time for objections to provisional valuation. The Chancellor could not agree to any of them, but the House did not adjourn until 2.30 a.m.

The last day is generally devoted by the conscientious to tipping the servants and clearing the lockers of notes of forgotten and, alas! undelivered speeches.

In the intervals of these arduous duties I went into the smoking-room and saw the cartoon in *Punch* in which the three Bills in a dentist's waiting-room ask the Butler (Elibank) when the Dentist (Asquith) is going to finish them. This is one of the few cartoons in which Elibank has appeared, and it looks as if the Opposition had "finished him," if to-day's rumours as to his retiring into private life are correct.

Samuel insisted upon making a statement about the Marconi contract, and there was a discussion on sugar, but the House was in too much of a holiday mood to take anything seriously.

Looking back, the Opposition have no reason to be ashamed of their labours. The Government is in a very much weaker position than when the session started.

Notes and News

We understand that the author of the novel entitled "The Triuneverse" intends to devote all profits from sales to a benevolent fund to be nominated by the Press Association.

"Nervation of Plants" is the title of a popular nature-book about to be issued by Messrs. Williams and Norgate from the pen of Mr. Francis George Heath. It will be illustrated with about 200 plant figures.

Mrs. Pennell, the widow of Dr. T. L. Pennell, of Bannu, is engaged upon his biography, and would be grateful if those who have preserved any letters he or his mother wrote would lend them to her. Great care will be taken with them, and they will be returned to the owners as soon as possible. They should be sent to Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co., 38, Great Russell Street, W.C., who will acknowledge their receipt.

The School of Sociology and Social Economics, which has for nine years carried on the work of training those who wish to take part in the various forms of social and philanthropic effort, is about to be merged in the London School of Economics and Political Science, one of the schools of the University of London. The new course will begin early in October. Intending students should apply for particulars to the Secretary of the London School of Economics and Political Science, Clare Market, Kingsway, London, W.C. A committee to give advice as to the best methods of training has been appointed.

A University has been founded for Western Australia in Perth, the capital of that State. Sir Winthrop Hackett, a barrister and Editor of the *Western Australian News*, has been appointed Chancellor of the University, and the Senate has been constituted. It is intended shortly to appoint professors to eight Chairs at this University, viz., one for each of the following departments:—Agriculture, Biology, Chemistry, English, Geology, History and Economics, Mathematics and Physics, Mining and Engineering. It thus appears that some good appointments will shortly be open for capable young specialists from the old country, and it is to be hoped that the new University may obtain the services of men who will act as pioneers of knowledge in a young country with such a magnificent future before it as Western Australia. That vast territory has at present hardly one human being to every three square miles; the parent country has to be content with a single square mile for 370 persons. Emigration into this new country is taking place at the rate of 12,000 emigrants each year, and those who have settled there are nominating their relatives and friends for assisted passages at the rate of nearly 200 a week. The present population is only three hundred thousand; it is calculated that the State, if properly developed, could support five times the population of the mother country.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

IT is, nowadays, a matter of difficulty for the writer to discourse, be it never so lightly, upon the subject of alliances, ententes, or conventions, without leading a section of his readers to suppose that he is enunciating some form or other of bellicose doctrine. Particularly is this the case when the Triple Entente is brought forward for discussion. On such occasions we are told that this unholy compact is designed for the sole object of restraining Germany from exercising her legitimate activities throughout the world, and we are warned that the day is approaching when she will no longer submit to the dictates of France, Russia, and England. These friends of Germany—they are not her only friends in this country—who read into the Triple Entente the motive of offence, will never admit that its counterpoise was framed to any other end than that of defence, pure and simple. But great international groupings, however peaceable may have been the common objects which drew their various constituents together in the first place, are inclined to grow in strength and to upset that nice division of influence which we call the balance of power. The Triple Alliance is a case in point.

In view of the harmony established between Germany, Austria, and Italy in the councils of Europe, the natural necessity arose for some form of co-operation among the three great Powers who were excluded from the compact. History shows us that the surest safe-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

guard of peace is the preservation of the Continental equilibrium; and Great Britain would have made a dangerous deviation from her traditional policy had she not elected to sink her differences with erstwhile enemies, with the object of forming an effective combination to counterbalance the powerful group already in existence. When the Government of the day arrived at this momentous decision they were observing a continuity of traditional policy by taking yet another factor into consideration. Over the centuries the tranquillity of Europe has been repeatedly disturbed by the rise to overwhelming power of some one among the nations, and it has ever been the task of England to lend her aid in resisting such threatened hegemony. Our statesmen, therefore, were wise in devising the policy of which King Edward was the chosen exponent, for they realised in time the dangerous potentialities of the Teutonic assertion.

To appreciate this point of view it is necessary to draw a clear distinction between Germany's legitimate ambitions in the world at large and the perilous conditions that would arise were she to find herself in a position of overpowering supremacy in Europe. To prevent the latter possibility the Triple Entente has, among other things, been framed; but it was never deliberately intended to thwart the activities of the German people beyond their own borders. Whatever the critics may say, the utility of the Triple Entente as a factor making for peace has been frankly recognised by no less a personage than the German Emperor himself. At the recent meeting at Port Baltic he, together with the Tsar, gave sanction to the wording of an official *communiqué*, which stated that "there could be no question of new agreements, because there was no particular occasion for them, or of producing alterations of any kind in the grouping of the European Powers, the value of which, for the maintenance of equilibrium and of peace, has already been proved." No one, not even the friends of Germany, can lay the charge of insincerity against the Emperor William, who, before he took leave of his Imperial host on the *Standart*, gave utterance to the noble resolution that "we sovereigns, knowing well our responsibility for the happiness or unhappiness of our people, are firm in our determination to maintain peace."

The opponents of the Entente policy must not delude themselves into the belief that the leaders of thought, either in France or Russia, are unanimous on the advisability of seeking and retaining the close friendship of England. In the former country, however, adverse criticism rarely strays beyond the bounds of academic discussion, and may therefore be regarded as negligible. On the other hand, there exists in Russia a pro-German party, whose creed is that England constitutes the real menace to the peace of the world, and that in wresting from her the mastery of the sea, and thus for all time breaking her power, Germany will be rendering a service to mankind. This school preaches the doctrine of "Perfidious Albion," justifying itself on historical grounds by recalling the "altruistic" part played by Russia in the Napoleonic wars and the subsequent century of hostility which England displayed towards her. If Russia were to join France in assisting Great Britain to overthrow the power of Germany, it is contended that, in the event of success, the *raison d'être* of the Triple Entente would disappear, and with it the friendship of this country.

But the leaders of the pro-German party in Russia have an alternative to this cynical hypothesis. Either through the active participation of their own country, or the observance of a benevolent neutrality, they would like to see the triumph of German arms in final conflict with England. In this event, they argue, a victorious Germany would have scope for her activities in many quarters of the globe, thus leaving Russia in peace to work out her own destinies in Europe and Asia. The whole theory is, of course, destroyed by its ingenuousness. That human nature enters largely into the conduct of high policy the world over, no one will deny. But if the baser attributes of human nature are expected to betray themselves in the attitude of a triumphant England, why, our Russian critics should ask themselves, are these attributes likely to be absent from the actions of an all-conquering Germany? Is it not more than probable that, if France and England became engulfed in the Teuton flood, Russia herself would have to turn her eyes to the east to seek for the high ground of safety? The point of view of the Russian Anglophobists is merely instructive in that it shows the absurd lengths to which critics of the Entente policy are prone to be carried. Fortunately the conduct of foreign affairs is not left to a few visionaries whose personal predilections are allowed to obscure their reason. Whatever may be said against the policy of maintaining the Continental equilibrium by means of balancing one group of Powers against another, no effective alternative has ever been suggested; and so long as universal disarmament remains unattainable, alliances and ententes will continue to serve as the only guarantee of peace in Europe.

The most noteworthy developments that have taken place in the diplomatic world for some time past are the recent understanding arrived at between the partners of the Dual Alliance on the subject of naval matters and the visit of the French Premier to Russia. Although in Paris, and to a more marked degree in St. Petersburg, there has been a disposition in official quarters to minimise the importance of the Franco-Russian Naval Convention, there can no longer be any doubt that a most useful instrument has been devised for strengthening the bonds between the two Powers, and, consequently, between themselves and Great Britain. We must not expect any immediate result from the new understanding, unless it be, as will probably prove to be the case, the opening of the French money market to the Russian Government. It is, perhaps, to the years 1915-16 that we must look for the first-fruits of the Convention, a period the mere contemplation of which fills so many Englishmen with alarm. By that time Russia will possess a relatively

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

strong force in the Baltic, a circumstance that not inconceivably may relieve the tension in the North Sea. Knowing as we do the frank interchange of ideas that constantly takes place between the partners of the Triple Entente, we may now form some reasonable conclusions as to the fundamental basis upon which Mr. Churchill framed his Estimates, and to the nature of the disclosures that were made to Mr. Borden and his colleagues. From the visit of M. Poincaré, Premier and Foreign Minister, to St. Petersburg, much is expected. The Naval Convention will be ratified, and every question at present preoccupying Europe will be frankly and fully discussed in an atmosphere of sympathy and sanity. Although the occasion is naturally reserved for the members of the Dual Alliance, Great Britain, by reason of her close partnership with both nations, is virtually represented. And so it may be said that the mission of M. Poincaré, which is a mission of peace, cannot fail to strengthen the bonds that unite in harmony the Powers of the Triple Entente.

MOTORING

THE test to destruction of the four leading tyres—the Dunlop, Michelin, Continental, and Victor—began on Monday last, the first day's run being to Brighton and back, through Worthing. Colonel Harrison Hogge, a member of the General Committee of supervision, travelled on the car as observer, together with a representative of the Press, and this course of procedure will be followed throughout the trial—one member of the general and one of the Press committee being in constant attendance to ensure fairness. The latest additions to the Committee are the Bishop of Birmingham, Lord Tenterden, and Lord Deerhurst, which brings the total number of members of the aristocracy officially interested in the trial to about twenty. A singular feature about this trial is the great interest shown by distinguished motorists in the question as to which is the best tyre in the market.

It seems to be the general impression, among those best qualified to judge, that the present high price of petrol will be maintained indefinitely, while some authorities even go so far as to prophesy with confidence that we are on the eve of a substantial increase. Apart from the fact that the supply of petrol is to all intents and purposes in the hands of monopolists, who naturally want to make as much profit as possible out of their commodity, there is another tangible reason for anticipating a rise in the cost of the motorist's fuel. As is generally known, the manufacture of petrol involves the manufacture of a correspondingly larger quantity of paraffin, both being products of crude petroleum, and rapidly increasing demand for petrol, combined with the decreasing demand for paraffin as an illuminant (owing to the almost universal use of incandescent gas and electricity) is causing paraffin to be regarded by the distillers as, to some extent, a waste product. The distillers, therefore, will seek to compensate themselves for the loss on paraffin, the demand for which is diminishing, by raising the price of petrol, the demand for which is increasing. This reasoning seems to justify the pessimists in their gloomy prognostications; the more so as the difficulties in the way of organising effective opposition to the monopolist oil corporations appear practically insurmountable.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising to find that there is a strong tendency to seek for an alternative fuel as a solution of the position, and the most feasible of these seems to be ordinary paraffin, benzol being almost as expensive as petrol, and alcohol being debarred for fiscal reasons. The question arises—why is it that paraffin, which is richer than petrol in British thermol units, very much safer to handle, and very much cheaper, is not used as a substitute for the ordinary motor car fuel? The answer is that paraffin does not vaporise readily enough to enable the engine to be started from cold, and that it is not "lively" enough to adapt itself as a fuel to the continuous variations of speed which a motor car has necessarily to undergo. For many years inventors have been engaged upon attempts to evolve a carburettor which will surmount these difficulties, but that they have failed is proved by the fact that the use of petrol is still all but universal. A recent announcement, however, seems to suggest possibilities. A new type of carburettor, known as the "Bi-Fuel," has been invented, which uses petrol and paraffin (or any similar heavy oil) in conjunction, and in any desired proportions. The method of construction involves the placing of two separate jets side by side in the mixing chamber, one fed with petrol and the other with paraffin. The orifices of the jets are adjustable, so that any proportion of the two fuels can be obtained, and they are also proportioned to the area of the air inlet, all being simultaneously operated by the suction of the engine. It is stated that this paraffin-petrol carburettor has been in constant use for the past three months on road and track, and that the results have been eminently satisfactory. A saving of 40 per cent. in cost of fuel, together with increased power and efficiency, are claimed for the new device, and no doubt the combination-carburettor will soon be placed on the market as the panacea for the ills the present-day motorist endures. It will be as well, however, to await the results of an R.A.C. test before jumping to conclusions.

A few weeks ago we referred to the forthcoming trial of a 15 h.p. "Colonial" Napier over a course of exceptional severity—a circuit about 13 miles long in the roughest part of the South Downs—the object being to test the fitness of the latest Colonial model for all kinds of work on the undeveloped roads of over-sea countries. Without the aid of diagrams or pictorial representations it is not possible to convey an adequate idea of the difficulty of the course, and in the absence of independent and reliable confirmation it would not be easy to believe that any car could traverse it con-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

tinuously for three consecutive days without being shaken to pieces. It is evident, however, from the official certificate of performance issued by the R.A.C., that the Napier succeeded in the task, and, moreover, with very creditable figures in the matters of average speed and fuel consumption. The circuit, every round of which involved the climbing of 1,563 feet, was covered 18 times, and the whole distance of 263 miles was travelled at an average speed (running time) of 14.4 miles an hour. On one occasion the fan belt was dressed before the day's run, but apart from this—and, of course, the necessary oiling and greasing—no work or adjustment of any kind was done to the car throughout the trial. The petrol consumption worked out at an average of 15.82 miles per gallon. After the road portion of the trial, the car was driven to Brooklands, where it covered the flying half-mile at the rate of 43.14 miles per hour. Taken altogether, the trial was one of the most successful and convincing of any to which the Napier has been subjected, but the significance of the figures quoted above cannot be properly appreciated unless one has seen the course covered.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE holidays are over. Whether it be the heavy rain, the snowstorms and the cold, I do not know; but business on the Stock Exchange is much brisker than one would expect in August Bank Holiday week. Really Great Britain is very prosperous, and it is making money so fast that it has to find channels into which it can pour its wealth. But the public is capricious. It declines to subscribe for new issues, although it will buy the same stocks a month after the prospectus has appeared at a premium. The whole trend of investment to-day is towards foreign securities giving from 5 to 6 per cent. English industrials are completely neglected. They yield even better returns than speculative foreign stocks, but no one will have anything to do with them. The excuse made is dislike of the present Government. But this objection is political and should therefore only apply to the Tory investor, whereas I find that the Radical rich man is just as averse to an English investment as is his opponent. I confess that I believe the whole thing to be a question of fashion. We cannot explain why at one time the whole of the money goes into home securities and at another time flows abroad. I believe that the tide is gradually changing. Perhaps if we got a change of Government we should all sell our foreign stocks and buy Home Rails and Industrials. In any case those who hold such stocks and shares should on no account realise. On the contrary, I believe it would pay them to average to-day. There have been no new issues of any importance since I last wrote. The Emba Caspian was applied for many times over, but principally by foreign speculators. The Kinemacolour de France was a company formed to deal with the well-known kinema colour patents in France. It is a speculative venture.

CONSOLS.—Big people have been buying Consols at their present low level. I do not agree with some who declare that Consols will permanently stand at a 3½ per cent. level. The craze for high interest bearing securities will die out. The British Empire will continue, and in the end safety will be the first consideration.

FOREIGNERS.—All foreign stocks have been steady, for Paris declares that peace between Italy and Turkey has been agreed upon. However, everyone in Paris is taking a holiday, and although there is no buying of foreigners there is certainly no selling. Tintos look very firm, and the big Paris bankers anticipate a rise here. A gamble in Perus is to be started. I would warn my readers against holding Perus as the position of the Corporation is not so strong as the newspapers would have us believe. The Germans have just secured a concession for a railway in Peru which will injure the company.

HOME RAILS.—The London and North Western Railway report was very bad. The company did fairly well with its traffic, but it spent £200,000 more in expenses. It ran less trains at a greater expense and seems to have been extravagant in all directions. The Great Western report was as good as the other was bad. The decrease in traffics was larger than that of the L. and N.W.R., but the saving in expenses was remarkable. Everything was cut down, and the company starts its new half year with the happiest prospects. Great Western Ordinary stock is worth buying to-day. All the railways appear to have done well with their holiday traffics. Midland deferred seems a very reasonable purchase, and I think that we shall have a rise in Great Northern deferred.

YANKEES.—The American market has disappointed us. Everybody in New York was looking for a rise, but no boom came. The general feeling throughout America is one of great confidence, the crops are splendid, and even the cotton crop, which was reported as bad, is now said to be much better than it looked a few weeks ago. The United States depends upon its crops; if they are good everyone makes money, if they are bad everyone is in the dumps. I think an autumn boom in Yankees quite certain. The Copper position still remains strong, the selling agencies refuse to be bluffed into selling electrolytic copper under the market price, and the refineries declare that they can control the output to meet the demand. Copper will continue to rise right through to the end of the year. The one feature of the week has been the tremendous jump in Canada Pacifics, which have been as high as 285. The Canadian crop is magnificent, consequently holders of "Can. Pacs." in England and in Canada decline to sell. The "bull" pool is managed in New York, where there is only a very small amount of stock. It is therefore the easiest thing in the world to manipulate a rise. Berlin gambles in Canadian Pacifics, but the floating supply of stocks is very small. Mr. O'Shaughnessy denies that he intends to issue fresh stock. This,

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."
"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.
If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to
S. BOWLEY & SON,
DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT,
"Express" and "Bomo" Brands.
Wellington Works,
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.
Established 1744.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

however, is not believed. The railway is to be double tracked throughout the whole of its Rocky Mountain route. This will need very large sums of money, and sooner or later an issue must be made. It is, of course, very bad finance to issue common stock under the market price, but the Canadian Pacific Railway is too prosperous, and unless the capital is continually being watered the Government would be certain to interfere and cut down the rates charged.

RUBBER.—There is nothing new to report in the rubber market. The price of the raw material does not rise. This looks as though the dealers had not yet concluded their autumn contracts. I can see no fall, however, and rubber shares remain wonderfully steady. The outputs for July are all good.

OIL.—The Oil market is more or less firm, but there is very little business doing. The dealers declare that we shall have an autumn boom in oil, but I notice that Urals, the most speculative stock in the market, are down to 3. We must expect reduced outputs from Maikop. This unlucky place has now been flooded out. In the winter it was snowed up and all work was stopped. The output from the Victory is down 15 tons, and I think that these shares should be sold. Indeed, the only Maikop share that looks like going better is Maikop Pipe. Chelekens are being bid up, probably with a view to the flotation of the new Cheleken property that has been acquired by the Dalziel group.

KAFFIRS.—The Kaffir market has a much better tone. Prices have fallen so low and the dealers are all so short that the Barnato group decided to attempt to put up the market. Therefore, for some days we have had a general hardening in quotations. The British public is largely interested in Kaffirs, and it will welcome any rise in the market. No one should sell Kaffir shares to-day, and, indeed, I think that those who can afford it might average Village Deeps, City Deeps, Knights, Wit Deep, Nourse Mines, and Randfontein Central. These are all very low, and I believe that we shall see a rise before Christmas.

RHODESIANS.—The Rhodesian market has been stronger. The dealers are confident that Sir Abe Bailey has agreed with the Barnato group to mark up all Rhodesian land companies. Naturally, Amalgamated Props will be the first to move. Chartered are stronger, although it is officially denied that the Government intend to buy out certain rights of the Chartered Company on a basis of £2 a share. It was stated that certain officials had come home with the definite intention of arranging this deal. This also is denied. I believe that there is some basis of truth in the story.

TIN.—The Tin market has been very strong, but the market in shares hardly moves. There is still talk of a big rise in Pahangs, and the Willink ground is said to be turning out 10 per cent. tin. If this is true Pahangs will go much higher, but it must not be forgotten that only a month back these shares were about 4s. 6d., and to-day they are 10s. 9d. This is a big rise, and I expect a good many people will take their profits.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Waring scheme is now out. I advised my readers to purchase these debentures at 25, and I should now suggest that they shall take their profit. There is no certainty that the new board will be able to make the business profitable. Messrs. Japhet and Co., the well-known bankers, guarantee £500,000 in first debentures, and the old debenture holders must exchange each hundred pound bond for £75 preference shares, but they have the option of subscribing for the new debentures, and will get a bonus of 100 shares for every £100 allotted. Mr. Sam Waring will remain as manager, and Mr. Kennedy Jones will be the chairman of the new company.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

THRELFALL'S BREWERY.

INCREASED PROFITS, NOTWITHSTANDING DIFFICULTIES.

THE twenty-fifth annual general meeting of Threlfall's Brewery Company, Ltd., was held on the 1st inst. at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. Charles Threlfall, J.P. (Chairman of the company), presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. W. J. Burnside, A.C.I.S.) having read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors,

The Chairman said: Gentlemen,—It is a source of gratification to me to preside here to-day at this our twenty-fifth annual meeting, and to present to you such a satisfactory account of our business for the past year. In referring to our accounts, you will observe that our profit from trading account amounts to £193,742 9s. 1d., as against £185,598 0s. 11d. last year, being an increase of £8,144 8s. 2d. We have written off for depreciation the sum of £40,335 15s. 4d., against £30,105 1s. 11d., an increase of £10,230 13s. 5d., added £1,000 to the employees' compensation fund and carried forward the sum of £38,893 6s. 4d. to next year. I am very pleased to state that trade generally has improved during the past year, and there are indications of a continuance of this improvement, which we are hoping will compensate us in a measure for the increased cost of materials. I have now pleasure in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, and that dividends be paid at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on the Preference Shares, and at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary Shares for the year ended June 30th, 1912.

Mr. P. J. Feeny, J.P., seconded the motion.

The Chairman intimated that before putting the motion to the meeting he would be pleased to answer any questions which might be put.

A SHAREHOLDER'S CONGRATULATIONS.

Mr. John Hedges said he did not think the shareholders would have any questions to ask, because he took it that most of them were satisfied with the report submitted. (Hear, hear.) He rose, however, to congratulate the directors, considering the labour unrest and the difficulties they had had to contend with, upon presenting such a favourable report. He had been a shareholder in the company for a great number of years, and was aware of the difficulties undertakings connected with the licensed trade had had to meet. Legislation had not been in their favour, and they had not only had to meet heavy taxation, but also to make provision under the Workmen's Compensation Act, and no doubt in the future they would also have the unpleasant Insurance Act to contend with. Taking everything into consideration, they certainly had reason to congratulate themselves upon the results of the past year's working, and he would conclude by expressing the hope that they might have an even better report next year and an increase in the dividend. (Hear, hear.)

The Chairman thanked Mr. Hedges for his congratulatory remarks, and added that the fact that he himself had made the shortest speech he had delivered since he had been Chairman was in itself a good sign. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Hedges: Short and sweet. (Laughter.)

The motion was carried unanimously.

Mr. Feeny said he felt sure the next resolution would meet with the very warm approval of all present. It was, "That Captain C. M. Threlfall and Mr. George Barker, the retiring directors, be and they are hereby re-elected." With reference to the first name, he was sure that Captain Threlfall would prove a worthy successor of their late esteemed chairman, his uncle, Mr. Thomas Threlfall. (Hear, hear.) The second name in the resolution was one which would appeal to all in that room, and he was sure that the earnest wish of shareholders and directors alike was that Mr. Barker might have many re-elections in connection with this company. (Applause.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Mr. William Griffin seconded the motion, and it was unanimously agreed to.

On the proposition of Mr. Hedges, seconded by Mr. Master, Messrs. Broads Paterson and Co. were re-appointed auditors.

THANKS TO DIRECTORS AND STAFF.

Mr. Buszard, K.C., said he had very great pleasure in moving that the best thanks of the shareholders be given to the Board and to the employees of the company for the satisfactory results which had been placed before them. He wished to congratulate the company and Mr. Charles Threlfall upon his reappearance in the chair on the present occasion. They very much regretted his absence a year ago, though he had in Mr. Feeny a most efficient and able representative. When they considered the difficulties to which Mr. Hedges had referred, it was certainly very gratifying that the directors had been able to report such a highly satisfactory state of affairs. The results achieved reflected the greatest credit not only upon the Board, but also upon the humblest individual who worked under them. In spite of the undue and disproportionate taxation under which the company was labouring, a result had been achieved which was very satisfactory.

Mr. Higgin seconded the vote, which was unanimously accorded.

The Chairman briefly thanked the shareholders, on behalf of the directors and staff, for this vote of thanks, adding that it was very pleasant when a chairman could come to a meeting feeling that there was not the slightest fear of hearing any disagreeable remarks, and he wished to express his obligation to Mr. Buszard and the other shareholders present for the kindly reception they had given to the report.

The proceedings then terminated.

CORRESPONDENCE

G. JERMENT ON THE BASKISH NEW TESTAMENT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In THE ACADEMY of May 10, 1912, there is a letter about the earliest allusion occurring in any English book to Leiçarragas New Testament of the year 1571. No sooner had you published it than I saw that Jerment must have gotten his information in some way from "les *Histoires* de de Thou (liv. LI., année 1572)," as quoted by M. Julien Vinson on p. 29 of his "Bibliographie Basque." His expression, "in a most fine letter," corresponds to de Thous "elegantissimis typis." The Rev. J. B. McGovern, to whom my heartiest thanks are owing for his friendly notice of my newest book on "The Baskish Verb," kindly inserted by you in last Thursdays number of THE ACADEMY, has elicited in *Notes and Queries*, of July 13, 1912 (p. 37), a reply signed R. S. Robson, to tell us that G. Jermant, was a native of Peebles, studied at the University of Edinburgh, got the degree of D.D. from America, died, in his 60th year, on May 23, 1819, and was buried, like poor William Blake, in Bunhill Fields. It will be noticed that the name is spelt Jerment in the "Memoirs," published in 1804 and 1815 under the eye of that editor himself.

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Union Society, Oxford, July, 1912.

AN APPEAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you permit me, through your columns, to appeal to the well-to-do members of the community who are about to enjoy their own holidays to aid the children of their poorer brethren, who, but for this aid, must spend their holiday time in the streets of London. The Children's Country Holidays Fund has a great claim upon us all. It sends our children without distinction of creed; and while it collects from the parents such contributions as they are able to pay, when any contribution is clearly impossible the children are sent free of charge. It especially selects the delicate and ailing London children; and, on the other hand, its voluntary workers take pains, by inquiry and medical advice, to prevent children carrying any infectious or contagious disease to the country. Arrangements are made for the conveyance of an army of London children to their country homes; and by the kindness of voluntary helpers in various parts of the country these children are supervised on their arrival, and helped in all kinds of ways to enjoy their little piece of country life. That these efforts are successful is shown by the letters of appreciation and gratitude which are written by the little visitors on their return home. A contribution of 10s. gives a fortnight's holiday to one of our little children; a sum of £7,500 is still wanted to enable the Fund to send away the same number of children as went last year. I appeal to all to assist in this good work by sending their contributions to the Hon. Treasurer, the Earl of Arran, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand. The Archbishop of Canterbury wishes me to say how much he is in sympathy with the objects of the Fund. Yours faithfully,

A. F. LONDON.

Fulham Palace, S.W.
August 2nd, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

PERIODICALS.

Cambridge University Reporter; Educational Times; Ulula; The Malthusian; English Review; Nineteenth Century and After; Oxford and Cambridge Review; Book Monthly; the Vineyard; School World; Bookseller; St. Nicholas; University Correspondent; Literary Digest, N.Y.; American Historical Review; Church Quarterly Review; Poetry Review; Empire Review; Mercure de France; Hindustan Review, Allahabad; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Publishers' Circular; The Bibelot; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Modern Language Teaching; The Twelfth Financial and Economic Annual of Japan, 1912, Department of Finance; La Revue; Century Magazine; Harper's Magazine; Land Union Journal.

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK, IN POWDER FORM.

THE COOLING SUMMER DRINK

MADE IN A MOMENT BY STIRRING BRISKLY IN COLD WATER.

Its cooling and thirst-quenching qualities, as well as its nourishing value, commend it to Athletes, Sportsmen, Golfers, Tennis Players, Cricketers, etc.

VERY REFRESHING WITH A DASH OF SODA.

SERVED IN REFRESHMENT ROOMS AND BARS, AT MANY SPORTS GROUNDS, AND IN RESTAURANTS AND CAFÉS.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles, at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s.

Trial size free by post on application.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

DELICIOUS **COFFEE.**

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than

ordinary COFFEE.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Vià the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—
DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Isles, & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Thursday Fortnight.	London.
THE AZORES.	£17†	19.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
NORWAY.	From £1 a day	13 upwards.	June to August.	Grimsby & Leith.
BALTIC & RUSSIA.	From £1 a day.	24.	August 24.	Grimsby.
MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.

† Including Hotel Accommodation.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	195
In the Wilderness of Votes	196
Henley: A Memorandum...	197
Art and Imitation—I. ...	198
A Martyr of Empire—II. ...	199
Reviews:	
Poetry and Prose... ...	201
A Fighting Admiral ...	202
Our Revolutionaries ...	203
Byron among the Moderns	204
The Real Napoleon ...	205
A Community in Difficulties	206
Children in the Sun ...	207
A French Sensation ...	207
Cornwall—Half Seen ...	208
Bombastes Futuristo as War-Correspondent	208
Shorter Reviews	209
Fiction	210
The Theatre: "Ready Money" at the New Theatre	213
On the River	214
The Cattle of the Andes ...	215
The Magazines	216
Notes and News	217
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	218
Motoring	219
In the Temple of Mammon	220
Correspondence	221
Books Received	222

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

IN International questions we consistently deprecate strong language and weak action or no action at all. We hold that a business-like statement of divergences—if they exist—should be drawn up, and that nations which for the moment appear to be divided, should frankly examine their differences. If an amicable arrangement is possible, in the present age there is no likelihood that it will be rejected. The risks of war are too momentous, and the inevitable and lasting set back to progress is too grave for any nation lightly to engage in hostilities. We say, however, that if conflicting interests cannot be composed, it is clear that the arbitrament of war must determine the issue. But if war is inevitable proceed to make it, and do not go on talking about it after the manner of Pistol. Mock heroics are equally out of place whether we are referring to the action of the American Senate in the matter of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty or to the matter of our relations with Germany. As a business people we should take stock of our position, think clearly, and realise essentials as distinguished from non-essentials. When essentials are clearly recognised, we should not allow ourselves to be deflected by a single inch from doing that which the country's needs and the country's honour demand. In that way we shall prepare for success, and in any case meet our fate—whatever it may be—with dignity.

We give up all hope of ignoring the weather, after trying hard for weeks. It is difficult to twirl a stick jauntily, hum a stave from a gay opera, and greet the world with a smile, when harvest-time is noted for icicles, the hotels are resuming their winter menus, and the hot-potato man is hailed as a friend by the gamin of the street. The posters of the last week or two have been a pathetic study. "Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" says one; "Heat wave in the Arctic," says another. Even the most sober and dignified papers have devoted columns and leading articles to the uncomfortable August temperature, and holiday-making has become a farce. December, of course, has slipped into August's place; the worst of it is that nobody knows what has happened to August.

Meanwhile, an evening paper is asking, "Are we growing more serious?" In all conscience, we hope not; we are quite serious enough already; with another month of grey, ragged skies and no sunlight, we shall be simply grim and laughterless—a solemn, spectacled, jokeless race, gazing owlishly into one another's faces with cloudy eyes, afraid to raise our voices above a low monotone, afraid to shout or dance or sing. The umbrella will develop into a permanent article of clothing; our gait will become a kind of goose-step as we gain experience in the art of tip-toeing over puddles. Either this, or we shall all emigrate to some country where the sun is guaranteed to shine for at least four or five days per week. Then, perhaps, the faculty of laughter will return to us, and the serious question will be, "Are we growing more frivolous?"

"Memory," to quote Mr. Lang's remark in our last issue, "is a hallucinatory faculty." In what follows have we a further instance of the tricks it played with Robert Browning? "I suspect," he wrote of Dr. Furnivall's admiration for his work, "it is a late discovery with him—like that of Fontenelle, when, chancing on some out-of-the-way literature, he went about asking everybody, 'Do you know Habbakuk? He's a genius!'" The illustration is apt and amusing, but is it correct? At any rate, the anecdote has been narrated of La Fontaine. "It appears," writes a biographer of the fabulist, Mr. F. Tarver, "that his first approach to anything like serious thought on religious matters was attributed to an accidental study of the prophet Baruch, placed in his hands one day by Racine during a long service which he had induced La Fontaine to attend with him. For some time after, La Fontaine would constantly ask persons that he met, 'Have you read Baruch? He was a grand genius!'" "Someone has blundered"—but who?

Our readers will be interested to know that the article on "The Printing Press in South America," which appeared in the South American Number of THE ACADEMY last autumn, by Mr. George Parker Winship, of Providence, Rhode Island, has been reprinted as a booklet, of which two hundred copies have been issued.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

In The Wilderness of Votes

THE detachment of Mr. Churchill from his erstwhile compeer in bad language took place when the parity ceased, and the Chancellor easily won the Marathon. Mr. Churchill in his defeat became almost responsible and very nearly respectable. The wound had not, however, healed; like Themistocles, the trophies of Miltiades would not suffer him to sleep. No sooner was Mr. Lloyd George safely segregated in a foreign country, well-bitted and firmly held in restraînt by Sir Rufus Isaacs, than his rival, the ex-champion, reappeared on the scene.

Even now, however, the First Lord is wofully deficient in much of the rich imagery of the East End, in which his friend of other days triumphed in the Final Honour School. Mr. Churchill is blood-curdling rather than coarse, and assumes a virtue, clothing his strong language in the garb of a super-patriotism.

Mr. Bonar Law in a few well-chosen contemptuous sentences has disposed of his critic. Mr. Bonar Law has only thought it worth while to correct the First Lord on facts. That is what would be expected from the Leader of the Opposition. The task is unfortunately more onerous in respect of the present occupants of the Treasury Bench than at any previous period which we, with a very long political experience, can remember. We well recall the gentleman whose foible was omniscience, but we do not—at the moment—retain the memory of a Ministry which so excelled in inaccuracy.

We feel it is a little unkind to dismiss—as does Mr. Bonar Law—Mr. Churchill in a few sentences. The First Lord is trying to return to his extravasation, and it is only right to give respectful attention to his experiment.

We now proceed to glance at Mr. Churchill's argument. The fallacy which vitiates the whole position is that Home Rule—if passed by the present Parliament—will represent the will of the people. Mr. Bonar Law has, of course, at once noticed the fallacy, and exposed it. The will of the people is unrepresented in the present Parliament, as is consistently shown in every by-election which occurs. The will of the people is usually elusive and difficult to focus, but there is no excuse for saying that a House of Commons elected on the basis of free agency in any way represents the people, when it has bartered its independence for monetary advantage. If this fact be borne in mind, Mr. Churchill's argument appears in a sadly damaged light.

We can pass over with a smile the pictured nightmare of Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson, instead of kissing hands on obtaining office, finding that there was nothing before them "but the bleak outlook of a felon's cell or place of execution." In our young days we were fond of full-blooded melodrama and delighted in the transpontine theatres—the Surrey and others—where such an entertainment was presented with appropriate mouthings. These performances were much more moving than is Mr. Churchill's letter to Sir George Ritchie.

When Mr. Churchill remarks:—

> In a constitutionally governed country, where Governments depend entirely upon parliamentary majorities, elected at short intervals by millions of voters, there is no need and no excuse for violence,

we only suggest to Mr. Churchill and his colleagues to invite the judgment of the constituencies on the proceedings of his allies and his hireling followers; then, we admit, if the result is as he wishes, there will be "no need and no excuse for violence." The attempt to bribe the electorate has failed ignominiously; the degradation of the House of Commons by payment of members practically robs it of its representative character.

If that view is true, it is clear, however much the attempt may be made to cloak the issue beneath heroics or irrelevancies, that to pass Home Rule or any other measure which was not a primary issue at the late General Election would be a fraud, and, as fraud vitiates everything, resistance such as Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Edward Carson advise is entirely justifiable.

When on two previous occasions the electorate was appealed to on the question of Home Rule as a primary issue, the answers were emphatic negatives. All recent by-elections indicate that the answer would now be the same.

We do not wish to paint Ministers blacker than they choose to paint themselves, and therefore we must suppose, when the First Lord writes, "We have no intention of creating evils greater than those which we wish to remedy," that they really do not realise the tendency of their own acts. That may be a reason for relieving them of office, but certainly it is none for continuing them in power.

The fact is that the Government is fighting a desperate battle for its existence, and any and every resource is thought good enough as an expedient to avert temporarily inevitable eventual disaster. We believe that Mr. Churchill's re-awakened activity will in no way ease the position of the Minisfry. We think his latest effort is but the confession:—

> Too well I see and rue the dire event
> That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
> Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty Host
> In horrible destruction laid thus low.

And in that light it does credit to his perception of realities.

CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Henley: A Memorandum

WE are soon to have a life of the author of "The Song of the Sword," and, since it is to be written by Mr. Charles Whibley, it should take rank among modern biographies, beside Maitland's life of Leslie Stephen and Lady Burne-Jones's book on her husband. But by whomsoever written, the fact itself were one for rejoicing; for Henley has not yet been given his due.

He was not among the very great, either as poet, though he was a singer both sweet and strong, or yet, perhaps, as critic. In the latter capacity, however, his place was high enough. He may have lacked Pater's extreme subtlety (for which he had little reverence) and the divine lucidity of Arnold (for which he had much), but "Views and Reviews," especially the literary series, are a joy to read and re-read. Few essays are so tonic and so humane.

No doubt Henley was to some extent a swashbuckler. For a hundred years and more artists have been at loggerheads with the prevalent ideas of their times. This is the fault of the times; but it is also the misfortune of the artists. Art in revolt, though it may soar to the stars, must always lack something of sanity. One cannot at once be angry and serene. It was to the inestimable advantage of the Athenian artists (Sophocles, at least, and Phidias) that the age and the men were at one. And the art of our Elizabethans who were probably—on a general estimate—both technically and intellectually inferior to the moderns, has at its best a surer, more final note than anything written since their day.

The romantics were in revolt against materialism. Henley, heir not only to the industrial revolution, but to the puritan revival, was in revolt also against the mawkish. Hence the *Burns;* hence the *Stevenson*, which got him into such trouble; hence the violence of certain poems. He craved for Elizabethan vitality. Maybe he Elizabethanised a thought too deliberately: a man not at one with his generation is bound to be self-conscious. But those who think of him merely as a literary Bombastes Furioso had better read him on Matthew Arnold, and learn his particular enthusiasm for "Balder Dead," than which there is no great English poem more restrained and austere. Henley had none of the stupid narrowness which, because it loathes the whine of Praise-God Barebones, denies the genius of Milton: anti-puritanism, this, as negative as any puritanism.

To him life was the supremely important fact; art, one of its manifestations. He never separated the work from the man behind it. He did not believe mere skill in the pretty arrangement of words sufficient excuse for writing; at least, if he was prepared to consider writers like Banville, he was not prepared to consider them very seriously. A man must have a sense of language (which makes literature an art), but he must also have something worth saying, and, having said it adequately, need not trouble about trimmings. Hence Henley's admiration for Arnold. Mental gymnastics he disliked, holding them to be a failing and not a virtue in Meredith, of whom the work which pleased him best was "Rhoda Fleming," the humanest, least scintillant, of all the novels. He loved Dickens, was very tender to Tom Hood. He thought the indecency of Wycherley and Vanbrugh more excusable, though grosser, than that of Congreve; because theirs was spontaneous, his intellectual. Cant of all kinds he detested. He could not away with any meanness, and found Thackeray's flunkeyism distasteful. He did not mind how much purpose an author had, so long as it was a fine and honest purpose. The moral is constantly one of his critical touchstones, though his code is hardly that of the Victorians. He never tires of inveighing against the young lady's influence in English letters. But if he loved strong writers like Chaucer and Dunbar and Burns, he recognised that they and their like are moralists to a man, and that it is only the decadent who prates about the non-morality of art.

Henley railed at his country and generation, but for all that he was English of the English. Not only was he a staunch Imperialist, and the maker of one or two of the finest patriotic poems in the language. He was national by virtue of something more intimate than that. The savour of his work is the savour, rich, frank and human, of Chaucer and Herrick and Hazlitt. He stood in the direct line of the English tradition and upheld it to the top of his power. There lies his significance for us. Of a man who does that, too much in these days cannot be made For to be English is out of fashion; nowhere more so than in this island. When Arnold, some fifty years ago, delicately suggested that there were qualities abroad which it would do us no harm to consider and perhaps to assimilate, the case was different. England was surrounded by an impregnable wall of self-sufficiency. The foreign was the inferior; nay, the negligible. We had to be taught to think rather less of ourselves, rather more of Europe. Even when Henley wrote, in the fat days before the war, we were, in spite of Arnold, still comfortably insular, not much disturbed by the odd altar or two raised to Verlaine, or the little flutter about Ibsen. The nervous exhaustion and morbid self-depreciation from which we are at present suffering were not yet manifest. For if in Arnold's day and in Henley's England was provincial, it is now tending to become in intellectual matters a geographical expression. We leave our criticism, like our trade and our naval supremacy, to Germany and America. It is for a Frenchman, M. Delattre, to write the best book on Herrick, than whom none of our poets is more characteristically national. Our own critics are busy with the continentals. Such a book as Mr. Masefield's "Shakespeare" is exceptional; but then Mr. Masefield is himself national and exceptional. Englishmen must write like Frenchmen, like Russians; like anything but themselves. By no means let us relapse to the provincial; let us be courteous to foreign ideas and welcome Schnitzler and Strindberg to our theatres. But self-effacement can be carried too far.

Once it was a commonplace that English was the greatest of all literatures; the greatest, at any rate,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

since the Greek. This was rather absurd. Every healthy nation has its peculiar qualities, which are not to be measured against those of another. It is only when literatures are beginning to lose their national characteristics that comparison becomes possible. We have no warrant for saying that English poetry is greater than French or Italian poetry. Neither is it less. It is different. And the difference is the mark of the nation and also its guarantee, and the emphatic negation of the pale ideal of cosmopolitanism. We and our culture may perhaps be absorbed by another race, but we need not flatter ourselves that we shall remain that race's equal.

Let us then assert our difference. For if we may not boast that the literature and the nation which include Shakespeare are greater than those which include Molière and Dante and Goethe and Cervantes, they have, at any rate, their own kind of greatness. Henley's merit is that he did assert the difference. Therefore should Englishmen read him.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

Art and Imitation—I

IT is impossible to formulate any general æsthetic, unless we allow that music is imitative in the same way that painting and poetry are imitative, yet no theory has yet been put forward showing clearly what and how music imitates.

Whatever view we take of the question, we are met by insuperable difficulties; for if music does not draw its material from experience, it must have recourse to some domain outside experience: in that case we should receive from music thoughts and feelings hitherto unknown to us, but this is not the case; music may speak to us things hitherto unuttered, but not things hitherto unknown or unfelt. We are led, then, to infer that music, like the other arts, draws its material from nature; but music resembles nothing in nature. In a good imitation we instantly recognise the thing imitated, but in most music we fail to discern the likeness of anything to which we can with certainty attach a name.

There is, of course, one very obvious way in which music can imitate nature. By playing a fourth and a first in succession we can imitate the note of the cuckoo, and by descending suddenly from a tenth to its tonic we can imitate the voice of the donkey; by beating a big drum we can imitate the sound of thunder, and by playing chimes on the "Glockenspiel" we can imitate church-bells. Clearly, however, this is not the sort of imitation with which art is properly concerned; it has no more æsthetic value than if a painter should represent foliage by pasting leaves on to his canvas; we may compare it with the naïve practice of those old painters who used gold paint to colour the golden halos of their saints. The limit in this direction is reached by Tchaïkowsky in his "1812" Overture, in which the noise of artillery is "imitated" by letting off cannon; here it is manifest that the thing ostensibly depicted is not depicted at all, but bodily transplanted.

There are other and less obvious ways in which music can imitate natural facts. A certain variety of "triple time" bears a strong resemblance to the triple rhythm of a wheel impelled by a treadle, and so can be used to suggest the revolution of an old-fashioned spinning-wheel: this fact is responsible for a whole family of musical compositions; indeed, there are almost as many spinning-songs as musical composers. In this class we may place the recurring theme in Mendelssohn's "Hebrides" overture, designed to represent the movement of breaking waves, and perhaps also the "fire motive" in Wagner's "Valkyrie," which emerges first fitfully and intermittently, mixed with alien themes and obscured by dissonant harmonies, like flame in conflict with the grosser elements, and gaining steadily in strength and frequency, is heard at length, clear and unmixed, rising and falling in unbroken sequence, like fire that reigns triumphant and alone. Such examples, however, are few and far between; they cannot, therefore, be allied to the inner being of music, and it is clear that if music is imitative in this sense only it is not essentially imitative. Even literature is capable of using the sensible qualities of its medium to represent the sensible qualities of natural objects; witness the "Mouse's Tale" in "Alice in Wonderland." This poem is printed in constantly decreasing type, and is distributed across the page in undulating curves in such a way as to resemble "a tail." This is, of course, admittedly a *jeu d'esprit* on the author's part. The same, however, is true of the above-mentioned instances of musical imitation: they are jokes inasmuch as they are concerned with accidental resemblances instead of essential ones; they differ only in belonging to the unamusing variety.

A far more subtle theory than this, however, has been put forward to explain the expressiveness of music. The question is debated by Aristotle in his 29th problem. "Why is it," he says, "that sound and sound alone of sensuous perceptions has moral character; for melody even if it be without words has this quality; but colour has it not, neither has it smell nor taste. Is it because sound alone has motion, and motions constitute action, and actions are evidence of character?" This view has been accepted in a modified form by Helmholz. "Every motion," he says, "is an expression of the power which produces it, and we instinctively measure the motive force by the amount of motion which it produces. In this way melodic progression can become the expression of the most diverse conditions of human disposition. Our thoughts may move fast or slow, may wander about restlessly or aimlessly in anxious excitement, or may keep a determinate aim distinctly in view; they may lounge about without care or effort in pleasing fancies. or, driven back by some sad memories, may return slowly and heavily from the spot with short, weak steps. All this may be imitated by the melodic motion of the tune."

The main objection to this explanation is that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

music is capable of arousing the very opposite emotion to that which its rhythm suggests; thus Oliver Goldsmith, writing of Pergolese, says, "This great master's art consisted in knowing how to excite our passions by sounds which seem frequently opposite to the passion they would express; by slow solemn sounds he is sometimes known to throw us into all the rage of battle, and even by faster movements he excites melancholy in every heart that sounds are capable of affecting. We are unable to tell why such sounds affect us; they seem in no way imitative of the passion they would express, but operate on us by an inexpressible sympathy, the original of which is as inscrutable as the secret springs of life itself." To show the truth of this we may instance Chopin's "Berçeuse," in which the most strenuous exertions on the part of the pianist are requisitioned to induce a mood of tranquil melancholy in the mind of the listener.

Furthermore, it can be shown that poetry also is capable of imitating physical movement, yet is not solely or even mainly dependent on this capacity for its expressiveness:—

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line, too, labours, and the words move slow.
Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

In poetry of this sort the function of rhythm is simply to enhance or accentuate the meaning of the words; it is quite incapable of conveying meaning or emotion by itself. If this be so, we are forced to seek in music something corresponding to the expressiveness of words, as such, independently of their capacity of rhythmic imitation.

There is little doubt that if music expresses anything it expresses human emotion. Now, part of the difficulty of showing how music effects this results from a mistaken idea of what constitutes emotion. Psychologists are in the habit of distinguishing under this head such mental affections as pity, love, anger, solicitude, and so on. Spinoza distinguishes forty-eight such emotions; Professor Bain nineteen. Now, if these or any similar classifications of emotion are valid, it is certain that music cannot express emotion, that is to say, it cannot represent pity as distinct from love, or jealousy as distinct from anger. A moment's thought, however, will reveal the fact that these are not classifications of the emotions, but of the ideas which arouse emotion. Considered by itself, emotion has only two phases, which for want of a better name we will call joy and sadness; every emotional state is compounded of these two in varying proportions. Music is compounded of two elements corresponding to these two states, the major and minor chords; and the capacity of music to imitate emotion seems to depend on its power to induce these moods in the same succession in which they occur in nature. Thus, if hope is a mood of predominant cheerfulness interspersed with moments of sadness, caused by the apprehension of failure, it will be possible for music to arouse these moods in the same order and in the same proportion, not in such a way as to be cognisable under the concept hope, but in such a way as to be recognisable as an emotion previously felt; hence there is a measure of truth in the commonplace that music expresses the ineffable, for our emotional states derive their names from the ideas which arouse them; severed from these, they have no names and are incapable of being named.

To this theory, it will be objected that the power of music resides more in melody than in harmony; in fact, harmony is quite a modern invention, whereas melody is of prehistoric antiquity. This objection is quite illusory; it is true that the notes of a melody are heard separately, but they are mixed together in the mind; no melody can be formed of notes which are not harmonically related, and the character of this relation determines the character of the melody.

The real weakness of this theory is that it leaves half the problem quite unanswered; it shows no reason why the major and minor chords are associated in our minds with feelings of joy and sadness. It is true that acoustical researches have proved dissonance to be an irregular stimulation of the auditory sense and consonance a regular stimulation; this explains why dissonance is disagreeable, but the quality of roughness or irregularity is common to many other disagreeable sensations. Hence acoustics leave us still confronted by Aristotle's enigma in a slightly altered form. Why is it that a disagreeable sound induces a mood of ethereal sadness, but a disagreeable smell or a disagreeable taste does nothing of the sort? The answer to this riddle we must reserve for a future occasion.

A Martyr of Empire—II

NOW follows the story of the Armada. In the perils of that glorious business Raleigh took his full share. He hung on the skirt of the flying foe and joined in the full-voiced pæan of national rejoicing at their annihilation. But when the white heat of great deeds began to cool, reaction, as ever, followed. The Court had never ceased to be the arena of deadly feud and duels of wit. Essex was starting on his career of infamy, which ultimately brought him to the block. Meantime, Raleigh, plunged in the disgrace of the Throcmorton intrigue, learnt what the fierce displeasure of his royal mistress meant. He was committed to the Tower. However acute and deserved was his abasement, in due course he won his way from the dark purlieus of imprisonment, for Raleigh was a great naval tactician. He foresaw that in war a merely defensive policy is futile—that the fleet which strikes its foes in their own ports is playing the winning game. By taking your fortunes at the flood, he said in effect, by terrorising trade routes, the treasure of the enemy in transit lies at your mercy. In accordance with this policy, the seizure of the *Madre de Dios* by Raleigh's

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

squadron was carried out. It glutted England with treasure and inflamed men's minds under a sense of English prestige and Spanish ineptitude.

But Raleigh on his return from this expedition was still in disgrace at Court. No adventure would have been too wild could it but have brought him back to favour with the Queen. In all this we see the paramount allegiance which Elizabeth compelled over men's hearts, not only as sovereign but as woman. The personal note runs through every detail of the records of her time. So it came about that Raleigh obtained permission for another voyage, his long-dreamt voyage to Guiana. He was firmly convinced that he was bound for El Dorado, where gold could be had for the picking up. Legends and myths were in plenty. Now, it is an astounding proof of the prescience of Raleigh that although, owing to climatic and other difficulties, an exodus of gold-seekers has not yet reached the fields of Guiana, a gold-bearing area of vast richness *does* exist on the borderland of British Guiana and Venezuela—the very district for which he struck. Expectation of the Guiana expedition ran high, and Shakespeare has several references to it, but Raleigh returned empty-handed of treasure—a fact as to which little curs about the Court barked loudly. His description of Guiana is of photographic accuracy, and Schomburgk confirmed the truth of Raleigh's word-pictures 260 years later. The royal favour being still withheld, Raleigh organised and took prime part in that dashing attack on Cadiz which filled Spanish hearts with dismay and loaded English ships with booty. At Fero, in Portugal, he landed, and, finding the town deserted, ransacked the episcopal palace. He carried off the library of Bishop Osorius, and this, presented on his return to Sir Thomas Bodley, has grown into the Bodleian Library. After the triumph of this expedition came complete reconciliation at Court.

Elizabeth was ageing fast, and the insolence of Essex towards his sovereign reached its climax, when, at the Council, he turned his back upon her, receiving a resounding box on the ear for his pains. "The sea faction," of which Raleigh was the central figure, gained as Essex and his fellow-malcontents dropped out of Court favour. The presentment before Essex of Shakespeare's Richard II and the talk in Court circles of its deposition scenes doubtless helped to widen the breach between that nobleman and the Queen.

We get a glimpse of the masterful passions which Elizabeth by her woman's wit had to curb in the succeeding story of the "Island Voyage." A squadron was dispatched to the Azores under Essex, Raleigh being Vice-Admiral. Raleigh with some of the ships entered Fayal Harbour, and there, before storming the town, lay awaiting Essex, his commander, who deliberately absented himself. After many days' delay, during which Raleigh's own crew were becoming restive and the foe arrogant, he decided on action. He landed and swept everything before him. After his exploit Essex tardily sailed into the harbour, and a fierce duel of words ensued. Court-martial followed, and but for the timely withdrawal of Raleigh to his flagship he would have been hanged for treason had a fight between the two half-squadrons of the fleet gone against him. The drama of the great sea captain's days was thus nearly ending in mingled farce and tragedy.

The upstart Essex, on the return home of the expedition, grew daily more intolerable in his bearing toward the Queen. His gibe about her "crooked carcase" must have helped to inflame her wrath, and, after his puerile rising in the Strand—Raleigh guarding the royal palace—and again, after the base plot which nearly brought about the assassination of Elizabeth, all England must have breathed more freely when the traitor's head fell on Tower Hill.

Now follows the curtain to the splendid pageant of Elizabeth's reign. The story is one of the most pitiful in history. Worn out in body and mind, she opened Parliament in 1601, the aged Queen who in her prime had held Europe at bay, and served her people as sovereign never did before. The crowds watched her progress through the capital coldly. She had had her day, and so she died in weariness and despair.

England suffered eclipse, for unctuous treachery and vile arts reigned in her stead. Poison and every detestable instrument of soulless cunning were at work. Raleigh and his faction fell. James favoured a Spanish alliance by marriage, and therefore every obstacle to that end had to be sacrificed. Cecil trimmed his sails to the new breeze, and came out in his true colours. He and his royal master were a worthy pair. So we drift on to the crowning iniquity of Raleigh's trial and condemnation to the Tower, where, with the shadow of the headsman's axe ever lying across his path, he was destined to spend thirteen years—years which to his soaring eagle spirit must have been worse than death. The presence of his faithful wife and their two sons doubtless helped to console him. In his prison Raleigh showed himself as great a master of nervous English as formerly he had been great in war and diplomacy. Sordid to the end, James ultimately allowed him to go, a broken man and with a halter about his neck, on that second expedition to Guiana, out of which James thought money might be forthcoming for his base necessities. Raleigh's heart was crushed by his men's mutiny and desertion. In Guiana also his elder boy's grave was made, and thus he returned, spent and foiled, to meet a martyr death.

> E'en such is Time, that takes on trust
> Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
> And pays us with age and dust.

So he wrote on his last night in the Gate House at Westminster. In the morning he rose debonnair. He took a last whiff of his beloved tobacco and bantered all, even his wife and the axeman, with jests worthy of Mercutio. Thus the great spirit returned to its Maker. The Britain of to-day owes to him and such as he not alone material empire, but that indomitable spirit of independence, the traditions of hardihood and daring, which have saved our shores inviolate from invasion.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

Poetry and Prose

The Iscariot. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (John Murray. 3s. 6d. net.)
Songs at Random. By OLIVER DAVIES. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Lure of the Sea. By J. E. PATTERSON. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)
Homeland and Outland Song and Story. By H. J. WHITE. (Webb and Son, Adelaide. 1s. 6d.)
'Prentice Days, and Other Poems. By H. J. WHITE. (Webb and Son, Adelaide. 2s. 6d.)
Some Poems of Lionel Johnson. Newly Selected. With an Introduction by LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
Anima Fanciulla. By STANHOPE BAYLEY. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, exquisite artist as he is in prose, still cherishes an ambition to wear the sister bays, and this volume sees him arrived at the important stage of a "long poem." It takes the form of a dramatic monologue in blank verse, purporting to be Judas' self-vindication before the Sanhedrim. Mr. Phillpotts' conception of the Iscariot's character is the now familiar and more probable one, which regards the Betrayal as a blundering and tragic attempt to force the issue and bring about a dramatic realisation of Christ's unique kingly power. Around this central idea the poet works, skilfully eliciting and elaborating, until the Iscariot stands limned for us, subtly enough from his own lips—a very plausible and human piece of artistry, to say the least. He is, of course, something of an egoist, deeming himself, of all the Twelve, the only one who has penetrated their Master's purpose. Obviously, too, a very zealot, swayed by a passionate patriotism; and, finally, much of an artist and a poet. Thus he pauses ere he reaches the climax of his utterance to describe the dreamy nocturne of the Garden (and here Mr. Phillpotts' power of poetic description finds its opportunity) and the artistic setting of the lonely Figure in the midst:—

> How small he looked—
> How small and shrunk and desolate . . . .
> . . . . Round about his feet
> The blood-red wind-flowers blew, their colour sucked
> Away by the white moon, and through the bough.
> Low stars flashed largely from a fret of leaves
> Where dim, innumerable olives dreamed
> Like smoke of myrrh and storax.

Egoist though the Betrayer is, however, he is under the spell of a loftier, more magnetic power, which not even the utter devastation of his hopes can break, so that in the end he pleads passionately that his own life may redeem the death-sentence that impends over his Master.

This character-work, needless to say, is the accomplishment of a practised and gifted novelist, and it guarantees, in the main, the framework of the poem. For the rest, Mr. Phillpotts has had to struggle with the self-imposed limitations of his plan, and there are passages which strike a little out of harmony with this. Take, for instance, the elaborated image of the ship on pp. 21 to 23, which seems altogether too studied and decorative even for a poetic Judas in such a hot and impassioned deliverance. Mr. Phillpotts might also have resisted the temptation to bring in the rather threadbare device of making the trees in the Garden cast the shadow of a cross where Christ prays. But the blank verse never fails of a fitting dignity and sonority, the pulse increasing as the poem proceeds to its climax, and there are many passages that tempt quotation, particularly a very powerful rendering of remorse on pp. 46-47. The poem is in many ways, both for Mr. Phillpotts and for poetry-lovers, a notable production. Mr. Frank Brangwyn contributes a characteristic frontispiece to the book.

We have found considerable interest in Mr. Oliver Davies' slender volume. In the first place, his poems have the merit of individuality. He has apparently sat at the feet of Mr. Bridges in the matter of metre and prosody, but his own qualities are strongly marked. The poems give evidence alike of thought and of sincere emotion, and there is about them a distinct strain of mysticism. They are written, moreover, with a simplicity of diction that rather heightens their effect than otherwise. Mr. Davies is of those who believe that "what is, is best," but this does not mean that his attitude is one of easy acquiescence. He rather arrives at his philosophy through the challenging and testing of experience. His lyric aptitude is of the genuine order, as may be seen in two stanzas of the little poem entitled "Triumph":—

> There's a song in the West,
> There's a banner unfurled,
> There are three in the world,
> She and I and the rest. . . .
>
> She and I on the height,
> All the rest down below;
> What has Heaven to show
> That we see not to-night?

For a more pronounced mystical flavour we might instance "Ideas" or "Far Away" or "Twofold." We cannot, however, resist quoting the curious but wonderfully eloquent little poem which bears the title "Immune":—

> If Heaven had blundered
> In making her lover,
> I should not have wondered
> Some day to discover
> A rogue with a pistol,
> Who bade me deliver
> The beautiful crystal
> I found in Truth's river.

The poet who could say so much in eight lines, and had the grace to leave it at that, belongs to the true kindred. This is a day of many singers; few of them sing with a more authentic note of pure poetry than Mr. Davies.

After this, Mr. Patterson's more pretentious volume

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

is a disappointment. We are aware that he knows the sea—has spent with her not a little of his "vagabondage," but something more than acquaintanceship is necessary to sing her lure with anything like adequacy. In fairness, Mr. Patterson states himself, quite frankly, that he is conscious his work is not "of that real poetry of the ocean which we . . . should have put before the world long ago." Alas! that he is unequal to it, but so, indeed, it is. He has neither the spiritual insight nor the requisite dignity of rhythm and diction to fit him for that high destiny. To be quite candid, the greater part of this volume scarcely rises to the level of poetry at all. There is too much of this sort of thing:—

> Keep ye your Eastern beauties with
> Their dark and luminous eyes,
> Where sparks of hazy passion lie,
> Like stars in midnight skies;
> Keep ye their sensuous movements and
> Their wealths of jetty hair,—
> Though rise they high, they come not nigh
> Our English girls so rare.

One can imagine it cradled in musical comedy, thence descending to the barrel-organ. Now, here is the tragedy of Mr. Patterson's most considerable effort. This is a tale of old-time pirates who foolishly slighted Pluto, and through his agency were lured to death by the sirens. The author lets us into the secret of its inception. Long ago he fell asleep one sunny afternoon on the coast of Greece, and had a dream of ancient pirates beaching their galley there and landing to sacrifice to Poseidon. Now, thirty years after, he has taken out his pretty dream and—*eheu!*—furbished it and tricked it out in the proportions of the story indicated above. He ought to have known it was a perilous proceeding; and see the result. The main narrative varies between blank verse and rhymed couplets, much of it very respectable work, with some passages of real merit—and some of undeniable prose. Something, at any rate, still lingers about it of the beauty of his dream. But those imported sirens are as surely low-comedy ladies as Etty's pictured examples are early Victorian belles. Here is part of one "lyric strain":—

> O, I am a wild sea-maiden,
> Who sport with the waves at will,
> And look for the ship deep-laden,
> When winds do the waters thrill,
> And the Furies have their fill—
> Their fill, their fill,
> And the Furies have their fill.

Mr. Patterson's only excuse—if it be one—is that he seems to have written much of this stuff with a view to musical setting, and, as it is apparently a recognised thing in these matters that "words are a detail," some aspiring composer may perchance make it immortal. He can never make it poetry.

Mr. H. J. White is an Australian, and he has written far too much. At least, he would have done better to have published a very small selection of these verses which, in the two volumes, cover 340 closely printed pages. He has this merit, though, that he has tried to sing his own country, and on that score his song will offer most interest to readers at home. He shows considerable descriptive power, and his verse is sincere and musical. He is at his best in his narrative poems, for which he has drawn on the stirring stories of the bush and on aboriginal idylls. Some of these would find acceptance as pieces for recitation.

The increasing number of Lionel Johnson's admirers will be glad to have this further selection from his work. It contains specimens of all the poet's noble enthusiasms—for Ireland, for his friends, for the classics—and includes some of his loveliest achievements. Every poetry-lover owes a debt to Johnson for the sheer beauty of those simple lines "To Morfydd" and the exquisite little gem called "Cadgwith." Some of these poems originally saw the light in the columns of THE ACADEMY. Miss Guiney's sympathetic and discerning study of the poet forms a valuable introduction to the little collection.

Mr. Stanhope Bayley is a poet in prose, and this booklet is composed of a series of very delicate little Italian studies. They are unlaboured and instinct with quiet beauty—a sheer delight to read.

A Fighting Admiral

The Life of Edward Mountagu, K.G., First Earl of Sandwich (1625-1672). By F. R. HARRIS. 2 Vols., with Portraits and Illustrations. (John Murray. 24s.)

EDWARD MOUNTAGU is a typical example of the class which fought and conquered Charles I in the great Civil War, and then in the fulness of time brought back his son to reign in his stead. The popular idea of the struggle as one in which the gentlemen of England were ranged in a solid body on the side of the King, while his opponents were the lower middle class led by a brewer and a cobbler and a few renegade gentry has, it need hardly be said, no foundation in fact. English affairs were not and are not managed in that way; no great popular movement has achieved success in the long run except under the leadership of the governing classes, any apparent exceptions of present-day politics to the contrary notwithstanding. The opposition to Charles I was composed of the country gentleman class, one which had risen in importance by the annihilation of the old nobility in the Wars of the Roses and the attainders of the Tudors, while the King found his chief support in the new nobility of the Tudors and his father, and in the dependents of the Court. Edward Mountagu came of a Northamptonshire family, which first achieved prominence in the person of a Chief Justice of Henry VII, his father, Sir Sydney Mountagu, being Master of Requests under Charles I. It appears, indeed, from a curious document entitled "Genealogy of Edward, First Earl of Sandwich," printed as an appendix to these volumes, that the family claim descent from the Montacutes, Earls of Salisbury, but the document should have been set

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

out in proper form, with the necessary dates, since the claim is not generally accepted.

Life began early in those days, and Mountagu was married at seventeen, probably to escape the risks of wardship if his father (who was sixty) should die, and by eighteen the Civil War had broken out, and he was committed to the Parliamentary cause. He raised a regiment in his county, and for three years fought at its head, till in October, 1645, he became a member of the Long Parliament. After Pride's Purge he returned to Hinchingbrooke, and remained there till summoned as a member of Barebones' Parliament in 1653. A few days later he became one of the Council of State. Under Cromwell's first Protectorate he remained a member of Council and became a Commissioner of the Treasury. In September, 1655, he was a Commissioner of the Admiralty, and on January 2, 1656, he was appointed joint commander of the fleet with Robert Blake. He returned to England in October with the silver of a captured galleon, and next year was put in sole charge of the Channel fleet against the Spanish. After the death of Blake, Mountagu was the recognised chief of the Generals-at-Sea, and in 1658 blockaded Dunkirk. In 1659 he was again at sea, watching the turn of affairs in the Baltic, and by September he was back in England and a private person. When Monck came to London, Mountagu was sent back to the fleet as joint commander with him, and by the end of February he had reorganised the commands. He came aboard on March 23, and two months later Charles II embarked on his ship at Scheveningen. An earldom and the Garter were his reward, with rents to produce £4,000 yearly. He took over Tangier from the Portuguese, brought Catherine of Braganza to England, and advised the sale of Dunkirk. A period of home life followed, but, when the second Dutch War broke out, Sandwich was called to command under James, and worthily upheld the credit of British seamanship by breaking the Dutch line in the Battle of Lowestoft. The unfortunate Bergen affair followed, with a miserable squabble about prize-money, and Sandwich was sent off as Ambassador to Spain as an honourable way out of the trouble. The history of the Embassy is very well told by Mr. Harris; it was a great success, and Sandwich returned to England to be appointed Lord President of the Committee of Council for Trade and Plantations. The third Dutch War took him back to sea, and in the Battle of Southwold Bay he lost his life, after an heroic struggle against overwhelming odds.

Mr. Harris's biography is an excellent piece of work. He leaves us with a clear impression of his hero's part in the history of the time, as soldier, legislator, seaman, and ambassador. It is as a seaman that he did his best work: he is one of the first in the line of our great fighting admirals, and, though he cannot be said to have initiated any new naval tactics, yet his part in their development is a most important one. As a biographer of the man, Mr. Harris is perhaps a little too subdued by his medium, a little too inclined to treat a gartered Earl in the spirit of the seventeenth century rather than of the twentieth. Lord Sandwich is an old acquaintance of the readers of Pepys, and, if we may so express it, we should have liked to see a picture of him from the level instead of from a position of adoring humility. There is evidently plenty of material for it in the Sandwich papers and letters, to judge from the extracts Mr. Harris has given. We ourselves were specially interested in his liking for music, which confirms the impression of the universality of good musical training in the seventeenth century that Pepys produces. We like to see the Admiral of the Fleet, on the eve of the Restoration, playing a trio of Locke's with Pepys and Will Howe, or, three years later, playing a good Fancy because he cannot endure a merry tune. A Fancy, by the way, is not "a fantasia tune much in vogue," but a set of variations on an air. The notes on the Spanish taste in music are very interesting, and those who have heard "John, come kisse mee now" at a Dolmetsch concert will sympathise with his astonishment at hearing it on the organ in chapel. Don Juan, the son of Philip IV, had, it seems, added another string to the usual six on the treble viol to compete with the violin in the upper registers, and played on it while Sandwich took the bass viol part in Lawe's Royal Concert for three instruments. Then his Highness took the bass while Sandwich played the violin. Afterwards the Prince gave an exhibition on the theorbo and harpsichord, playing from a figured bass, and altogether they seem to have had a pleasant afternoon's concert.

One or two slips may be mentioned. On p. 165 Mountagu does not refer to the declaration from the Navy, as Mr. Harris says (p. 166), but to the proclamation by the Committee of Safety issued on December 14, 1659, calendared in "Tudor and Stuart Proclamations." Moreover, if he had consulted this work, he would have seen that the "stop of the Exchequer" (ii., 241) was not made by proclamation at all. The references are sometimes carelessly worded, *e.g.*, that on p. 34, and the note on the Complete Peerage on p. 12 seems to have been written under a misapprehension. We mention these things for reference in a future edition, and because we wish to repay the author for some of the pleasure we have had in reading a very well constructed book, a notable addition to the literature of the Civil War and Restoration.

Our Revolutionaries

Syndicalism and the General Strike: An Explanation. By ARTHUR D. LEWIS. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)
Syndicalism: A Critical Examination. By J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)

MUCH print and paper have been consumed of recent times in discussions on the causes of so-called "Labour Unrest," and the evolutions, in regard both to organisation and to tactics, through which some working-class associations appear to be passing. The question as to how far the unrest has been due to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

material or moral causes supplied matter for a controversy in which Mr. H. G. Wells took a conspicuous part; and another question, that of how far this unrest has been brought about by revolutionary incitement, was raised in connection with the legal proceedings against Messrs. Bowman and Tom Mann, the last-named of whom is generally regarded as the chief advocate of so-called Syndicalism in this country.

From a Conservative point of view the case against Syndicalism was ably presented by Sir Arthur Clay in a volume entitled "Syndicalism and Labour," which Mr. John Murray published last year. Of the two books now before us, that by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald states the case from the standpoint of the parliamentarians of the British Labour Party, whilst Mr. Lewis's work is a general exposition of the various Syndicalist theories current in different countries, theories which occasionally clash one with another. Mr. Lewis has certainly brought a great deal of information together in his volume, and has made an effort to write impartially. It is difficult to tell what are his personal opinions. His chapter entitled "Objections to Syndicalism" leaves the issue very confused, for it contains quite as much theorising in favour of Syndicalism as against it, and this circumstance, coupled with some of Mr. Lewis's "General Reflections," incline us to the view that he may perhaps have a little sympathy with the Syndicalist movement. On the whole, his book is rather one for those students of politics and sociology who do not desire to be guided in their opinions, but are competent to weigh all the *pros* and *cons* of a question and to decide it for themselves.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's little book is very different. It is more direct, it is more lucid, and it may well appeal to a considerable section of the public. As we have previously said, Mr. MacDonald writes from the standpoint of his own party, which is not ours; but it is satisfactory to find that he is as much opposed to Syndicalism as any moderate-minded man can be. We are pleased to see him acknowledge that the interests of labour and capital are dependent upon a far-reaching process of interchange of services, and we agree with him that Syndicalism is "the impatient, frenzied, thoughtless child" of disappointment and irresponsibility. It is, moreover, unquestionable that, if society is to undergo any evolution, the interests of the whole community require that this should be brought about by peaceable and not by violent means. Now Syndicalism, as imported into England, signifies revolutionary violence, and we can quite understand all sensible trade unionists opposing it.

There is one point which is not very clearly brought out in either of the volumes before us. This is that Syndicalism is largely an evolution of Anarchism. Indeed, the Spanish Anarchists, both those of Barcelona and of Andalusia, have practised a kind of syndicalism ever since Fanelli carried Bakunin's "gospel" across the Pyrenees some forty years ago. In views and methods of organisation they have always differed from the Anarchists of other countries, as was pointed out by Mr. Vizetelly in his history of the Anarchist movement published early this year; and Mr. Lewis rightly says that the Catalonian "Solidaridad obrera" is certainly syndicalist in character. The name of Syndicalism, however, originated in France, where several of the most prominent Syndicalists are ex-Anarchists. There is the notable instance of Emile Pouget, one of the secretaries of the General Confederation of Labour, in which the Syndicalist idea has become embodied. This individual, whose writings are frequently quoted by Mr. Lewis, began life as a shop assistant, blossomed forth as a prominent Anarchist, founded and edited the most scurrilous and obscene of all the French Anarchist journals, the once notorious "Père Peinard" (an imitation of the filthy "Père Duchesne" of the first French Revolution), and underwent various sentences for Anarchist propaganda by word or deed, before he at last turned to Syndicalism and became one of its chief organisers and expounders. He and others brought with them several of the principal Communist-Anarchist ideas—incessant, unrelenting class warfare, the general strike, *sabotage*, rejection of all parliamentary action and the destruction of all central government.

The fact is that many of the French Anarchists, expelled long ago from the Socialist bodies, gradually found that they had lost all hold on the working classes, and finally deemed it advisable to drop or modify a few theories, draw closer to the form of Anarchism long current in Spain, discard a thoroughly discredited appellation and assume another of an apparently innocuous character—their hope being that they might thus gain supporters. Mr. MacDonald tells us, however, that whilst there are eleven million wage-earners in France who might join a trade union, only one million of them are organised, that of these only about 400,000 belong to the General Confederation, and that at least 250,000 of the last number are opposed to the violent actions and the revolutionary doctrines of the committee to which Pouget and his friends belong. Thus Syndicalism, in spite of strenuous efforts during more than a decade, has made no great headway in France. An overwhelming majority of the French workers has had the good sense to reject it. As for our own workers, whose Anglo-Saxon blood is far less inclined than that of the Latin nations to violent, revolutionary courses, we are confident that they will reject it also, and by an even greater majority, notwithstanding all the insidious incitements of a few self-seeking and unscrupulous individuals among their own countrymen, and of the many undesirable foreigners whom the mal-administration of the Aliens Act allows in their midst, not only to compete with them in their work, but to corrupt them, if possible, by demoralising propaganda.

Byron Among the Moderns

One of Us: A Novel in Verse. By GILBERT FRANKAU. (Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. GILBERT FRANKAU is not lacking in the quality of courage. What Byron has done, others, he appears

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

to think, may do, and he has boldly essayed the task of competing with that great master of poetic satire.

"One of Us" is an experiment in that form of metre which Byron in "Don Juan" made peculiarly his own. And it is as witty, as cynical, as unblushingly impudent as "Don Juan's" self. The foibles and the follies, the selfishness and the sin of modern society—and particularly that section of it which loves to be known as the "Smart Set"—are unsparingly exposed. But Mr. Frankau's way is not that of the moralist. Nor is it that of the sterner satirists—such as Swift. He laúghs all the time, sometimes good-humouredly enough, sometimes with the unmistakable suggestion of a leer. The book, it has to be admitted, has moments that are hardly pleasant, but it is undeniably clever.

The hero of this novel in verse is first discovered as a schoolboy at Eton, where he becomes involved in a not too creditable amatory episode. Detection is followed by the dread sentence, "Immediate Expulsion."

> Lopped at one sweep of that relentless axe,
> Drops the bright blossom of a lad's career.
> As other Jills have ruined other Jacks,
> As Lancelot was damned for Guinevere,
> Once more a noble knight shall pay the tax
> Levied on them that hold the sex too dear.
> He must away; the carefully-worded wire
> Heralds his advent, warns his anxious sire.

His, however, is not the type of character that learns wisdom by experience. A visit to America throws him into the company of a very charming group of women, and Jack learns much from them about the ways of Jills, which is to stand him in good stead in after-days.

Next we see him plunged into the giddy maelstrom of London society. He is a familiar figure at Romano's. He is often seen—too often, indeed—in the company of girls from the Gaiety. He "paints Paris red." Afterwards, one reads of a breathless incident on the upper reaches of the Thames. So the gilded butterfly flutters his wings in the modern Capri, and, though tailors press and duns are distressingly exigent, he contrives to have a good time. You foresee the end of all this? A forged cheque, disgrace, imprisonment—or, perhaps, flight. Not so, however. Jack pursues his ruinous career, magnificently impenitent, taking the gifts the gods—or possibly some less celestial benefactors—provide him with, with open hands. And, all the while, in her quiet Devonshire home, "faithful Alice" awaits her prodigal lover. With her we leave him—at the altar. The rest is silence.

> Was reformation but another phase?
> Or did you fare the straight path and the narrow,
> To bonded bliss and ordered country ways?
> Is there now sprung from hero-loins and marrow
> An hireling Jack to cheer your riper days,
> And bear the name that Eton flecked—to Harrow?
> Do you hunt foxes and adore your spouse,
> Or take the saner view of wedding-vows?
>
> There is no torch to light the road you went:
> No fairy voice to whisper in mine ears
> If cocoa-kisses kept you continent
> Down the long orbit of the sober years;
> Or if you 'scaped from that entanglement,
> In one last poignant scene of tempest-tears
> That left my boy ashamed, my Alice wilted;
> Or if she was the jiltress—you, the jilted.

Apart from the central interest of the poem, it should be read for its topical allusions, which range from the Suffragettes to Mr. Gordon Selfridge. It is, taking it all in all, the most brilliantly audacious piece of work that has been produced in our time.

The Real Napoleon

The Crime of 1812 and its Retribution. A new rendering into English of Labaume's "Rélation circonstanciée de la Campagne de Russie en 1812." By T. DUNDAS PILLANS. With an Introduction by W. T. STEAD. (Andrew Melrose. 9s. net.)

The Battle of Waterloo. By HILAIRE BELLOC. (Stephen Swift and Co. 1s. net.)

LABAUME went through the campaign of 1812 from beginning to end, and was an eye-witness of the events which he narrates. Those events comprised some of the most ghastly which have ever befallen in the history of war. There was no need of comment upon them—not even of the meagre comment which he bestows. For we have but to read the story of the advance to Moscow, and of the retreat, to realise the magnitude and the direfulness of the disaster. None of the elements of the Greek tragedy is wanting—Hubris followed by Nemesis: and, till the final crash, the spectacle of the central figure blinded by Fate to the real meaning of that which is happening around him. What rich material for the "irony" of a Sophocles that proclamation at Wilkowiski on June 22! "Russia is drawn on by Fate. Her destinies must be fulfilled."

Step by step we see the Grande Armée "drawn on by Fate," ever anticipating a decisive battle, yet never able to come to grips with the elusive foe. "As a matter of fact, we were almost certain that we should soon meet with resistance," but with the exception of the actions at Witepsk and Smolensk the resistance never came until Borodino. There at last the Russians make a stand—and lose. Curious it is to think that only a hundred years ago battles were commenced to order, as it were, "and it only remained for the preconcerted signal to be given." But Borodino really means the ruin of the Grande Armée: for now the victors are free to enter Moscow, and there their doom is consummated. Napoleon's one hope of salvation was to retire immediately, and that hope he sacrificed. Even now the army "had lost a third of its strength merely by the rapidity of its marching." But its leader, "in his insane vanity, hoped to control the seasons as he governed men, and by a gross abuse of his lucky star he imagined that 'the sun of Austerlitz' would shine upon him to the pole, or that, like another Joshua, he could arrest the luminary in its course to guide him on his wanderings."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

So nothing is done to prepare for the Russian winter. Then at last, when it is too late, the retirement begins. The retirement becomes a retreat, the retreat becomes a rout, the rout becomes the blind struggle onwards of tattered shreds of humanity who are no longer men, let alone soldiers—creatures who no longer obey their officers, and have long ago thrown away their arms. But ever urging them on are the relentless Cossacks. Better to die at the hand of Nature than at their hand. And so ever onwards, fulfilling the will of him whose "monstrous Machiavellism plunged France into war with the whole human race, so that the salvation of the nation might depend on the preservation of his person." With what reward? To be deserted at the last by that leader for whom his followers had so freely poured out their blood. The flight of Napoleon meant the end of the last remaining vestiges of discipline. Of the fourth corps Prince Eugene "succeeded in getting together about twelve hundred cripples, the miserable remains of fifty-two thousand men." And thus ended the year 1812 and the Grande Armée. The translation is sufficiently literal to lose nothing of the vividness of the original.

In this other little book one may read in a concise form the short story of the final overthrow of that leader whose fortunes in 1812 we have just been following. In reading the history of battles the lay-reader is too often tempted to conceive them as isolated, often almost as fortuitous, events. We therefore welcome the amount of attention devoted by Mr. Belloc to the preliminary events, both political and military, which brought it about that the Battle of Waterloo was fought just when and how it was. Another feature which we most heartily commend is the use of the explanatory sketches interspersed through the text. There are very many accounts of the battle, but we have not yet come across a more lucid or concise one than that of Mr. Belloc.

A Community in Difficulties

Our Reproach in India. By H. P. K. SKIPTON. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.)

THE object of this little work is to draw attention to the circumstances of the domiciled community in India, who used to be generally called Eurasians, have sometimes been termed Indo-Europeans, and have lately made a curious claim to be described as Anglo-Indians, though that particular designation has long since been adopted by persons who are not and never have been domiciled in India. As there is no disparagement involved or intended in the word Eurasian, Mr. Skipton is right in adhering to it throughout, and in combating the too-prevalent idea that the Eurasian has the vices of both races and the virtues of neither. The domiciled community now numbers, according to the best recent estimates, apparently supported by the authority of the Bishop of Bombay, so many as 250,000 to 300,000 souls, who must form a large proportion of the non-native population of India. In advocating their cause it has been asserted that their economic position has reached a pitch so perilous as to be a menace to the safety of the Empire. This warning is unnecessarily strong. Nor can the travelling American Bishop's remark that if we ever lost the country it would be due to our neglect of the domiciled community be accepted as sound. But the question is undoubtedly a serious one. Bishop Heber, Lord Canning, Archdeacon Baly, and many others have drawn attention to it. The Government of India thirty years ago recognised the state of things to be lamentable from every point of view, and acknowledged the necessity for Government to come to the assistance of the education of the "uninstructed European population." Twenty years ago the Bengal Government thoroughly investigated the problem in Calcutta. The Pauperism Committee's report, which Mr. Skipton quotes, showed the prevalence of excessive poverty and the dependence of the community on charitable relief. Things have gone from bad to worse.

The Eurasians have fallen between two lines of action. Missionary effort is devoted to the reclamation of the heathen, the Government education system is mainly for the natives of India. In the struggle for Government appointments the educated natives have, with their natural ability and various advantages, beaten the Eurasians generally. And latterly a special difficulty has overtaken the portion of the Eurasian community which belongs to the Anglican Church. For some years past the Roman Catholic Church has deliberately aimed at capturing the Eurasian community throughout India. With its superior organisation and command of great financial resources, its efforts have admittedly been crowned with success. Mr. Skipton reproduces a long paper by Archdeacon Hyde showing the development of the Roman Church in India. This is of historical interest, but the account of their proceedings at the present time is more to the point. To meet this competition the Anglican Church and the Nonconformist bodies are acting jointly in an endeavour to raise the large sum of a quarter of a million of money for Eurasian education. The idea of the scheme is to secure the secular efficiency of the schools by preventing overlapping and improving the teaching staff, without touching the religious status of the schools. The Indian Church Aid Association has made this subject its special care. It is largely a matter of money. The Government of India, pledged to religious neutrality, can only afford assistance on certain principles, and to a limited extent.

The future of the Eurasian community depends, for education at any rate, on private efforts, on their personal conduct and on the funds that can be collected. The community has produced individuals who have distinguished themselves in many capacities, but as a community it has certain disqualifications for success which require to be corrected. Among these the inability of the Protestant portion to pay for proper education is a most serious consideration, and Mr. Skipton's endeavours to present the case in a clear light

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

deserve to meet with cordial response. The political importance of the Eurasian question in India cannot be ignored.

Children in the Sun

On the Backwaters of the Nile. By A. L. KITCHING, M.A. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

IN Luganda, the language spoken by the most advanced tribes of which this book treats, the expressions signifying love as applied to God or any fellow-mortal, and preference for meat rather than potatoes, for instance, are both rendered by the same word. It may be gathered from this that the races so admirably described by Mr. Kitching are composed of children grown up, but not less children in intellect. "Sanctified commonsense" is recommended as a means of elevating and enlarging these infant minds, with whose every twist and turn the author is thoroughly familiar, and which—in spite of some little dealing in split infinitives—he pictures interestingly and well.

It is of more than passing interest to learn that the introduction of clothes, among tribes previously guiltless of all but paint and a few armlets, is a deterrent rather than a help to morality, as well as a reason for the sudden springing up of pulmonary ailments. The girl of the tribe, in putting on clothing, adds self-consciousness and prudery to her other vices. Again, the coming of civilisation has caused a tendency, especially among the Baganda, to avoid marriage, for the native who can obtain fixed work at regular wages needs no fields to support him, and consequently no wives to till the fields. Hence the proverbial immorality of these particular Bantu tribes is on the increase, and it is a rather startling reflection that civilisation and clothing are two of the chief causes for this state of affairs.

But, then, they are children all, these tribes of Uganda, and governed by the view-point of those who live lazily in the sun. The development of intellect in temperate zones has been due, mainly, to larger needs than (from a strictly utilitarian standpoint) are experienced in the tropics, and at the same time freedom from the deadening effect of arctic desolation. Here among first necessities are clothes, the means of transporting foodstuffs to unfertile districts, and here, too, is the stimulating effect of a temperate climate. There, in the sun, nature gives food freely in return for little effort on man's part; clothing is not a necessity, and man remains primitive and simple, having known no complex needs to waken complex ideas, and lulled to drowse by the warmth in which his life is spent, instead of being wakened to the restlessness which cultivates beyond present need and colonises for the sake of generations unborn.

So they are children all, animal in their lusts and desires, almost devoid of finer feelings, and unchildlike only in the existence among them of deep-rooted suspicion of all things new. The witch-doctor is to be preferred to the missionary in case of illness, for the missionary declines to believe in the charm that caused the illness. "Did you ever meet Jesus in England?" was the question evoked by a magic-lantern picture of Christ stilling the storm. Here are two out of the many instances of the native point of view as given by the author.

As a missionary, Mr. Kitching has spent many years among these children in the sun; he has mastered not only their language, but their mode of thought, and so well does he render it here that after a careful perusal of his book we find ourselves able to sympathise with the savage in his real, though sometimes ludicrous, difficulties—we can appreciate his way of looking at things. The book is valuable as an anthropological record; it is packed with matters of strong human interest, and stands also as a contribution to the history of that great work in which the author and men like him are engaged—a work whose value we of to-day cannot judge fully, since its fruits await ripening and reaping in years as yet far off.

A French Sensation

A Night in the Luxembourg. By REMY DE GOURMONT. With Preface and Appendix by ARTHUR RANSOME. (Stephen Swift and Co. 5s. net.)

IN order to be in a position to appreciate critically a work which, though it will probably meet with condemnation, most certainly merits unbiased criticism, the reader would be well-advised to begin by reading Mr. Ransome's appendix, reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*, in which he gives us some notion of M. de Gourmont as a man and an author. He will then be able the better to understand the translator's preface and the text itself.

For our own part, our judgment is adverse. Mr. Ransome talks of the "nobility of the book's philosophy": we have failed to perceive it. "It may shock some people to find that the principal speaker in the book is a god who claims to have inspired, not Christ alone, but Pythagoras, Epicurus, Lucretius, St. Paul, and Spinoza with the most valuable of their doctrines. It will not, I think, shock any student of comparative religion." Mr. Ransome thinks wrongly. The person of all others most likely to be shocked by the profanity of the book is the student of comparative religion. In nearly every religion that ever flourished under the face of the sun are to be found elements of truth and elements of beauty. M. de Gourmont does not attempt to teach that fact. The general impression which he leaves upon the mind of the reader is one of absolute negation of all religious idealism; all he leaves us beside that is the doctrine, bare and unabashed, that the only real thing in life is love—not love in its grand, high sense, but love in the sense of animal passion. "When one is happy, one no longer loves anything but one's own happiness."

Such is the author's hedonistic view of human bliss.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

As for the ideal moral system, this is it: "I bring you no commandment. I submit a system to you: the living of one's life. What do those movements of the world matter to you that do not touch your sensibility? Keep your tears for your own pains, and for those that scratch you like brambles as you pass. There is no other ethic than this: the conquest of pain."

Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas. "The idea of God is only the shadow of man projected in the infinite. Make use of this sentence as supreme refutation, and you will find few minds capable of disentangling its meaning, or even of relishing its irony." The redeeming feature of the dupe of this intellectual mockery is that in the end he, too, is seized with doubt of the mocker. "My master, still seated there, was looking at me, but with eyes in which I thought I saw I know not what cruel mockery, I know not what mournful reproaches."

The book is said to have created a "sensation" in France. If the same result follows its publication in England, we shall be grievously disappointed, for therein we cannot fail to see a breaking down of that firm moral calibre which we proudly regard as essentially English.

Cornwall—Half Seen

The Cornish Coast and Moors. By A. G. FOLLIOTT-STOKES. Illustrated. (Greening and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

IF only enthusiasm went hand in hand with literary accomplishment, what a superb volume this would have been! The author, of course, knows his Cornwall thoroughly, and we share his delight in the fair West Country; but his knowledge has not given him that command of language which might have enabled him to describe that lovely coast-line to the best effect. There is far too much guide-book diction. For example, on page 155 a paragraph begins: "We will now follow a moorland path to the southward . . ."; on page 161, "We will now retrace our steps . . ."; page 163, "We will now go out on to the Gurnard's Head . . ."; page 165, "We will now make another detour . . ."; page 165 again, "We will now climb Little Galva in a diagonal direction . . ."; page 168, "We will now retrace our steps . . ."; page 173, "We will now make our last excursion into the moor . . ."; and so on. We are irresistibly reminded of the Metropolitan Railway's "Country Walks" booklets: "Leaving a stile on our left, we soon reach . . ."; and we are inevitably disappointed that with so exquisite a theme the author has done so little.

Nor can we always agree with him. On the south coast he has completely overlooked Trenarren, one of the loveliest and sleepiest villages in the Duchy; he misses the beauty of Porthpean and its tiny bay, with its beaches accessible only by boat, its cool caves and rock archways, noticing merely the "horrible smell" of the seaweed and the water "stained with clay"—neither of which drawbacks have we encountered on any of our several visits at various seasons of the year. On the other hand, little Polkerris, hidden in a cleft behind Fowey, receives fully its deserved praise, and picturesque "Troy Town" itself, with its curiously amphibian aspect (almost every house on the river-front has its flight of steps leading down to the water), has pages of adequate appreciation; though the "large house" by Ready Money Cove is called "Point Neptune," not "Neptune's Point."

There are excellent passages in the book, and they come when the author relieves himself of the task of directing the stranger on his way. Some capital stories, too, are included, as might be expected in a county where smuggling was rife until comparatively recent years. The wonderful bird and animal life of Cornwall also receive attention, and there are pages which prove that Mr. Folliott-Stokes has occasionally the touch of the true artist. If he had fine weather all the way round the coast, he is to be envied, for Cornwall can be very unkind in the matter of rain; it is hardly correct, however, to say that "there is no heat in summer, no cold in winter." One need only live there for a few weeks at either season to disprove that. With the reservations we have mentioned, this book—which is plentifully and beautifully illustrated by photographs—is well worth the close attention of anyone who contemplates a stay in the Duchy.

Bombastes Futuristo as War-Correspondent

La Bataille de Tripoli (26 Octobre, 1911). By F. T. MARINETTI. ("Poesia," Milan.)

THE best commentary, and we are sorry we have not got it by our elbow at this moment to quote textually, on Signor Marinetti's extraordinary piece of war-correspondence, is Stevenson's "Suicide Club." The philosophy of the remarkable institution described in this haunting narrative is summarised in the confidences of the "honorary member," Mr. Malthus; he has tried all the sensations and all the emotions, and he has found only one that never loses its freshness: it is Fear. "Envy me," says the paralytic man. "I am a coward." Nor is Prince Florizel's criticism of the Club without its application: he says, in substance, "If a man wishes to kill himself, then in God's name let him do so like a gentleman, without unnecessary fuss."

We do not suppose that Signor Marinetti meant to kill himself at Tripoli, nor do we accuse him of being more of a coward than most of us, but the tale of his emotions during the various stages of the battle is, to say the least of it, cloying, and, in view of the position of a war-correspondent on the side of the big battalions, ridiculous. War is an "infernally dirty business," and the present campaign is one of the least epic of all that have darkened the pages of history. Nearly all the great warriors have known how to comment their campaigns—when comment was necessary—"like gentlemen"; they have recognised that they were in the hands of mysterious and immeasurable forces, and that idle words must not be spoken, for thin partitions divide

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

courage from pusillanimity even in the bravest soul. Least of all have they exulted over the destruction of brave but ill-equipped enemies; it is this last trait that completes the ugliness of Signor Marinetti's effusion. We could quote a dozen frenzied lyrical passages expressive of his delight at the ravages of the shells. We will content ourselves, however, with one from the chapter entitled "La Grande Symphonie des Obus," in which the intrepid journalist apostrophises the missiles:—

> Je vous envie, je vous envie, obus dansants et fous! . . . Que ne suis-je avec vous . . . l'un de vous? Oh! qu'il doit être bon de faire sauter ainsi les innombrables éclats de son corps métallique dans les yeux, dans le nez, dans le ventre épouvantablement ouvert de ses ennemis.
>
> Car je suis furieusement jeune comme vous, et plein de violence réprimée. Il faut que je dilate brusquement les parois de mon corps! . . . Non! Non! bien plus. . . . Oh! que ma tête saute ainsi qu'une fusée à percussion sur l'infini!

We will pause at this amazing and apparently fulfilled aspiration to take breath, skip a paragraph, and continue:—

> O mon père, toi qui m'as si bien chargé d'héroïsme cruel et de courage téméraire, dis-moi pour qui veux-tu me réserver? . . . . Quelle est donc la rangée de visages que j'écrabouillerai avec mes os sautés tels des éclats d'obus, les lanières cinglantes de ma chair incendiaire et le fulmi-coton de mon cœur ubiquiste?

We commend this specimen of Futurist poetry to visitors to the recent London Exhibition of Futurist painting; it may help them to judge the pictures. We were tempted for a moment to make a literal translation, but we finally preferred to give the passage in its naked simplicity. There is force and vigour, no doubt, but so there is in a mad dog. Elsewhere there are charming images, sexual or culled from the dust-heap. The brochure has reached its sixteenth thousand; we suppose that a majority of its readers have read it only to laugh, but there must be a residue to whom it means something. Properly used, it should be a powerful instrument in the hands of the "Podagres," the "Paralytiques" (not Mr. Malthus this time), and the "immonde race des pacifistes, désormais terrés dans les caves profondes de leur ridicule Palais de la Haye"; and to any officer and gentleman of any army we know of who should happen to stumble across it, it should bring a feeling of "utter lamentation and woe."

Shorter Reviews

Beauty and Ugliness and other Studies in Psychological Æsthetics. By VERNON LEE and C. ANSTRUTHER-THOMSON. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE title of this volume is a little misleading, for the book is less concerned with the actual content of beauty and ugliness than with a consideration of the mental processes whereby they are apprehended. Some years ago Vernon Lee, with her collaborator, contributed an article to the *Contemporary Review*, which became, as it were, the germ of this work. In that article the writers sought to prove that the appreciation of form in art "implies an active participation of the most important organs of animal life, a constant alteration in vital processes requiring stringent regulations for the benefit of the total organism." Both Vernon Lee and Miss Anstruther-Thomson were at the time unacquainted with the work of Professor Lipps, the celebrated German æsthetician, who, they subsequently discovered, had anticipated them in certain of their conclusions.

Now, the contribution of Lipps to the science of psychological æsthetics may be briefly stated. Developing a suggestion of Lotze, he propounded the theory that the appreciation of a work of art depended upon the capacity of the spectator to project his personality into the object of contemplation. One had to "feel oneself into it." Thus we talk of a river *flowing* or a column *rising*—terms borrowed from our own experience, and, as applied to the river or the column, only intelligible in the light of that experience. This mental process he called by the name of *Einfühlung*, or, as it has been translated, *Empathy*.

So far, Professor Lipps and our authors are at one. But Lipps parts company with the writers of this volume in precluding the possibility of physiological accompaniments of æsthetic contemplation, and it is upon these that Vernon Lee and her gifted collaborator take their stand. From a series of experiments, extending over many years, the authors have arrived at the conclusion that the appreciative study of any work of art is necessarily accompanied by certain physiological changes or disturbances, and a large portion of this book is devoted to a minute and detailed classification of these.

The problem to students of æsthetics is one of no small importance, and these will be grateful to the authors for the industry and acumen with which they have approached a subject abstruse in itself and bristling with difficulties. It is not, perhaps, easy to express oneself in simple phraseology when dealing with such a subject, but Vernon Lee appears to us to court at times a quite unnecessary obscurity. The book, however, is one that cannot be neglected.

Strother's Journal. Edited by CÆSAR CAINE, Vicar of Cleator. (A. Brown and Sons. 3s. net.)

DO you ask, who *was* Strother? For that matter, he was a tradesman of York and Hull in the mid-eighteenth century. Who was Pepys, pray, but the son of a tailor and a sort of glorified Civil Service clerk? He kept a very entertaining and ingenuous diary—that's the thing; and even so did Strother. True, the immortal Samuel kept it going for the delectation of posterity some eight and a half years, while Strother became persuaded of the vanity of such pursuits within about a ninth of that time. Let this later diarist, then, stand designated as Pepys Minimus, if you will; it shall suffice for us that he is of the same kindred.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

But *who* was Strother? A haberdasher with aspirations and a pedigree. Room enough there for romance—the tragi-comic romance of common humanity. 'Tis a cramped world poor Strother inhabits, and he must have this satellite-retreat of a journal wherein to discuss unconstrained his "thoughts and proceedings"—the temerarious "thoughts" that so outrun the poor "proceedings"! For, truth to tell, haberdashery commands not his heart; it hath no promise of a future. So we find Master Strother making careful note of the sleek, pursy burgesses of his acquaintance, marking the success of their respective businesses, and how from obscure beginnings they rose to the city council-chambers; nor are we surprised presently to come upon the memorandum of a precise and, we doubt not, much polished letter from "with respect, your most humble servant," aspiring to the position of "clerk in your accompting house." We even discover him having the Strother Arms engraved, "*Gules*, Bend *Argent*, three Eagles displayed *Azure*." (Alas! there should have been a *Cage Or* for those eagles.) But what would you in a haberdasher with a pedigree?

So much for the real human interest of this document. As for the antiquarian, which Mr. Caine probably has had most in mind, there are careful notes of the prices of brass and treacle in 1785, a lively topography of the countryside as Strother rides in the diligence from Hull to York (a stirring and adventurous time!), and many references to vanished landmarks in the two Yorkshire cities for those who have an interest therein.

Reminiscences of a Blackwall Midshipman. By W. I. DOWNIE. With Frontispiece. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 3s. 6d. net.)

OF the three reasons given by the author in the introduction for the publication of this small volume the second alone should suffice to render it welcome to many readers: "I thought such an account might interest people who, though well acquainted with the luxurious travel of the twentieth century, know little or nothing of the circumstances under which their fathers used to get about the world." And, indeed, in these times of speedy ocean voyages it is of considerable interest to read of the more leisurely travel of the past. Leisurely, after all, is but a comparative term, for those were the days which the author describes as the "zenith of the sailing-ship era, which afterwards collapsed with such startling rapidity. The finest sailing vessels the world had ever seen were to be found breaking record after record in all the waters of the globe."

Yet, as Mr. Downie points out, the encomiums bestowed so lavishly by admirers upon these speedy clippers were but their "swan song," foretelling the rapidly-approaching time when they would be nothing but cherished memories, and the trade of the Empire would be carried on in possibly more efficient, but certainly much less beautiful craft. Whoever desires information upon the subject of life on board of these splendid frigate-built ships, life seen from the point of view of a "mid," and consequently full of incidents, is certain of spending pleasant hours in reading these reminiscences.

La Vie Politique dans les Deux Mondes (October, 1910—September, 1911). Edited by A. VIALLATE and M. CAUDEL. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 10 frs.)

THIS annual compilation, made by Professors and former pupils of the "Ecole des Sciences Politiques," is a valuable book for reference. The matter is much the same as that of the annual summaries in Whitaker, though expanded to form a "fort volume in 8o de 600 pages" odd. The synopsis is admirably lucid, and, being compiled by experts in what we will concede to be the "science" of politics, and with the most impartial aims, should have permanent value. The gist of every matter is generally to be found under an appropriate heading. Nine-tenths of the volume are allotted to the various countries, with suitable sub-divisions for each. Thus under the British Empire, which claims about fifty pages, we have six main headings: The Constitutional Crisis—The General Election—The Parliament Bill—Other Affairs—The Empire (general)—The Empire (the Colonies in detail). International questions are dealt with more than once, in relation to the various countries concerned. The last fifty pages are devoted to three special chapters on International Acts, Economics, and Socialism.

The Journal of a Sporting Nomad. By J. T. STUDLEY. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

The Strong life that never knows harness,
The wilds where the Caribou call,
The freshness, the freedom, the farness,
O God, how I'm stuck on it all.

THIS is the author's head-note to the first chapter of a book dealing with sport in countries as far apart as Spitzbergen and Cape Town, Alaska and the West Coast of Africa. The spot itself varies from caribou and mountain sheep to tarpon fishing and lions, and is described in quite an informal and unpretentious style. The subjects are so varied that there is no necessity for haste in reading, and a pipe and a chapter go very well together. The author ends his narrative by saying that the days and nights spent "far from the madding crowd" were the happiest of his life, and we can well believe it. The illustrations are quite good and appropriate.

Fiction

A Latter-Day Saint

The Lions of the Lord. By HARRY LEON WILSON. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 6s.)

AMONG the ethical developments of the nineteenth century the rise and continued existence of Mormonism is surely the most singular. The religions of the world and their subdivisions

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

are innumerable, but the founders of new religions and sects and the preachers of new doctrines have, in every case, from Moses to Guru Nanak, played the part of reformers and teachers of a higher morality than that they found already existing. It was reserved for the nineteenth century to produce, in the heart of a Christian community, a new religion that was a long step down in the scale of ethics, preached by the vulgarest impostor that ever gathered round him a devoted band of followers. Even the Arabian prophet, when he sanctioned polygamy to the extent of four wives, intended it as a restriction on the unbridled profligacy he found existing among the Arabs; but Joseph Smith inculcated on his disciples the necessity of unlimited polygamy, justifying it on the grounds that, after death, the glory of the departed saints is in direct proportion to the number of their wives and children.

This doctrine of compulsory polygamy, together with the doctrine of blood-atonement—in other words, the cold-blooded murder of apostates, dissenters, and all who questioned the divine authority of Joseph Smith and his successor, Brigham Young—have always appeared to the outer world as the most prominent features of Mormonism. The worst horrors have always been perpetrated in the name of religion. Mr. Wilson has with much skill shown that there is also a side of Mormonism deserving more attention and sympathy than are generally bestowed upon it. Though Joseph Smith was a profligate scoundrel, Brigham Young a rank impostor, and the "Book of Mormon" a farrago of nonsense, they managed to evoke among their followers an unquestioning belief in their divine pretensions, and a spirit of self-sacrifice that would have dignified a higher cause.

The story has to do with Mormonism during the most eventful years in the history of the sect, beginning with the Illinois persecution in 1846, and ending with the vindication of United States authority in Salt Lake City some twenty years later. As the author rightly says in the preface, the actual facts are so remarkable that invention was unnecessary. The flight from Illinois, the thousand miles' trek of men, women, and children in search of the Promised Land, the establishment of the State of Deseret, and the building up of a flourishing community in almost slavish subjection to Brigham Young, who directed and controlled all public and private affairs, from the building of the temple "down to the ribbons a woman should wear, or the setting up of a stocking," testify alike to the grit and the credulity of his disciples.

In Joel Rae, the "Lute of the Holy Ghost," we are shown the embodiment of this consuming zeal, coupled with unquestioning, childlike credulity. His fervent belief, that they are the special objects of divine care, helps the emigrants in their perilous journey to the Salt Lake, while his belief in the Prophet's miraculous powers causes embarrassment to Brigham Young himself. Filled with hatred against the Gentiles for the injuries suffered by his family, he cannot cast out from his mind the memory of the Gentile maiden he had once hoped to marry. Naturally an upright and kind-hearted man, he feels there is something wrong when the doctrine of blood-atonement is set to work. For years he had preached that all Gentiles were to be cut off, without exception and without mercy; but, when engaged for the first time in giving practical effect to his own teaching, his mind revolts at the idea of killing defenceless women and children in the notorious Mountain Meadows massacre, and the full horror of the whole circumstances bursts upon him when he becomes aware that he has taken part in the murder of the woman to whom his heart had remained faithful through all his trials.

Still maintaining his faith in the Prophet, his zeal has left him. Others will be saved, but for him there can be no forgiveness. He knows that he is condemned to all eternity, and he is prepared for the Avenger of Blood in whatever shape he may present himself. How atonement is made, some fifteen years later, and how the "Little Man of Sorrows" finds rest at last, is the essence of the tale. Mr. Wilson has broken new ground, and written an excellent story; but it is not improved by the illustrations, and the unnecessary introduction of the British tourist in the last pages strikes a discordant note.

La Troisième Puissance. Roman traduit du Hongrois de Géza Gárdonyi.
Byzance. Pièce en trois Actes traduit du Hongrois de François Herczeg. (Honoré Champion, Paris.)

IT would be rash to generalise about modern Hungarian literature on the strength of these two little books. It would seem, however, that no Hungarian writer of merit can escape being compared with his famous compatriot, Maurice Jokäi. This comparison is to be found in the short introductions to both these works. The novel and the play are so very different in their subjects, conception, and treatment that it is hard to believe that they are representative of one national literature.

"La Troisième Puissance" suggests a curious blend of the ideas of Mr. Bernard Shaw, as contained, for example, in "Man and Superman," and the manner of Tolstoï. We attribute the ideas, for the sake of brevity, to Mr. Shaw, but we suspect that they are really a great deal older than that brilliant writer. At any rate, the development given to them by M. Gárdonyi is unexpected and entertaining. We will just quote one phrase, which practically contains the definition of his title: "Tu obéis comme un bœuf stupide à cet anonyme mystérieux qui n'existe pas, mais qui veut être."

"Byzance" has the most markedly exotic flavour. This play deals with the last days of Constantinople before its capture by the Turks, and its chief motive is the contrast between the heroically-minded Emperor Constantine, the last sovereign of an effete dynasty, and his ignoble courtiers. A good specimen of a rather crude irony is to be found in the words of the Patriarch during the final scene of the tragedy: Prince Dimitri has exclaimed, "Chrétiens, prions!" The

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Churchman's answer is, "Non, n'excitons pas la colère des païens."

Into Thy Hands. By ARTHUR APPLIN. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

MR. APPLIN does not overcrowd his pages with numerous characters; so that it is not necessary to wait until two or three chapters are read before the different persons can be nicely sorted out. "Into Thy Hands" contains only four, or at the most five, people who have any real bearing on the story. When we come to the plot, however, matters do not appear to be quite so clear. A certain amount of sensation is aimed at, and in seeking after this effect, the reader's credulity is strained too far. For instance, at the beginning of the story there is a hint of one man preventing another from making a wreck of his life, and a suggestion of a woman's soul being played with. This ushers in a mystery; but it is only a bait to catch the reader's interest, for the next thing we hear is that Dr. Desmond, the same man who previously talked about saving his friend, Sir Paul Lust, is now spoken of as being the protector of the woman, for whom he neither then nor afterwards cared, except as a friend. There is a good deal of talk about a packet of incriminating letters that had passed between Dr. Desmond and the woman, although why letters between a man and woman who are mere acquaintances should be incriminating is not stated. Rose Farley, the doctor's sweetheart, is convincing while she stays in the country, but her journey to town and her engagement at the theatre help only to add one more stone to the pillar of unreality, whose shadow falls so darkly across the pages of the book.

Stories Old and New:—*Granny's Wonderful Chair*. From the Story by FRANCIS BROWNE. Illustrated. *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. By LEWIS CARROLL. Illustrated. (Blackie and Son. 9d. each.)

Le Savetier des Fées. Adapted by E. MAGEE. Illustrated. (Blackie and Son. 4d.)

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SON are deservedly popular as purveyors of books for children, and, in addition to the young folk who are most directly concerned, parents will not fail to appreciate their efforts in this direction. The juvenile works issued by this firm are always attractively produced, and some of the smaller volumes are so daintily got up that any child will be sure to prize them. These two English stories have long been established favourites, they have been issued in various forms, and at prices to suit every purse, and new editions are constantly in request. The present volumes leave nothing to be desired, and their handsome binding, clear print, and coloured plates will win them many admirers. The French fairy tale belongs to the "Petits Contes pour les Enfants" series. It is in a less ambitious form than the others, and it is intended for very young children learning French. The booklet contains two short illustrated stories, with a set of questions and a complete vocabulary at the end. In the hands of a French nursery governess, or one conversant with that language, it will help the little ones to spend many a happy hour, besides preparing them for the further study of the speech of "la belle France."

Knickerbocker Days. By HARRIS TWEED. (John Ouseley. 1s. net.)

THE boy in literature is usually a portentous prig, a polymorphous presentment ranging from Kim to Eric, yet with the same basic unnaturalness. The failure of the printed boy as a type arises from the fact that his biographer has been educated out of such sense of humour as may have been his birthright. The boy can, in a sense, be father to the man, but it is a wise child that knows its own parent, and the wisdom does not apparently survive the years between. In some respects, this little record of boyhood memories in the matter of pets, parties, peccadilloes, and such-like retrospect of what is, rightly yet not without a sense of paradox, called the happiest time of life offends somewhat less against the realities than many more pretentious chronicles of immaturity. Nevertheless, there remains a hint of the stiffness seemingly inseparable from such efforts, and we cannot wholly lack sympathy with the candid critic invoked in the last chapter. The most that can perhaps be said is that Mr. Harris Tweed has undertaken a difficult task with less than the average measure of failure.

The Things That Women Do. By FLORENCE WARDEN. (F. V. White and Co.)

SEBASTIAN RIVERS is the person principally concerned in this story. He bravely saves a young woman who is being brutally attacked by ruffians in a wood, and, contrary to expectation, does not marry her in the last chapter. He is accused of murdering one of the ruffians, and in order to gain time before the trial he imagines he will have to face, with his sister's aid escapes to London. Here he has an enemy and rival in one, Jerrard, and a lively combat ensues until Sebastian is accused of attempting to kill his father's old enemy, who threatened to visit his hatred on the son. Sebastian is fortunate enough to possess the friendship of a brave and fearless damsel, and in the end all is well. Jealousy is the force on which the story is sustained, and, for the type of novel usually associated with the author's name, it is not badly worked out, although the man Jerrard allows his hatred and animosity such a wide range that in real life it would not be possible to imagine him escaping his deserts for such a protracted period; but we are reading fiction, and as it was necessary to fill a certain number of pages, we must make no further complaint.

A Member of Tatt's. By NAT GOULD. (John Long. 1s. net.)

IN "A Member of Tatt's" we are once more face to face with all the old favourites who have helped to give Mr. Nat Gould the grip he has upon that section of readers to whom sport—and especially horse-racing—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

always appeals. The accounts of the races are set forth with all the zeal and relish that we have always looked for, and never failed to find, in this popular writer's romances. The love interest generally occupies a secondary place to that of the great races, but it creeps in quite naturally, and, owing to success which always attends these sporting heroes, there is seldom or ever any lack of the necessary capital on which to start housekeeping. George Dhering, the member of Tatt's, is a shrewd man of business and carries all before him so far as ensuring his position in the racing world is concerned. Leslie Hillyar runs George very close for an important place in the story, as it is against him and his supposed lawlessness that the attacks of two fanatics are directed, Leslie wishing to marry the daughter of one of them. All is well in the end; the fanatics realise that a racing man is not necessarily a scamp, while Leslie's love for his sweetheart proves itself to be greater than his reckless liking for questionable companions. As long as Mr. Gould continues to write in the strain of this, his last venture, he will be sure to retain his hold on his appreciative public.

Ush.: The Revelation of Bandobast Wilderness. By "ADELPHOS." (John Ouseley. 2s. net.)

THE "revelation" referred to consists of a series of most weird wanderings of a young English officer in India, guided by an old fakir. This peculiar person prostrates himself before the young officer and tells him that he has been waiting for him "twelve long years," and soon after away they go on their extraordinary journey. What they see and do forms the whole of the book. Why they go and the object of it all is not clear. Those who like to read about weird incantations may find the story interesting. There are many dangers, and a lovely Princess; the latter, however, dies in order that her soul may be nearer to the one for whom all the trouble is taken, and the old fakir disappears somewhere in the clouds or in a cleft of a rock, and the mighty Bandobast is left alone. Half a page at the beginning of each chapter is taken up with quotations, and there is a photo of the Princess.

The Theatre

"Ready Money" at the New Theatre

MR. ALLAN AYNESWORTH has so long delighted us as an actor that he was sure of a warm welcome as manager, even on a wintry August night. On Monday evening last he produced a capital play—for the provinces. It contains a kind of "Brewster's Millions," a suggestion of "Find the Woman" and a reminiscence or two of other American plays with which we have been lately familiar—with the trite, proverbial result. However, "Ready Money" is called, quaintly perhaps, an original comedy, and therefore the dialogue is of the character known to the more commonplace American as bright, and to us as forced, would-be swank, and, unfortunately, frequently ineffective. Take some seventeen loosely drawn and rather uninteresting characters, superimpose generous handfuls of American police melodrama, and highly flavour with dollars and mines, forgery and that sort of thing, add a feeble touch of love motive, boil for three brisk acts—and there you are. "Ready Money," an excellent title, will give pleasure to those who do not take their drama very critically and perhaps delight those of simple faith in things theatrical. Although it is easy to recall the plot perfectly—for every point of it is underlined as who should say there be fools in the house and we will make 'em understand—it would be dull reading.

Mr. Aynesworth—with a clever make-up—was not overtaxed by his part. He appeared as a physically solid but psychologically amorphous personage, labelled—after a style long disused in Europe, but popular with American authors—as "an international character." I know one or two such people, but they do not happen to be very clever in the reproduction of 1,000-dollar bills, nor very familiar and billing with the police, nor much inclined to act the god in the machinery to young gentlemen who have muddled mining affairs. But Mr. Jackson Ives or Walker and, I fancy, Potter also, is an international character of that kind, and his interference in the affairs of Stephen Baird—owner of the "Sky Rocket" Mine, as the programme kindly tells us—leads to a lot of trouble about forged bills, ultimately to a great deal of victory for young Mr. Baird, and, incidentally, to the production of the play. There is one very nice thing about all this. It is that Mr. Kenneth Douglas plays Baird and shows that art with so little can do so much. Since "Rosemary" Mr. Douglas has caused us to enjoy many parts, but it is doubtful if he has ever before been able to give substantial form to so slight a creation of the author. It will not make history, of course, yet it is an extraordinary achievement. His art thwarts the author's artifice; he makes the unreal tangible, the feeble and elusive distinctive and distinguished. But this sincerity and simplicity undoes the conventions of the play to some extent and makes the other characters, even that of Mr. Allan Aynesworth, more meretricious than they would otherwise seem. Miss Hilda Antony has nothing much more to do than look beautiful in some becoming and some rather unbecoming gowns. This she does to perfection, and she uses her fine eyes after a manner nicely adjusted to the older conventions of the stage.

Seriously, it is rather curious to think that probably "Ready Money" will be quite a successful play, and that the sort of thing that would have entertained the last generation is equally welcome to our day. This sort of play is nothing but a vague pretence, a shallow misleading *mélange* of old tricks and new turns—the shadow of the shade of the sort of stuff of which drama is justly made. Had Sardou been a modern American who was quite interested in the eternal niceties, he might have constructed something like Mr. James

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Montgomery's " Ready Money." For there is neatness and directness and resource in the plot, sharpness in the dialogue, and a good deal of obvious satire on the " get on or get out " system of life.

Two pleasant points shine out in the original comedy. The impersonation of Baird by Mr. Douglas and the skilful production of the piece by Mr. Aynesworth. " An Object Lesson," by Mr. Frederic Sargent, preceded the longer play. It is the story of a quite natural woman who loves her husband and is strongly inclined to fall in love with her lover. This not unknown complication is neatly straightened out. The husband and wife are made happy, the would-be lover is made good, and Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, Miss Lillemore Halvarsen, and Mr. Frank Tennant show some sincerity and a strong sense of the conventions of the stage.

EGAN MEW.

On the River

By PUNTER.

THERE is no other river in the wide world quite like the Thames, and the life on the Thames during the summer months is different from life anywhere else. There are some who revel in it, and some who declare, after a very brief experience, that they are never coming near the Thames again, because they do not like the crowds, the strange people they encounter, and the singers, or the nigger minstrels. There is a good deal to be said for both these points of view. The life on the Thames is a unique mixture of beauty and vulgarity, and the two may be said to balance one another pretty evenly. Nature has done her best to make the surroundings perfect, and man has done his best to vulgarise the work of Nature. The river is undoubtedly beautiful. Only the most exigeant will deny this, and on week-days, when the great exodus from town has not yet begun, it is delightful to spend the afternoon in a canoe or in a punt, or cruising through the locks in an electric launch. On week-days one can see something of the river and admire its charm, but on Saturday and Sunday one is far too much occupied in avoiding collisions with other canoes, boats, punts, steam launches, and huge excursion steamers to have any time left to admire the beauties of the scene. These remarks are not of course applicable to every reach of the upper Thames.

Truly at the week-ends the Thames as we refer to it is an extraordinary spectacle. In places the boats are so thick that it would be possible to walk across them from one bank to another without touching the water. The number of boats is only equalled by their variety. There are huge excursion steamers bearing trippers up from London at two shillings a head, with a lunch thrown in for one shilling extra. These people cannot move about without music and singing; therefore each steamer has an improvised band which plays, hour after hour, the latest craze of the music-hall stage. Then there are the private steam and electric launches, some slow and others of great speed, and of all designs and colours. These require careful steering to avoid dashing into the numerous smaller craft, the great majority of which should bear the flag, " Not under control," so unskilful are the oarsmen and punters. Then there are rowing boats—eights, fours, and twos—and queer-looking old tubs which resemble ancient British coracles, and which seem to be favourites with grey-haired old veterans who have spent every summer Sunday on the Thames for fifty years past. Mixed up with the boats are canoes and a few gondolas, some of which are propelled by Italian ice-cream vendors dressed up for the occasion as gondoliers. They are ferocious in aspect but quite harmless to meet.

If one wishes to be really *chic*, the correct thing is to move about the river in a punt, and in the punt must be a beautiful lady. The punt is the most graceful of all the river craft, and it is far and away the most comfortable to sit in, or, rather, in which to recline on soft cushions. While the man with the pole does all the work you sit from necessity almost locked in a fond embrace with the fair one you have succeeded in enticing on board. But the punt problem is a serious one, and needs careful adjustment. It is usually the natural desire of every man to be alone with a beautiful lady and not to share her with several other companions who may get a larger proportion of her attentions than himself, although if you take her alone in a punt you are faced with a grave dilemma. One of you must punt, in which case she will be reclining amongst the cushions all by herself, or, if she punts, you find yourself left all alone. Therefore, it is wiser to take a friend who delights in violent exercise, and who can be relied upon not to attempt to usurp your seat by the fair one's side. There is another way of propelling a punt which is delightful because it obviates the necessity of having a third party on board. That is by paddling. Then you and the fair one can sit together in the stern and paddle gently up and down stream until some attractive backwater is reached where you can tie your craft to the shore and lie among the cushions, at peace with the world. Do not attempt to punt unless you are really skilful at the game. It looks easy, but in reality it is most difficult. Your punt will go round and round and generally ends in drifting down stream sideways, colliding with every other boat on the river and producing scenes of consternation.

Now if the craft on the Thames vary, the people who fill the boats and launches and steamers vary still more. They range from the so-called highest respectability down through all the varying social grades of the river's patrons, plentiful amongst whom are the ladies of the Stage. The river without chorus girls would be dull indeed. You may see whole families—papa, mamma, sister, and brother—all out together pretending they are having a good time, but all eyes are fixed on the punts in which repose the favourites of the stage. They seem

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

to own the river. Every other craft seems to make way for one which is the proud bearer of a stage beauty, and those who are fortunate enough to be in possession for the time being carry themselves with a haughtiness and pride which no others dare assume.

Now the heart of the Thames is at Skindles Hotel. Here is the great rallying point at night time. Hundreds of frail craft with their still frailer contents come from all parts of the river, and tie up at Skindles lawn while their occupants listen to the soft music which is discoursed by a travelling troupe of ladies and gentlemen. The music is more suited to the tastes of the company than to the beauty of the scene. Sometimes a sentimental love song is indulged in, but these are few and far between. Chorus girls and the ladies of the Thames have little time to waste over sentiment; they prefer something more substantial, and love songs recall the unwelcome fact that they are spending the evening with a banker rather than a lover. Therefore sentiment is precluded as far as possible, and as the pale moon looks down and the stars twinkle overhead and as the river rolls slowly on its eternal way the sentimental hours are made hideous by the constant repetition of some music-hall refrain.

Poor old Father Thames! of some of your daughters it may be truly writ:—

His women, insolent, and self-caressed,
By vanity's unweared finger dressed,
Forget the blush that virgin fears impart
To modest cheeks, and borrow one from art;
Curled, scented, furbelowed, and flounced around,
With feet too delicate to touch the ground,
They stretch the neck and roll the wanton eye,
And sigh for every fool that passes by.

The Cattle of the Andes

By W. H. KOEBEL

FROM out of the heart of the lands of vast solitude the peaks of the Andes are soaring boldly upwards, climbing giddily against the blue of the sky. No vestige of leaf or of verdure of any kind relieves the surface of the mountains. Peaks and chasms, precipices and plateaux, all are gaunt and utterly bare. Not that colour is lacking; far from it. The naked masses of rock are painted in a hundred hues. Blue, red, green, grey, yellow, pink, black, white, and scores of shades hesitate between the more defined colours—strange tints which would defy the eye of any but a trained artist to name.

Of the others, some are extraordinarily bold. Many, indeed, it would be easy enough to associate with the paintings on canvas, but that they should be met with, daubed by unaided nature on such a surface as rock, would almost pass belief were they not there in all their brilliant majesty to convince the eye of the doubter. Here and there the darker hues are accentuated by a patch of brilliant relief. Wedged in the hollows and crevices, and spread over many of the small plateaux, are sheets of glistening snow. Far down below it is autumn still, and there the air remains balmy and the sun-rays warm. But here it is otherwise. The light winds that pierce the gullies strike with a biting chill in defiance of the sun that hangs so brilliantly overhead. The boulders which hedge in the narrow head-waters of a stream near by are hung with long and stout icicles, the work of the previous night. They are the first threats of the early winter which is about to take the neighbourhood in its grip.

A mile or so distant is Lake Inca, the great sheet of water which, by reason of some freak or other, has come to fill in one of these loftily-pitched valleys. Just now it is as a sheet of clear-cut sapphire, from the sides of which the coloured rocks leap upwards. Not a branch to hang over its surface; not a leaf which may fleck its transparency. Nothing but water and rock, beautiful in colour both, but infinitely cold, frostily repelling. One could not lie by the shores of Lake Inca, even to bask in the rays of a midsummer's sun. Apart from the mere adamantine confusion of the rock, the spot was never meant to be approached in so intimate a fashion. It is a place that gives a frosty welcome, whatever may be the state of the atmosphere. You may look for awhile, and admire, but then you should pass on and leave the deep waters to their solitude.

Not that this loneliness is confined to the shores of Lake Inca. At the first glimpse the steep slopes which shut in the horizon on all sides seem entirely destitute of life. Here and there is a cairn, and at one point the lowly dome of a small shelter hut constructed of massive stone swells out its roundness in contrast to the jagged edges of its surroundings. Lower down the slopes are other, and ruder, shelters—rough walls of piled stones behind which men and beast may crouch for awhile, and thus preserve their bodies from the stormy blasts of a winter's squall. But these few insignificant stony things are merely eloquent of man's passage; they tell nothing of his presence.

Nevertheless a closer scrutiny will reveal more than this. High up on one of the mountain sides is a collection of tiny dots which appear to be moving slowly down the rocky wall. The progress, viewed from this distance, seems infinitely slow. For a while there is a forward movement; then the atoms bunch closely together in a halt, the whole standing out as a single mass, until the specks advance once more from the main body, and the patch of life slowly disintegrates.

It needs no peculiar intelligence to discover what comprises this procession. The distant specks are cattle which have just crossed the frontier, and are entering upon Chilian soil. They have tramped stolidly up to the *Cumbre*, the topmost stretches of the lofty pass, where the gigantic figure of the Christ rises benignly to guard the loneliness. Now they have just entered on their downward way—a career the end of which can spell nothing else but very sudden death.

Fortunately for them, they are profoundly ignorant of anything of the kind. The significance of this

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

leaving the land of their birth and of this crossing of the frontier means nothing to them. If anything at all occurs to their bovine brains it is doubtless the fact that they have finished the long climb, and have begun the descent. If they are wondering at all, it is in all probability as to which is the more arduous of the two, and whether a stumble uphill is preferable to one on the down grade. And it must be admitted that these are the most important matters of the moment.

All the while the procession has been creeping down the mountain side. The dots have assumed colour and shape, and here and there the figure of a mounted man pricks up above the rest. As they approach still nearer the sound of long-drawn human calls and of the bellowings of the oxen comes clearly wafted across the keen, thin air, yet for some reason or other one cannot help regarding the whole collection with some feeling of surprise. They are strange men and beasts these. It is as though they have come into life from the back of nowhere, to pass like ghosts along these solitudes of rock and snow.

But this is only until they have approached quite near. Then the men have clearly become human, and the beasts undoubtedly animals. The red, yellow, and brown ponchos of the riders stand out in marked contrast to the stone and snow of their background. Their lassos are whirling overhead to descend with a smart thud upon the backs of the hesitating cattle. And their prolonged calls sound distinctly now, wailing out above the trampling noises and the bellowings of their charges.

Thus the procession passes slowly by, a trailing company of waving horns and lumbering bodies. Between the various squadrons ride the men, each jealously guarding the particular section in his charge. What an existence! will exclaim the dweller in towns. To pass one's life making these passages through the aching loneliness of this unclothed land, and all for the few pesos for which the toil is rewarded at the end of the week! This may be so; but everyone to his *métier*. These riders may be thinking similar thoughts concerning the life of the townsman, who knows?

In the meanwhile the progress of the troop has continued. It has struck upon a small plateau, and the way is more easy just now. But there is much to do ere the first sagebush and cacti of the lower lands are sighted. And, rising from behind the topmost range of jagged peaks are great rounded masses of cloud of unusually dense and solid appearance. There is snow in the air, and soon enough it will be upon the ground. How rapid and deep will be the fall is the secret of these clouds alone.

In any case the menace is no empty one, as the *paisanos* know full well. There may be need to seek such shelter as the inhospitable region may afford, or the company may with luck have reached more sheltered and warmer lands ere the flakes fall in grim earnest. *Quien sabe?* Should the former prove the case, the herd will, likely enough, lose some of the number of its mess and a few more horns and bones will lie bleaching on the rocks. If the latter, the outcome will be a stroke of good fortune for all. Even for the cattle, since it will allow them to complete the already short span of life allotted them.

In the meanwhile, since there is nothing to be done, it is best to take the matter philosophically. No one understands this better than these drivers. *No hay remedio*—there is no alternative, they will gravely explain. So the entire procession goes thudding and stumbling and crashing downwards with minds as equable as the exigencies of the road permit. Far down below are pastures and cities, flowers and streets. It is a question of patience. So far as that is concerned it is simple enough. No other frame of mind would be possible in this tremendous and awe-inspiring convulsion of rock which seems to hang halfway between earth and sky. As to the procession, it has passed on its way. It has become once more a collection of ants clinging to the mountain side.

The Magazines

WE should like cordially to welcome the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* at its reduced price of a shilling, and to wish it the success at this price that it undoubtedly deserves; but our greeting would be more unqualified had it not been for an extraordinary blot that appears in the present number. A glance at our columns should be sufficient to prove that we have small concern with the sycophancy that tricks itself out as literary criticism; but to believe that all names, from the least to the greatest, must stand open to adverse attack, if need be, is one thing, while ill-mannered spleen is quite another. And Mr. G. H. Powell's article on Thomas Hardy, under the title of "The Weird of Wessex," is just such a piece of ill-tempered injustice. How else can such sentences as the following be explained? "He is not going to tell them or us how the universe ought to be managed, nor stir a finger to save Wessex or Great Britain from a well-deserved final combustion. He stands by with a melancholy snigger, not quite outspoken enough to say all he means, or hesitating perhaps to put all his literary eggs into the one pessimistic basket." We do not know which is the more gratuitously offensive: the unfair suggestion of the first sentence or the "melancholy snigger" of the second. And who would recognise the hills and great spaces that give the setting to the novels under the phrase, "tented atmosphere of stuffy provinciality"? We ourselves are not admirers of Mr. Hardy's pessimism; and we think the time is not too young for a critical estimate of him; but an attack of this kind is another matter altogether. Dr. Smythe Palmer, in the same magazine, writes with learning and interest on "Some Literary Blunders."

The *English Review* this month is unexpectedly rich in titular glory. Lady Margaret Sackville has a poem of no astonishing merit. Lord Sheffield writes

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

on "English Popular Education"; and Earl Russell on "When Marriage Should be Dissolved." It is curious to read a long article on the question of education, and then to sit down and wonder what this education is that seems so necessary. Stuffing the minds of children, or the minds of adults, for that matter, with adventitious pieces of stray knowledge in order that they may mingle in the slush of commercialism, is certainly not education, whatever else it may be. One of the best articles in the present number is "The Story of Ogemagigito," by "Viator." Apparently Mr. George Moore could go on writing for ever without saying anything. In his essay, "Jubilation in the Garden," he makes a good attempt in that direction. It is charming—when one does not get too much of it. Mr. Rawlinson, dealing with "The Gold Supply, Currency, and the Labour Unrest," puts forward an excellent plea for the standardisation of the value of gold in respect to indispensable commodities of life. Until something of this kind is done it will be found impossible to make any social reforms of permanent effect.

The *Fortnightly* has a number of interesting articles, while still serving the old-time magazine tradition of thinking that one literary article to ten political is a wise percentage. Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, whether one agrees with him or not, is always interesting; moreover his knowledge of Egyptian matters is not to be lightly esteemed. His article "Lord Kitchener and His Friends," therefore, is worth reading. Mr. James Milne, in "The New Political America," writes with knowledge of the chief personalities that figure in modern American matters; and some of the anecdotes he has to tell are as illuminating as they are interesting. Especially so is one that he tells of Roosevelt. Someone once asked him, "Don't you in your speeches sometimes use caricature?" "Yes, perhaps," he answered; and then, after thinking for a moment, he added, "No, not caricature; but I speak in bill-posters, on to a large canvas." Among literary matters, Mr. Francis Gribble has another scissors-and-paste article on "The Last Adventures of Mlle. Clairon." Mr. Walter Jerrold deals with the famous "Rejected Addresses" under the somewhat untrue title of "The Centenary of Parody." Mr. Alfred Noyes writes upon "The Poems of Edmund Gosse," and takes occasion to tilt his lance at certain critics whom it is not altogether easy to identify. Mr. E. A. Baughan deals thoughtfully with "The Question of Opera." One of the great faults of this writer is that, in drama and in music, he has become *blasé*. One can trace this in all his work. Nevertheless, in substance his article has more reason and wisdom in it than anything we have read on the perplexed question of permanent opera in London. On the Continent, opera is a permanent pleasure for all; here it is a sporadic luxury for the wealthy.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Mr. Arthur Weigall writes upon "The Morality of Excavation." Mr. Weigall is an unintentional humourist. Dealing with the charge that it is sacrilegious to defile the tombs of the dead under any circumstances whatever, he puts up as his defence that "the archæologist . . . before he raises the lid of the shell in which the dead man lies . . . has obtained pictures of the intact coffin at every angle; before he unrolls the bandages from the mummy he has photographed it again and again; there is a rough decency in his dealings with the dead, and a care in handling the contents of the graves which would have been gratifying to their original owner"! He also declares that robbers sometimes desecrate the tombs. One would have thought it possible to protect the graves at half the cost it takes to rifle them; but Mr. Weigall remarks, again with unintentional humour, that "the scientific excavator anticipates the robber whenever it is possible to do so"! It is certainly a bland kind of defence for a highly irreligious proceeding. As an instance of the extravagance of modern times, "Recent Art Sales," by Mr. W. Roberts, makes instructive reading. Mr. Heathcote Statham, on "The Handel Festival," writes both admirably and enthusiastically—which is admittedly an excellent combination. Perhaps, as he suggests, there would be more critics to admire Handel if there were more critics who went to hear his music.

The *Cornhill* this month contains some good articles. Mr. M. Miall writes "On Moravian Brethren"—a sect that is even now more powerful in missionary stations than most people imagine. In his "Sixty Years in the Wilderness," Sir Henry Lucy gives this month some reminiscences of one of the most remarkable temperaments that ever entered Parliament—Parnell. Canon Rawnsley writes an essay entitled "At Asolo: A Browning Memory," but does not impart much substantial information. In *Blackwood's* there is an excellent amount of "The Making of the Panama Canal," by Mr. Charles Paxton Markham. As a trophy of man's material progress it makes fascinating reading: though there is always the chastening reflection that by these means attention has been distracted from the fact that man's spiritual state and powers are rapidly on the decline. Mr. St. John Lucas has a delicate story in the same number entitled "The Lady of the Canaries."

Notes and News

Messrs. Dent have in the press a translation from the French of M. Henri Provin, by Miss Phœbe Allen, entitled "The Last Legitimate King of France." The story of Louis XVII is well known, and the present work provides evidence to show that his supposed death in the Tower of the Temple was a ghastly piece of play-acting.

Readers of the *Onlooker* will be interested to learn that the publication of the paper has been taken over by the Swift Press. A notable feature of the current issue is an article by the Right Hon. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., upon "The Naval Crisis—Canadian Intervention,"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

which will be followed in due course by similar contributions from other prominent men of the day.

Mr. John Long will shortly publish a new work entitled "King Charles I: A Study," by Walter Phelps Dodge, author of "Piers Gaveston" and "The Real Sir Richard Burton." In this book the author displays a deep sympathy with King Charles both as monarch and man, and his appreciation of his many undoubted qualities is in strong contrast to the scorn which he heaps upon Cromwell and his Roundhead friends.

Following up their recent success with Dr. Audsley's "Colour in Dress," Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston, and Co. announce that they have arranged with Mr. Julius M. Price, artist, author, and traveller, to write a book entitled "Dame Fashion," treating of feminine modes since the year 1786. The work will be very fully illustrated, and will be modelled on the lines of another book issued by the same firm, Palliser's "History of Lace."

Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., the well-known artist and illustrator of the "Arabian Nights" (Lane's translation), "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," "Don Quixote," Southey's "Life of Nelson," etc., etc., has been engaged for some time past upon a series of pictures to illustrate Kinglake's "Eothen," which the publishers, Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., announce for publication in the autumn. It is expected to rank as one of the best art books of the season.

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are publishing immediately a new book by Mrs. Maude M. Holbach, entitled "In the Footsteps of Richard Cœur de Lion." The author is on familiar ground in following her hero in his many adventures through mediæval France and England to Cyprus and the Holy Land, and back along the Adriatic shores to the place of his captivity on the Danube, and finally to his tragic death in the land of his boyhood. Many interesting sidelights are thrown on the great historical personages of the day, including Richard's mother, "that luxurious lady of the South," and Fulk Nera, the great castle-building Count of Anjou. The work is fully illustrated with photographs secured by the author. The same firm publish immediately a new story by Mr. A. Kirby Gill, "The Marble Aphrodite"; "Captain Hawks," by Oswald Kendall; and "A Modern Aham," by Miss Theodora Wilson Wilson.

Several acquisitions of considerable importance have recently been made in the Department of Metalwork, Victoria and Albert Museum. At the recent Taylor sale, five objects of great rarity and beauty were fortunately secured. Of these, perhaps the most noticeable is a small pendant reliquary in the form of a plaque with a figure of St. Catherine in brilliant translucent enamel on silver, set in a silver-gilt frame. It is probably the work of a craftsman of Cologne in the late fourteenth century. An Elizabethan tazza of silver-gilt, a reliquary of silver-gilt elaborately chased (Spanish), a French incense-boat of the fifteenth century, and a silver-gilt cup and cover of the sixteenth century are other fine items. The Department has also acquired a pair of candlesticks of silver cast and chased, which bear the Paris mark of 1714-15, and are examples of the finest work of the time. These and others are exhibited for the present in the West Hall, Room 48.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By Lancelot Lawton.

ITALY AND TURKEY—PEACE IN SIGHT.

THERE would at last seem to be reasonable grounds for hope that the Turco-Italian conflict is drawing to a close. For some time past it has been known that, through the medium of unofficial peace plenipotentiaries who have chosen Lausanne as a meeting-place, the Governments of the two countries have sought to find an acceptable basis upon which to frame a treaty of peace. But hitherto all efforts in this direction have failed, primarily because of Turkey's reluctance to recognise the "annexation" of Tripoli. Other points of difference have existed, involving the *amour propre* no less than the material interests of the combatants; and from time to time we have been told that, if peace were to be restored, then it would have to be at the price of international intervention.

It can well be imagined that the mere contemplation of such a solution could not fail to be distasteful to a nation occupying the status of Italy, and so it is not surprising that she should have advanced considerably more than half-way in endeavouring to meet the requirements of an extremely delicate situation. Whatever may be said on the debatable question of her cause, or on the subject of her purely military conduct throughout the war, Italy's diplomacy has been admirable; and if, as is now stated in the best-informed quarters, a peace with honour is to be one of the realities of the near future, the credit will be due as much to her enlightened initiative as to any inevitable or accidental combination of circumstances.

At the same time, however, it would be wrong to discount altogether either of those agencies which I have termed the inevitable and accidental combination of circumstances. In all campaigns there comes a time when belligerents, weary of hostilities and no longer able to command that most valuable asset, national enthusiasm, look forward to a truce as eagerly as once they yearned to take up arms. But, having embarked on war, it is not an easy matter suddenly to conclude a peace which shall embrace all the requirements of national honour. And it is here that the inevitable and accidental circumstances play so large a part in determining the course of events during a period of international hostilities. It will be recalled that at the precise moment when Japan was resting after her triumphs at Moukden and Tiehling, when Count Witte and Marquis Komura were approaching America from opposite directions, the Russians were for the first time able to place a properly equipped force in the field, the numerical equal of their enemy. The moment had come, so it seemed, for the armies of the Tsar to retrieve their lost fortunes, and many able critics give it as their opinion to-day that, had an advance been made, the Japanese would have found themselves driven back on to the Liaotung Peninsula and Korea. But other agencies were at work to frustrate all schemes for the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

perpetuation of the war. In Russia, revolution claimed the undivided attention of the Administration and the Executive; in Japan the Government was faced with an impoverished exchequer, and a country literally bereft of its manhood, the latter circumstance precluding all possibility of sending reinforcements to the front. And so in the case of Italy and Turkey we find a combination of circumstances making irresistibly for peace. Both countries have reached the stage already alluded to, when the military forces and the civil population are hungering for the restoration of tranquillity. It is realised that nothing in the nature of a national quarrel brought about through racial antipathy, or through economic or military rivalry, exists, and that the prolongation of the war has ceased to have any warrant. Moreover, in the case of Italy, national exigencies demand some measure of financial retrenchment, at the same time pointing to the inadvisability of concentrating so large a proportion of her forces in the barren wastes of Tripoli. As far as Turkey is concerned, the conclusion of any sort of peace has never ceased to be a desideratum. Hedged in, as it were, by States the racial origin and the religion of which are identical with those of many thousands of her alien subjects, Turkey is constantly threatened with aggression on her frontiers; but never has the danger been so acute as at the present moment. Although for the time being the Montenegrin dispute is believed to be settled, the temper of King Ferdinand's subjects, aroused by the terrible massacre in Kochana, has been strained to the breaking point, and it is not inconceivable that the Sofia Government will be forced to adopt measures which may very well have the gravest consequences to the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. The establishment of peace, therefore, has become a vital necessity, both to Italy and Turkey. It only remains to be added that the reassuring news of the past few days has coincided significantly with the momentous conversations that have taken place between M. Poincaré and MM. Kokovtzoff and Sazonoff..

JAPAN IN KOREA.

At the time of writing, Mr. F. A. McKenzie's letter to the *Times* of August 13, dealing with the trial of Christians in Korea, has passed unnoticed. With the Putamayo atrocities still fresh in the mind, it is, perhaps, asking too much of the public to extend their attention to the country that until yesterday was known as the Hermit Kingdom. And yet, were they to do so, they would discover that under the so-called beneficent rule of the Japanese, who, never weary of reminding the world that it is their mission to improve upon the civilisation of the West, terrible cruelties in the form of physical torture are being perpetrated on Korean subjects with the object of extracting confessions as to complicity in a crime they never even contemplated. The crime is supposed to be a plot to assassinate the Governor-General, Count Terauchi. But whether the men now under arrest are guilty or innocent, nothing can excuse the conduct of the authorities, who have resorted to those hideous practices of barbarity which China herself has abandoned for all time. The Tokyo Government will do well for the credit of the nation if they insist upon a thorough, and for once an impartial, investigation into the whole circumstances of this disgraceful affair; and they will earn the respect of the world if they see to it that to every official, high and low, who may prove to have been implicated in the atrocities is meted out the severest punishment permissible by law.

MOTORING

IT is becoming the fashion in certain quarters to question the utility of the patrol organisation of the A.A. & M.U., and one or two writers in the motor Press have made themselves conspicuous recently for their persistent criticisms of what they term the "liveried loafers" of the road. Perhaps the following record of the special services rendered to road users by the A.A. patrols during the holidays, in addition to their ordinary duties, will convince the critics that after all the much maligned "scouts" do something to justify their existence. From the reports received by the Secretary of the Association, it transpires that the patrols rendered first-aid services (every patrol has now to qualify in this department) to cyclists, pedestrians,

For That Tired Feeling!
Induced by trying to sell a second-hand car privately
CONSULT
McCURD MOTOR DEALER
McCurds, Ltd., Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, London.
UNDER THE SOLE CONTROL
W. A. McCURD
Telegrams: McCURDS, LONDON. Telephone: 2916 City.

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."
"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.
If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to
S. BOWLEY & SON,
DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT,
"Express" and "Bomo" Brands.
Wellington Works,
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.
Established 1744.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and motorists in over 40 cases. A dozen cars broke down beyond the possibility of road-side repair, and the patrols procured the necessary assistance for getting them towed or taken to garages.

In other cases of break-downs of cars and motor cycles, however, the patrols utilised their mechanical knowledge, and executed quick repairs, cleaned ignition plugs, dissembled choked carburettors, mended belts, remedied slipping clutches, adjusted valves, dealt with overheating troubles, etc.—in fact, rectified the many troubles to which every motorist is still constantly liable on the road, and which, while of comparatively little importance to the experienced driver, are to the novice almost as formidable as a complete break-down. No fewer than 140 motor cars and motor cycles were assisted in this manner. Tyre troubles, empty petrol tanks, and other minor causes of stoppages were also promptly remedied by the patrols. Over 100 punctured tyres were mended for members, and numerous cases of assistance in fixing spare wheels and detachable rims were recorded in the holiday reports sent in by the men.

All this was in addition to the rendering of ordinary services, such as answering inquiries regarding routes and places of interest, preventing collisions at cross roads, and the keeping of children out of the road at dangerous points. This record of services rendered during three days—a record which would doubtless have been considerably lengthened had not the bad weather kept many cars off the roads—will surprise those who seem to think that the patrols exist solely for the purpose of exposing police traps. As a matter of simple fact, the A.A. and M.U. is invaluable to the motorists of the country, and its wonderfully complete organisation is a tribute to the genius of its Secretary, Mr. Stenson Cooke, who from the beginning has been the guiding force of the Association. As for those of its 52,000 members who feel inclined to grumble at the benefits they receive in return for their modest annual subscription—well, perhaps it is enough to say that the Association could very well dispense with them.

By way of compensation for the run of really bad luck experienced by the Vauxhall cars in the Grand Prix of France race a notable series of successes is being chronicled to their credit in open competitions abroad—especially in Russia, where the reputation of the Vauxhall stands second to none. Advices recently to hand from the agent of Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., in Russia are to the effect that in the contest for the Tsar's Cup the 20 h.p. Vauxhall secured the following prizes:—first in the Kieff hill-climb; first in the Riga kilometre race; and the Tsar's prize—a very fine silver vase—in the Warsaw kilometre race. In addition, the driver of the car was awarded a gold medal by the Moscow Automobile Club for covering the whole distance without any mechanical trouble. These performances have enhanced the reputation gained by the Vauxhall last year in the great Russian reliability trial, when it travelled from Petersburg to Sebastopol without losing a single mark.

On the 10th inst., the British Petroleum Company created a good deal of surprise in motoring circles, both private and trade, by announcing a reduction in the price of their petrol, the retail price of "Shell" being reduced to 1s. 4d. and that of "Crown" to 1s. 3d. (from 1s. 6d. and 1s. 4d. respectively). These approximations to a reasonable price would be better than nothing, small as they are, if they could be obtained, but it would be interesting to know where they are in force. Since the 10th the writer has been unable to obtain "Shell" under 1s. 6d., or "Crown" under 1s. 5d. —an advance instead of a reduction, the retailers affirming that, far from being notified of any reduction, they have had to pay an increased price for "Crown" during the last few days, and the same price for "Shell." What the announcement of the British Petroleum Company means, therefore, it is difficult to say. In any case, little importance is to be attached to it. The fact is that during the last few weeks many motorists have deserted the lighter brands of spirit in favour of the heavier and slightly cheaper qualities —which some say are fully as good in every way— and the oil companies are finding that their stocks of the former are accumulating unduly. Hence the announced reduction, and the reducing of the difference in price to one penny per gallon instead of twopence. The *Motor* confidently anticipates that as soon as the stocks of "Shell" are eased and things have readjusted themselves up will go the prices again. As an illustration of the enormous and continuous increase in the consumption of motor spirit, it is worth while to record the import figures in July last, July, 1911, and July, 1910—namely, 12,000,000 galls., 6,000,000 galls., and 3,530,000 galls. respectively.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE tone in the City continues good. There is now a fair amount of business, and brokers who had intended to go away for a holiday prefer to sit in their offices and make money. We have seldom had a busier August. Prices have not rushed up wildly, but they are wonderfully steady, and fortunately there are plenty of stale "bulls" who are glad to realise. A raging tearing boom would be the worst possible thing. Only the professionals make money out of such a boom, for the public seems quite incapable of selling. This is the British temperament. It is an excellent thing for a business-man to possess dogged determination, but such a quality is quite out of place in stock gambling. A queer combination of dash which looks like courage and caution which looks like cowardice is the only thing that pays on the Stock Exchange.

I think that we may safely buy almost anything to-day. The whole tone and tendency is upwards. The carry over was hardly worth considering, and in some securities a small "bear" account was disclosed.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Munga Tobacco Plantation is the only issue that has dared to face the holiday period. Rhodesian Tobacco is gradually making a name for itself, but can only become profitable when capitalised on a moderate basis. As the acreage under cultivation is only 200 acres the purchase price seems to me exorbitant.

MONEY.—The money position is gradually becoming harder. This is in great measure due to the early crops. In Egypt the cotton crop will be at least three weeks earlier than usual, and all over Europe the period of harvest has been advanced. In the United States and Canada the crops are enormous, and will require big money to move them. These huge crops everywhere call for heavy financing. In Russia it is said that the wheat crop will be much above the average. We may pride ourselves on our manufactories, our mines, and our merchant business, but the wealth of the world depends upon agriculture. Everywhere crops are good; even in France, where last year's poor crop had a tremendous influence upon the whole political situation, the present crop is said to be up to the average, and the French will not require to import foodstuffs. We must look, therefore, for tight money in the autumn, and it will be accompanied by great prosperity.

CONSOLS.—British Government securities have been allowed to fall too low. They are now recovering. As I said last week, the fashion is changing, not rapidly, but imperceptibly. Consols will go back to 75 this year, and they will gradually appreciate. No one should be scared by silly newspaper talk and sacrifice sound securities at rubbish prices. Do not forget that Irish Land Stock is just as safe as Consols, and that it stands at an attractive price.

FOREIGNERS.—There has been very little business doing in Foreigners, but the price is hard. Paris is taking a holiday. Perus are a shade weaker, probably in consequence of the article that appeared in the *Stockbroker*. Tintos have improved; no one should be afraid of buying them, for the copper position is strong.

HOME RAILS.—The Home Railway market is strong and people now realise that they were very foolish to be scared out by the bad dividends. I do not say that the management of our English Railways is good, but I do say that there are no lines in the world that serve such densely populated districts, and it is certain that only very small economies would increase the dividends for the December half year. The Underground Electric report showed good results. The preliminary expenses have been rigorously written down, and the directors might easily have paid the full 6 per cent. on the income bonds had they been less conservative. I think the £10 shares cheap to-day.

YANKEES.—With good crops and a reasonable chance of a President who will not disturb the financial quarter, we look like getting an autumn boom in Yankee Rails. Chesapeakes are talked higher and Unions are very cheap. The copper position showed an increase in stocks, but as long as the copper kings of America can finance their copper we are not likely to get any fall in prices. Electrolytic remains hard at 17½ cents, and no notice whatever is taken of the fluctuations on the London market in Standard Copper. Amalgamated should be bought because Anaconda will increase its dividend at the September quarter.

RUBBER.—The Rubber market has been very firm, and almost all the shares have been marked up. It is clear that the public is willing to invest a small portion of its savings in rubber shares. I can only say that people will be very foolish if they are attracted by low-priced shares. I repeat what I have so often said before, that it is only safe to buy the best, and the best are not cheap.

OIL.—Oil has been almost as cheerful as rubber. Shells have been up to just under 5½, and Spies are quoted 26/3. There is likely to be a move in these shares shortly. Urals fluctuate round about 3, generally managing to keep over the figure. The Maikop properties are not doing particularly well just now, and the production is certainly not satisfactory. British Maikop showed a production of 613 tons, Maikop Spies 233 tons, and Maikop Victory 612 tons.

KAFFIRS.—A good many people appear to have taken their profits in the Kaffir market without waiting for the magnates to come in and support quotations. I think that these people are wrong, for I am convinced that a serious effort will be made to mark up prices within the next few weeks. Those who held good shares should average.

RHODESIANS.—Chartered have been put up to 30s., and the tale that the company will sell out at £2 is now believed by many members of the House. Next week a move will be made in Planets. This mine is distinctly rich, but very pockety, and does not appear to go down at depth. Those who got in at par when the company was floated should certainly take a profit when the market is made.

TIN.—The Tin market is fairly good, and as the returns come in so will the market improve. There is a tap on in Zaaiplaats, and in spite of the good returns and dividends that have been made by this company, the price continues to weaken. Anglo-Continentals have been bid for, probably by "bears" who wish to even up their books.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi market remains very weak, and it is evident that there are many "bulls" who are getting nervous, and want their money back. I look to see these shares down at £2 again before very long. Associated Cements have been a feature, and it is said that they are to be manipulated once again. The rise in P. and O. deferred, now 340, does not look like coming to an end, and Royal Mails are also talked much higher. The Waring and Gillow scheme frightened out a good many holders of debentures, and there was a heavy fall, but as I write the price shows signs of recovery. There has been also a demand for Egyptian shares.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

ANGLO-GERMAN RELATIONS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It is evident from Mr. George F. Shee's letter, in your issue of August 3rd, that I have not made my views sufficiently clear. I trust you will not be deterred by Mr. Shee's disapproval of your thoughtless generosity from allowing me to make another attempt to do so.

As regards South America, I am in thorough agreement with Mr. Immo Allen in thinking that England has no interest whatever in the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine. I think that our present policy of allowing Germany to believe that we should, if called upon by the United States, fight to prevent Germany from acquiring colonies in South America is as foolish as it is dangerous. I think that a declaration on our part to the effect that we do not mean to take such a course would go far towards bringing about better feeling between Germany and ourselves.

As regards Holland, I thoroughly agree with Lord Courtney that England would have no right of interference in the case of a friendly union between Holland and Germany. I doubt very much whether such a union would be against our interests. I am convinced that it would not, under any circumstances, be possible for England, standing alone, permanently to prevent such a union if the two countries concerned wished to enter into it. I think it is highly probable that, if the freedom of the Scheldt can be assured, French hostility to such a union

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

would prove to be by no means insuperable. Therefore I think that our proper policy would be (1) to make it quite clear to Germany that if France does not object to such a union we shall not, and (2) to try to induce France and Belgium to see that, if the freedom of the Scheldt be secured they have more to gain by consenting to such a union than by opposing it. My opinions may be erroneous, but I hope I have made them sufficiently clear to satisfy the most captious critic.

I venture to ask for yet a little more space in which to deal with Mr. McLeod's letter published in your issue of July 27th. The upshot of Mr. McLeod's arguments is, I regret to see, that war is inevitable. He speaks, it is true, of doing away with the apprehension felt by England "by being so strong as to make it impossible for Germany *to attempt to coerce any concession.*" But does he really think it possible that we should ever develop such strength? The present population of Germany is, I believe, just about the same as the white population of our entire Empire. Germany's population is increasing far faster than ours: the already existing demands on the national resources are immeasurably greater in our case than in the case of Germany: what leads Mr. McLeod to think that we could ever, under any system, establish such superiority as to make it impossible for Germany to attempt to gain her end by force?

Mr. McLeod's other contention is almost as debatable as the one I have just dealt with. "Germany's great need" (which he sets forth with, in my opinion, perfect accuracy) "can only be satisfied at the cost of other nations. To concede to Germany what Germany wants, to assist Germany to become a great world Empire, would be tantamount to the betrayal of England."

Does not Mr. McLeod see that the whole question at issue is whether the satisfaction of Germany's great need would injure British interests in any way? If Germany were to buy or lease part of Brazil, it is surely obvious that the transaction would be of the greatest benefit to Brazil, to England, and especially to the United States. Who are the nations who would suffer by it? And on what grounds are we who would welcome such a transaction to be accused of approving of the betrayal of England? Are we expected to look on it as self-evident that English consent to the incorporation of Holland in the German Empire would injure British interests more than they are likely to be injured by a continuance of our present attitude? One would like to hear Mr. McLeod develop his thesis about the betrayal of England, and I beg of you, Sir, to give him whatever space he may require for the purpose. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

T. G. MARTIN.

ROMANCE VERSUS REALITY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—If your paragraphist really wishes to understand the drift of my article on the above subject, he had better read it. He would then see that the concluding paragraph (of which he quotes half with one of those vague and unmeaning sniggers that so often do duty for criticism in these hurried times) is a simple attempt to summarize a certain amount of argument and reflection clearly elucidated in the preceding ten pages.

When, however, he ventures to advance from precept to example and roundly asserts (by way of showing me what I should have said) that "Romance and Reality are, *of course, only interchangeable terms,*" and that they "envisage *no antithesis,*" he is surely plunging headforemost into the very pit which he imagines himself to have digged, or found lying ready, for another. The phrase "envisage no antithesis" (brief as it is) appears to me nothing but long-winded nonsense, the "antithesis," whatever its nature, being a commonplace familiar to every mind and pervading all literature.

To observe that two such highly distinctive terms are merely "interchangeable" is not criticism of the matter, but a petulant refusal to recognise its existence. Why, then, do the two substantives exist? I do not suggest that anyone is bound to discuss the question, but if my reflections are unintelligible how can your critic know that he "would no doubt heartily agree with" them if they were not. He would reply perhaps that this is irony. I would urge that it is mere jaded and tasteless claptrap quite unworthy of the traditions to which THE ACADEMY weekly recalls our attention. I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

G. H. POWELL.

Bayswater, W.

THE COOPERS AND JOHN HOSKINS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Being engaged on an illustrated work dealing with the "incomparable Samuel Cooper" (acknowledged to be the greatest English miniature painter), his brother Alexander, and uncle John Hoskins, etc., I should be greatly obliged if owners of originals by these artists would very kindly favour me with particulars of authenticated examples in their possession, or known to them, with a view to the same being included in my lists. A full description with the provenance of the miniature, and, where practicable, a sight of the original, would be especially esteemed by

J. J. FOSTER,
Author of "Miniature Painters, British and Foreign," "The Stuarts in Art," etc.

Aldwick, Sutton, Surrey.

JONAS HANWAY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It may be of some interest to your readers to recall the fact that the old burial ground of Hanwell Parish Church, which has lately been badly damaged by fire, contains the grave of Jonas Hanway, the philanthropist, famous as the man who first walked the streets of London with an umbrella over his head. But there is unfortunately no tombstone to mark his last resting-place, as I discovered when attempting to visit it a few years ago. Jonas Hanway, however, is honoured by a memorial tablet in Westminster Abbey. Yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, W. Hampstead, July 29.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Indoor Gardens. By T. W. Sanders, F.L.S. Illustrated. (London Agricultural and Horticultural Association. 1d.)

Hindle Wakes. A Play in Three Acts. By Stanley Houghton. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 1s. 6d. net.)

The First Signs of Insanity: Their Prevention and Treatment. By Bernard Hollander, M.D. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Makeshifts and *Realities.* Two Plays. By Gertrude Robins. (T. Werner Laurie. 6d.)

Home Rule, A Spiritual Need: An Open Letter to Sir Edward Carson and His Supporters. By "Tara." (Lynwood and Co. 2d.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Spoof: A Little Book of Men and Other Things. Written by W. Burton Baldry. Illustrated by Alfred Leete. (John Ouseley. 1s. net.)

An Athenian Critic of Athenian Democracy. A Translation of the "De Republica Atheniensium." By Francis Brooks, M.A. (David Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)

Catholic Studies in Social Reform.—III. The Housing Problem. Edited by Leslie A. St. L. Toke, B.A.—*IV. The Church and Eugenics.* By the Rev. Thomas J. Gerrard. (P. S. King and Son. 6d. net. each.)

The Conservative Party and the Future: A Programme for Tory Democracy. By Pierse Loftus. (Stephen Swift and Co. 1s. net.)

The Elizabethan Translations of Seneca's Tragedies. By E. M. Spearing. (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 2s. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

A History of the British Army. Vol. VII, 1809-1810. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. With Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)

Disestablished and Disendowed: The Fate of an Elderly Curate. By H. C. White, B.A. (John Ouseley. 5s. net.)

Die syrische Barbara-Legende. Mit einem Anhang: Die syrische Kosmas- und Damian-Legende in deutscher Uebersetzung. By Dr. Wilhelm Weyh. (Gust. Fock, Leipzig. 1 mark 50.)

Bayreuth and the Wagner Theatre. By Anna Bahr-Mildenburg and Hermann Bahr. Translated by T. W. Makepeace. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Poets' Chantry. By Katherine Brégy. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel.)

FICTION.

La Meilleure Part. By Emile Poiteau. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

Lord and Lady Kitty. By L. T. Meade. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

The Parrot-Faced Man. By C. Ranger Gull. (F. V. White and Co. 6s.)

Mirabel's Island. By Louis Tracy. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

Mighty Mayfair. By Coronet. (John Long. 1s. net.)

The Goodly Fellowship. By Rachel Capen Schauffler. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

Clara: Some Scattered Chapters in the Life of a Hussy. By A. Neil Lyons. (John Lane. 6s.)

Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town. By Stephen Leacock. With a Frontispiece in Colour by Cyrus Cuneo. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Mystery Queen. By Fergus Hume. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

The Street Called Straight. By the Author of "The Inner Shrine." (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

The Demon. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Methuen and Co. 1s. net.)

Written in the Sand. By G. R. Duval. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)

Lonesome Land. By B. M. Bower. Illustrated by Stanley L. Wood. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Confessions of Perpetua. By Alice M. Diehl. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Neighbours of Mine. By R. Andom. Illustrated by L. Gunnis. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Pearl of the East. By M. T. Hainsselin. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

The White Rose: A Romance of Richard, Duke of York. By Auguste Maquet. Translated by Ernest Tristan. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

The Man with the Red Beard: A Story of Moscow and London. By David Whitelaw. (Greening and Co. 6d.)

VERSE.

Of the Valley and the Sea, and Other Verses. By Fanny Purdy Palmer. (Kegan Paul and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Poems of Love and Earth. By John Drinkwater. (David Nutt.)

The Lover's Calendar. Compiled and Edited by Mrs. Havelock Ellis. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

The Titanic. By Robert Blake. (Arthur H. Stockwell. 1s. net.)

A Western Wakening. By Bligh Talbot-Crosbie. Second Edition, Revised, with Glossary. (Hodges, Figgis and Co., Dublin. 2s. 6d. net.)

Legends and Lays of the Wight. By Percy G. Stone. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

Hyacinthus. By W. E. Walkardine. (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge.)

Chinese Poems. Translated by Charles Budd. (Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.)

Things by the Way: Some Rhymes of Chance and Circumstance. By B. A. Bruen Corkran. (Elliot Stock. 2s. 6d. net.)

EDUCATIONAL.

La Mare au Diable. By George Sand. Edited, with Notes, by F. Victor Massard. (Rivingtons. 1s. 6d.)

Bug-Jargal. By Victor Hugo. Edited, with Notes, by F. Victor Massard. (Rivingtons. 2s.)

English History from Original Sources, 1066-1216. By N. L. Frazer, M.A. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d.)

A First Book of General Geography. By B. C. Wallis, B.Sc., F.R.G.S. With Maps and Illustrations. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. 6d.)

Le Savetier des Fées. Adapted, with Questions and Vocabulary, by E. Magee. Illustrated. (Blackie and Son. 4d.)

The Rambler Nature Books:—Familar Friends at Home. By Margaret Cameron, L.L.A. Illustrated. *Round About the Seashore.* By Margaret Cameron, L.L.A. Illustrated. (Blackie and Son. 6d. each.)

THEOLOGY.

Joy in Suffering on the Redemptive Cross of Suffering. By C. B. Mayne. (The S.P.C.K. 1s.)

Creative Revelation: Four Lectures on the Miraculous Christ. By J. G. Simpson, D.D. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. net.)

Homely Thoughts on the Way of Development in the Light of Science and Religion. By John Coutts. (M. L. Hutchinson, Wood Green, N. 2d.)

The Gospel of Freedom. By Henry D. A. Major, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

United Empire; Eighth Report of the Catholic Record Society; Deutsche Rundschau; St. George's Magazine; The Young Liberal; Bookseller; Literary Digest, N.Y.; The International and Review of Two Worlds, N.Y.; Publishers' Circular; London University Gazette; Tourist Magazine, N.Y.; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Cambridge University Reporter; The Collegian, Calcutta; Revue Bleue; Book Review, N.Y.; Transactions of the Essex Archæological Society.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Via the SUEZ CANAL.
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.
For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Isles, & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Thursday Fortnight.	London.
THE AZORES.	£17†	19.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
NORWAY.	From £1 a day	13 upwards.	June to August.	Grimsby & Leith.
BALTIC & RUSSIA.	From £1 a day.	24.	August 24.	Grimsby.
MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.

†Including Hotel Accommodation.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

THE COMMENTATOR

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by Wm. Dawson and Sons, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by Bonner & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	227
Sunset	228
The Boy and His Book ...	228
Massenet and His Operas ...	229
A Satiated Public	230
Reviews:	
"Guarantism"	231
From Sail to Steam ...	233
The Geography of the Head	233
A Diary in Japan ...	234
Heralds of the Dawn ...	235
Aboriginals Indeed ...	236
A Difficult Question ...	236
Modern Problems... ...	237
War and the Law ...	237
Shorter Reviews	238
Fiction	240
Mr. Frohman's Triple Bill	242
Music	243
Lafecadio Hearn Appraised	245
Art and Imitation—II ...	246
The Stratford Shakespeare Festival	248
Some Tolstoyan Exhibits ...	249
Germans Abroad	249
Notes and News	250
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	250
Motoring	251
In the Temple of Mammon	252
Correspondence	253
Books Received	255

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

AUTHORS who have made their name, whether as novelists or as contributors to responsible papers, are threatened with a rather serious annoyance if the trouble which has befallen Mr. Pett Ridge becomes at all common. It seems that a story in the "English Illustrated Magazine" for July, under his signature, was not written by him, but by some enterprising and unscrupulous person whose own manuscripts, no doubt, have been "declined with thanks," and who had the brilliant idea of sending in work under a false but well-known name. The editor, having corresponded with his contributor, cannot be blamed, and it seems that finger-print records, or at least specimens of the handwriting of noted authors, will have to be stored as a precaution in each office open to assault. The work of the literary forger is a peculiarly mean and contemptible form of fraud, a confession of incompetence in itself; by its very nature, however, it may on occasion be delightfully easy and a capital method of "earning" a living—until found out.

Since the Olympic Games took place at Stockholm, a few weeks ago, a more or less spasmodic attention has been given to the question of the muscular development of the young man of to-day, and it has been asked whether, both mentally and physically, he is keeping "up to standard." We have some splendid old men among us, still fully occupied and doing good work; are the young men likely to wear as well in the future years? An evening contemporary, obtaining the views of the veterans, quotes Lord Sherborne (who is over eighty) as saying that it is "only when the educator gets hold of the youths of the present day that physical deterioration begins," and that no fixed rules as regards habits or diet have aided him to his lengthy life. Lord Courtown, on the other hand, does not perceive any decay in the present generation, and attributes his long activity of eighty-nine years to "regular habits, thorough rest of mind and body on Sunday, and an inherited constitution." All these symposiums from experts in the art of life leave us much where we were—convinced that the victorious, specially trained athlete no more accurately represents the nation than does the anæmic, round-shouldered clerk; but that the best criterion is our unfailing devotion, in sun or rain, to those outdoor recreations which Englishmen must and will have, be they at home or abroad.

The melodrama written round some sensational event, such as a murder, a race-meeting, a rescue, seems not to appeal to the London theatre-goer as much as it used to years ago; in America, however, the production of "spine-thrillers" reaches a fine art. "Give me a good, thrilling news-story, a pair of patent-leather shoes, and some cigarettes for the villain, and a soft, blue flannel shirt for the hero, and I'll guarantee to turn the national spine into money," says an authority on the subject; and herein lies a mystery to us. Why should patent shoes and cigarettes be associated with villainy; and why is it demanded by the populace that the hero must wear a "soft, blue flannel shirt"? Again, why is the country lying between New York and Pittsburg in ecstasy over "The Fatal Wedding," while farther west the mildly sentimental is the only sure thing for the hungry box-office? It is the fashion to sneer at melodrama nowadays; but, after all, we may as well remember that most of the big "thrillers" of the last decade were adapted from newspaper columns, and had at least a foundation in real life; some of the "intellectual" plays of the present imitative vogue lose their grip by being pretentious pictures of a life that exists only in their authors' too vivid imagination.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Sunset

TEN thousand years ago, maybe,
The sense forlorn now fallen on me
Of alien light and of the wide
Indifferent calm of evening tide,
Troubled no less the soul of one
Who standing here at set of sun
Looked forth upon the day's decline
With grief as wild and strange as mine.

And haply with a selfsame sense
Another climbing long years hence
By well-known ways to this green height
While yet the west is filled with light,
Shall watch, forlorn of soul as I,
The streaming glories pass him by
And as the great sun disappears
Be moved, he knows not why, to tears.

W. G. HOLE.

The Boy and His Book

IT was the fashion, years ago (and may be now with many people, for all we know) to regard the average boy as a thoroughly practical, unimaginative little specimen of humanity, whose character the inner and secret life of thought and dreams had no part in forming. Such books as were written purposely for him presented him with a picture of himself in lurid colours as a person more than usually endowed with original sin, and set up for his example and hopeless imitation a mythical "good boy" who never overstepped the bounds of propriety in language, never soiled his clothes, gave his pennies to the gardener's sick child, and radiated good advice in the most annoying way on every available occasion. Too often these stories ruined their possible effect by sending the cherished infant into an early decline—perhaps to get rid of him. Later on came healthy school stories—those of the Rev. H. C. Adams, "The Cherrystones" and "The First of June" are instances—where, although the moral was very definitely pointed, it sometimes succeeded in really adorning the tale.

With R. M. Ballantyne and his period the situation changed rapidly. It became obvious that the boy possessed—surprising discovery!—imagination and fancy; that he was capable of projecting himself into the adventures of his heroes, of being a hero by virtue of exchanged identity; that he was of kin to the poet, inasmuch as he could live in a dream-world of his own. Ballantyne had an astonishing vogue; less astonishing, perhaps, when we remember that he had few competitors. In the 'eighties the boy's author had the field all to himself; or, rather, the spheres of his rivals were so definitely limited that he had no trouble in winning especial laurels and retaining them undisturbed. Kingston's sea stories made no intrusion upon Ballantyne's ground; Marryat's tales of adventure and Mayne Reid's more highly coloured fantasies held a place apart; Jules Verne, idolised by youngsters of a scientific turn of mind, had nothing to fear from any other writer—he was the only man in those days who could work out plausibly the idea of a projectile with human freight shot "From the Earth to the Moon," or the notion, then so wild, now becoming commonplace, of an airship, excellently named the "Clipper of the Clouds," that should travel long distances and ascend or descend at the will of its captain. These men knew the boy's mind to perfection; the "Boys' Own Paper" encouraged many of them, and did wonders in the way of providing healthy literature for that comparatively new phenomenon—the boy with a vivid imagination.

Then, alas! came the inevitable commercial exploitation of the increasing appetite for knowledge and adventure. Millions of boys must have millions of books: let us then commission a thousand writers to grind out detective stories, tales of blood and braggadocio; not because they or we understand the boy and love him, but because there's money in it. And let us, above all, make them cheap, so that the boy himself shall not wait to have them given to him at Christmas or to apply for them at the free library, but shall buy them with his own penny whenever he likes; and to secure that penny we will have pictures of feathered savages and pirates and muscular pale-face heroes on the front page. So reasoned the speculators; and soon into each little newspaper shop and tobacconist's crept insidiously rows of roughly printed stories, written in curious English, fiercely illustrated; stories of Cherokee Indians, by men who had never been farther abroad than Boulogne; of pirates, by men who would have curled up and died if they had met one; of terrible shooting affrays, by men who didn't know how to load a revolver; of daring rescues, by men who had hardly rescued a fly from a cup of tea. By men, in short, who had just learned the trick, were clever enough to know that the young readers would not be too critical, and wanted the money. Even the school story, so finely done by Talbot Baines Reed in the bygone years, was prostituted. And these men, or their successors, are writing to-day.

Fortunately there is now a large number of writers who realise the pity of this machine-made stuff, and who, watching the possibilities of the developing mind, set themselves definitely to counteract it by work which shall lack no qualities of excitement, but which shall be on a higher level and of a finer tone altogether; men who understand the Boy Scout movement, and who publish, not two stories a week, but one or two good books a year. They cannot compete with the flood; they cannot, unhappily, write penny stories for the errand-boy—who must have his catchy title and his tempting front page, since he also possesses a lively, hungry imagination; but they are taking, to some extent, the place once held by the honoured writers of the 'eighties, left vacant for so long.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Massenet and His Operas

ALTHOUGH the late Jules Emile Frédéric Massenet cannot—with all possible deference to each morning paper claiming the "largest circulation"—be described as a "great" composer, he will at least go down to posterity as an extremely popular one. Several of the machine-made operas following his fascinating and more or less skilfully characterised "Manon" are uninspired, and even common-place, while page upon page exploits the cloying Massenet musical idiom *ad nauseam*. But only ignorant persons (among whom are those who dub him "great") will deny a feeling for melody and atmosphere, and a certain grace, charm and sympathy which generally permeate his music. Indeed, had the prolific musician not been so fatally industrious, had he, in short, limited a life's output to, say, a dozen operas, instead of tempting fate with more than double that number, each might have equalled "Manon." Prolificacy, however, was in the composer's blood, for it was his misfortune to be one of twenty-one children.

Born at Montaud, near St. Etienne, May 12, 1842, in very humble circumstances, Massenet was intended for the priesthood, a calling upon which his parents had set their hearts. Judge, then, of their disappointment when the little Jules Emile Frédéric, throwing aside the assumed mask of obedience and docility, calmly announced that he felt his true vocation to be stage-music. "*Mais c'est trop fort!*" declared the parental Massenets, "*le petit n'a que dix ans!*" Eventually finding that the future Officer of the Legion of Honour and Member of the Académie had developed a will of his own, a year later they reluctantly consented to his entering the Paris Conservatoire. In 1863 the abnormally hard-working lad, who had supplemented a most meagre subsistence-allowance by playing the kettle-drums and the triangle at various theatres, carried off the *Grand Prix*—with a cantata entitled "David Rizzio." The next three years, as is customary with *Grand Prix* winners, were spent at the Villa Medici, Rome, in Hungary and in Germany, the student's mind also being enlarged by visits to innumerable places which are said to fan the sacred fire. Finally, the young man (who, in the meantime, had been foolish enough to marry on the proverbial twopence halfpenny) returned to Paris, ready to set the Seine on fire.

At this period in Massenet's career dark clouds loomed thickly ahead. Without private means or influential friends, and saddled with a dowerless wife, the improvident fellow endeavoured to make ends meet by giving piano-lessons and piano-recitals. He even took up his first instrument, the drum, obtaining an engagement under the conductor of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre—a sad come-down for an aspirant whose career at the Conservatoire had been so distinguished. Happily, at this juncture fortune smiled on the necessitous drummer; the management made it possible for his "Suite d'Orchestre" to be played at an important concert, and life began to be rose-coloured. Making useful friends, the ex-instrumentalist, who was then twenty-five, impressed the authorities of the Opéra Comique with the good qualities of "La Grand' Tante," his first essay in the field of opera, and it was accorded sixteen performances at the historic house.

During the next ten years he composed "Esméralda," which was neither printed nor performed; "Méduse," which also remained unpublished; "La Coupe du Roi de Thulé," which the composer thought fit to suppress; the popular "Don César de Bazan"; "L'Adorable Bel-Boul," also withdrawn from performance; "Bérengère et Anatole," which was played only in private; and "Le Roi de Lahore"—a work of considerable merit. Then came a well-advised four years' holiday, after which "Hérodiade," a singularly unsatisfying attempt, broke the silence, to be followed—in rapid succession—by the charming (and still greatly appreciated) "Manon" and the scarcely less successful "Le Cid." "Manon," by the way, was performed throughout the English provinces in the mid 'eighties, with Joseph Maas, Leslie Crotty and Marie Röze, a most distinguished trio; but a particularly inept and absurd vernacular adaptation helped to ruin the opera's chances of permanent success—a circumstance of which the composer, who did not know English, remained unaware till his dying day. Next, close (too close) upon each other's heels, came "Marie Magdeleine," originally an oratorio; "Esclarmonde," known as "Massenet's Wagnerian confession of faith," because in it he attempted to emulate Wagner's example; "Le Mage," founded on Marion Crawford's novel "Zoroaster"; the sombre "Werther," of which, curiously enough, the volatile French are inordinately fond; the salacious "Thaïs"; "Le Portrait de Manon," and "La Navarraise," a noisy, unmusical, and consequently, displeasing thing.

The monumentally dull "Sapho," the pretty, fanciful "Cendrillon," the very attractive "Grisélidis," and the unequal—but always sympathetic—"Jongleur de Notre-Dame," made their appearance between 1897 and 1902, thus attesting the diligent Massenet's marvellous capability for continuous application. "Chérubin," much of which is charmingly tuneful, "Ariane," "Thérèse," "Bacchus," with Catulle Mendès as librettist, "Roma" and "Don Quichotte"—an opera of very great merit and distinction—complete the list. "Don Quichotte," it is interesting to note, has had a *succès fou* throughout France, the most exacting critics, both professional and amateur, having loudly acclaimed a work which comes within measurable distance of being a masterpiece. When, however, London had the opportunity of making its very desirable acquaintance, unmusical dullards, vitiated by a long course of musical comedy, ballad concerts, and other inanities, neglected to avail themselves of the occasion.

Massenet, who had passed the allotted age of man by three months, was ever a captive to the wiles of 'witching women. Adoring and adored, the impressionable

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

composer was so dominated by love that scarcely any other theme appealed to the musical side of his nature. The feminist of opera, most of his works are named after the heroine; and each resolves itself into a study of female temperament, the medium of expression often being of the sickly-sentimental, treacly description, and, consequently, inappropriate to the subject. Nor does Massenet's music exhibit many signs of progression, or even variety; the methods which he employed in 1867 served him in 1912, thus making for an unwelcome sameness, while the orchestration, except when its refreshing simplicity is justifiable, is frequently primitive to the verge of childishness. In both "La Grand' Tante" and "Roma," his first and last operas, this fault is apparent.

It is doubtful if much of Massenet's work will endure "Manon" should certainly hold the Continental stage for years to come, and those of his operas which have been in the *répertoire* for some time will probably be given as long as the present generation of singers lasts. But it is difficult to conceive a similar compliment being extended to the others, especially as the composer's personal popularity and influence (which, alas! must die with him) were a potent factor in his artistic prosperity. Meanwhile, posterity should be eternally grateful to him for "Manon" and "Don Quichotte."

GEORGE CECIL.

A Satiated Public

THE station bookstall, even more than the bookseller's shop, presents a problem to which it offers no solution. To what end are these piles of rival magazines, in clashing colours, elbowing each other? Why should these many-hued weeklies, so sedulously punctual, and, for the most part, so amazingly inane; these endless "series" and "libraries" upon the shelves; these hundredweights of a fiction that is neither life nor romance, be produced at all? Of course the obvious answer is—for profit. But is that to be the end of it?

The public, the profit-provider, is not greatly interested in this imposing show. The public, indeed, appears a little bored. Round it is a clamouring army of book-makers, of magazine-makers, of series-makers, of short-cuts-to-knowledge-makers, each raising a terrific din about his wares, each crying, with passionate iteration, "Buy me: I am the best!" One sees the public as a patient flock of geese, or, if you like, a horde of children, not waiting to be fed, but having food thrust down their throats. Again one sees it as a bewildered giant, a Cyclops whose eye rolls distractedly in search of a point of rest. Or, again, it is a rich and simple innocent, open to the exploitation of every nostrum, whether of pills or print.

The leading fact that emerges from all this is the bewildered passivity of the public. It seems almost to have lost the power of individual selection. No longer has it to search for what it wants; it knows nothing of the joys of discovery. It has only to put out its hand, and immediately something is given, and it doesn't seem to mind much what it is. How can it, thus beset, and besought, and beguiled? It has no knowledge of the innumerable gentlemen sitting in numberless offices racking their brains for a "new idea" in periodicals, nor does it hear the click of thousands and thousands of typewriters and the drone of weary voices, dictating, dictating endless copy that it is devoutly hoped may "catch on." The public is there to be fooled, according to the code.

To try to prophesy where this multiplication of print—particularly illustrated periodical print—will finally lead us would be idle, but the immediate result is plain, and it is precisely this: that the average person who reads in the objectless spirit upon which this octopus of print lives is extraordinarily muddled—muddled not only about what he reads, but also about life. He loses perspective, proportion, and in time he will almost lose the power of consecutive thought. The mind adapts itself more readily to trivial things than to the things that matter; it becomes a kind of feeble Anarchist, plotting its own overthrow. That is the result of being crammed with "periodical literature."

Of the many "series" and "libraries" we can only speak with respect; they are admirable in themselves. We are assured by the publishers that they "bring true literature to the million"; that they "provide intellectual food for the rising generation"; that they "bring the greatest minds of the world into the home." Yes, we know all about that. We know that it is easy enough to "bring them into the home." We bring them tied up in a neat brown paper parcel, and feel infinitely proud and virtuous. There they are. But what happens to them then?

The classics cannot very well be assailed—there is no quarrel with them. But to read the classics, or any work that has thought behind it, a certain amount of detachment is necessary, and a good deal of concentration is indispensable. The actual and born student knows this by natural instinct, but the average reader, who is the average buyer, does not. The student, in all ages, has found his own way, series or no series, and he will continue to find it. But what does the buyer of these masterpieces make of his long rows of pretty

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

books? Often they are on his shelves just because they are pretty books, and because most men like to be credited with that "tincture of letters" which is supposed to be like the final polish on lacquer work. An ordinarily intelligent man in most of the affairs of life recently devoted a month of evenings to a couple of volumes of Montaigne. He became more and more perplexed; he could make neither head nor tail of that inimitable pagan. But, more conscientious than some, he had bought Montaigne in a series, and meant to get his money's worth. Now what is there in Montaigne to puzzle a man who can concentrate, or half-concentrate, his mind? You may question Montaigne's philosophy, but there is no doubt about what he means. This man was incapable of concentration, he could grasp nothing but the "mean style" of which Aristotle speaks. He had the periodical habit.

Ask any intelligent examiner, and he will tell you that it is the same with most modern students of literature, the conscientious learners. What they lack is grip. They, too, cannot concentrate. They may be amused by a paradox, but they are bemused by a synthesis. Many of these minds lack neither alertness nor intelligence, but they are often lost when it comes to following the constructive processes of thought. They have read, indeed, but to what end? The finer fiction eludes them, though they will read, and quote with horrible appreciation, the rank banalities of the minor novelist. These are not clay in the hands of the potter; at best they are but as sand, taking the obliterative impressions of the moment. They are gorged with print. It is the disgorging process that is needed here.

No wise man complains of desultory reading; it may be termed the pick and shovel work that shall disclose the vein of gold, henceforth to be followed to a life's end. Turn a boy—or a girl, for that matter—into a library, and let him browse at will. And if it be a right library the table will not be encumbered with piles of periodicals. There will be room on it for the careful opening of tall folios, and there will be a smaller table, near the light, where the reader may take his fill of high romance. Twenty good books may make a library, and a thousand only a chaos.

The fact is that this patient public is glutted with printed matter. It does not know where to choose; and still the sellers cry and cry. Our age has evolved an almost incredible anomaly, a new vice. It is the vice of reading the casual, the foolish, the trivial, without knowing them to be casual, trivial, and foolish. And in the welter of it all stands, imperturbable, the figure of Irony, his lips a little awry, but with pity in his eyes.

REVIEWS

"Guarantism"

Modern Democracy: A Study in Tendencies. By BROUGHAM VILLIERS. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. F. J. SHAW has—the wrapper and title-page of the book here reviewed proclaim the fact—adopted the pseudonym of Brougham Villiers, possibly because Mr. F. J. Shaw is hardly likely to be thought of as *the* Mr. Shaw while Mr. G. B. Shaw is still in rivalry with him, and Brougham Villiers, having done what he could to educate his fellow-creatures by presenting them with a volume on "The Socialist Movement in England" and a volume on "The Opportunity of Liberalism," has now further contributed to their facilities for intellectual advancement by publishing a work on "Modern Democracy." Elderly readers who like to have the impressions of their early manhood recalled should read this record of the Villiers dispensation, for it revives omniscience. Of course omniscience has never been wholly extinct; Mr. H. G. Wells is omniscient; Mr. G. K. Chesterton is omniscient, and so in all geniality is Mr. Hilaire Belloc. But none of these has the full-flavoured omniscience that was the privilege of mid-Victorian economists and mid-Victorian editors of learnedly written weekly papers. That was an omniscience which so impressed itself and the devout beholders, moved so ponderously and seriously, contradicted itself from decade to decade with such sublime solemnity, and damned humane sentiment on the one side and common sense on the other so authoritatively that its audacity hypnotised the educated world of its day irresistibly. One cannot say that Brougham Villiers has reintroduced this glorious vintage, but there is the smack, the flavour, of it in his output.

His present object, besides correcting the mental operations of his fellow-men by means of his superiority, is to expound a new "ism." This is "guarantism." The word is not pretty, it has a mongrel look; but Fourier, not Brougham Villiers, is its begetter. And when we turn from the word to the thing signified we find that "guarantism" is a name for the vaguely Socialistic political tendencies represented by the more obscure members of the Labour party in the House of Commons. Fourier, we learn, "seems to have foreseen the coming of an age of universal insurance, in which, while the capitalist form of industry would remain intact, there would be an ever-growing, ever more elaborate organisation to guarantee all the members of society against the worst evils of poverty." In the opinion of Brougham Villiers, "This anticipation of the natural trend of things was a piece of marvellous insight" to the credit of Fourier. Perhaps so. But recognition of the forces making for "guarantism" is hardly "a piece of insight" with anything marvellous about it in the case of one who writes with experience of the Labour movement that led up to the unappreciated Minimum Wage Act.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"Guarantism" is manifestly akin to the kind of Socialism which is called "revisionist," that is, to the milder sort of Socialism, which Mr. Ramsay MacDonald exemplifies. It is anathema to the full-blooded Socialist nurtured in the pristine doctrine of Marx. He denounces it with paroxysms of wrath and spasms of sorrow, believing that it will establish a contented "wage-slave" class in society, who will lick the hand that feeds them and refuse to bay for the social revolution. Perhaps if Brougham Villiers had merely described his book as an apology for the policy of the Labour Party—or borrowing a worse word than "guarantism"—a defence of Lib-Labism, he would hardly have commanded attention. "Guarantism" has its uses, and it is fair to Mr. F. J. Shaw to say that he has performed the difficult task of making a volume of 293 pages interesting in spite of the reiterated bombastic note and the tedium which is apt to attach to the topics of current politics when they are recapitulated in a book.

Brougham Villiers appears to have arrived at acquiescence in—it might be too much to say approval of—guarantism by a process of exhaustion. Everything else is so bad. Take the feudal system in its later development. "The average squire found his feudal duties a burden, and, though probably as conscientious as most men, tended to become more and more lax in fulfilling them. Without consciously shirking, it was easy, unless sharply reminded, to forget each feudal duty while remembering each feudal right." One may condescend to forgiveness of these landed gentry, but one cannot approve them. Then we must not expect too much from the persons of exceptional gifts—in the political sphere, at least. "People of genius or insight who 'see the end from the beginning,' however useful they may be in inspiring others, will have little influence on contemporary politics." The orthodox Liberalism of the *laisses-faire* period is extinct for all purposes of utility. "With the extension of the franchise to the working men in the towns and in the country, though the Liberal leaders seem not to have expected such a thing, all these ideas became at once hopelessly out of date." But while we recognise that "Liberalism has been driven by hard necessity further and further away from theoretic individualism," we must not assume that Henry George and Mr. Joseph Fels were born to set it right. "The propaganda of the Single Tax is a vigorous survival of old-fashioned Radicalism"—worthy of a favourable glance, but not what is wanted. Tariff Reform is a "cure-all," which must be condemned with bimetallism. In fact, "a return to Protection would be a vast disaster to us." And in this direction Brougham Villiers descries danger. "Declining trades, whatever the real cause of the decline, are apt to listen to the nonsense of the Tariff Reformer, even when 'the foreigner' has nothing whatever to do with the matter, for drowning men catch at straws."

Worse than the Tariff Reformers are the Imperialists. "The most important, menacing, and powerful of these sectional interests are those connected with the Army and Navy. Four or five per cent. of the total earnings of the British people are spent every year by the War Office and the Admiralty, and, in spite of the protests of common sense and of the friends of peace, the expenditure is rapidly rising." The Little Englander, conscious that he voices the protest of common sense and is the friend of peace—for he would be the last to keep the national house as a strong man armed—must not look with an admiring eye on the administration in which the backsliding Mr. J. M. Robertson now sits as a swashbuckler. In the matter of expenditure on preparation for war, "the present Liberal Government is one of the worst sinners, in spite of its promises before taking office."

There is a lesson to be learned from "the progress of Mr. John Burns from a revolutionary agitator to the Presidency of the Local Government Board." It is that "the man who enters politics will end—a politician." And the principle thus enunciated has a bearing on Syndicalism. "While the Syndicalists have correctly stated the tendency of political Socialism, it by no means follows that they have escaped the same dilemma. On the contrary, they have fled from the frying-pan into the fire." And it is in the fire that Mr. Tom Mann will copy the evolutions of Mr. John Burns. If Syndicalism is impaled on one horn or the other of a dilemma, it is in no worse case than ordinary Socialism, which, badly guided, has fallen into confusion of thought. We learn this from a consideration of the *Clarion* school. "Of all leading Socialists, Mr. Blatchford is the least capable of co-ordinating his ideas, and the least able to avoid glaring contradictions of thought."

It is a dreary political world that opens before our gaze. But is there no ray of warm, bright, and solacing sunshine? Yes. It slants upon us from the Budget of 1909. "Mr. Lloyd George's scheme carries us, as indeed any finance scheme, however drastic, could only do, a very little way on the road of social reconstruction, but it renders the problem much more simple than it was before," and "it formed an excellent framework on which the democracy of the future can build up virtually any system they like. If popular pressure is sufficiently strong and intelligent, there are provisions in it which, gradually extended, may completely reconstruct society, or rather aid it, in so far as national finance can do so, in reconstructing itself."

Due consideration of the train of thought to which this eulogy leads will enable us to discern the position now occupied by Brougham Villiers. "Instead of a 'class-conscious' proletarian movement embracing vast numbers of men and women who definitely aim at overthrowing the Capitalist system, we have a party, numbering hundreds of thousands, having nothing in common but the Guarantist determination to improve the immediate conditions of life. In close alliance with them are the I.L.P. and the Fabians, Socialists who see the end from the beginning. Guarantists, as well as Socialists, they acquire influence because of their Guarantism, and know how to use it because of their

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Socialism." Surely if Brougham Villiers became a candidate for admission to Parliament, Mr. Lloyd George would recommend Mr. F. J. Shaw to the constituency on which the light of his countenance shone so warmly when the Chancellor of the Exchequer once urged the claims of Mr. Lansbury, who has since shown such ingratitude about the Insurance Act.

A last glance at Mr. Shaw's volume will show us Brougham Villiers in his most sublime moment. "Mr. Chiozza Money," he writes, "Mr. Chiozza Money, whose services to the democracy I have already gladly acknowledged——" What need to continue the sentence to its end? A Guarantist who can patronise Mr. Chiozza Money in the name of the entire democracy has attained the full fruition of ambition in the sphere of the finite. He may deceive himself by thinking there is more to come. But the rest could only be anti-climax.

From Sail to Steam

My Life at Sea. By COMMANDER W. CAIUS CRUTCHLEY. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE passing of the sailing ship is a subject which has often been treated with a good deal of sentimentality. That event, as the chief engineer of the *Breslau* was aware, has not altogether meant the destruction of romance at sea; indeed, romance has rather risen a giant refreshed from the transformation. And, beautiful sight as the old sailing ship was, life on board her was apt to be anything but beautiful. Of the brutalities of that life Captain Crutchley had a considerable share. Irons and punitory starvation were matters not outside his experience, and the rope's end was a condiment which seasoned most of his apprentice days. As a result of the tyranny of an all-powerful skipper, he headed a revolt at Adelaide and made off down the coast. Happily this extreme remedy did not interfere much with his prospects—a circumstance which throws a strong light upon the sea life of the age. When the time came for him to say farewell to sail, he said it with regret, although he was fully alive to the march of events. "In the museum of the Royal United Service Institution" he says:—

> is to be seen a fully-rigged model of the old *Cornwallis*. Stand by the side of it and try to realise the exquisite skill that was necessary to rig that vessel, and then keep the masts in her through all the experiences that would befall. How, pitching in a head sea, every stay must bear its due proportion of strain, or something would go. Consider the friction and chafe that was constantly taking place with rope rigging, ... and then, if you know enough to realise what it meant, sneer if you will at the days of stick and string, but forgive those who look back with regret at what was the inevitable eclipse of a notable phase in a very noble calling.

Captain Crutchley rose to be master of one of the finest ships of the Union Steamship Company, for many years the successful rival of the Castle Line. In a period of retrenchment he exchanged reluctantly into the New Zealand Company, in whose service he for a long time commanded the finest and smartest steamship at that time sailing between London and the New Zealand ports.

Captain Crutchley writes as a man of action. He narrates without fervour; he is bald when he is not cold-blooded. He dwells little on the picturesque, and betrays slight enthusiasm even in alluding to his favourite harbours. He likes to indulge in little side-discussions of points of seamanship, which are too technical to be interesting to the unskilled. It is rather in spite of him than by his aid that one sees the variety and breadth of such a life as his; but the variety and breadth are there, the magnets which continue to draw so many able young men into one of the worst-paid and most laborious professions in the world. Although his life, as the sailor's life goes, has not been an adventurous or remarkable one, Captain Crutchley has known famous people and been a witness of interesting events, in describing or alluding to which he conveys a convincing portrait of himself as a courageous and resourceful man, no kid-glove skipper or sea sentimentalist, nor yet a hard man, but a mariner practical to his finger-tips, and extremely fond of his own way. His book can hardly be called an autobiography, for it tells us nothing of his private life, but it has the interest common to nearly all first-hand narratives, and is written in a vigorous and masculine style.

The Geography of the Head

The Brain Book and How to Read It. By H. C. DONOVAN. (Jarrold and Sons. 6s. net.)

As the title implies, Mr. Donovan has given his readers an exposition of phrenology in both theory and practice. Utilising the notebooks of his father, the late Dr. Donovan, the author has prepared a series of instructions which should enable the painstaking and interested student to set out on a tour of observation. Methods of manipulation of the human head are exhibited by means of numerous illustrations, but the volume seems to lack completeness, no chart being given by which the geography of the "bumps" may be studied. With this exception, Mr. Donovan has compiled a work which is thoroughly entertaining and instructive, both to the believer and to the agnostic. We do not suggest that we accept all the author's conclusions; in fact, at times, chiefly through enthusiasm for his subject, he indulges in confused thinking. "The proper study of mankind is man" seems to be interpreted by the author (who, by the way, misquotes Pope's line) to refer to the great need for the study of phrenology. Phrenology is not "the science of the mind": except to an individual who has neither the power of self-analysis nor candid friends, phrenology only supplies a sort of *tu quoque*. It may tell us how we differ from each other, but it never tells us why we differ. The practice of phrenology, too, is

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

one which is open to abuse by the rogue and the charlatan.

Let us illustrate this confusion of thought. While he admits that "friendship is no guarantee of character," Mr. Donovan completely misstates the application of empirical physiognomy—that is, our ability to form opinions of character by facial observations. The ordinary man does not confuse physical beauty and mental beauty. A constituency does not elect an M.P. because of his face, but votes for its owner's party. An infelicitous marriage may be due to the worship of physical beauty or of the Almighty Dollar. If we have to add phrenology and physiognomy to eugenics, where shall we end? Again, the author, quoting Lord Abercrombie on friendship, says that his lordship falls into error through ignorance of phrenology. Who amongst us possesses absolute truth? We write what is in us. Mr. Donovan does not realise the eternal interlocking of cause and effect—the development of the "bump" of independence is *not* the cause of our independence: it *may* be the result thereof. When we have discovered the developed faculties, it is a long step to their satisfactory connection. For instance, Mr. Donovan analyses the character of Nora Helmer from "A Doll's House," and thereby illustrates the pitfalls of his subject. He says that Ibsen portrayed Nora as possessing undeveloped independence until the final act, where she kicks over the traces and renounces home and children. The author therefore concludes that the character is unnatural and impossible. We should rather say the early acts, in which we hear of Nora's cringing ways and forgery, exhibit that independence which "stoops to conquer." Her forgery to save her husband's life thoroughly proves this, and, in addition, shows the possession of secretiveness. Mr. Donovan also confuses electrical energy and electromotive force in one of his analogies.

In spite of these criticisms we must reiterate the interest with which we read this book. The duties of parents, the misdirection of the education of children, the assumption in our educational system that all children are of the same calibre, and the dangers of the Englishman's huge self-esteem, all give us food for thought.

A Diary in Japan

Fourteen Years of Diplomatic Life in Japan. Leaves from the Diary of Baroness Albert d'Anethan. With an Introduction by H. E. Baron Kato. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 18s. net.)

The late Baron Albert d'Anethan represented the Belgian Government at the Court of Tokyo for over sixteen years, and in 1894 was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of the Belgians. During most of that time his wife, who is a sister of Sir Rider Haggard, kept a diary. The desire of her husband that she should publish these personal notes has resulted in the volume before us. No attempt has been made to convert the diary into "a literary production." It is simply a sketchy and unconventional account of her daily doings in Japan, together with a number of very superficial impressions of that country, and cannot, of course, be compared with Mrs. Hugh Fraser's notable book, "A Diplomatist's Wife in Japan." The Baroness does not deal with diplomacy, but is chiefly concerned in describing various social functions, is careful to name the distinguished people she happens to have on either side of her at various dinners, and busies herself in lightly discussing earthquakes, amateur theatricals, funerals, balls, receptions, her sensational but patriotic poetry, and numerous other subjects.

We are naturally diffident in attempting to criticise a lady's diary, but, after fully recognising her unconventional medium, we cannot help feeling regret that the Baroness, who has had so many unique opportunities of studying Japanese life, should have been content to write almost entirely from a pleasure-loving point of view. We should have expected from a fourteen-year-old diary a certain amount of material that should add considerably to our knowledge of Japan; but such is not the case, and more than once the lady's light, sketchy pages have irritated us by their vacuity, vain repetition, and their exasperating number of trivial and utterly useless details. There is no real discernment in this lengthy diary, no sympathetic understanding of the Japanese mind. The temples are quaint, the *No* dance is funny, and Fuji-yama is just a pretty mountain it is necessary to climb after the manner of an American globe-trotter.

On one occasion the Baroness went to the Imperial University, and was informed by Professor Milne that she might expect an earthquake that evening. On her return to the Legation she placed her most valuable Chinese vases and bowls on sofas. "I was quite disappointed," she writes, "and felt somehow as if I had been cheated when no earthquake took place." However, she was not to be permanently disappointed in the way of seismic disturbances, for about two months later she experienced a real Japanese earthquake. "It was certainly most alarming, and all the Japanese ran out of the Legation. E. rushed into our room, and the house shook terribly. A. (the Baron) got up, but, the ruling passion being strong in death, he promptly, but with the greatest *sang-froid*, filled his pyjama pockets with cigarettes, and, quietly lighting a match, he started smoking." *Sang-froid* and cigarettes often go together, but during subsequent earthquakes some of the inmates failed to emulate the Baron's presence of mind. The cook, when the Legation was rocking badly, always made a point of fainting and afterwards enjoying a good fit of hysterics. The Baroness writes:—

> I heard that during the big earthquake on the 20th a certain friend of ours was taking a bath. He made a hasty exit into the street, his only adornments being a high silk hat, a walking-stick, and an eye-glass!

The Baroness narrates an amusing conversation of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

her old Japanese maid Saku, who, upon being asked why she had divorced her husband, replied:—

> "Lady, he very bad man, he like young wife, he no like old wife, he love my adopted daughter, so I say, 'Take her and all her beautiful *kimonos* and *obis* and furniture which I gave wicked girl, take all my money and live with new wife,' but old wife she say, *Sayonara* (good-bye) and she finish with bad husband." "And now you are happy, Saku?" I asked. "Yes, now, I very happy with lady; but oh! my! I bad, bad time before. My husband very bad man, he spend much money on *geisha* girl, but"—this with a sigh of certain regret—"he very handsome gentleman."

Those who have no deep love for Japan, and those who would like to know that on a certain occasion "Princess Kan-in looked sweet, and wore a lovely *eau-de-nil* Liberty satin dress," or that the Empress "was dressed in a fabrication evidently straight from Paris, of lovely mauve *broché* satin, with a *gilet* of pale pink," will find much to interest them in this book. The only pages we have lingered over with real enjoyment are those depicting illustrations from Professor Conder's "The Floral Art of Japan."

Heralds of the Dawn

The Heralds of the Dawn. A Play by WILLIAM WATSON. (John Lane. 4s. 6d. net.)

IN all the course of Mr. Watson's books there is no hint that he would ever take to the writing of dramatic work. Indeed, he has, in one of his poems, declared his conception of the poet's task; and it does not accord very well with that intensity and force that one looks for in drama. He has rather avoided that force than sought it; and he has even seemed to make that avoidance into an artistic creed. And he has carried his method into the writing of this play, "The Heralds of the Dawn," with the result that we feel that, whatever else the play may be, it assuredly is not drama.

So little forceful is it that one wonders exactly what the title has to do with the play. The story and name of the prince, Hesperus, seem to indicate that it is he who shall usher in the dawn of the age to be; and there is some deliberate symbolism of a cedar tree, with whose life the life of the king is intervolved, to suggest the passing of the old estate of things. But these are not sufficient of themselves to bear up the responsibility of the title Mr. Watson has chosen. And, indeed, the whole structure of the play is deliberate, with more of the semblance of machinery than the sway of warm life. For example, in the first of the "eight scenes" that constitute the play, when Volmar, the General of Ideonia, who is returning from a brutal victory over an adjacent enemy, has gone into his tent, Abbo of the Woods, one of the vanquished enemy, comes on to the scene. There are none to guard the General; and inasmuch as Abbo declares his intention of killing him, there seems little reason why he should not do so. But as he "moves forward to cross the stream," "a loose stone slips from under his foot with a loud noise," and he "draws back into the thicket." Why this should be so transpires in Scene 5: for there Abbo again appears, and kills Volmar at the very moment of the king's celebration of his triumph.

In the end, at the trial of Abbo, the prince steps into the function of his defender. There it comes out that Abbo, in some old hunting escapade of the prince, saved his life—a fortunate fact that Hesperus recalls from the haunting familiarity of the man's face. The king will have nothing to do with it; but the prince wins the voice of the people (who a few days before had attempted to lynch Abbo), and so pursues his way in the teeth of the king's intention. Zoraya, a prophetess, bids him:—

> Lay down thy Kingship;
> Then shall a King succeed, who hath not yet
> Pledged him to cast out Mercy, but will rather
> Beckon her to an almost equal seat
> Beside great Justice.

Thereupon the king breaks the seal of a ring that he has always worn, full of poison, and so makes an end.

> After this tangled life, death seems a thing
> Most excellently simple,

he says; and, in spite of the simple beauty of the lines, one cannot but feel that that particular death is rather too simple a thing from the dramatist's point of view.

Apart from the fact that the play disappoints because it hints but never fulfils the title, it disappoints for a yet deeper reason. For it never gives us that conflict that one looks for in drama. The contention between the king and his son is only an artificial one, because the characters themselves are artificial. Vitality of characterisation is always a deeper matter in drama than the conflict demanded by philosophical thinkers of the theory of art; and for this reason, that it is almost impossible to conceive of a collection of vital characters without an implicit and explicit contention between them. It is therefore this characterisation that one demands of Mr. Watson, in common with all other intending dramatists; and from him one asks it in vain. Hesperus is at best rather an insipid young man, with moral intentions that belong to the stage rather than to warm blood. And his father is not a man at all, but a continued pose. When one turns to Venora, one wonders why she was introduced. She has no dramatic cause of being—unless it be part of a dramatic setting that Hesperus must needs have a betrothed. There is a hinted contrast between Politan and Parnenio, the two politicians: indeed, in themselves, had they been developed, they would almost have been sufficient to give an element of life to the play: but they are not developed, and the contrast remains no more than a hint.

But if "The Heralds of the Dawn" be not drama, it is at least marked by that skill of metrical balance that marks all Mr. Watson's verse. We imagine that he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

would probably regard this as the highest praise that could be accorded him. But it is our opinion that the time for this has passed, as the all-sufficiency of poetry. Poetry must find a new artistry. It will not be essentially different, we are firmly convinced, from that which has ruled in the past; but it will not be an obvious artistry. It will not be obvious until its inspiration has had time to find acceptance. That is to say, its technique will derive from its inspiration, forming part of it, and not, as in this play, be a thing apart, by itself, its own all-sufficiency. The result in "The Heralds of Dawn" is indisputable. For we may admire its skill, but we shall not have our imagination or blood stirred by it. Faults and stumblings are to be forgiven where the fire of inspiration burns hot; but perfection and skill are not so easily endured when the fires of inspiration are damped.

Aboriginals Indeed

The Mafulu Mountain People. By R. W. WILLIAMSON. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 14s. net.)

AS a rule, there is a certain definite order in which the waves of civilisation advance on savage races; the hunter, or explorer with commercial interests of some sort, comes first, to be followed by the missionary, who in turn is followed by the trader—more often than not a Scotchman. At long last comes the anthropologist, to find the difficulties of his work increased tenfold by the change which has come over the aboriginals through contact with the various types of civilised men. Here, however, Mr. Williamson's only predecessors were the Mission Fathers of the Sacred Heart, and he was able to study a tribe ignorant alike of the decorative effects of empty cartridge cases and the sensations induced by indulgence in trade gin.

Wisely enough, as the author points out, the Mission Fathers have not attempted to induce these naked Mafulu to assume clothing, so colds and pneumonia are at present unknown, and infectious skin diseases make little headway, until short-sighted conventionality in the shape of some missionary of another sect shall start the trouble. A custom that civilisation will probably alter is that of the vengeance taken by a whole clan for injury done to any member of that clan. In this primitive tribe there is little law, and this clan-spirit apparently takes the place of judicial award and punishment. Civilisation, which usually teaches the savage that he lives at the expense of rather than for the benefit of his fellows, will probably destroy this fraternal feeling among the Mafulu when the trader arrives to increase the needs and decrease the means of the tribe.

These, however, are but opinions evoked by the way. After reading Mr. Williamson's volume, we own to being impressed by the quantity of data he has gathered concerning this people, by the immense amount of careful work and study of which his book bears evidence, and by the paucity of his conclusions. He has traced the Mafulu from infancy to the grave, collected details of primitive industries, arts, customs, feasts and fasts, marriage and burial ceremonies, food, and we had almost added raiment, but, as that has little, if any, existence among the Mafulu, we may add ornament. He has verified his researches by references to the Mission Fathers, to Dr. Seligmann, that pioneer of Melanesian anthropology, and others, and has gathered information of real value in the study of the most interesting of all animals. This information he has set down coldly, and precisely, not yielding to the temptation to warm to his subject and draw conclusions, but limiting himself to facts.

One of his very few conclusions is the possible negrito origin of these Mafulu people. It is no far cry from their home in British New Guinea to the lands peopled by negroid races, and the euphonic similarity in languages—the "babe" for "father," as an instance—lends a fictitious weight to the theory which the author rightly ignores. He advances his view of the tribe's possible origin tentatively—throughout the book he is careful never to exceed actual evidence in his statements. We cannot recommend this work to the sensation-seeking reader of travel records, for it is not a book for the casual reader, but a solid and valuable contribution to anthropological science.

A Difficult Question

Râma and Homer: An Argument that in the Indian Epics Homer found the Theme of his Two Great Poems. By ARTHUR LILLIE. Illustrated. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.)

THIS little book cannot be recommended: it is more confusing than illuminating, it carries no conviction, and it will repel possible students of Indian and Greek mythology. The author served in the Lucknow Regiment for some time, as he mentions the dramatic festivals which took place "once a year in the barrack square of my old Bengal regiment." His death, before the publication of his book, must mitigate criticism on his production, but it is impossible to overlook the carelessness of the posthumous editor who passed proofs containing such mistakes as Bumouf for Burnouf, Canbal for Caubul, Long for Lang, Trimulus for Tumulus, *bhagala* (paddy-bird) for *bagula*, and the Greek word *hyperoön* (which means an upper room), as if it were a "super-egg" from which Helen was born. The very title of the book, "Rama and Homer," is anomalous; it puts in juxtaposition the hero of one epic and the author of another: it would be equally absurd to write on "Akbar and Shakespeare," or "Columbus and Dante." It should, of course, have been called: "Valmiki and Homer." The "soldier-author" shows himself in various passages, and there is no harm in the use of military language if the facts are correct.

The main object of the work is said to be "an argument that in the Indian epics (the Mahabharata and the Ramayana) Homer found the theme of his two great poems. It may be said at once that the argument fails to satisfy, because the dates of the Indian and Greek

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

epics respectively can only be stated approximately, and because the connection between the Indian and the Greek cannot be established. The statement that there are certain resemblances between the Indian and Greek epics does not prove the argument. The author had "a strong presumption that Homer must have seen the Ramayana of Valmiki": a Greek writer, on the other hand, believed that Homer had actually been translated into the language of India. Burnouf regarded the Greek epics as not original but derived from the banks of the Ganges. Monier Williams saw most obvious features of similarity or difference between the Indian and Greek epics, but his conclusion was that the Ramayana and the Iliad are quite independent of each other. (The Ramayana is generally regarded as the Indian Odyssey.) The author contests Max Muller's theories, those of Professor Jacobi, and Professor Webb's contention that the Ramayana first appeared as a Buddhist parable in 400 A.D., and that the Homeric incidents were subsequently added. He disputes "the theory of Oxford professors that the Homeric poems and the Eleusinian mysteries are immensly older than Sankhya philosophy," and he considers that "other parts of Professor Jebb's analysis seem to fade away." Where it is a question of authority it is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say that the illustrious scholars just mentioned are more likely to be trustworthy guides than the late Mr. Arthur Lillie. *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.* The whole subject is not particularly inviting, and the only verdict that can be given on the author's case must be "not proven." Some of his later chapters on "Animal Worship" and "A Pregnant Discovery" appear to be irrelevant to the argument. The editor would have done better to have consigned his friend's manuscript to—oblivion.

Modern Problems

Psychology and Crime. By THOMAS HOLMES. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 1s. net.)

"IT had been better for this man had he never been born." To most of the subjects of Mr. Holmes' book this text would surely apply; but as they are in the world, and a notable part thereof, the question is how best to prevent their being both a menace and an expense to the community at large.

We do not think it matters very much whether there is or is not a distinct criminal class. The fact remains that a large proportion of those who should take their share in working for the well-being of themselves and their country turn their efforts in the other direction. Criminals, as a whole, may be divided into two classes —accidental and intentional. With the former every practical sympathy should be shown, both by condoning their offences by the use of the Probation Act, which has proved of great service, especially amongst young offenders, or, in the event of their being sent to prison, by helping them on their discharge to start again. Much good work is done in this direction by the various discharged prisoners' aid societies, although their efforts and help are sometimes abused. The intentional or professional criminal should be kept under lock and key as much as possible, and made to work to a profitable end. Short sentences are worse than useless for this class.

Imprisonment for non-payment of a fine should also be eliminated as much as possible. To send a man or woman to prison for not paying a fine of, say, 5s., which he or she does not at the moment possess, is making a criminal at a very great present expense and trouble to the State, let alone the future. They should always be given time to pay.

Mr. Holmes makes a great point of persons being treated as criminals who are epileptic, kleptomaniacs, etc., but his suggestion of a classification prison, or rather home, to which sentenced persons of these and other classes should be sent in the first instance, would be very expensive to carry into practice and to maintain. It might be possible to certify epileptics as such on their first imprisonment, and to do with them as such thereafter. The cases where hardship is wrought are not so numerous as one might imagine; some of them might easily be prevented, at all events in the upper classes, by greater care being taken by those cognisant of the weakness. The State has much to do already, and financial burdens on taxpayers are daily increasing, so that every side of the question must be considered.

In any case, Mr. Holmes has added to the knowledge of a subject which is becoming more interesting on every ground, and his opportunities have given him the right to speak with an authority which many writers of similar literature have not possessed. He has for twenty-five years been at work on the subject, and as secretary of the Howard Association has had unusual facilities for investigation.

War and the Law

War and the Private Citizen: Studies in International Law. By A. PEARCE HIGGINS, M.A., LL.D. With an Introductory Note by the Right Honourable ARTHUR COHEN, K.C. (P. S. King and Son. 5s. net.)

THE writer of the introductory note to these studies pays a striking tribute to the ability and impartiality of their author, and a perusal of this small volume alone should enable one not acquainted with the author's other contributions to the study of international law to appreciate the fact that such tribute is well earned. That war is still possible—nay, probable—between civilised States is an unfortunate truth rightly insisted upon in the opening pages. The author then proceeds to explain the manner in which private citizens are affected by war and the laws of war, and thereafter deals with the vexed problems of hospital ships, naval war-correspondents, the conversion of merchant vessels into ships of war, and the question of neutrals and closed trade. In the chapter intituled "The Laws of War" we are shown the fallacy of the popular saying, "All's fair in love and war."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

With regard to the question discussed in Section III of the same chapter, readers of General Sir F. Maurice's "Hostilities without Declaration of War" will remember that in a period of 171 years—namely, from 1700 to 1870—107 wars were "commenced by the subjects of European Powers or of the United States against other Powers without declaration of war." The commencement of the Russo-Japanese War, therefore, did not present any startling innovation. We fully agree with the author when he laments that, by reason of the fact that no European Power, with the exception of Great Britain and Austria, signed the declaration agreed to at the Hague Conference in 1907, prohibiting the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons and airships, an opportunity was lost of "making a beginning in the limitation of military budgets." We also notice with approval the sarcastic allusion to "the objection by fashionable watering-places that military manœuvres interfere with summer visitors."

In the chapter upon hospital ships is discussed the problem: "Does a hospital ship lose her immunities if she is used for the carriage of crews and passengers in good health, taken from enemy or neutral ships destroyed by a belligerent?" And in the next chapter the author deals with the highly difficult and interesting question of what restrictions should be placed upon naval war-correspondents in time of war by sea. In the concluding chapter upon neutrals and closed trade Dr. Higgins arrives at the conclusion, which appears to be the only reasonable one, that the rule of 1756, the gist of which was that the intervention of a neutral for the commercial benefit of a belligerent was as inconsistent with neutrality as it would be to help him with men or arms, should be adopted as a generally accepted international legal doctrine.

Shorter Reviews

La Chronique de l'An 1911, qui contient le Récit des Négociations officielles et des Négociations secrètes à propos du Maroc et du Congo. By MERMEIX. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

THE publishers assure us on the fly-leaf that, if this "Chronique" meets with any success, it will become an annual institution. We should be disposed to prognosticate a very complete success for a really sensational, and apparently authoritative, account of the Morocco negotiations. What is at first sight rather baffling is the assumption that every year will bring forth some incident of the same calibre as the "coup d'Agadir." M. Mermeix does not neglect the other events, but Morocco monopolises nearly three-quarters of the present volume. There is a good deal to be said for the method, provided that the superlative event of the year is always as obvious as it was in 1911.

M. Mermeix gives us all the sensations that we are entitled to expect from a book of Secret History. He makes out a very good case for the policy that was not adopted at Agadir—the sending of a French ship to counter the German move. He gives us to understand that Brazza, the founder of the French Congo, regarded his conquest as a mere hostage for the eventual annexation of Morocco. The German Foreign Secretary is represented as having been very sensitive about the frequent recurrence in French newspapers of the word "marchandage," as applied to the summer negotiations. We are given the text of the famous telegram that added a domestic brawl to the diplomatic troubles of the French: "On désire que ces propositions ne soient pas communiquées à M. Cambon." The French Ambassador is credited with a very good retort to Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter. The German statesman had remarked:—

"Eh bien! mon cher ambassadeur, ou a donc, de Paris, appelé à l'aide le grand frère anglais."

M. Cambon's reply was:—

"C'est ce que, mon cher ministre, vous faites depuis trente ans que vous appelez au secours contre nous vos deux petites sœurs."

We must indicate one grave defect in this narrative. There is no allusion to the meteorological conditions. The Franco-German *détente* of 1911 can only be properly understood by continual reference to the thermometric and barometric charts of that year.

Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town. By STEPHEN LEACOCK (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

As Mr. Charles Lee's "Our Little Town" appealed to all Cornishmen so Professor Leacock's "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" must be hailed with great delight by all Canadians; and the charm of both books is such that as the popularity of "Our Little Town" extended far beyond the duchy about which it was immediately concerned so "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" will surely reach a public far away from the little hamlet on the banks of Lake Wissanotti. Mariposa—the town referred to—

> is not a real town. On the contrary, it is about seventy or eighty of them. You may find them all the way from Lake Superior to the Sea, with the same square streets and the same maple trees and the same churches and hotels, and everywhere the sunshine of the land of hope. Similarly, the Reverend Mr. Drone is not one person, but about eight or ten. To make him I clapped the gaiters of one ecclesiastic round the legs of another, added the sermons of a third and the character of a fourth. . . . As for Mr. Smith, with his two hundred and eighty pounds, his hoarse voice, his loud check suit, his diamonds, the roughness of his address and the goodness of his heart—all of this is known by everybody to be a necessary and universal adjunct of the hotel business.

These are by no means the only persons dealt with in the book. There is Jefferson Thorpe, the speculative barber, whose savings were all lost in "Cuban Reno-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

vated"; the passengers on board the "Mariposa Belle"—a rickety excursion steamer, periodically given to sinking on the reeds and mud as far as the lower deck, unless the cracks between the timbers had had their weekly attention and been filled up with cotton waste; the lifeboat crew who come to the rescue, but whose boat lets water at every seam until it is only by pulling their hardest that they manage to reach the distressed vessel and be hauled aboard just before their own leaky boat sinks under them. These and many other characters help to form one of the best and most enjoyable series of sketches that we have read for some time. In his introduction Professor Leacock tells us that the writing of them is "an arduous contrivance." If this be so there is no hint of them being laboured; they are all bright and sparkling, and bristle with wit and humour. Occasionally there is a slight leaning towards the pathetic, but our author does not pursue that phase and at once glides off again into the realms of laughter. He thoroughly understands the people about whom he writes and he has the story-teller's art; hence in "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" we have a book both interesting and entertaining.

With Dante in Modern Florence. By MARY E. LACY. Illustrated. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

MISS LACY has rendered a great service to lovers of Dante by the publication of this excellent volume, and it will take a prominent place among the copious literature devoted to this inexhaustible subject. She has succeeded in revealing the Florence of six centuries ago. Not only do we see the City of Flowers when the poet walked through her streets, but the writer has very cleverly and very suggestively given us an account of Dante's life and work. Miss Lacy writes: "The object of this little book is to help the reader to reconstruct as far as may be the Florence of Dante, and to gather together whatever is still left in the city that will serve to throw light either on the 'Divina Commedia' or on the history of the author." Manuscripts relating to Dante and his work are unfortunately scattered all over Florence, and Miss Lacy suggests that these treasures might with advantage be housed in the Casa di Dante, and so form "a regular museum." Much has been written against Gemma, Dante's wife, and no doubt some of the adverse criticism is well deserved. She may not have been a lovable woman, but she was, nevertheless, fully aware of her husband's genius, and it was due to her forethought that she was able to preserve the first seven cantos of the "Divine Comedy." When Dante received the precious manuscript, he exclaimed: "The restoration of my greatest work and the return of my honour for many centuries."

We are never tired of reading about Dante's love of Beatrice, for it is without a doubt the greatest love story in the world. Other women have influenced great poets in their work, have been the cause of masterpieces inspired by human love; but Beatrice stands side by side with the Madonna, a radiant being who quickened Dante's love into the divinely sublime. If the cynic is right when he says that marriage leads to disillusionment, then we are glad that Dante never married Beatrice, for had he wedded that crimson-robed maiden we should never have had the "Divina Commedia." His exquisite love stands out in sharp contrast against that dark background of unbridled passion depicted by Boccaccio. The death of Beatrice was the end of youthful romance, but it unlocked a sacred door; it revealed the great Vision. Miss Lacy writes: "The devotion he had felt on earth was about to be transfigured and spiritualised on the other side of the veil, and the same gracious figure that had saluted him in Florence would then come to meet him serene and radiant amid the glories of the Triumph of the Church, with those divine words on her lips: 'I, even I, am Beatrice.'"

Geschichte der Freien Stadt Frankfurt, A.M. (Vol. II—1814-1866). By RICHARD SCHWEMER. (Joseph Baer, Frankfurt. 12 m.)

THIS is the second instalment of a monumental work. A period of less than twenty years forms the subject of the 720 pages, but we are not in the least disposed to accuse the author of prolixity. It is an official work, being published under the auspices of the Frankfort Historical Commission; but, except in the matter of diplomatic history, which is dealt with in rather overconscientious fashion, it bears the impress of the scholarly historian rather than that of the able archivist. The period is an inspiring one; ideals were alive, and held up their heads unashamed. The ideal that the free city of Frankfort represented belongs to history rather than to actuality, but it was a noble ideal, and was nobly voiced—by the artist-statesman Thomas, for instance. The conception beloved by the old-fashioned Frankforter was that of the City-State, not very far removed in form from the politics of classical Greece and mediæval Italy. This conception was in less than half-sympathy with German nationalism, and in sharp opposition to the imperial survivals of Austria and the imperial aspirations of Prussia. The latter called forth the strongest protest, and the struggle with the Zollverein is the salient event of the period.

Frankfort must at times have appeared to German eyes as very near to a traitor, especially by her attempts to enter into a commercial alliance with England. But the Free City was old, and Germany was scarcely born. Frankfort, not Austria, was the true opponent of the German Empire. A problematical common gain must have seemed to the most prosperous city in the land an indifferent substitute for her undoubted individual success. The new times were uncertain: "Europa leidet an unheilbarer Altersschwäche," was the theory of one of the great traditionalists. But the new times had taken hold within the walls of Frankfort—the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

societies, the newspapers, the riots, the changed position of the Jews are evidences—and it is really to the swan-song of the old Free City that Herr Schwemer bids us listen.

Philippe II, Roi d'Espagne: Etude sur sa Vie et son Caractère. By CHARLES BRATLI. With a Preface by COMTE BAGUENAULT DE PUCHESSE. (Honoré Champion, Paris. 7 fr. 50 c.)

IN one aspect this is merely the introduction to a complete history of Philip II and his times, which it may be hoped that M. Bratli will one day set himself to achieve. The store of material, notes, bibliography, and so forth, that furnish the appendices of the present work, supports almost too easily the 120 pages of critical history that constitute the main body of the volume. From another point of view it is a good essay in rehabilitation, which is one of the historical manifestations of our modern levelling tendencies. So many of the verdicts of history have recently been reversed that it is unsafe to despair of anyone. The severity or *mauvaise foi* of the first judges is one of the best weapons in the hands of the defence; it is thus that Richard III, Tiberius, and Catilius have had a new lease of reputation. Philip II has suffered severely at the hands of the historians—particularly the Protestant historians, who always command the majority—and, though he has received some reparation in the recent works of Colonel Martin Hume, there are still many pleas to be urged in his favour. M. Bratli is a very fair and effective advocate; he has striven to see the history of Europe exclusively through the eyes of the Catholic king. He has laid many malignant slanders to rest, and has an explanation even for the difficult matter of the death of Don Carlos. He shows that Philip was actuated by no blind religiosity, but was as severe for the unworthy representatives of orthodoxy as for the heretics themselves, besides being free of all extraneous superstition. He was a magnificent administrator, if rather too ubiquitous, and he was devoid of personal cruelty. His merits as a patron of art are unquestionable, but, in view of many historical parallels, we think they should not receive too much consideration in the balance-sheet of his reign.

Fiction

Treasure Hunting

The Big Fish. By H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

The Web of the Golden Spider. By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT. Illustrated. (Frank Palmer. 6s.)

Marooned in the South Seas: A Tale of Adventure for Boys and Others. By F. L. LANGDALE. Illustrated. (Murray and Evenden. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE search for buried treasure has always been a favourite theme with writers of adventure stories, and the three books before us show that the subject is still as popular as ever with such authors and their readers.

In "The Big Fish," Mr. H. B. Marriott Watson takes us to the mountains of Peru in search of the buried treasure of the Incas. There are several parties after it, and their adventures are exciting enough, though need occasionally the proverbial grain of salt to aid in their digestion by the hypercritical. Yet, so long as there is a fair amount of verisimilitude in narratives of this description, we should fain be satisfied; and it may at once be admitted that Mr. Watson's volume makes exciting reading.

When the oppressed Incas were flying from the Spaniards they took with them all their possessions, including the royal treasure reputed to be of untold value. Finding themselves hard pressed, they buried a part of this treasure in the mountains, and tradition gave it the name of "The Little Fish"; but the great bulk of their wealth they carried farther afield, and succeeded in hiding it before they were scattered to the winds. "The Little Fish" was discovered some time in the eighteenth century, and made the finders millionaires; but the far greater treasure, "The Big Fish," was still safely hidden when Mr. Watson sent his several expeditions after it. Whether it was ever discovered is for our readers to find out for themselves by reading from start to finish this record of stirring adventure.

The story is told by John Poindexter, who is one of the seekers; and he tells it very well, were it not that he has a constant habit of saying or doing something or other "dryly." Such expressions as "I said dryly," "I added dryly," "I answered dryly," "I asked dryly," occur so frequently that they grate upon one's nerves; and to add to the torment there is a "cleft stick" in which one of the seekers after another is more than once being metaphorically held. But when one of Mr. Watson's villains "shook his head with his smile" (p. 26), we jumped at the chance of getting a bit of our own back, and promptly shook our smile with our head, which seems an easier and more natural thing to do.

Mr. Bartlett's story bears some resemblance to Mr. Watson's, inasmuch as his hidden treasure is also buried in the mountains of South America, and the volume teems with adventures as extraordinary, not to say improbable. The objective of this particular expedition is Guadiva, a small lake located in the extinct volcanic cone of Mt. Veneza, beyond the upper Cordilleras, which, according to tradition, is the hiding-place of a supposed vast treasure concealed by the Chibcas that it might escape the greedy hands of Quesada, one of the Spanish *conquistadors*. He unsuccessfully sought to drain the lake, and after him Raleigh, Drake, and Leigh also failed in their quest of the Sun God's treasure, valued at quite half a billion dollars in gold and precious stones scattered about his altar beneath the waters. David Wilson and Jonathan Stubbs were more fortunate, and after thrilling experiences secured a goodly portion of the hoard; the remainder now lies buried under a fallen mountain, awaiting other adventurous spirits with the lust of gold upon them.

The author is thoroughly up-to-date in his story, which opens with a crystal-gazer, not a professional

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

one, in Boston, Mass., "the hub of the solar system," whence naturally anything connected with the Sun God should emanate; and before we are taken to the mysterious lake, which does not really hold the treasure, it having been removed elsewhere centuries ago, we are made to witness a miniature South American revolution. How the treasure is ultimately discovered is an exciting piece of reading, and the description of it and the way the major portion is lost is graphically told, and shows that Mr. Bartlett has the gift of imagination. He is also, apparently, a firm believer in the efficacy of brandy; for there are many cracked skulls in the course of the story, but each victim invariably comes round immediately "after a good swig" of the fiery spirit. The events taking place under the auspices of the Monroe Doctrine, such Yankeeisms as "She threw off her dripping waist" and "You needn't feel obliged to 'fess up to me" are, we suppose, allowable. The illustrations are good, though the one facing page 46 does not agree with the frontispiece as it should do, the girl's costume being quite different.

"Marooned in the South Seas" takes us to a different part of the world, though not so very far off either, the scene being laid in the tropical regions of the South Pacific, about the middle of the eighteenth century. It introduces us to a mutiny on board a merchantman, to piratical craft, with a blood-curdling description of the walking of the plank, to buried treasure on an uninhabited island, to South Sea cannibals and their ways of cooking "long pig," and many other matters too numerous to mention. It is an instructive book also, and will prove acceptable reading to lads of an inquiring mind. The illustrations will make the volume more attractive, and atone in part, we hope, for the unusual number of printer's errors which disfigure the text. In these three works the love element is not wanting; there are charming girls in each, who will help their lovers to forget the horrors they have passed through.

The Courts of the Angels. By JUSTUS M. FORMAN. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

MR. FORMAN hardly does himself justice in his latest tale of artistic life in Paris. An irritating feature of the book, which is almost unpardonable in a writer of the author's experience, is the constant repetition of French phrases, or rather phrases in French, which would just as easily have been rendered in English. Surely the "Merry month of May" from English lips sounds better than "le joli moi de mai," nor is there a claim to any thing idiomatic in the French rendering of "it is not so bad as all that." We are quite willing to take Mr. Forman's knowledge of French for granted, but when he writes a book in English he would do well to keep to English, unless compelled to fall back upon French for an expression for which there is no exact equivalent in his native tongue. Saint-Cère, the copyist of Morma Lisa, is a splendid character, just a little perhaps overdrawn. Even his absorbing passion for Anina Radonur, who turns out to be a very great personage, is curbed by an almost superhuman sense of duty. After that we are not surprised to meet a rich American lady with Bohemian tendencies, who assumes poverty to secure her Andy, the teller of the tale, though he, too, nearly throws away their mutual happiness because of the superfluity of dollars. We are asked to believe that upon Anina coming to her own, her turbulent countrymen are content to allow at least three aliens to assume the leading posts in her government, but while probably Moravia is a law unto herself among the Balkan States, the British Foreign Office is not in the habit of giving official recognition to their own countrymen who may wish to represent foreign Powers at St. James'.

The Temple of Dreams. By PAUL BO'LD. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)

TO adopt a slightly vulgar but exceedingly expressive phrase, this story is a little too thin. An English archæologist, visiting Peru, stumbles on the last living representatives of an ancient royal race, these two being an old man and his inevitable daughter. Of course, the archæologist marries the daughter, for they always do that; before this comes to pass, though, the old man puts his future son-in-law to sleep, and makes him dream of the fall of the ancient civilisation, which occurred at a point contemporary with the beginning of the Christian era. The king of that period tries to alter his court and country to Christian principles, and suffers Christ's fate even to crucifixion during an earthquake. Then the archæologist wakes up, and we are treated to the rather worn and ancient trick of reincarnated affinities.

The author has the gift of accomplishing sound and realistic descriptive work, and, from the way in which he has handled these unconvincing characters, could tell a good story if his heart were in his work. It is to be hoped that, if he ventures again into a publisher's fiction list, he will drop these threadbare trappings which mar his work, get down to realities, and give us a sound story. He has the capacity for this, though in this very unsubstantial "temple of dreams" he has done his best to subdue his capacity and dress up the oldest and greatest story of the Christian era in unfamiliar and belittling attire.

Mightier than the Sword. By ALPHONSE COURLANDER. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

FLEET STREET, that land of mystery to the ordinary man, has figured in many novels, and the endeavour to import a species of romance into the clanging of the insatiable machines and the hard routine of the offices has not always been successful. It succeeded in "The Street of Adventure" admirably; it succeeds to a less extent in the book before us. The story of young Humphrey Quain, of his apprenticeship to the business of reporting on a country newspaper, and of his progress under the mixed influences of *The Day*, the great London daily which absorbed his life and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

finally sent him to his death, is well told and rings true. His two love affairs form a less satisfactory feature of the book; we hardly feel convinced by the placid and rather nerveless Elizabeth Carr, and the little typist to whom Humphrey gave his devotion when he was scarcely emerging from the stage of calf-love, although more real to the reader, would surely have fallen short of the ideal long before any question of marriage had arisen. With these reservations, "Mightier than the Sword" is a capital novel; it conveys to perfection the charm and the dread of work in the heart of newspaper-land, and the company of reporters, as we well know, are quite representative and not overdrawn.

Mr. Frohman's Triple Bill

THE commissioning of Sir Arthur Pinero, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Shaw to write a one-act play each for presentation in a triple bill is a well-calculated proceeding on the part of Mr. Frohman. In the light of the latter's short-lived Repertory Theatre it is of particular interest to the general public. There is humour, too, in this cautious reassumption of the rôle of pioneer after a well marked period of reflection.

Mr. Frohman's Repertory Theatre was an undeserved disappointment. The modern school betrayed their practical promoter by making no attempt to wean the public: they merely offered it food which it could not assimilate, as though contemptuously resolved on proving the impossibility of making the new drama a commercial success. It was the established favourites who had to come to the rescue—Sir Arthur Pinero with a revival of an old success, and Mr. Barrie with the only new piece that gained the public favour: "The Twelve Pound Look." Mr. Shaw, the Jessop of the drama, failed to score. Since then there have been several events tending to lead up to this last departure. A public taste for vaudeville seems suddenly to have been created. "The Twelve Pound Look" itself has had a remarkable triumph on the music halls, which have gained their right to make unrestricted theatrical productions. Notable actors have taken to appearing at variety houses in one-act pieces. The Palace has had "The Man Who Was," with Sir Herbert Tree in the title rôle, and Mr. Shaw's "How He Lied to Her Husband" running at the same time. In fact, the commercial value of the one-act play has been definitely established. Mr. Shaw, it should be noted, has not only had "How He Lied to Her Husband" produced successfully at a variety theatre, and written "The Showing Up of Blanco Posnet"—the censored one-act play which is, perhaps, his most truly dramatic composition; he has also had a successful revival of "Man and Superman"; while "Fanny's First Play," the most brilliantly popular of all his plays—acknowledged or unacknowledged—has exceeded its five hundredth performance in town, and is to be produced in America. Mr. Frohman will naturally have noted this recovery from purely propagandist dialogue: in "The Mind-the-Paint Girl" he will have rejoiced over Sir Arthur Pinero's abnegation of the vice of "unhappy endings" as exemplified in "Mid-Channel." He realises the necessity of competing with the variety theatres in the production of one-act plays, and "on present form" he feels reasonably certain that the Pinero-Barrie-Shaw trio is the best and safest at his command. He can await the completion of the plays with an easy mind, if he has extracted guarantees from Sir Arthur Pinero and Mr. Shaw: from the former, that he will present the lighter side of society; and from the latter that he will bear in mind that the play, and not the platform, is pre-eminently the thing. From Mr. Barrie no guarantees will be required.

Undoubtedly, then, these three dramatists were the best to choose for what is almost a new departure. They are at present the "names" which will draw the public. But what is the dramatic significance of their association? Chiefly it is that each of these men represents a popular taste, and that they stand for three styles of drama all of which are on a commercial footing at the same time.

It is the thing to say nowadays that Mr. Shaw is a back number: that, to use Ibsen's famous figure, he is no longer fighting at the outposts: the Granville Barkers and the Galsworthys have left him in the rear. Mr. Shaw may well smile; for it would seem that this stigma has been put upon him in consequence of his money-making proclivities. If you are not a commercial success, you dub yourself, in the dramatic world, a fighter at the outposts. Success is so unlooked for, that if it comes your fellow-fighters thrust you back. It does not occur to them that the fight may be won, without compromise, as Mr. Shaw has won it. He has abundantly proved that nowadays in our flagrantly inartistic metropolis the "intellectual" style of drama, as he provides it, can hold its own amid the fierce competition of all those other brands which the new school loathes. That is the great fact. Mr. Frohman is employing Mr. Shaw as he would employ Haines Bailey or Mr. Basil Hood. He may well be asking, What musical comedy, taking the comparative costs of production into account, can achieve a success like that of "Fanny's First Play"?

The selection of Sir Arthur Pinero is chiefly interesting as denoting the continued power of the established compromise. He has been the sheet-anchor of the commercial manager, when the latter has tried to justify himself to the moderns. Did they want problems of life discussed? Pinero could do it in a popular manner. Did they want the merely middle classes to have a place on the stage? Look, if you please, at Pinero's bourgeoisie. Did they, above all, demand a higher stage-craft, a stricter technique, a finer art? Pinero was the very man for all that sort of thing. And so

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

indeed he seemed. There is a very plausible pitch of greatness about his later work, and in particular about his stage-craft and characterisation. For some time he was always a good and sufficient answer. But latterly he has been strongly attacked in his supposedly strongest qualities. "Machine-made" has been the cry against characterisation and stage-craft alike. He has the same series of moulds (one of them is formed in the likeness of Sir George Alexander) for the characters in almost all his plays; and he controls them with a sort of Chinese-puzzle cleverness. To furnish that necessary information which is the bane of a dramatist at the beginning of a play, he pitches on the ingenious idea of having family details furnished in a reporter's interview at the outset of "His House in Order." In "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" he casually removes a host from the dining-room, sending him to write some letters for the benefit of the audience and his guests, in order that his presence may not embarrass the latter in their conversation. Nevertheless, he remains, in the upward march of the drama from the depths of Victorianism, the solid vanguard which alone has made the advance possible. It is in this compromise of the vanguard position that he will serve Mr. Frohman.

Mr. Barrie's capacity is peculiar and enviable. He may be said to represent the large heterogeneous collection of dramatists who are mainly concerned in putting good stories into good plays, without greatly troubling what school they represent. Mr. Barrie only belongs to the great school of romance. In the midst of all the rage for dissection and classification, it is strange how he is left alone. He is such a tower of strength to the managers that it would seem inevitable that he must be attacked, like other leading figures. There was a certain amount of adverse professional criticism of "What Every Woman Knows"; but this seemed largely due to the fact that Mr. Barrie's popularity being on a steady rise the play was received by the public with a rapture out of all proportion to its deserts. It is the spirit of Mr. Barrie that protects him. He is an elf, he is his own Peter Pan, he is our national vendor of simple, whimsical sentiment. Who is to attack him? He has everybody on his side, as though by the most far-sighted policy. Who thinks of dissecting for criticism the stage-craft of "Peter Pan"? A critic recently complained in his notice of a play that the author had done something that no one but Mr. Barrie could be allowed to do, something that belonged to Mr. Barrie's province and to no one else's!

Such are the three types of dramatists that Mr. Frohman is wisely bringing into association. If they each bring their public with them, the triple bill should be assured of a long run, and may encourage other managers to exploit the possibilities of the one-act play. But whatever the result, the three promised plays will afford a most interesting comparison among themselves, and should be eagerly expected, if for this reason alone.

WILFRID BLAIR.

Music

AMONG the many Samaritans who offer their help to perplexed travellers along the paths of pleasure there are not a few whose beneficent mission it is to tell us how we may best enjoy the Beautiful. One points out what we should look for in a picture, and it way well be that when we have read his book, and are herded in front of M. Matine's last painting, our conscious pride in being able to connect such delightful new words as *impacto*, *bravura*, and *desinvoltura* with the masterpiece does enable us to feel that we can admire it properly. Another takes us to Queen's Hall, and teaches how to listen to orchestral pieces, and how to criticise the players. Here, again, the knowledge that we can at any rate tell a hautboy from a bass-tuba when we see them, even if we cannot certainly tell which is making what noise, will sustain us through a longer concert than those we could formerly endure. Just as our infant intelligence was developed by such a classic as "Reading without Tears," so may our maturer minds be guided by "The National Gallery without Tears" or "Classical Concerts with a Smile."

But in the case of Music, at all events, there are a vast number of collateral considerations to be taken into account when we probe the secrets of enjoyment. We have, unfortunately, never met with the primer we long for which shall adequately discuss the circumstances under which players should play and listeners listen; the frame of mind and the condition of body which they should seek to possess when about to kneel before the Muse of Melody, the dangers which may be incurred if we present ourselves at the wrong time or place to hear players who cannot be, or who ought not to be, at that special moment, in the vein for exercising their art. Such a handbook would, of course, be of an "advanced" kind, a fourth or fifth "part," like the section which dealt with words of six syllables, that was so difficult to master without tears. But it would be invaluable to serious persons like ourselves, who have passed the hautboy and bass-tuba stage and long to continue in the right way. Lately we have been obliged to listen to a good deal of orchestral music, and we shall have a good deal more to hear. It is a mournful fact that we are not enjoying it at all as we would wish to; and if a little booklet could be put into our hands to tell us the why and the wherefore, and the way to amendment, we should bless the author indeed. We are residing, for our body's sake, at a foreign watering-place—let us call it Magenbad. At half-past six, every morning, we proceed, in drenching rain, and under a temperature suitable for December, to spend an hour sipping the healing water, while a large band discourses the strangest variety of music. The violinists' fingers must certainly be frozen; we can see that the wind-players' lips are blue with cold. Can their hearts be warm? Can they be conscious of that vital spark, radiant in their bosoms, which we know must exist

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

there if they are to communicate to us anything of the spirit of delight in music which animates them?

Most of them play with tall silk hats on their heads. Must not such a covering act as an extinguisher to the flame of musical impulse? All of them have unshorn chins, and surely the consciousness that they have come into the presence of their God, not having performed the simple abstergent act without which they would not dare to appear before the cheapest of cheap earthly dignitaries—must not this consciousness humiliate them, indispose them for the free, unfettered manifesting of their homage? They always begin with one of the solemn old chorales, and that is the one moment when their music does transport us as it should, does lift us above the horrid scenes in which we and thousands of other drinkers are playing our hideous part. We see not the company, we feel not the cold, we regret not our warm bed, as the noble tune of "O Gotteslamb" or "Pange linqua" rises in the rain. But then they play a polka, and after that a march, and then—oh, how can we write it?—they attack a movement from a symphony of Brahms, finishing up with a "Potpourri" on Wagner or Chopin. Ought it to be expected of a band, at such an hour of a morning too, that it can be versatile enough in spirit to throw itself with the proper impetus into so tremendous a variety of moods? We are disappointed with this band, yet are we in that country of Europe which we have hitherto held to be unequalled in the excellence of its bands which play for purposes of pleasure. We recall the delicious music made by bands in some garden at Prague or Vienna—nay, in more stolid Berlin—and know that our Magenbad band is not giving us nearly so much enjoyment as they did.

We would fain criticise it fairly, appraise its merits justly, but in the absence of any guide-book to the Canons of Criticism we confess ourselves at a loss. Oh, grave, unshorn musicians, attenuated some of ye, morbidly obese others, who must tune your lyres and thrum them unceasingly for six hours every day in such weather as this, let us not be hard upon ye! Do your souls perhaps detest the task that the need of bread forces ye to undertake? Haply it is not your fault that ye cannot charm us except when the chorale is raised. Let us seek if the reason of our utter disinclination to listen to your music be not in us, in the circumstances under which we attend your daily concerts. Some instinct whispers that the judicious guide already spoken of would lay it down that music (though, no doubt, it should be as meat and drink—yea, as manna—to the hungry soul) had better not be listened to when one is damp, cold, barely risen from one's bed—and starving. Optimists might urge that breakfast is in prospect. Yes, but what kind of breakfast? No tea or coffee, one egg, and not more than two or three slender sticks of a rusk-like baking. Where is the balm in such an outlook? But there are the afternoon concerts, the evening concerts, when luncheon and dinner have been enjoyed; cannot the polkas and potpourris be listened to with lazy enjoyment at those later hours?

Misuse not that blessed word "enjoyment," good Optimist, we beg. There is no peace for the wicked, they say, and there is no enjoyment for those who are perpetually conscious of a gnawing pain inside them. The very impossibility of walking anywhere without hearing some band adds to the difficulty of enjoying any one of them. You stray into the pine forests, hoping to be soothed by the sweet music of the trees, the cheerful piping of the birds, but at every turn you are confronted by a café, and, if it has not got an orchestra, it is certain to have a gramophone. And the orchestra is sure to be playing a potpourri or a polka. May the day be far distant when British bands shall succumb to the seduction of the potpourri. As was the Saturday "Pie of Resurrection" to the wight at some Dotheboys Hall, so is the musical potpourri to the musical stomach of at least one sojourner at Magenbad. Perhaps a hundred snippets of melody may be heard in a single potpourri, one tacked on to the other without any rhyme or reason. Once we thought we were to hear the Trauermarsch from "Siegfried," but after a few bars it merged into the first four bars of the Prelude to "Lohengrin"; these dissolved into the Flower Maiden Song; then we had a few more bars of "Siegfried," the tail-piece of "O Star of Eve," the "Sword" motive, the beginning of "Gazing Around," and so the dreadful mincemeat was poured out by the horrible machine with its tall hats and its unshorn chins, in the cold and the rain, while our "Trinkglas" shivered in our hands.

Is there some clue to be found to the understanding of the beauty of these potpourris? We fear even the most persuasive, the most lucid guide to the appreciation of their intricacies would prove beyond us. But because we cannot hope to solve such higher mysteries, that is no reason why we might not, under a patient professor, learn, if not to enjoy, at any rate to listen without suffering to such music as our "cure" insists upon, under the conditions that we have described. Would that these lines of ours might happen to meet the eye of some musical author who is casting about for a new subject for his genius! Then might we hope that our suffering had not been in vain, but that future visitors to such watering-places as this might see in all the booksellers' shops an enticing tract in English, "Magenbad Music without Tears."

THERE was no falling off in the number or enthusiasm of the audience who attended the first of the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall on Saturday evening. Sir Henry Wood received his usual hearty meed of applause, and the season was opened by the singing of the National Anthem. Miss Carrie Tubb was at her best in "Ave Maria" from "Das Fleuerkreuz," while Mr. Frank Mullings in the "Flower Song" from "Carmen" left very little to be desired. Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, and Liszt were all represented and effectively rendered.

Following the procedure of other years certain evenings will be devoted to Wagner; on other nights the selection will be varied and cover the usual wide range of composers.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Lafcadio Hearn Appraised

By W. G. BLAIKIE MURDOCH.

IT is only a few years since Lafcadio Hearn died, but already a number of things have been written about him, notably books by Yone Noguchi and Dr. G. M. Gould, Miss Nina Kennard and Miss Elizabeth Bisland, the latter being his "official" biographer, and the editress of his correspondence. He has come to be regarded as an oracle on Buddhism, and kindred matters relating to the East; Mr. Richard le Gallienne, in "Attitudes and Avowals," has hailed him as an "inspired translator"; while several of the above-named, Miss Bisland in particular, have spoken of their hero as an author of the loftiest order, worthy to be compared to De Quincey and other masters of like eminence.

Doubtless Hearn's position as an authority on the Orient is merited, but the point is one for scholars of the subject, not for a pure critic of the arts; while with reference to his translations, these also perforce constitute a theme only for the specialist. They include renderings from Hebrew, Finnish, Hindustani, and Chinese; and, though it is true that Hearn had but slight first-hand knowledge of the works he dealt with, and relied largely on French sources of information, it is withal patent that only those intimate with the different things at issue are entitled to say whether in any case the interpreter really captured the spirit of his original, really transmuted it to his pages as Andrew Lang has done with Homer, for example. One may well pause for a moment to praise Hearn's translations of Anatole France and Gautier, the latter alone serving to justify Mr. le Gallienne's comment; yet, in the main, what is sought in this essay is the appraisal of the writer's creative or personal work.

Among the most memorable acts of Swinburne must be numbered his defence of Mary, Queen of Scots, against her defenders. He showed the absurdity of regarding her as the insipid, faultless creature who figures in the writings of Sir John Skelton and other Mariolaters, and herein he did a genuine service to the memory of the Queen. It is well to love one's friends keenly, to love them none the less because of their faults; yet to blind oneself to these last is a mistaken kindness where an artist is concerned, while to rate him beyond his worth is more likely to make him a laughing-stock than to bring honour to his name. And the truth in relation to Hearn would seem to be that, like Stevenson, his personality is charming and his life-story picturesque, and accordingly his readers are prone to lose their hearts to the man himself, and so to shed all critical sense while speaking of his labours.

Hearn's nondescript nationality alone makes him an interesting figure. Born in the Ionian Islands, his mother was a Greek, while from his father he inherited English, Irish, and Romany blood. The author spent his boyhood in Ireland, in England, and in France; as a young man he went to America, and there he sojourned, first in New York, and afterwards in the Southern States. He also lived for some years in the West Indies, while the second half of his life was spent in Japan, where, marrying a Japanese wife, he became a subject of the Mikado. And during these wanderings he wrote a series of letters which, infinitely more delightful than any of his books, vie with the correspondence of Byron himself in ease and spontaneity of style, are full of sparkling humour and shrewd observations on life, and are precious in many cases as revealing the writer's heart of hearts. Some of the early ones, too, are possibly supreme as regards handling that perennially bewitching topic, the budding and development of æstheticism in a boy—the thrill which comes when beauty is first perceived, first becomes a part of one's life—while all reflect a gay bravery and fortitude on the author's part, those qualities which are the quickest and most potent of all to win the admiration of mankind. For Hearn was partially blind, while the almost equally terrible curse of journalism shackled him till his youth was far spent; yet, faced as he was by these difficulties, he never ceased to dream of becoming a great author, and year after year he toiled with unflagging zeal, often denying himself the necessities of life to procure the means of study, and stealing from rest and sleep the time necessary for his beloved work.

There is something beautiful in the whole story, something very invigorating, and to read it is a good tonic in the hour of depression or lassitude; yet, on turning to the outcome of Hearn's ardour and self-denial, one is confronted by one of the most pathetic facts of life. One is reminded, in fine, that much noble art has been made with comparative ease, and that many of those who have striven for the mastery with the finest zeal have achieved little of moment. Their devotion may command praise, but, when the actor steps before the footlights, no one asks how long he took to don his finery, how much labour he gave to studying his part. Concern is only with the result of these preparations, and so too it is with every branch of æsthetics, a poem or piece of music standing or falling simply by what it is, and its merit being in no way enhanced because its maker is known to have employed heroism in creating it.

During his New York days Hearn attempted to make the American journalists connected with him punctuate their copy more adequately, and the practice earned for him the nickname of "Old Semicolon." It was given carelessly, given by people who did not realise the gifts of him they attacked, yet undoubtedly this sobriquet which he bore as a youth forms an apt critique of his subsequent productions. He aimed at what he called "poetic prose"—that is to say, one naturally assumes, prose of intrinsic beauty, beauty irrespective of the matter conveyed—and with a view to attaining this he indulged in the most intricate punctuation. His pages bristle with dashes, pause and exclamation marks, and the result is literally tantalising, reminding the reader constantly of the effort which the writer is making to compass the particular effect he desires. Here and there, as in his account of climbing Mount Fuji, he uses a less fastidious style—one resembling the rough

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

elliptical jottings of a diary—yet on these occasions he is even less happy. Again he constrains one to think more of the means than of the end gained thereby, and herein he is at variance with every master, no good art serving to remind one of the mode of technique employed. Looking at a picture by Manet one thinks primarily of beauty, not of impressionism, while standing before a noble example of Millais' early work one does not ponder on the tenets of pre-Raphaelitism. Such thoughts may arise afterwards in either case, yet in neither does obtrusiveness pertain to the style at issue nor outshadow the result.

A keen devotee of Gautier, Hearn used to quote that author's saying that a poet should study his dictionary eternally, and in that way make himself so well acquainted with the whole gamut of words that he will be able to find language for his every thought. Now some bits of Hearn's handwriting have been preserved, and they demonstrate him neurotic. Like most people of that kind his sensations and impressions were prone to be subtle and well nigh ineffable, and one finds him, for instance, essaying the impossible task of describing a faint shade of colour, or of defining the very *timbre* of an insect's note. With intent to achieve this he appears to have obsessed himself with Gautier's theory, and his pages abound in extraordinary words; yet does he fare the better because he has these at his command, and is his message anywhere sufficiently important to justify this ugly peculiarity, and to atone for those other technical limitations cited before?

Hearn is at his best in tiny sketches of West Indian or Japanese life, some of those in "Kokoro" being exquisite, and far transcending all his others. They are good because concerned with sentiments known to all men, not because they furnish information about the places in question; and it is the absence as a rule of the former quality, and the everlasting presence of the latter, which vitiates the bulk of the writer's books of travel. Ruskin says that an artist is only great if he can make one forget the creator himself while in touch with his creations, but, true as this is of much great art, *à propos* of writings on travel the reverse is generally the case. Among acknowledged classics in this department a few no doubt owe their longevity to vivid description of the lands the author visited, yet in general such things appeal because the writer's personality is dominant throughout; while further, no book of travel has passed into the realm of Literature on account of value in giving facts. Stevenson's "Travels with a Donkey" is chiefly engaging because he recorded his emotions *en route*, and this too it is which constitutes the charm of Kinglake's "Eothen" and John Davidson's "Random Itinerary"; but in Hearn one is told instead in which Mikado's reign this or that Japanese custom was instituted, while even more distressing are his particulars anent the trade of Barbadoes, and the thickness of the walls in the houses at St. Pierre. Reading things of this sort, one longs for the lyrical cry which renders many less erudite authors precious for all time, and this longing is felt equally keenly on turning to the writer's various philosophic speculations. All these are able in the sense that those of Huxley and Herbert Spencer are, but to be a clever philosopher is not to be a literary artist—unless the philosopher makes his speculations a medium for telling the story of his own heart. That is what Hearn largely omitted from his voluminous works, evidently failing to realise, or realising too late, that it was in his passionate communion with life itself that his chance lay of writing something immortal. At least, however, he expressed this communion in his letters, and so it is advisable to read these ere turning to his books. For the books are not likely to awaken a taste for his correspondence, might even stultify the idea of reading it; and not to have done so, it is not extravagant to say, is to have missed one of the supreme joys of life.

Art and Imitation—II

THE problem left unsolved in our first article is not a purely musical problem, for this power to affect us with a pleasant sadness is shared by all the Arts. It is seemingly a contradiction to speak of a pleasant sadness; joy is never unpleasant, how then can sadness be pleasant? Pleasure has been defined as the invariable accompaniment of a free and successful exercise of any faculty; pain, of its impeded and unsuccessful exercise. What, then, is this pleasurable pain which Art excites in us?—for the phrase seems to imply that some faculty is at the same moment both successful and unsuccessful, which is manifestly impossible.

Yet this contradiction does occur in the case of the faculty of pity or sympathy, for inasmuch as sympathy is a faculty, its free exercise cannot fail to be attended with pleasure, but inasmuch as it is sympathy, or suffering with, it is of necessity a mood of sadness. By the agency of sound, pity is first awakened; the first and most universal expression of pain is the cry, and it is through the sense of hearing that we first become aware of a fellow-being in distress. Moreover, the cry of pain is always a dissonant cry; this admits of a very simple explanation; any vibrative chord set in motion with undue violence gives out a dissonant note; that is to say, in addition to its prime tone it emits a number of inharmonic overtones which combine to give it the roughness characteristic of dissonance. Possibly this is a wise provision of nature; the purpose of the cry of pain is to summon aid, and especially to rouse the sleeping mother into instant wakefulness in defence of her distressed young. For this purpose a clear and agreeable note would be far less effective than a rough and piercing one; the infant's cry is a natural alarum, a winged rasp endowed with power to annihilate peace in every neighbouring bosom, till the needs of its owner are satisfied.

Dissonance, then, induces a mood of sadness, not because it is in itself disagreeable, but because it brings

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

to mind the notion of a creature in pain. The power of music depends primarily on its power to excite the emotion of pity by means of dissonance. This view agrees well with common opinion. "Plaintive," "dolorous," and words of similar connotation are those which have been most often and most aptly applied to music. Keats has spoken of "music yearning like a god in pain." The oldest existing instruments of music are the flutes used by the ancient Egyptians in ceremonial mourning. Many people will have observed that the moment of keenest pleasure in listening to a melody is the moment when the harshest discord strikes upon the ear, for it is then that the flood-gates of pity spring open and inundate the breast. "Is it not strange," says Benedick, "that sheep's guts can hale souls out of men's bodies?" It appears less strange when we see that the viscera of sheep and other quadrupeds, stretched over a violin, are but a rude facsimile of the human vocal chords.

It is now clear that the expressiveness of music proceeds not from what it is, but from what it indicates. Herein lies the essential difference between sound and taste or smell; for these latter are symbolic of nothing; if they are pleasant or unpleasant they are so in themselves alone. It is true that smells can become associated with places and events and so rouse deep emotion; as Kipling says:—

> Smells are surer than sounds or sights
> To make your heartstrings crack.
> They start those awful voices o' nights
> That whisper, "Old man, come back."

Such association, however, is accidental and personal; smells cannot become, what sound is by nature, a universal symbol of emotion.

This distinction is of the utmost importance if we are to form a correct view of the place of Art in human life; for if we allowed, what is often taken for granted, that the pleasure of Music is identical with the pleasure of harmony or consonance, that is to say, with a pleasant stimulation of the sense of hearing, we must class Music simply as a species of sensual gratification, and the musician would deserve no higher esteem than the cook or the perfumer; according to this theory, the function of dissonance in Music would be the same as that of piquant condiments in cooking. This view is inadequate for many reasons. All sensual pleasures lead to intemperance, but there is no such thing as intemperance in the pleasures of Art. Moreover, devotion to sensual pleasure has a coarsening effect upon the soul, but devotion to the pleasures of Art has the reverse effect. "Artibus mollescunt pectora asperitas que fugit." (By the Arts the bosom is softened and asperity flees away.) The reason of this is now apparent. Art exercises the sympathies, and sympathy is the root of all the gentler virtues; hence the pleasure of Art can never be a purely selfish pleasure; in this sense Ruskin is right in holding that no great artist could be a bad man; certainly no artist could be bad in the sense of being hard and unsympathetic.

Sympathy can only be moved by its proper object, the suffering will; hence the most moving form of Art is tragedy, and "the sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought." Of course we can "sympathise" with gladness, but this we do by virtue of some other faculty, such as love or friendship; we are not necessarily moved to joy by the sight of joy, as we are moved to compassion by the sight of sorrow; indeed, language affords no word corresponding to sympathy and compassion to indicate fellow-feeling in joy, showing that no such word is needed; this is natural; joy is sufficient to itself and requires no help from others. For this reason Music which is too cheerful is often tedious and annoying; much of Mozart's music has this fault; it fails to rouse our sympathy and therefore fatigues our attention; here we find the true antithesis to that agreeable sadness which Art awakens, namely, a disagreeable cheerfulness. Consider the oft-quoted lines of Browning:—

> The year's in the spring;
> The day's at the morn;
> Morning's at seven;
> The hill side's dew-pearled;
> The lark's on the wing;
> The snail's on the thorn;
> God's in his heaven—
> All's right with the world.

and beside it put this passage from Herodotus:—

"'Oh, King, how unlike to one another are your actions now and awhile since; for then you were accounting yourself fortunate, but now you are weeping.' And Xerxes answered, 'I was moved to pity in thinking how brief is human life, for of all this great multitude not one shall be alive in a hundred years.' And Artabanus answered, 'Yet other and more pitiful things than this we suffer by the way, for in this short life there is none born so fortunate, either of these or of any others, that he will not wish, not once, but many times, to be dead rather than alive.'"

The former passage leaves us unmoved and perhaps a trifle bored; the latter excites a thrill of compassion; nothing is more tedious than a too insistent optimism; hence a pessimist has been well defined as one who has lived in the same house with an optimist.

The fact that in Art we take pleasure in the contemplation of pain provided the Greek mind with a solution of the great enigma of the universe, the attitude of the Deity towards human suffering. The Greek gods were conceived as watching human affairs like spectators of a drama, keenly interested but not pained by the tragedy; such a view was natural to a nation so deeply artistic as the Greeks. This answer may be contrasted with that given by the Hebrew mind to the same question; this, the oldest solution, was arrived at by attributing to the Deity that other faculty which enables us to contemplate pain with satisfaction, namely, righteous indignation; this explanation, however, requires the unwarrantable assumption that misfortune is always subsequent and proportionate to guilt.

JOHN RIVERS.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Stratford Shakespeare Festival

IT is certainly satisfactory to find some place where vagaries of this summer have not marred a festive spirit; even as it is curious to discover a prosperity and good fellowship greater in the rain than in the shining glory of last year. For Stratford has been full as it seldom is full; and to judge from an all-powerful Box Office the Memorial Theatre has filled itself not less successfully than the town. All this is to the good. We have always insisted that, since the great cities are clearly an almost impossible base for the revival of great drama (as great cities and massed societies have always been), there is probably no apter place for such an attempt in England than Stratford. A more convenient theatre is needed; but it is the only place that does not truckle to merely journalistic drama, and that does seek to confine itself to drama that is great and intends greatly. It should, we think, be pioneer along these lines. Profitably, even, it might extend a welcome to enterprise in poetic drama, from new pens or from pens that have but lately dropped from notable hands. In fact, it is surely undeniable that this must come, if these Festivals are not to become lifeless revivals of a spirit that has passed away. And in the meantime, they help to emphasise the distinction that most needs emphasis now in all the Arts: the distinction between the great and the little, the permanent and the impermanent, between creative work and journalistic labour.

It is no Shakespearolatry, but simple sense, to say that in such an emphasis in drama Shakespeare must needs take the premier place. Yet among his own works there are some one looks for, which it is not easy always to get. One such play is "Othello," and this summer Mr. Benson has revived that play for the first time for a good many years. It is not difficult to see why it has been avoided for so long. In the first place, Mr. Benson is scarcely the most ideal representative for that character. It is astonishing how wide his range is—which is partly also a tribute to Shakespeare, since it attests the fundamental humanity of his characters. But no range of interpretation is without limitation; and so happy a Hamlet could scarcely be a perfect Othello.

To say that Othello failed of conviction is to say that Iago did not ring truly. For of all the ironic juxtapositions of character this pair is the most perfect. There was no man in all the range of possibility so inevitable a prey to Iago's cast of mind as Othello, even as there could have been no man more deadly to Othello at that moment of his life than Iago. Two such men put together had, sooner or later, to work to a mighty outbreak once the presence of a pure woman came near them. It only was a matter of how soon they should become fully charged by this new presence. We say, nowadays, that we no longer believe in a devil, but we all know him nevertheless. We meet men for whom there is no other adjective than diabolic. We know beauties and powers that are diabolic. Iago is such a man; he wields such a power; and in the extraordinary precision and perfect balance of the working of his intellect there is just such a beauty. He is abnormal; and though he may cast about for reasons to explain his hatred towards the normal and healthy, the simple fact is that he hates the normally pure on the permanent instinct of his being. It is so everywhere, but it is markedly so in the matter of sex. Healthy minds may be bawdy, and to other healthy minds that fact may be undesirable, but it will not be offensive. That is to say, it will not be perverted. But when the perverted mind becomes bawdy it becomes filthy. The natural inclination is to strike down such a man, since he is an outrage in himself, and that violent and right instinct is an important thing to remember with regard to the play.

One of the evidences is this: one is hot and the other is cold. The healthy man (healthy of mind that is) may be inflamed by an appeal to his sex, but his attitude will be one of respect and tenderness. The perverted mind has that horrible thing, cold desire. Or, in the terms of the play, Othello is one and Iago is the other. Othello has just entered into the most intimate relation with a pure woman, and it is little to be wondered at that his whole being is in a somewhat unsettled, temporarily unsettled, condition. The moment will pass, but for such a man of such large passions, any thought from a perverted mind will be as a match to powder. And there is such a mind close by in his Ancient.

The very first words that Iago has to speak in the play reveal him to us. Their abominable filthiness is just that they indicate no passion in him. It would have been impossible for Othello to have spoken so. There Iago displays his perverted mind, and one of the first instincts of this is that it must strike at and seek to ruin the clean thing. Therefore he must strike at Othello. Moreover, Othello is for the moment a particularly apt prey—which Iago's instinct will divine almost without his reason being aware of it. And thus in their close relations at that moment there is something that is tremendous in its possibility. Iago never once tries to prove Desdemona guilty. He is all the time seeking to inflame Othello. Directly Othello seeks to curb these unloosed furies in him. as his own instinct of honour prompts him to do, Iago visualises more abominations for him. For he is now fighting for his own life. It is Desdemona's life or his, now. That is the whole terrible meaning of the third scene of the third act.

But Mr. Benson does not give us this Othello; and whatever may have been his desires, neither could Mr. Herbert as Iago respond to this note. Moreover, every characteristic speech of Iago's, with, in the maturer business of the play, every characteristic response of Othello's, was cut out. In a certain deep sense we did not have Shakespeare's play at all. As played by Mr. Benson and Mr. Herbert, the relation between Othello and Iago was one of opposition, whereas the heart-breaking tragedy is that it is a terrible conjunction.

Of course the answer to this is obvious. It will be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

said that the play on such lines would be impossible to a modern audience. We venture to disagree. We would say, without a moment's hesitation, that if it were played on these lines, without the omission of a line, even the rawest schoolgirl would not be revolted by the words, but that they would be indicative to her of a terrible and tremendous conflict beyond. In other words, she would instinctively realise their proper value. That is to say, unless she had already been talked to by some unhealthily minded mother. At least, the experiment would be worth trying.

On their own lines Mr. Benson and Mr. Herbert, nevertheless, gave an interpretation far more convincing than most of the versions it has been our lot lately to see acted. This was in spite of the fact that Mr. Benson's make-up left a good deal to be desired, and what seemed to us as unnecessary "business" in many parts. As Desdemona Miss Green was excellent; and Mr. Caithness as Roderigo was specially admirable. Mr. Murray Carrington as Cassio succeeded well with a part that is not easy to play; and Miss McDowall as Bianca showed fine restraint and dignity. Indeed the whole company maintained its usual high standard of acting.

Some Tolstoyan Exhibits

THERE is now being exhibited at the Old Bond Street Galleries the private collection of a great admirer of this Russian writer. The collection consists of numerous photos of Count Leo Tolstoy, taken at various periods of his career; some corrected proofs of his writings; autographs; pictures; and a facsimile of the room in the station-master's house where he died. The majority of the portraits are typical of the life of ceaseless energy and earnest zeal that is always associated with the great reformer's name. In many of them he is represented in the act of dictating to his secretary, his daughter; while others show that, previous to his final decision to renounce all family ties, he was apparently on very good terms with those by whom he was surrounded. He is generally seated in the midst of his many relations and friends, and in spite of his austere and simple life the pictures tell us that the Count sometimes allowed himself the luxury of men-servants. The room in which he died is so realistic as to give one a weird sensation, and in passing through it one feels compelled to hasten by the bed and to gain the door on the opposite side. The exhibition must appeal to a very large number of people; for there are very few who have not read or seen at least one of Tolstoy's books or plays, and it is always interesting to obtain glimpses of the inner life of those who have the power largely to influence others whether in the matter of religion, philosophy or politics.

Germans Abroad

IT is said that to understand a foreigner it is necessary to see him in his own country. Here is one of those plausible untruths which go long uncontradicted. We cannot, it is clear, study him fairly in our country where his want of familiarity with the language and common habits, and a stiffness in his efforts to be at his ease—all painfully apparent—put him at an obvious disadvantage. So much is beyond dispute. But on the other hand, we can make only a half-study of him in his own country. We may face the pleasanter side of him there, but we do not see him in his relations with foreigners. We may miss this, which is most important to us, just as, seeing a public man at his own fireside, we may get no idea of his public qualities. We must study the foreigner out of his own home; we must see him, then, in a country which is foreign to us both. To study the German the Englishman must go to France. France, indeed, is the place where all foreigners may most profitably be studied, for while the Frenchman keeps his own home closed to them he receives them in his public places with a good-humoured courtesy which puts them quickly at their ease, so that their several traits become soon apparent.

The traditional Englishman abroad, the type that Thackeray drew, for example, in his Major at Boulogne, who every morning said "O" in a very loud voice, meaning by this that he desired hot water, is not now frequently met with. But between this type and the modern German abroad there are obvious similarities and one subtle and important difference. The traditional Englishman's contempt for the foreigner, his language, his habits and his dress, like the insolence of the Pharisee in the Temple, had something magnificent about it. It was an active contempt founded on two beliefs, his belief in his own superiority and his belief in the foreigner's sense of inferiority. The modern German abroad shows somewhat the same feeling, but without its magnificence. He has it in a negative form. With him it is a sort of clumsiness and insensibility. It is not so much contempt as mere indifference. The German does not despise the opinion of the foreigner; he is merely ignorant of its existence. He does not rise superior to criticism, but he misses the fact that he is criticised. He is self-sufficient. The French have hit him off neatly. They speak of the German "sans-gêne." Indeed, the German abroad is difficult to abash.

Observe him (say) at a *pension* table, where there are several races represented. He enters and bows stiffly in turn to everyone present with punctilious but ungracious politeness. He is soon at his ease, and if the dinner is not to his liking will criticise it with freedom; neither the feeling of other people nor his own modesty ever suggests to him that he should speak other than in a loud tone. A certain diffidence in one sitting at a foreign table and conversing in a strange tongue is not unnatural. One may well prefer to whisper what one has to say to those on either side, and to consider even the vis-à-vis as out of conversational range. But

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the German abroad, if he thinks upon the matter at all, would consider such modesty as weakness, and if the spirit moves him will speak boldly from one end of the table to the other. For he is sublimely unconscious of any slips that he may make, and will stumble and blunder through a French sentence under the eyes of twenty other people with a cheerfulness which more sensitive men may well envy. Indeed, he will carry this insensibility of his own mistakes to the length of correcting the mistakes of his fellows, and in the presence of Frenchmen will take upon himself to instruct an American or Englishman in the uses of the French language. I have even seen a young German, with a smattering of French and a few words of English, bluntly contradict an Englishman at a French table on a point in the English language, and on his error being made plain to him, retire unabashed without even the trouble of an apology.

Observe, too, with what a humourless perseverance the German abroad pursues his study of a foreign language. At whatever pain to himself or to other people, he will persist in talking it even with his own countrymen. It is necessary to see two Germans in a French railway carriage who might converse comfortably in their own tongue laboriously exchange ideas in broken French, to understand why it is that the German can obtain so much more quickly than an Englishman a useful fluency in foreign speech. Indeed, a sense of the ridiculous is fatal to success. It is the real gift of the bad fairy. The German abroad does not possess it. And it is by this inability to see what is amusing in his own acts that the German succeeds, up to a certain point, more readily than others. By this insensibility to criticism, this bluntness, he can pursue his own course undisturbed—but only up to a certain point; after that point his indifference stands firmly in his way. He cannot profit by criticism or by the finer contact with other minds; he is too little susceptible to subtle influences, and so, in this one matter of language, while he comes quickly by fluency in speech, will rarely talk in a foreign language with complete accuracy, more rarely still with neatness and delicacy. It is a pity that La Bruyère did not live to see the modern German abroad. He would have hit off his foibles with much gusto. But there are certain traits in his character of Mopsé which seem prophetic.

C. V.

Notes and News

Mr. John Lane publishes this week at 5s. net, "Gates of the Dolomites," by L. Marion Davidson, with many charming illustrations. Miss Davidson has thoroughly traversed the little known region of the Dolomites, and gives the result of her experiences in a book designed both for the armchair and the knapsack. The book includes a chapter on the flora of the district, by Miss Spencer Thomson.

This week Mr. Murray publishes Chevalier Tullio Irace's volume "With the Italians in Tripoli." The author, who has himself been at the front with the Italian army, has endeavoured to give a true and accurate report of what occurred, in order to counteract certain inspired and misleading accounts of the operations that had already reached this country. Mr. Murray also publishes shortly Lady Napier's new novel, "Muddling Through."

Messrs. John Long have just published a new novel, entitled "My Escapes," by "A Bachelor." The story, told in autobiographical form, is an amusing record of what happens to a young bachelor, who, suddenly becoming wealthy, and finding himself compromised with several girls, in various social stations, struggles to escape from his old pledges of matrimony.

Messrs. John Long have also published a shilling edition of "Wilhelmina in London," by Barry Pain, and a new sixpenny novel by Nat Gould, entitled "The Stolen Racer."

The Duke of Norfolk has entrusted the production of a memoir of his late uncle, Lord Lyons, the distinguished diplomatist, to Lord Newton, who served for several years under him at the Paris Embassy, and the book will be published by Edward Arnold. Lord Newton would be grateful for an opportunity of inspecting any letters of interest that may be in the possession of the late Lord Lyons' correspondents or their families. If any such letters are sent to him at Lyme Park, Disley, Cheshire, they will be carefully preserved and returned as soon as possible to their owners.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

A FUTURE STORM CENTRE.

NO sooner have we been assured of an imminent termination of the Turco-Italian War than we find ourselves once more face to face with an upheaval in the Balkans that seems to threaten the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. But, as though the recurrence of this perennial nightmare were not a sufficient strain upon the disordered nerves of Europe, trouble, which promises to tax to the utmost the diplomatic resources of the Great Powers, is again looming in the distant East. In the case of Turkey and her internal disorganisation, there is no immediate cause for despair. On the contrary, without dismissing from our minds the gravity of the situation that may well evolve from the elements of unrest that exist throughout the country, there is reason for hope that Count Berchtold has indeed found a practical solution of the problem which has for so long baffled the ingenuity of statesmen.

To achieve his end, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister is seeking to reinstate, in an elastic form, the European Concert. Initial unanimity assured, there would seem to be no bar to a smooth course of negotiations which should ultimately bring tranquillity to the diverse races of the Turkish Empire. Briefly, Count Berchtold's plan is to provide for a certain measure of decentralisation without impairment of Turkish

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

sovereignty. In what may be taken as an officially authorised statement which appeared in the *Times* of Saturday, we are told that:—

> There is no idea of calling a congress or a conference which might arouse Turkish susceptibilities. There is no question of autonomy for Albania and for Macedonia, and it is not desired to pave the way for a fresh dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire. Measures must be found for rendering possible the satisfaction of the lawful aspirations of the non-Turkish nationalities in the Ottoman Empire in order that the Balkan States may no longer contemplate the making of war on Turkey. In short, it is a question of the strengthening of Turkey by a "measured decentralisation" which would not involve the danger of the creation of new Balkan States.

Nothing, so far, in the nature of destructive criticism of the Austrian proposals has appeared in the Press of Europe; and in some of the highest circles, both in England and on the Continent, expectations are held that the near future will witness the co-operation, in the interests of the world at large, no less than of Turkey herself, of the Powers who belong respectively to the Triplice and the Entente.

At the present moment, however, it is not alone towards Constantinople that the attention of the European Chancelleries is turned. Within the last few days Peking has upheld its latter-day reputation for providing the world with surprises; and by the summary execution, in the dead of night, of two of its citizen soldiers the new Republic is on the verge of a crisis of which it is difficult to over-estimate the gravity. Ever since he returned to power, Yuan Shih-kai has been faced with well-nigh overwhelming odds. In the first place, his was the task of reconciling the Throne to its fate, and, at the same time, of satisfying the ambitious demands of the Southern Republicans. It was a tremendous and a thankless task, but he acquitted himself as a master, and became the custodian of the welfare of four hundred millions of people. In the months that have followed his election to the Presidency, the trials and difficulties of office have multiplied thick and fast. For not only have financial embarrassments beset his administration, but the Revolution itself has left behind such a residue of intrigue and heart-burning that Yuan Shih-kai is in constant danger of his life.

It would be idle at this stage to speculate upon the purely local developments which may arise from the conflict at present existing between Yuan Shih-kai and the Advisory Council. With an eagerness which betrays their unreliability, some writers have endeavoured to state a case for the enemies of the President. But the latest facts available certainly do not warrant confident prediction in this direction. It would seem that the two Generals who have gone to their doom, however worthy their motives, could not have been working to any practical end so far as China is concerned at present. On the contrary, they, and the school they represented, must be held responsible for much, if not all, of the anarchy which prevails in China to-day.

Yuan Shih-kai is a man whose patriotic motives cannot be called into question by anyone laying claim to political wisdom; and if the more ambitious among his compatriots would only consent to sink their rivalries and accord him whole-hearted support, an era of peace in China might easily dawn to-morrow. The real danger—not only to the Republic, but to every Power having interests in the Far East—lies in the fact that internecine strife is likely to provide the dangerous excuse for international intervention. It may be stated positively that Germany, Great Britain, the United States, and France are using their utmost endeavours to render unnecessary a policy calculated to make China the storm centre of the world. We must trust to the efficacy of those covenants which bind us so closely to Japan and Russia to prevent a catastrophe which, in the case of the Balkan problem, is almost inconceivable.

MOTORING

THE R. A. C. certificate relating to the test of the Cadillac self-starting system has been issued, and its essence is summarised in the following sentence:—"Three thousand starts (1,000 per car) were made without any hesitation, and on no occasion did the starter fail in operation." The conditions under which the trial was conducted were such as to preclude the possibility of any special preparation being made for the occasion, the three cars tested being selected by the R. A. C. officials out of fifteen which were placed at their disposal by the British representatives of the Cadillac, Messrs. F. S. Bennett, Limited. Two of those selected were at the wharf in London, packed in the cases in which they left the Detroit factory, while the third was taken from the Shaftesbury Avenue show-room. The certificate states that the interval between each start was approximately 10 seconds, and the average time taken for each engine to start was four-fifths of a second. It may be pointed out that a special feature of the Cadillac system of self-starting is that the engine automatically re-charges the the batteries, so that the voltage remains practically constant. Messrs. Bennett state that there are actually in use at the present time over 11,000 cars fitted with

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."
"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.
If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to
S. BOWLEY & SON,
DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT.
"Express" and "Bomo" Brands.
Wellington Works,
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.
Established 1744.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the system, and that all are giving complete satisfaction.

In reference to self-starting devices generally, it is worth while to quote the opinion of Mr. S. F. Edge, who has been carrying out personal trials of the various self types in the market, including those operated by compressed air, springs, electricity, and acetylene gas. The result of his experiments is the conviction that each of these has disadvantages which, up to the present, outweighs its advantages, and he cannot recommend any of them to the private motorist. None of them would, in his opinion, give satisfaction after a year's use, and the amount of care and intelligence required to keep them working efficiently would be greater than the average car-owner is disposed to give. Dealing with the various systems separately, Mr. Edge says the compressed air type is too heavy and expensive, and, moreover, requires a skilled person to keep the installation in order; the spring type, although the simplest and most reliable when in perfect order, is too complicated, and therefore very liable to go wrong; the acetylene type is dangerous and erratic in starting; and the electric type, while ideal in theory, requires an excessive amount of power and would involve the use of a very heavy and expensive battery installation to give satisfaction with a large engine. It may, however, prove satisfactory with small engines, provided no objection be made to the expense. In spite of this unfavourable opinion of existing self-starting devices, Mr. Edge is convinced that the time will come when the ideal system will be evolved and perfected, and, as he rightly says, all experimenters in this direction deserve the thanks of the motoring community. Personally, he is quite willing thoroughly to test any new form of self-starter on one of the Napier cars, and impartially record the result for the benefit of motorists generally.

In the course of a leading article dealing with the serious accident in Scotland last week, when a char-à-bancs broke a driving chain when mounting a steep incline and ran backwards with disastrous results to the passengers, the *Motor* points out that the accident might have been averted had the vehicle been fitted with a sprag, and contends that all heavy motor vehicles, such as char-à-bancs and motor 'buses should be compulsorily fitted with these invaluable, but despised, devices. This is a very sensible suggestion, and the authorities would be well advised if they adopted it at once. In the early days of motoring, when engines had less reserve of power and the car mechanism was much cruder and less reliable than at present, the sprag was an almost invariable accessory of every car. With improved brakes and more powerful engines it has gradually become obsolete, and the modern motorist would smile if invited to have one fitted to his car. Nevertheless, it remains true that, in the event of the brakes failing when mounting a hill, the humble sprag is the only known device which will hold the car and prevent a dangerous backward run; and many people who motor with a sense of perfect security would feel less easy if they knew the actual state of the brakes of the car in which they were riding, and realised how dependent they were upon the power and regular working of the engine. In the case of powerful chain-driven cars, more especially, is the sprag a valuable fitment, and certainly all heavy public motor vehicles would be safer if equipped with them.

Latest reports of the tyre test which is now proceeding are to the effect that all the tyres—Dunlop, Victor, Michelin, and Continental—are doing remarkably well. Over 2,000 miles have been covered, and none of the tyres has even lost a stud up to the present.

R. B. H.

Flying at Hendon

THE weather, upon whose caprice almost everyone and everything depends—especially during the holiday month of August—has been responsible for the comparatively small amount of flying that has taken place in various parts of the country. On Saturday, however, in spite of a very strong wind, there were several ascents at Hendon. M. Marcel Desoutter and Mr. James Valentine were each up in the teeth of a gale, and although at one time it appeared as if Mr. Valentine's monoplane would overturn, neither met with any accident. Mr. Lewis Turner and Mr. R. T. Gates reached a height of about 800 feet, and Mr. Valentine won the speed handicap in 9 min. 22 2-5 sec.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

JUST as we were all expecting a rush of business this unfortunate Chinese trouble has broken out again and people are nervous. I believe that everything will be settled peacefully, but, as I have often informed you, there is a latent danger that the Chinaman in the North will decline to be led by the Chinaman in the South. Yuan Shih-kai is a great autocrat, and his colleague who controls the army has immense power; neither of them, however, is willing to allow the Cantonese any position in the Government. Trouble has been brewing for a long time past, and the difficulty is to get accurate information on this side. The Europeans in China are prejudiced and they are not well informed with regard to the position The reason why I am hopeful that peace will be preserved is that the Chinese are eminently a business race. They are not fighters and they do not want trade disturbed by revolution; therefore both sections will attempt to compromise. Yuan Shih-kai has enormous influence and is a most capable man. He will probably think it wise to placate the Southerner. A serious revolution would be extremely dangerous to the London financiers; for the London banks have lent a great deal of money on Chinese stocks, being firmly convinced that peace was certain. A default followed by a revolution would, therefore, create a small panic.

There is no new issue of any importance except the debenture issue of the British-Australian Oil, which is offering £150,000 First Mortgage 6 per cent. Debentures. I see no future in the shale industry of Australia. In Scotland,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

where shale has been mined for many years, Pumpherston is really the only consistently successful concern. It owes its success to the remarkable genius of Mr. Fraser. The past history of most of the other companies is a record of struggles. Now that the Standard Oil have made an agreement with the Scotch companies some of them are doing better, but not well enough to encourage anybody to put money into Australian shale. The cost of production is much higher in the Colonies than it is in Scotland. Advertisements have been inserted in various papers comparing the shale with the oil industry. Such a comparison is most misleading. Shale is like coal and has to be mined in the same manner. The cost of production of a ton of shale (f.o.b.) is about 20s. a ton. The cost of pumping a ton of oil from a well 700 feet deep is about 5s. The cost of reducing the shale to its constituent parts is twice as much as that of refining oil.

MONEY.—The market remains in an uninteresting condition. Crops are earlier than usual, but they have not yet begun to affect Lombard Street. The banks are buying bills freely, which looks as though they did not expect any advance in rates before October. Let us hope that none will occur.

FOREIGNERS.—There has been very little business in the Foreign market. The suspicious strength of Chinese Bonds makes one think of manipulation. This market is in the hands of one or two important banks and finance houses who do not intend to allow values to fall if they can help it. The newspapers, however, are doing their best to create a panic without probably quite understanding how serious such a crisis would be.

HOME RAILS.—The traffic returns are excellent and this has put heart into the market. Dealers are short, and if the public would only realise what splendid investments they could purchase we should see a sharp rise. It is somewhat sanguine to imagine that the loss on the past half-year will be recovered before Christmas. Nevertheless trade is booming all over the country, and it is possible that some of the railways may be able to increase their distribution. The policy of the directors in keeping dividends down is not easily explained. It is well known that the Government has a scheme for the nationalisation of the lines, and as they will buy on a dividend basis, the higher the distribution the more money will the shareholders get.

YANKEES.—The American market is good. Crops are magnificent, and all the bankers are advising their clients to buy Yankee Rails. Unions are talked up on a scheme for paying out the preference shareholders, but whether it will come to anything is very doubtful. These preference shareholders have no claim upon the assets after they have received their money back, the whole of such assets belonging to the ordinary shareholders. The simplest way to end the dispute would be to have a friendly law suit so that the question could be decided by the Supreme Court. Sooner or later this will be done. Copper shares are very strong, the Utah report for the quarter showed a surplus of nearly a million and a half dollars. The copper cost the company 8.12 cents per lb., and as the selling price is 17¾ cents, Utah is making enormous profit. It has enough ore in hand to pay dividends for fifty years, therefore no one need be afraid of buying the shares. Miami is to be put up, but I think the price quite high enough. Copper will go to £85 a ton, and all copper shares will probably boom in the autumn. Amalgamated are a good purchase, and so are Anacondas.

RUBBER.—There is very little movement in the price of rubber shares, though the public are picking up what they consider cheap ones. But what is the use of buying something that looks cheap and afterwards turns out to be no good? Chersonese and Merlimau are my favourites, but I notice a great many brokers are recommending Galang Besar. I cannot agree with these brokers; because the price was once high is no reason why it should go up again. There was no rhyme or reason in the quotations for rubber shares during the boom.

OIL.—Roumania appears to be coming to the front. The Roumanian Consolidated has struck a good well, and the Astra has also got a spouter. There is no doubt that this country will one day rival Russia as an oil producer. Galician oil properties are doing well also; the Galician Oil Trust seems to have got over its difficulties and the shares are talked higher. Mr. Hicks went out to Galicia and put the affairs of the company on a business basis, not before it was wanted. The production is increasing and the share is a fair gamble. The best of the Maikops is British Maikop. Spies are talked higher, and there is some story that Shells are to be put up. I think, however, that they are quite high enough to-day.

KAFFIRS.—The Robinson Deep report was excellent. The profit for the year ending March amounted to £441,180. The grade of the ore now being crushed is rising and profits are affected, not only by the richness of the ore, but also by the use of machinery in breaking down the ore in the stopes. It is said that the mine will acquire fifty claims on the dip that are now part of the Booysen estate. I think Robinson Deep and Knights the two best purchases in the Kaffir market, although we are promised much larger profits from Crown Mines during the year. Paris seems to hesitate over Kaffirs and the boom hangs fire, but I am sure that an effort will be made to put things better in the autumn.

RHODESIANS.—The market in Chartereds is weak. Whenever the shares are put to 30s. sellers come in. There is no doubt that very large blocks of shares are hanging over our heads. When they are absorbed Chartered should go to £2, but when will that happen? Edmund Davis seems more inclined to put up Northern Coppers than to help his Jungle market. Latilla will be back from his holidays in a few days and will take up Planet Arcturus and Amalgamated Properties. I think that all Rhodesians will go better in sympathy.

TIN.—The tin market has been quite cheerful, mainly because the price of tin keeps so firm. I am told that the Rayfield Cornwall Syndicate has obtained enormous heaps of tailings that go about 10 lbs. to the ton. With modern appliances the vast masses of tailings that can be found all over Cornwall can be made to pay with tin at its present price. The old Cornish miners were very careless and did not extract more than 70 per cent. of the tin, the rest lies in the millions of tons of sands that disfigure the mining portions of Cornwall.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There is a very interesting article in the current number of *The Stockbroker* on the Marconi profits. Apparently the writer does not look for more than £200,000 profit for the parent company for the year. As the Stock Exchange calculates £400,000 as the profit and buys the shares on this basis, it is probable that purchasers will be disappointed. A large number of people are being circularised with a view to placing North Coast Land shares and debentures. Those who receive these circulars should carefully read the last report of this company.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

TALENTED AND *TALENTUEUX*.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Comme on l'a dit, les langues sont de vastes territoires sillonnés de routes; à côté des chemins classés, il y a les chemins de traverse et les sentiers, souvent plus courts et surtout plus pittoresques que les grandes voies.—DOCTEUR CABANÈS (*Petit Parisien*.)

SIR,—I was once criticised, as a pupil, by my English teacher for using what he would call "the objectionable expression 'a talented man' for 'a man of talent.'" Almost at the same time, as far as I can remember, my French teacher was taking exception to the use of "Le *talentueux* professeur," instead of "Le professeur de

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

talent." Having full confidence in my teachers' knowledge, I adopted their notions without examining whether these notions were just or not; afterwards I took the trouble to investigate the truth. From that time to the present moment, I confess that I have never been thoroughly satisfied with the reason given by English purists for rejecting the word *talented* from the English language.*

I was at this stage of my doubts as to the correctness of the word *talented*, when, recently, in one of THE ACADEMY supplements, Mr. J. W. Hales's following remarks on William Hodgson's work entitled "Errors in the Use of English," attracted my attention:—

"We confess to thinking that those who oppose the word *talented* have the worst of it in point of theory, and now also as respects usage. We hold with Dr. Fitzedward Hall that it is of thoroughly English formation. Many people, even of those who would set the world right about such matters, do not seem to know that '-ed' is an adjectival suffix as well as the participial. Those who object to it on the score that it must be formed from *talent* and not from *talents* forget that we speak of 'a man of talent,' using talent in a sort of collective sense; and that, exactly similarly, we speak of 'a high-principled man' and 'a man of high principle.' Surely the word ought to be allowed to take its seat in the house, so to say, without further opposition."

In French, qualifying adjectives are formed in the same way as nouns, that is to say, by *composition* or by *derivation.*†

Example (by composition)—*aigre-doux* (=sourish).

Example (by derivation)—*courageux* (=courageous), from *courage* (=courage).

This is another instance of the many points of resemblance that exist between the English and the French languages. That being the case, I fail to see any reason for my continuing to side with those who criticise the sensible remarks above quoted, as well as the following ones made (*a*) by Mr. West, in his Grammar (p. 202, Edition 1898), and (*b*) by the Authorities of the University of London.

Adjective suffixes—Possessing a quality:—

"(a) English: 'wretch-*ed.*' The *ed* in 'wretch' is the ending of the past participle, but it is attached to *nouns* as well as to verbs *to form adjectives*, as in 'horn-*ed*,' 'feather-*ed*,' 'kind-heart-*ed*.'

"A great outcry was raised some years ago against the words *gifted, talented, moneyed,* and a few similar adjectives, on the ground that they are formed like participles, but that there are no verbs from which they come.‡ If, however, we can talk of a 'rag*ged*' beggar, there seems no reason why we should not talk of a 'gift*ed*' poet. The further objection may be brought against *talented* and *moneyed,* that they are *hybrids,* since *talent* comes from the *Greek* and *money* from the *Latin.* But the same objection might be urged against the past participle of every weak verb of foreign origin in the language, from *preached* down to *telegraphed.*"

(*b*) Extract from "Matriculation English" (1869-1880):

"Some maintain that *ed* is the native suffix used to convert *verbs* into *adjectives,* and not *nouns.* Still there are so many examples coming under this category that *it must be allowable; e.g., talented, bigoted, daisied, sainted, skilled, storied, spirited.* An objection has been raised against such derivatives, it is true, but there is now a decided tendency to *accept* the formation in practice."

In conclusion, Sir, I shall take the liberty to repeat Mr. Hales's words: "Surely the word *talented* ought to be allowed to take its seat in the house, so to say, without further opposition." I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

"HAVE YOU READ BARUCH?"

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—With reference to your "Note of the Week" on Browning's story of Fontenelle and Habakkuk, and the similar anecdote of La Fontaine and Baruch, I believe that Browning was, indeed, deceived by that "hallucinatory faculty" his memory. I never heard of the Fontenelle-Habakkuk story before, but that about La Fontaine and Baruch has been familiar to me ever since my college days in France, some four-and-forty years ago. This is not surprising, as the anecdote has long figured in the various lives of the fabulist, and in nearly all the French encyclopædias, biographical dictionaries, etc. I think, however, that none of them specifies the real authority for the story. Let me repair that omission. I happen to know that it originally appeared in Louis Racine's memoirs of his father, first published in 1747. Louis Racine was too young to have known La Fontaine personally, but he derived this anecdote, like others, from his elder sisters. I may add, perhaps, that the query "Avez-vous lu Baruch?" has acquired a kind of proverbial status in France, being frequently used when anybody has been greatly impressed by what he regards as a remarkable discovery. Various instances of the kind are quoted in Larousse's Encyclopædia (1st Edition). I notice also that the question is given, under "Bazuch," in a familiar English work of reference, Dr. Brewer's "Reader's Handbook." If Fontenelle ever asked anything similar about Habakkuk it must have been jestingly, by way of parodying La Fontaine; but I doubt if he did so, and fear that Browning's memory was at fault.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ERNEST A. VIZETELLY.

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I again appeal through your columns for assistance for the Children's Country Holidays Fund.

The Executive Committee are still in need of a large sum of money, to enable them to carry out the arrangements which have been made, namely, to send away 50,000 children from the poorest classes in London for a fortnight's holiday in the country. The sum of £5,000 is urgently required to meet the disbursements necessary for carrying out the season's work.

The Executive Committee venture to believe that at such a time as this, when most of us who are more fortunately situated are in the enjoyment of our own holidays, this appeal will not be made in vain, and that the Fund will receive the assistance that is so urgently required. All contributions will be received here and gratefully acknowledged by me.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

ARRAN, Hon. Treasurer.

18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.,
August 17th, 1912.

"OF THAT ILK."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It is not often that one finds a writer in THE ACADEMY committing himself to a spurious *cliché*. But I would like Mr. R. A. J. Walling to say exactly what he means by the words I have underlined in the following

---

* As for *talentueux,* it has now been accepted by Larousse, who calls it "une expression familière."

† Brachet's Public School French Grammar (accidence).

‡ *Talented* is about as bad as possible. What is it? It looks like a participle. From what verb? Fancy such a verb as "to talent"!—DEAN ALFORD'S "The Queen's English" (1864), p. 100.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

extract from his article on "By-ways of Brittany," in one of your issues of last month :—

> ". . . . and when on the road you encounter Raoul Trevithick, there is nothing but the riband hanging from his hat to distinguish him from Dick Trevithick *of that ilk* in our own western peninsula."

Of all the phrases which Englishmen have adopted from Scotland as their literary children, this one is the most hopelessly misunderstood. I am, yours, etc.,

THE ATRABILIOUS SCOT.

August, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Historical Sketches of Glamorgan: A Series of Papers Read Before the Glamorgan Society, London. Vol. II. By Rev. D. Bryant, M.A., Rev. J. Leoline Phillips, B.A., and Howell Prosser. Illustrated. ("Western Mail." 1s. 9d., post free.)

With the Italians in Tripoli: The Authentic History of the Turco-Italian War. By Chevalier Tullio Irace. With Maps and Illustrations. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

Catalogue of Parliamentary Papers, 1901-1910. (P. S. King and Son. 5s.)

A History of English Prose Rhythm. By George Saintsbury. (Macmillan and Co. 14s. net.)

The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion. Third Edition. Part V. Spirits of the Corn and of the Wild. By J. G. Frazer, D.C.L., LL.D., Litt.D. 2 vols. (Macmillan and Co. 20s. net.)

May I Tell You a Story? By Helen Mar. With Portrait. (J. and J. Bennett. 2s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Legislation for the Protection of Women. By Lord Charnwood. (P. S. King and Son. 2d.)

Bibliothèque de la Faculté des Lettres:—XXX. L'Isochronisme dans le Vers Français. By Paul Verrier. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 2 fr.)

Lo Rei Lear. Tragedia de Guillem Shakespeare. Translated into Spanish by Anfòs Par. (Associació Wagneriana, Barcelona. 7.50 ptes.)

Cruikshank Reflections: The Past and the Present in Merry Tales and Humorous Verses. With 70 Illustrations by George Cruikshank. (Holden and Hardingham. 1s. net.)

Plato's "Apology" and "Crito," or "The Defence of Socrates" and "The Drama of Loyalty." A New Translation, with the Greek Text Parallel, and Introduction and Notes by Charles L. Marson, M.A. (Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Strategy of Nature. By Marshall Bruce-Williams. Coloured Frontispiece. (Association of Standardised Knowledge. 2s. 6d.)

Axiom and Principles of the Science of Organisation. By Marshall Bruce-Williams. With Charts. Second Edition. (Association of Standarlised Knowledge. 7s. 6d.)

Surnames of the United Kingdom. By H. Harrison. Vol. II. Part 4. (The Eaton Press. 1s. net.)

The Cathedrals and Churches of Rome and Southern Italy. By T. Francis Bumpus. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 16s. net.)

The Book of Revelations of Jim Crow. With Prefaces by Horatio Bottomley and Peter Keary, and Portrait Frontispiece. (J. and J. Bennett. 2s.)

FICTION.

My Escapes. By a Bachelor. (John Long. 6s.)

The Stolen Racer. By Nat Gould. (John Long. 6d.)

Wilhelmina in London. By Barry Pain. New Edition. (John Long. 1s. net.)

The Child of His Adoption. By George Evans. (Herbert and Daniel. 6s.)

The Quest of the Golden Rose. By John Oxenham. With a Frontispiece in Colour by Harold Copping. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Olivia Mary. By E. Maria Albanesi. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

The Man with the Red Beard: A Story of Moscow and London. By David Whitelaw. (Greening and Co. 6d.)

A Benedick in Arcady. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.)

Edelweiss. By Rita. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.)

EDUCATIONAL.

Black's Sentinel Reader. By E. E. Speight, B.A. Books IV and V. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black, 1s. 6d. each.)

VERSE.

Castle Building, and Other Poems. By Guy Kendall. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)

THEOLOGY.

Getting Ready for the Mission: Suggestions to Clergy Who are Preparing for a Mission in Their Parishes. By the Ven. Archdeacon Donne, M.A. New Edition, with a Preface by the Rev. Canon Mason, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 1s.)

PERIODICALS.

L'Action Nationale; Bookseller; Constitution Papers; University Correspondent; La Revue; Publishers' Circular; Revue Bleue; Peru To-Day; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Mercure de France; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Journal de Psychologie Normale et Pathologique; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Boy's Own Paper; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine. Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, Mass.; The Atlantic Monthly.

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK, IN POWDER FORM.

THE COOLING SUMMER DRINK

MADE IN A MOMENT BY STIRRING BRISKLY IN COLD WATER.

Its cooling and thirst-quenching qualities, as well as its nourishing value, commend it to Athletes, Sportsmen, Golfers, Tennis Players, Cricketers, etc.

VERY REFRESHING WITH A DASH OF SODA.

SERVED IN REFRESHMENT ROOMS AND BARS, AT MANY SPORTS GROUNDS, AND IN RESTAURANTS AND CAFÉS.

Of all Chemists and Stores in Sterilised Glass Bottles, at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., and 11s.

Trial size free by post on application.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. TRANSCANADA—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. TRANSPACIFIC—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

TO

SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.

WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.

Via the SUEZ CANAL:

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.

(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the

MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC

by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

. . . Ports of Call . . .

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.

(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

Throughout the Year, according to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, 102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Isles, & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Thursday Fortnight.	London.
THE AZORES.	£17†	19.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.
NORWAY.	From £1 a day	13 upwards.	June to August.	Grimsby & Leith.
BALTIC & RUSSIA.	From £1 a day.	24.	August 24.	Grimsby.
MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.

† Including Hotel Accommodation.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY, London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 52, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week ...	259
Becalmed	260
A Job—and Its Consequences	260
Richard Jeffries	261
Letters and Life	262
Reviews:	
The Newer and Older Criticisms	264
Strange Indian Ideas ...	265
Madame de Boigne Again	266
The Revival of the Third Republic	267
In Forbidden China ...	268
The Source of St. Paul's Ethics	268
The Italian Stage ...	269
Two Early Psychologists	270
Shorter Reviews	270
Fiction	271
LITERARY RETROSPECT ...	273
Marc Lescarbot	281
English Apprenticeship and Child Labour	282
The Individual Reader ...	283
The Literary Traveller ...	285
The Stratford Shakespeare Festival	286
Animals at Fault	287
Foreign Reviews	288
Notes and News	289
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	290
Motoring	291
In the Temple of Mammon	292
Correspondence ...	293
Books Received	295

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE are glad to notice that the health of the Kaiser is improving. Although it is usual to depict the German Emperor as "the War Lord," we believe that he is sincerely attached to peace, an attitude which we think does equal credit to his head and his heart. With the splendid Army and the formidable Navy which he has at his disposal, a man of unbalanced judgment would almost inevitably embark on adventures. The Kaiser has shown admirable restraint, and our own wish is that he may live long to control the destinies of Germany in the path of progress and peace.

Students of George Meredith's work will be interested in a valuable little article which appeared in last week's *Athenæum*, entitled "Meredith's First Published Poem," by Mr. Buxton Forman. The poem alluded to is, of course, "Chillianwallah," but not many people know that it first saw the light in a manuscript magazine called *The Monthly Observer*, in April 1849, three months before it achieved print in *Chambers' Journal*. It seems that the editor of this manuscript magazine was also the outspoken critic of the work submitted during his term of office, and he questioned the correctness of certain metaphors used by Meredith. After congratulations, he proceeds to cavil at the phrase "I would fain be deaf and dumb," remarking rather quaintly: "We see no sufficient reason for this wish (which, by the way, does not sound very poetical) unless it be the all powerful one of Rhyme"; and then pulls the poet up for writing of "memory's harp-strings"—"Poetry should be truth, and we submit that memory is not remarkable for harp-strings." This is drastic, if not particularly brilliant criticism; the interesting thing to note, however, is that Meredith adopted his editor's suggestions, and altered the poem considerably by its next appearance!

An irate correspondent of a daily paper proposes an "acting committee of London editors to 'sit upon' each new phrase propounded in trade interests by illiterates who do business in engineering, and to decide what—if any—shall obtain recognition and attain in time entrée to dictionaries of the English language." His wrath has been roused by the hybrid words that are gradually assuming a right to the dignity of the dictionary—such as "aviator," the ugly and clumsy "automobile," and other terms of a similar kind. We have seen many worse suggestions, although we hardly think that "aerobat" and "aerobatic"—despite the authority of the "Clouds" of Aristophanes—are happy words to denote an air journey; nor do "volation" for flying and "volitation" for hovering appeal to us. The fact is that journalists of late years seem to have a rooted objection to using the obvious English compound, such as "airman"—why we know not, since "steamboat," "boatman," "bargeman," "lock-keeper," "boat-house," "bell-rope," and hundreds of other doubled good English words are in constant use; therefore we find such monstrosities as "cinema-theatre," "cinema-de-luxe," and "kinemacolour" affronting our eyes—and worse, perverting the English of the crowd—in almost every town. "Picture-palace" is not bad; but the man who first used "cinema-theatre" ought to be thrown to the lions.

It was with something of a shock that we read, on Saturday last, in the correspondence columns of a paper whose prevailing hue is sea-green, a lengthy letter upon "London Street Grievances," the main portion of which was devoted to a complaint about "the dust nuisance." As every grain of dust has been promptly held down and pinioned by a bulky raindrop during many wet, weary weeks, and not the tiniest whirl or eddy of dust has been seen in the streets or lanes, this protest seems, to say the least, irrelevant. "One sees," says the writer, "regular drifts of it lying on the Whitehall pavement, left to remain there all day long, to be caught up every now and then by the wind, and whisked, with straws, dead leaves, and dirty pieces of paper, into the eyes, noses, and mouths of passengers." Can the letter be a relic from last summer? For the sake of a few warm weeks we would willingly take the risk of two straws, four dead leaves, and one dirty piece of paper affronting us daily during the next month. The whole paragraph is a puzzle; still, correspondence pages must be filled—and it is, after all, the "silly season."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Becalmed

BROOD not on present sadness, lest it grow
Too huge for future joy to overturn.
Th' event thou could'st not change. Then swiftly learn
The steadfast mind that is not prey to woe.
Whither it lists Love's freshening wind will blow;
Soon, soon perhaps, its laughing gusts will churn
The waters of indifference that discern
Naught save the cold moon bidding ebb and flow;
And like an eagle watching half afraid
The home-returning of its nursling fledged,
Thou shalt behold the ship, so long delayed,
With all its freight wherein thy hopes lie pledged,
Ride, when the sun turns to a ball of fire,
Into the Haven of thy Heart's Desire.

MAX PLOWMAN.

A Job—and its Consequences

LORD HALDANE, eminent in the Courts of Chancery, was rather a comic person at the War Office. After infinite labour—abhorrent to Mr. Lloyd George—he evolved a singularly inept system of military service, which has made us the laughing-stock of the world, and which has damaged our diplomatic influence almost beyond repair. As the author of the Gilbertian idea of a volunteer artillery, he should certainly be awarded a leather medal.

Notwithstanding his unbounded belief in himself as a man of war, Lord Haldane has always cast a famished eye on the Woolsack. When his friend Mr. Neil Primrose, in his favourite character of an incorrigible nincompoop, directed his polished pebbles against the man—Lord Loreburn—who had by long and mistaken service given this foolish person the opportunity of sitting on the Government benches, Lord Haldane is believed to have chuckled.

Mr. Asquith, whose speciality is strategic advance to the rear, at once saw his opportunity. Lord Loreburn with all his Radical faults had not the saving grace of dishonesty. The Radical party attach no importance to anything else; the corollary was obvious. Lord Loreburn had to go, and some one had to reign in his stead.

Mr. Lloyd George would have liked Sir Rufus Isaacs, whose oleaginous qualities might have been useful to explain away a recrudescence of Limehouse, to have been Lord Chancellor. Mr. Asquith was in a painful predicament. The War Office must be delivered from the control of a Chancery lawyer, whose idea of an Imperial army was perhaps conceived when he was a private in the "Devil's Own." At all events, the Kaiser would not care to attack a country where his one and only ministerial friend was in high office. Therefore, Lord Haldane must grace the Woolsack, and Sir Rufus Isaacs, to obviate the probability of Welsh bad language, must be admitted to the Cabinet.

The curtain rises, Lord Haldane discovered seated quite comfortably on the Woolsack. First effort: Appointment to the Derbyshire County Bench of Mr. Tom Parker, greengrocer and Unionist. Wrath of Mr. Neil Primrose, the Woolsack-maker. Mr. Asquith on the telephone; precipitate flight of the ex-Army expert. Unionist dealer in garden produce ousted, and a good, or partially good, Liberal appointed in his stead.

The partially good Liberal in an interview is reported to have said, "My name has been put forward three or four times for the Commission of the Peace, and Sir H. H. Raphael knows all about it." We never heard of this foreign gentleman before, but on reference to Debrett's House of Commons, we find that he is positively a first Baronet and member for the Southern Division of Derbyshire, where we are glad to see he was defeated in October, 1900, an experience which we hope will be shortly repeated.

This gentleman—some of these people like to be called noblemen—was a member of the House of Commons when the King issued a Commission to inquire into the method of the selection of Justices of the Peace, and he was a member of the House of Commons when the Report of the Commission was laid on the table of the House in 1910. If this gentleman wishes to be anything more than ornamental it would well become him as a county member to make himself acquainted with the Report of the Royal Commission as a whole, and not to select those portions of the recommendations which appeal to his temperament.

> Speaking generally we in the first place express the opinion that the evils now existing in the system of selecting Justices of the Peace can, to a great extent, be remedied by removing political opinions and political action from the influences affecting such selection.

And again in the report:—

> The selection should be controlled and guided by considerations which will secure that the office shall be filled by men of sufficient ability, of impartial judgment and of high character.

What says Mr. Parker of Woodville as reported in the *Daily News*?

> I base my claim for the distinction, not upon the amount I pay in rates, but on the service I have rendered to public life and the Liberal Party, though I would rather not introduce the political question.

Sir H. H. Raphael, Mr. Asquith and Lord Haldane "know all about it," and we hope the public will "know all about it," too.

CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Richard Jeffries

RICHARD JEFFRIES died at Brighton, twenty-five years ago this month, and some twelve years earlier his first nature essays were published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "No man is appreciated until after his death." This period, however, should be long enough to establish a reputation, and it is a convenient standpoint whence to look back.

The cult of nature has had a wonderful development since the time of Jeffries. The study of wild nature, the love of nature, the worship even of nature, has spread marvellously among the people. The number of books written on the subject during the last fifteen years, to say nothing of a fine and continuous crop of articles in the Press, is startling. Of course, Jeffries is not responsible for all this; some impulse must have come from Science and the Darwin school; still, his influence must have been great, especially on the literary side. We have, moreover, to bear in mind that the English are essentially a nature-loving people. Foreigners have doubted whether we care for music or pictures at all. That we have as a nation a greater love and appreciation of natural beauties than any other in Europe is beyond dispute; even fox-hunting has been adduced in proof of this! There is undoubtedly a very genuine interest in nature among all classes—an interest more active since the study has become a part of school curricula.

The influence of Jeffries is largely an underground influence; he can hardly be called a much-read author, although his books have had a steady sale. He appeals, in fact, to a limited and select audience. The early poets of the nineteenth century, particularly Wordsworth, and, later, Tennyson, did much to educate the popular mind to a more loving attitude towards nature. Jeffries was as true to earth as Wordsworth. Tennyson's landscapes are too intellectual; Shelley's too exotic. These were nature-poets; their attitude towards nature was secondary. Jeffries was a poet-naturalist; his attitude towards nature was primary and practical.

Like Wordsworth, he was a child of the woods and hills. Many an old-fashioned naturalist has been educated in this university. It was the school of Wilson, the botanist of the Dales; of Gilbert White of Selborne; of old Dr. Couch of Polperro. These naturalists were born of the gun or the plough. They were fishermen, sportsmen, or "amateur poachers"—not "undergrads." They loved the crack of the rifle; they studied their craft, observed times and seasons, haunts and habits of wild creatures, so that no shot might be in vain. But the day came, as Jeffries records it, when the hand cunning to kill paused on the trigger, and the keen eye watched. The love of life conquered the love of sport—the naturalist was made. The wilds wrapt him in a trance; nature gave up her secrets. The young Nimrod was transformed into a Hiawatha.

Jeffries was a subjective writer; his matter is drawn entirely from his own personal experience. He interprets this matter entirely through his own feelings. Directly he gets beyond himself he is lost; he cannot deal with information gained at second-hand. The fields, the woods, and the downs he knew, the country people who lived with or around him, and himself—these are what he weaves into books mystic and wonderful. Besant in his "Eulogy" has successfully disposed of Jeffries as a novelist. No doubt he is right in the main, although possibly a little hard on Jeffries. The criticism amounts to this: the earlier stories are too dreadful to talk about; the later—well! the plot is weak or absent, and the books have a nasty habit of leaving off in the midst of it. They are full of moralisings, and, besides, wander off into vague points of once-current politics. Obviously to the novel-reader they are unendurable.

But the point about Jeffries is this. We cannot get a right perspective by reading one book. We cannot know or understand Jeffries' land by taking one walk from Swindon. He reveals himself gradually, and, indeed, never finishes revealing himself. One book helps and interprets another as the books of no other writer do. We speedily forget that Jeffries' so-called stories are stories at all; he is merely introducing us to people he knew. If he had had bettter health and more time, he would have made us still better acquainted with them. Felix is Bevis grown up. Felise is but another and fuller Amaryllis, and each is a girl-Bevis. The other people in his books are the people of his "old village"; we find them in the "novels," in the agricultural sketches, and in the nature essays, drawn in all the lights and side-lights of country life. He did not write many books, but rather one in many parts.

Similarly with landscapes. Jeffries could not limn tropical islands that he had never seen; but Coate Reservoir, the "old village," Burderop Estate, Liddington Hill, and the grand moors he painted with such fidelity and minuteness of detail that he who wanders into Jeffries' land needs no guide. Everything, to the turn in the road, the high wall of the old farm, its orchard, the wayside trees, the willowed brook, the Swindon footpath, and the old stile where the women gossip are all fixed on the reader's mental retina almost as if he had seen them. And so a seemingly commonplace village landscape becomes of supreme interest; we have memories there—not our own, but Jeffries', which we have made our own. We look in summer along one of those common hedgerows; try to see in it something of what he saw—and lo! an hour has gone.

In Jeffries' writings, however, there is much more than mere fidelity. He is an artist and a mystic; he speaks of people we feel to be real, yet unreal. He reveals them to us as a medium might reveal the beings of another world. His mystic ideals and his own yearnings after them form the atmosphere in which these works of his were written. His people, too, are like the family of the Concord pines that Thoreau speaks of; the wind blows through them; the sunbeams shine through their homesteads. Felise and Bevis are children of summer and the sun. They move through a scenic panorama that is natural, yet at the same time subtly idealised. So faithful is it to the ordinary houses, hills, and hedge-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

rows of Wiltshire that they can be recognised at a glance, yet this historian of the hedgerow sees symbols of things unspeakable and a volume of things unutterable in the corner of a common meadow.

The reading of Jeffries is constructive. One must read him as a whole. His physical world must be built up in the reader's imagination; then the latter must raise over it as an atmosphere something of Jeffries' ideals and something of his feeling-states. It is only by some process of this sort that these glorious books become suffused with living beauty. And because this necessary mental effort is so often lacking, Jeffries will always appeal only to the limited class of real readers. From the earliest story to the latest essay, the books show the struggling of a great soul to utter the unutterable. Those long trances among the hills had filled him with thoughts too long and too deep for mortal pen ever to express. "The Story of My Heart" seems the effort of a dumb man who has learnt some great secret, and strives even in agony to say it, but in vain. The pity of it all, and the wonder of it all, is the pain, disease, and distress out of which these summer-songs were wrung. Ten short years of continued agony and anxiety left us the legacy of these books. We go to Jeffries' land for inspiration, but it is largely to learn the truth of his mystic philosophy. "The brook is dead, for when man goes nature ends. I dare say there is water there still, but it is not the brook; the brook is gone, like John Brown's soul."

W. A. R.

Letters and Life

THERE are two men whose example is responsible for a vast amount of wasted effort—Flaubert and Stevenson. Young writers are obsessed by the example of Stevenson and his notebooks—his playing of "the sedulous ape" to Hazlitt, Lamb, Wordsworth, and Sir Thomas Browne. They remember the agony of effort with which Flaubert's few books were wrung out of him. In their mutual admiration societies they exchange recipes for making short stories out of nothing, and, when a neophyte presents himself, having written one or two lively tales by the light of nature, they tell him to put himself to school with Maupassant. If his native impulse is sufficiently vigorous, this will do him no harm. But not unfrequently a talent that might have developed happily on its own lines becomes cramped and twisted, or the spontaneity is killed out of it, by too docile imitation of a literary model, or excessive conscientiousness as regards the minutiæ of the literary craft. While as for the crew who mistake aspiration for inspiration, they will go on all their lives without discovering that when the divine spark is absent all Maupassant's care in construction, all Flaubert's agonised search for *le mot juste*, will not bestow it. No doubt it is form that gives immortality to a work of art; but the form is not imposed arbitrarily on the matter; it is linked with it by a vital necessity. The only form that counts is inevitable form—form conditioned by the vital energy of the shaping thought.

There is no doubt that many literary aspirants are handicapped by a lack of that knowledge of the elementary principles of grammar and logic which ought to be given—but is not—to children at school. Grammar has been dropped from the curriculum of modern schools, but little boys are taught to write "compositions" in detestable journalese, and youths are urged to attend debating societies that they may acquire the pretentious fluency so necessary to impose on the crowd of the quarter-educated. They would be better employed in mastering the simple rules that govern the construction of sentences, and learning to express their thoughts logically and concisely. Beyond that, one is rather of the opinion that George Sand held in her correspondence with Flaubert. This woman, with whom, as Sainte-Beuve says, style was "a natural gift," who wrote limpidly and harmoniously without effort and without rest, scarcely understood the plaints which her "Benedictine," as she called him, addressed to her from his retreat at Croisset:—

> You do not know what it is to remain a whole day with your head in your hands, squeezing your unfortunate brain to find a word. Your ideas flow amply, incessantly, like a river; mine are a slender trickle of water. . . . *Ah, je les aurai connues, les affres du style.*

To this she replies:—

> As to style, I set less store by it than you. The wind plays in my old harp as it pleases; it has its high notes and its low notes, its full tones and its falterings. . . . I can find nothing in myself; it is "the other" who sings in his own way—ill or well. Let the wind play a little in your chords.

According to Stevenson, the art and mystery of writing consists in this—to say what one has to say "clearly, engagingly, and forcibly" and without a superfluous word. Has the magician given away his secret? He is only like Macbeth's witches, who

> Keep the word of promise to the ear,
> To break it to the sense.

In the days before aeroplanes it is said that a man who wished to acquire the art of flying was told to "Get a pair of wings and practise." It is much the same thing to tell a man who wishes to succeed as a writer that he has only to write "engagingly and forcibly." One cannot acquire power and charm; a writer has them or has them not, just as he is born with black or blue eyes. In the long run it is a matter of the quality of his life.

There is nothing that tells more with the public and less with the critics than the mass and momentum of a writer's personality. Read, for instance, contemporary criticisms on Balzac or on Dickens. How the critics reproached Balzac for his melodrama and his sham metaphysics. How they cast up against Dickens his lachrymose sentiment and his violent caricature, his pettiness and unfairness and want of culture. It was all true; the critics were perfectly right. But we see now—we who stand further off from these great men—

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

that, "with all their imperfections on their heads," they rise above the dead level of their times like mountains from the plain. The popular mind with its instinct for force hailed them while the critics were criticising. Now even the critics have come to recognise the *fait accompli*. Sainte-Beuve said of Balzac that "his personality, his whole organisation entered into his books and revealed itself in them; he wrote them not merely with his intellect, but with his blood and muscles." It is by this fierce vital energy that they appeal to readers today, when the works of more delicate and careful artists are gathering dust upon the shelves.

Sometimes the life-force impresses more by ardour than by volume. It is a thin keen flame, like the genius of Stevenson. "For fourteen years (he wrote) I have not had a day's real health; I have waked sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and out of it, written in hæmorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long it seems to me that I have won my wager and recovered my glove." His life was a chivalrous adventure, and therefore it is that in his books we always seem to hear the solitary trumpet ringing down the lists, as the Disinherited Knight presents himself for the unequal combat, overcomes, and takes the prize.

The greatest men of letters have been men of action also, from Thucydides to Macaulay. An exception like Tennyson only proves the rule. It is part of the harmful specialisation of modern life that it causes this divorce between ideas and action. Shakespeare, the man of business; Milton, the diplomat; Fielding, the borough magistrate; Scott, the lawyer-laird, all illustrate the impulse that drives men of real genius to prove themselves by the world's work, and to apprehend by contact with their fellows the essence of drama, which is character in action.

> Es bildet ein Talent sich in die Stille
> Sich ein Character in der Strom der Welt.

Great literature is the outcome of what Goethe meant by "Character."

There is something touching in this craving of men of letters to be men of action. In the "Vicomte de Bragélonne," that rich and noble romance, nobly praised by Stevenson, but not above its deserts, there is a stirring passage in which d'Artagnan, the Captain of the Guards, sums up the glory of the life of action both for the great and the obscure:—

> Je suis de ceux, voyez-vous, qui pensent que les rôles des rois et des puissants valent mieux que les rôles de mendiants ou de laquais. Vous avez commandé, vous avez joui . . . . Moi, j'ai obéi, moi, j'ai pâti. Eh bien, si peu que je vaille auprès de vous, Monsiegneur, je vous le déclare, le souvenir de ce que j'ai fait me tient lieu d'un aiguillon qui m'empêche de courber trop tôt ma vieille tête. Je serai jusqu'au bout bon cheval d'escadron, et je tomberai tout roide, tout d'une pièce, tout vivant, après avoir bien choisi ma place.

So much for the substance of the writer's work, the power that is in him to say his say "forcibly." The charm depends on the colour of his diction and the rhythm of his cadences, *i.e.*, on the exquisiteness of his sensory organisation. A beautiful style is much more the result of the unconscious training of a man's ear all through his life than of any definite effort. Out of all the sounds that accost his sense he gradually makes his own peculiar music. Listen to one of the sweetest prose passages in our literature, the story of how Christiania and her companions pass over the River. It is the cadence of the English Bible, but simpler and sweeter; the plain talk of the man who walks through the fields in the morning while the lark sings overhead, to speak to a few people in a cottage of the deep things of God.

Some writers begin with an imitative rhythm and only gradually develop a genuine music of their own. Others, like Macaulay, rattle out all their lives the same military march. When he began as a youth to write for the reviews, his editor wondered "where he picked up that style." It was the same style to the end, the hard, metallic sentences clanging on their way like a tramping squadron of Roman legionaries. Ruskin, on the other hand, begins by forming himself on Johnson and Hooker. There is the discipline of twenty years between the first and the last chapter of "Modern Painters."

In Scott's early ballads how one hears the tramp of his horse's feet, and how the old place-names that he loved chime like bells on the harness:—

> Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,
> And Eildon slopes to the plain,
> Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,
> That gay gallant was slain.

It is instructive to compare these lines with the deep, subdued pathos of such a passage as that which tells how Frank Osbaldistone revisited in loneliness the wild heath where he had first met his lost love. "When I approached the place where I had first seen her I almost listened for the cry of the hounds and the note of the horn, and strained my eyes on vacant space, as if to discern the fair huntress again descend like an apparition from the hill."

Those who saw Scott in society wondered sometimes how this heavy squire, this good-natured teller of endless old yarns, could have anything of the divine fire in him. The casual visitor might come and go and never once see the great brow light up with "the splendour of a sudden thought." Yet there, for a witness, are Madge Wildfire's songs—"deep as first love and wild with all regret"—steeped in the memories of a strong, silently faithful heart.

What gives its value to any literary work is the quality, the energy, the mass, of the life behind it. A man's art is the expression of his whole personality, and so the best school for letters is life; the best way to learn to write is to deepen, enrich, and elevate one's experience. Perhaps we had better ponder more than we do the words of one who had a right to speak, both as a man of action and a man of letters. "He who would not be frustrate of his hope," says John Milton, "to write well in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem."

D M. J.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

The Newer and Older Criticisms

Essentials of Poetry: Lowell Lectures, 1911. By WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)

Introductions to the Poets. By W. F. RAWNSLEY, M.A. (G. Routledge and Sons. 2s. 6d.)

TO read a volume such as that by Professor Neilson is to receive a lesson in the intellectual tendencies of our times. The influence of the scientific spirit is in evidence on almost every page. The whole work is about as far removed from the old-fashioned type of criticism, with its rigid canons and arbitrary criteria, as one could well imagine. Psychology, that far-reaching and fundamental study, makes itself felt all through these lectures. The very title is an indication of the author's view-point; for where the earlier writer might have called a volume of this type "Canons of Poetry" we have here the deeper and more penetrating "Essentials of Poetry." Latter-day criticism tends to become more and more subjective. This may seem to some to introduce an element of confusion and uncertainty, yet criticism must inevitably work in this direction, since it is the personal impression, which does reverence to very few canons, that is finally our test.

Professor Neilson will have nothing to do with any rigid definitions of poetry: he is too well aware of the fate of all such things. He does, however, help us to know in what true poetry consists far more surely than by the application of a neatly-framed definition. Nor will he use those hard-worked words "classical," "romantic," and "realistic," without trying to understand what is included in each; in the course of this study he proves again the insufficiency of all these terms. However convenient they may be as labels we must guard against accepting them as anything more. Our author is on safe ground when he connects the quality of reason with classicism, that of imagination with romanticism, and the sense of fact with realism; he is thus able to recognise and appraise some of the extremer manifestations of each type, while pleading for that balance of qualities which is ever the mark of the true masterpiece. After an introductory chapter on this balance of qualities there follow chapters on each of the foregoing tendencies. In the course of these we get such an illuminating illustration as the following:—

> When we think of the difference between the Parthenon and the Cathedral of Chartres, we are at once aware of clearly opposed tendencies. In the one we find exquisite proportion and clearly-marked symmetry, a strict avoidance of everything unnecessary and irrelevant, resulting in a chaste simplicity, a fine adjustment of means to ends, a marked unity of conception due largely to a parsimony of detail. In the other, proportion and symmetry are less satisfying; much that is irrelevant, from a rational point of view, is piled on in the effort to obtain richness rather than simplicity; and unity is not so much realised as suggested by a multitude of details, that, in their combined effect, do succeed in rousing a powerful, if vague, emotion. . . . The one satisfies with a sense of repose; the other stirs an insatiable yearning. The one is classical; the other romantic.

The conclusion of the chapter on realism has some wise words:—

> In poetry at large, then, but especially in description and satire, we find the sense of fact an important and even essential element, lending steadiness to imagination and supplying material to reason; producing, when it is in predominance, poetry with the tendency known as realistic, and resulting, when it exists in isolation or in excess, in its own characteristic kind of failure. And lest the frequency and flatness of these failures should impress us unfairly, let us take leave of realism with the recollection that to this tendency belong the triumphs of the genius of Burns; and . . . . that Chaucer, in those parts of his writing that remain most vital, has exhibited in realistic fashion his delicious humour, and his large and free sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men.

One feels that one would like to read a criticism of, say, the latest productions of Mr. John Masefield, by Professor Neilson.

There is a fine chapter on intensity, which quality, however hard it may be to define, is, nevertheless, a leading characteristic in all great poetry. In the course of this we have some acute criticism of Matthew Arnold's essay on the "Study of Poetry." Professor Neilson shows how even that great critic allowed his touchstone of "high seriousness" to lead him to exclude from the front rank such undeniably great poets as Chaucer and Burns. The Professor writes: "One might suggest it as a more fit criterion for a great divine" —with which we are bound to agree. Some searching things are also to be found in the chapters on sentimentalism and humour in poetry. We commend the book as being one of the best examples of the modern school of criticism that, so far, we have seen.

To turn to Mr. Rawnsley's "Introductions to the Poets" is to enter a very different atmosphere. Mr. Rawnsley belongs to the generation for whom definitions and canons of criticism still have mighty power. Nevertheless, this volume has its value. It would be an eminently "safe" text-book for the young person or the beginner in the study of poetry. Most of its information and judgments are those with which all students have been more or less familiar for years. Its compact form is one of its chief recommendations, and those requiring a handy and not over-critical introduction to the greater poets might do worse than get it.

It is hardly fair to criticise too keenly so unpretentious a work, since these papers were originally written for a literary circle and not for publication, but we feel that certain matters need attention. For instance, it was unnecessary to make a slighting reference to Meredith in the essay on Milton—to speak of him as one of "the so-called poets of to-day." Has Mr. Rawnsley never read "Love in the Valley"? Again, it is possible to exalt simplicity overmuch, as our author seems prone to do. We would not detract from the power and genius of Wordsworth, but to apply his characteristics as tests for other poets is hardly fair. This Mr. Rawns-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ley appears to be doing in his quotations from Matthew Arnold and Christina Rossetti. And why is Dante Gabriel Rossetti treated with such chill brevity? His sister is, we are told, "a really important figure"; Dante Rossetti is a much more important one in English poetry, but we get no hint of this in Mr. Rawnsley's two and a half pages on him. And surely it was unnecessary to belabour Browning's peculiarities and obscurity once more. Mr. Rawnsley evidently does not love Browning, or he would know that the sonnet-like verse he prints on page 223 is not that poet's only exercise in sonnet-form. There is one on "Helen's Tower," which is now in the Browning Society's Papers, Part V; and another in answer to the question, "Why am I a Liberal?" in a publication of Messrs. Cassell and Co. And he should also know that "Hamlyn" is not the proper way to write the name of the famous town of the Pied Piper. But these are perhaps quibbles. The final paper on Tennyson has some good first-hand reminiscences of the poet. We have read the book with interest, and, except for minor blemishes, with appreciation.

Strange Indian Ideas

Omens and Superstitions of Southern India. By Edgar Thurston, C.I.E. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

Though this book is based on information regarding less than a sixth of the population of India, it may be taken as a fair sample of the ideas on the subjects of omens, animal superstition, and, speaking generally, of the whole occult world, which prevail throughout our Indian Dependency, with local and racial variations. It affords evidence of the Pantheism which permeates the East, and of the spirituality which perceives divine or diabolical influences in every manifestation of Nature and is guided by them. The division of the psychical life of the people into chapters of this book, with the index to help, will enable the reader to alight without difficulty on any branch of the study which he may desire to pursue. The author, in alluding to the ill-luck which Indian liquor-vendors consider to attach to their vessels being set upside down, rightly observes that the case illustrates how important a knowledge of the superstitions of the people is in the administration of their affairs. The question is not whether there is justification for the prevalent superstitions; the fact that they do obtain and that the people are influenced by them is the point for the administrator. When such superstitions lead to acts or crimes amenable to the Penal Law, they come, of course, before the police and the courts, and deserve suitable punishment. But where they do not conflict with principles of humanity or transgress the Criminal Law, there are many superstitions and popular ideas which are harmless enough in themselves, though they may appear foolish and unreasonable to the European mind. Some of them have their counterparts in other civilisations, though they may have originated in the East. Omens, for instance, are not unknown in the West.

Mr. Thurston quotes a comprehensive list of the good and bad omens in Malabar; among the Nayars of Travancore the good omens include the elephant, a pot full of water, sweetmeats, fruit, fish, and flesh, images of gods, kings, a cow with its calf, married women, tied bullocks, gold lamps, ghi, and milk. Among the bad are a donkey, broom, buffalo, untied bullock, barber, widow, patient, cat, washerman. The worst of all omens is to allow a cat to cross one's path; it is extremely unlucky, also, on getting out of bed, to catch sight of a cat; this will involve failure in all enterprises during the day. Dogs, also, augur good or bad luck according to circumstances. Indeed, to every animal some superstition belongs. The sight of a jackal is very lucky to anyone proceeding on an errand; a hare forebodes ill-success to a traveller; a cobra or rat-snake should cause postponement of a project; a lizard chirping on the right is good, and on the left bad; there are experts who can interpret the significance of the chirping which may foretell the approach of a case of snake-bite, and whether the patient will die or not. If an owl frequents a house, the building is deserted, the doors are closed, and the house remains empty for six months, when an expiatory sacrifice must be performed. A crow, cawing in its usual rapid raucous tones, means impending calamity; a prolonged guttural note signifies happiness ensuing; an albino crow is a very good omen. Pigeons are believed, on account of their habit of standing on one leg, to lead to poverty. A tortoise in a house, or in a field under the plough, is inauspicious. Other natural phenomena similarly have their interpretations. Sneezing once is a good sign, twice is a bad sign. Comets are regarded as omens of evil. The day of the capture of Seringapatam was inauspicious; the astrologer reported the unfavourable omen to Tipu Sultan, who was slain. The occurrence of twins is regarded as foreboding misfortune. It is believed that a third marriage is very unpromising, and that the bride will become a widow.

Superstitions regarding animals are equally common. When some hill people were measuring grain in a field, and had completed twelve measures, a tiger pounced and devoured them. Ever since the tribe have not dared to have a numeral above twelve, for fear of a tiger repeating the performance. Certain palanquin-bearers will not touch a horse. If a house is infested by mosquitoes, or the furniture or bedding by bugs, the names of a hundred villages or towns should be written on a piece of paper, which is fastened to the ceiling or bedpost, and relief from the pests will be instantaneous. The opponents of the introduction of a chrome-tanning industry in Madras successfully spread a rumour that the wearing of chrome-tanned boots or sandals caused leprosy, blood-poisoning, and failure of eyesight. The evil eye is much dreaded. Food seen by a low-caste man will, in consequence of the inferior substance believed to proceed from his low-caste eye, contaminate a Brahman. When a Governor, or high official on tour, takes particular notice of a person or place, ill-luck is believed to follow. The sudden

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

illness of children is often attributed to the evil eye. Mortal offence is said to be caused to a Hindu lady by remarking on her child, "What a nice baby you have!" or "How baby has grown since I saw him last!" She invariably speaks depreciatingly of her child, representing it as the victim of imaginary ailments, so that your evil eye shall not affect it.

Vows and votive offerings are closely connected with the worship of snakes, to which vows are made and offerings dedicated. Sculptured granite stones representing cobras are consecrated as shrines, at which eggs, milk, and plantains are offered, after lamp-lighting, to invoke the serpent's aid on special occasions. Certain dacoits (gang-robbers) invoke the aid of their deity when they start on marauding expeditions, and, if they are successful therein, put part of their ill-gotten gains into the offertory-box kept at the shrine. Mantrams, or consecrated formulæ, are supposed to be very powerful, and by their aid, as charms, even gods can be brought under control. They are divided into classes, which include magic and cabalistic figures. The amulets and ornaments worn as charms against evil influences are often visible on the wearers. Similarly, human sacrifices have been, and still are surreptitiously, offered to propitiate the earth-goddess and ensure good crops and immunity from all diseases and accidents. The victim, or Meriah, was and is acceptable to the goddess only under certain conditions.

There are specialists among the dealers in magical spells, known as Odiyans, who are credited with supernatural powers, even to the commission of murder. The taking of human life by magic constantly raises the whole question of liability to the Criminal Law. Short of murder, sorcery may work much harm. A human bone from a burial-ground, over which powerful formulæ have been recited, if thrown into an enemy's house, will cause his ruin. Sometimes a sorcerer makes an evil spirit take a vow that it will not trouble anyone in the future, and, in return, offers to it the blood of fowls, goats, etc. Among professional diviners in Southern India, the Karisans of Malabar are pre-eminent, as guiding spirits in all social and domestic concerns, foretelling lucky days and hours, casting horoscopes, explaining the cause of calamities, prescribing remedies for untoward events and physicians—not physic—for sick persons. The whole book forms a collection which goes far to remove the imputation of indifference to native ideas, customs, and beliefs, a matter of great human interest and practical importance.

Madame de Boigne Again

Recollections of a Great Lady: Being More Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne. Edited from the Original MS. by M. CHARLES NICOULLAUD. (William Heinemann. 10s. net.)

WITH the publication of the present volume the Comtesse de Boigne has completed her great work, and has covered a period of eighty-one years, from 1781-1862. In the first three volumes her style was perhaps more vivacious, more fresh and buoyant, but in her final pages she has preserved the same deeply human touch, the same intimate way of writing about distinguished people and great historic events. Much of the old gaiety has disappeared, and Death looms largely in these closing lines. There are many regrets, for the Comtesse has left several generations behind, and she has survived those who were dear to her. If she now finds that life "bears but a sombre and monotonous aspect," few have had the good fortune to preserve such a rich harvest of memories, and still fewer have been permitted to give to posterity such a store of inimitable recollections.

The first character to be dealt with in the present volume (1830-1862) is the Duchesse de Berry, a remarkable woman who has not at present become the property of the historian or novelist. The Duchesse de Berry did not take life very seriously. She was chiefly concerned with deriving amusement and pleasure from her exalted position. She certainly gained both, and not a little scandal as well, though her present chronicler deals very leniently with her shortcomings. The Duchesse de Berry was essentially unrestrained and unconventional, and the question of morality was outside the pale of her existence. She had days of "puerile vivacity," days when she would wear male clothing, and in the exuberance of her spirits let off a pistol. She seems to have had an innate sense of irresponsible comedy. She was able to produce the comic at a time when a more moral type of woman would have felt nothing but shame and humiliation. While at Blaye, the Duchesse de Berry gave birth to a child, not the first to have been born out of wedlock. She turned the whole affair into a jest by nominating Lucchesi as the father of her child. "Inquiries were made, and soon the simultaneous laughter of Europe greeted the proclamation that the father was a man who had not left The Hague for two years."

The Comtesse de Boigne gives a vivid account of the death of M. de Talleyrand and of the struggle to restore that sceptic to the bosom of the Church. The description of the passing away of one who had stood face to face with the Revolution and the Directory, of one who had controlled the fate of Europe, makes dismal reading. But the greatness of the man shines through all his fearful suffering. Thus is the scene described:—

> Terrible fits of choking, which almost reached suffocation, prevented him from lying down, while the wound caused by the tumour would not allow him to be seated. He was leaning on his side over his bed with his legs dangling, supported by two valets, who relieved one another, holding his head upon their chests; and from this position he would get up to express his gratitude to his numerous visitors, enjoy their conversation, and find in it some distraction from the pain which he suffered with that patience which is born of courage.

We are given a most tender and intimate account of Princess Marie d'Orléans. She was a woman of rare purity and sweetness, whose only fault, if it may be called a fault, was that she was too good for this world. She possessed the artistic temperament combined with a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

craving for the infinite. "No one recognised it; it grew up with her, and she succumbed to it." Her match-making mother certainly did not understand her daughter's brilliant genius any more than she understood her daughter's love of mysticism and periods of helplessness. Princess Marie keenly felt the King of Naples' demand for the hand of the Archduchess Theresa. When this slighted Princess was advised to cover her humiliation by adopting the view that she had no wish to marry, but rather desired to remain in her family, she cried: "And when I appear before God with my sculptures in my arms, what shall I say when He asks me: 'Was it for that that I sent you upon the earth?'" Eventually Princess Marie married Duke Alexander of Wurtemberg. It was a happy marriage, but all too short in duration, for at the age of twenty-five Princess Marie passed away, strong in her religious faith and in her love of her devoted husband. Well may the Queen have exclaimed: "Lord, Thou hast an angel the more, but I have lost my daughter!"

The Comtesse de Boigne is of the opinion that the decay of religion in the eighteenth century was replaced by the idea of honour. "To-day," she writes, "there is neither society nor public opinion, and the terms honour and faith have become meaningless; enjoyment and profit have taken their place. Honour has fled for refuge to the army, and it is to be found only beneath its flag."

The Revival of the Third Republic

Nos Hommes d'Etat et l'Œuvre de Réforme. By FRANÇOIS MAURY. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

FLAUBERT once said that we have had three hundred years of politics—we are not sure of the exact figure, but we are within a century of it—and that we have had quite as much of them as we wanted. There are two principal reasons why the little book that the distinguished editor of the *Revue Bleue* has just published should appeal to English readers. The first is that it eloquently refutes Flaubert's paradox—a paradox we will call it, though talkers and writers of a certain cast of mind, best known as pessimism, have reduced almost to a platitude the proposition of the bankruptcy of political institutions. M. François Maury does not believe that politics are doomed: all that he sees is that the parliamentary system is beset for the moment by many and great dangers and that a new way of life is to be sought after.

The second reason why "Nos Hommes d'Etat" should be read in England is that it supplies us *mutatis mutandis* with a good mirror in which to view our own institutions and conditions. There is great virtue in this "mutatis mutandis," and we need not insist on the obvious truth that the contemplation of a kindred polity is more likely to stimulate our political intellects than a course of newspaper reading, or even a careful study of past history. The latter gives us the data in too unrecognisable a shape, and the former, be it never so impartially conducted, can only give us two half-truths, which will be far from amounting to a whole truth. "He is a wonderful man that can thread a needle when he is at cudgels in a crowd." We can discuss French politics without heat, and are therefore likely to get some good from them.

The problems of modern civilisation do not vary greatly as we go from one country to another. In England, as in France, Syndicalism is—we were going to say "the enemy," but taught by M. Maury we will compromise and say merely—the "difficulty." M. Maury, who is obsessed with this chief danger of the modern state, recently organised a debate in the *Revue Bleue*, of which the object was to elucidate the relations between Syndicalism and Parliamentary institutions. English politicians were among the disputants, and the conclusion most generally supported was that Syndicalism must be treated as Franklin treated the lightning: its powers for evil must be transmuted into powers for good; it must be harnessed for the service of man—that is, for the traditionally organised state. This appears to be the personal opinion of M. Maury, who in the present work sketches a plan by which organised labour may be made to come to the aid of our overworked institutions, and become in some degree a branch of the administration. We are not sure that we perfectly understand the scheme, but it at least suggests a possible clue to the political labyrinth of the future.

M. Maury accuses the Third Republic of consistently sacrificing its greatest men. From Gambetta downwards the leading statesmen have always succumbed to some obscure lobby-intrigue, and have seldom emerged again. Some even, like M. Paul Deschanel, have never succeeded in bestriding the Hippogriff of government. We do not know that this should be expanded into a general proposition—some great men are sacrificed in every age and under every régime—but Democracy when she is identified with "Egalité" is always hard to her best sons. M. Maury, in common with most of the political thinkers of modern France, believes that Proportional Representation would have a great effect for good, in checking the "politique du clocher," in discouraging mediocrity, and in restoring the prestige of the Republic. This reform, as a panacea for all human ills, does not strike the English observer very impressively, but actual conditions give it a very decisive appearance in France.

M. Maury's sketches of French statesmen are very good and convincing. He manages to associate each of his biographies with some measure or movement, and has an interesting habit of finding, consciously and unconsciously, parallels in English politics. He is bent on finding a bed-rock of principle in a statesman before he will consent to praise him. M. Briand, for instance, comes a little under his suspicion as an empiric, though there is no living French statesman whose reputation stands higher. The present ministry is hailed with the most fervent prayers and rejoicings, as incorporating the two qualities that have been longest absent from French politics—faith and the readiness to serve. For the former virtue M. Maury would

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

otherwise have to look back to the only one of his heroes who is no longer living, and he is not a modern statesman, since, for Gambetta, "il n'y a pas une question sociale."

In Forbidden China

In Forbidden China. The D'Ollone Mission, 1906-1909. China-Tibet-Mongolia. By VICOMTE D'OLLONE. Translated from the French by BERNARD MIALL. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

IT is customary nowadays for distinguished travellers and explorers to write a popular account of their travels or expeditions, and to hand over their purely scientific observations to experts, who, in the far future and after innumerable hair-splitting debates, will deal with the material in many ponderous tomes. Vicomte D'Ollone has followed this excellent practice, with the result that he has excluded all dry-as-dust, and has, in consequence, written a book that is singularly fascinating from the first page to the last. We have always thought that a sense of humour, valuable in every calling, is most especially serviceable in a foreign country where difficulties are legion. Too often our great travellers take themselves and their missions too seriously. They discover a new river, or climb a mountain that has hitherto been inaccessible, without so much as a faint smile, and sometimes with all too little of the spirit of comradeship. Not so Vicomte D'Ollone. He has filled the double rôle of leader and comrade, and, though he was, for the most part, in the enemy's camp, his delightful sense of the comic never forsook him, and it is this quality, perhaps more than any other, that has given so much charm to this entertaining book.

The principal object of this mission in Central Asia was to study three extraordinary groups of peoples—the Lolos in Szechuan, the Miao-Tze in Kweichu, and the Si-Fan in Northern Tibet. Though at present Vicomte D'Ollone can tell us nothing definite in regard to their origin, he has given us valuable information as to their appearance, manners, and customs, etc. These peoples form an alien race in the Chinese Empire, and they guard their borders with a fierceness and a tenacity of purpose that should maintain their independence for some time to come.

The Lolos are capable of much hospitality, but in order to present wine to notable guests it was necessary "to send out men to beat up the country for a day's march around in order to obtain two or three pints, which as often as not did not arrive until the next day." When the wine was obtained, the Lolo Mr. David Devant subjected the beverage to legerdemain before handing it to the guests. Vicomte D'Ollone writes concerning the Lolo woman and marriage:—

> The young girl, who goes about freely, has perfect liberty of choice, on condition, of course, that she exercises it in her own caste and in the interests of her clan. After marriage she frequently returns to her parents, and each time her husband must exercise all his fascinations to induce her to return to the conjugal roof; if he does not succeed in pleasing her, the woman remains indefinitely with her own family, and no one can criticise her action.

Another custom is that Lolo children do not live with their parents, but "inhabit two large houses, one for the boys and one for the girls."

On one occasion Vicomte D'Ollone and his party were lodged in the most miserable of hovels, with the planks of the roof so far apart that rain came through during the night and soaked the occupants.

> Next morning the rain was still falling, particularly in our house with the breezy roof. One of the slaves to whom we showed in despair the cascades spurting through the openings gazed in astonishment at people who concerned themselves about such trivialities, then went out and returned armed with a lance. It was our turn to be surprised; but he, very naturally and simply, raised the planks of the roof with the point of the lance, made them slide one against the other, and thus contrived a small square of roof which was almost watertight—needless to say very much to the detriment of the rest of the room. A system our builders might take note of!

The Miao-Tze have the curious custom of relating stories concerning the Creation, Deluge, and other early traditions on the occasion of a marriage, funeral, or feast. "The most singular point about these traditions," writes Vicomte D'Ollone, "is the almost perfect identity, in spite of certain items of purely local colour, of their account of the Deluge with that of the Bible."

Not long ago a certain professor discoursed on the advantages of not washing. The Tibetan has for years put this theory into practice, and it would seem that his skin, impregnated with dirt, acts as a protection against the most severe weather. This custom, combined with copious draughts of "buttered tea," renders him immune from even the slightest feeling of chilliness.

The illustration facing p. 306, depicting Commandant D'Ollone offering the Scarf of Felicity to the Dalai-Lama, is a little incongruous, in spite of the explanatory note. The picture is obviously a composite one, but it is a pity that the Vicomte is shown wearing his imposing military hat in the presence of the living representative of the Lord Buddha.

The Source of St. Paul's Ethics

The Religious Experience of Saint Paul. By PERCY GARDNER, Litt.D. (Williams and Norgate. 5s. net.)

OF making books on St. Paul there seems no end, and Dr. Gardner's follows much the same lines as other kindred works, giving us chapters on St. Paul's conversion and calling his ethics eschatology and psychology, concluding with an essay on St. Paul and Modernity. In fact, "Modernity" is the real theme of this work, and St. Paul is now discovered to be remarkably "modern." According to Dr. Gardner, St. Paul knew nothing of the Virgin birth. This is a mere assumption, quite in-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

capable of proof. It is highly improbable that a man who was the constant companion of St. Luke was ignorant of a doctrine which, as Harnack allows, was the common property of Christians at the end of the first century, or at least the beginning of the second century. Again, we are told that to Paul the Resurrection of Christ was not, as it was to the first disciples, a corporeal arising, but a spiritual manifestation. But the whole of St. Paul's dogmatic teaching on the Resurrection of Christ, and the inferred resurrection of Christians makes it difficult to doubt that he believed that the Empty Tomb was a fact of that Resurrection. Dr. Gardner is obviously impatient of creeds, doctrine, and dogma, but it is historically certain that the world was converted and reformed, not by the preaching of morals, nor even by the example of Christ's life, but by the dogmatic facts of His death and Resurrection. These facts, St. Paul plainly tells us in the Corinthians xv, are the Gospel which he preaches—vi 2—Death and Burial and Resurrection.

The value of St. Paul's ethics may not be overestimated, but it is a serious misunderstanding of this great teacher to imagine that his ethics were not entirely based on real solid facts, to which over and over again he makes appeal. "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again." "If Christ be not risen, then is our preaching vain; and your Faith is also vain." Yet Dr. Gardner actually goes so far as to say in a remarkable passage that "Christ is preached, not seldom, by those who deny Christ; and we can only adopt the Pauline language and say that in whatever spirit Christ is preached, we cannot but rejoice." But how does this view agree with the Pauline language in 1 Corinthians xii: "No man speaking by the Spirit of God calleth Jesus accursed." It is easy to talk of the myths of miracles, but it is difficult to understand the position of those who combine an attachment to Christianity with disbelief in miracles and the miraculous facts of the life of Christ. If the Deity of Christ be denied, as it is in effect, in these essays, then Christianity falls to the level of a system of ethics, evolved out of a hyper-sensitive consciousness. Such a system, however inspiring, leaves little hope for the common man. What Dr. Gardner calls St. Paul's "secret, his mystery of salvation by faith," is not faith in highly spiritualised conceptions, but faith in the historic Christ. This faith, so called "modernity"—which is, after all, nothing new, but as old as the second century—is little likely to destroy. Those who decline to accept, or who attempt to explain away, "the Christologic views based by Paul upon history and experience" may be found in every age. Yet historic faith has triumphed.

The Italian Stage

Plays and Players in Modern Italy. By ADDISON MCLEOD. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. MCLEOD has spent over twelve years in Italy, and during that period he has made copious notes in regard to the Italian theatre, plays and players, and those notes form the basis of the present volume. Mr. McLeod states, in his most excellent introduction, that he takes the stage seriously, but at the same time promises "a laugh and a tear, as occasion shall serve." Although the author makes this claim, he nevertheless frankly admits that he has "little taste for research and little respect for authority." Now research and the wisdom of authorities go a very long way toward making a book of value to the student. Mr. McLeod, however, is essentially original, and has been content to give us his first-hand impressions rather than the impressions of others. He does not claim to have written an exhaustive book on the subject, but he has included nearly all the principal players, and for those who do not appear he has written the neatest and most characteristic dedicatory note we have read for a long time. He has supplied numerous extracts from plays, and, above all, has presented his observations and descriptions with singular freshness and sincerity. "We are struck at the outset," he writes, "by the fact that Italian plays, with a very few exceptions, are occupied with the relations of husband and wife." Husbands and wives, however, are mixed up with mistresses and lovers in that perpetual scheme so dear to the hearts of the great Latin race.

The lengthy chapter entitled "Italian Plays and Playwrights" is extremely interesting, and contains an exquisite translation from one of D'Annunzio's prose plays. It is in these pages that Mr. McLeod's critical faculty is at its best. In the following chapter devoted to Italian players, and especially in regard to his opinion of certain actresses, many of his comments are lacking in a due sense of proportion. He strikes too familiar, too intimate, a note, and is obviously unduly biased by a pretty face and a charming figure. He writes:—

> Tina di Lorenzo! The name suggested to me a little, elusive, dark-eyed thing. The sort of creature on whom you might chance in some peaceful green hollows, feeding a goat; who, in response to your eager request, would give you to drink out of the cool, clear stream; look bewitchingly into your face and then vanish, leaving your heart uplifted with fruitless desire.

So much for the author's fond imaginings. When he actually saw Tina di Lorenzo he found some one essentially substantial—one who might possibly become fat in her old age. "Her arms and legs . . . while being shapely, looked really muscular. I tried my own forearm before the looking-glass, and was not altogether pleased with the result." This is a mild description when compared with his racy eulogy of Dina Galli; but his estimation of Eleonora Duse is sound criticism, as are also many of his remarks concerning famous Italian actors.

Mr. McLeod does not seem to have been very favourably impressed with Grasso, and admits that he was a failure in two acts from "Othello." His criticism, however, is only based on a snippet from Shakespeare and "Cavalleria Rusticana," material far two slight to judge,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

much less to condemn, so distinguished an actor. But, apart from one or two lapses, the author has done his work well, and has presented us with an excellent study of the Italian stage, the classical and dialectical schools, the types of plays and the personalities of the leading players.

Two Early Psychologists

The Value of a Maimed Life: Extracts from the Manuscript Notes of Thomas Wedgwood. Selected by MARGARET OLIVIA TREMAYNE; with an Introduction by MARY EVEREST BOOLE. (C. W. Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

Johann Friedrich Herbart: A Study in Pedagogics. By A. M. WILLIAMS, M.A. (Blackie and Son. 1s. net.)

ONE has to read of the work of two pioneers in psychology such as Wedgwood and Herbart in order to realise the great advances which have been made in that science. Yet, on the other hand, one is equally impressed with the indebtedness of later writers to these workers among the foundations. The name of Wedgwood will not call up many associations connected with psychology in the minds of most. We may as well explain at once, therefore, that he was a son of the famous potter, and that the period of his activity covers the closing years of the eighteenth century. The contents of this little volume seem to be the first evidence of a direct kind that we have as to his potential greatness. He was held in high esteem by Wordsworth and other equally important contemporaries, and some have been puzzled to account for this fact. This book supplies us with a few indications that help us to understand.

There is something almost romantic in the story of the discovery of a long-lost box of notebooks and loose scraps of paper in Wedgwood's handwriting. The work of deciphering and setting them in some kind of order is told by Mrs. Boole in a valuable introduction, and we are reminded of the story of the Teufelsdröckh papers in "Sartor Resartus." That Wedgwood had in mind some *magnum opus* seems likely. The chief contribution which he made to the thought of his times was probably a recognition of the value of introspection and of the study of subjective emotions. This work he carried to such lengths that it endangered his sanity, and no doubt aggravated his already weak state of health. His aim seems to have been to teach men how to enjoy life in the fullest fashion, and to get rid of the bogies of gloom and depression, whether springing from pain or religion or any other cause. The picture of him, a bachelor, conducting his observations in his brother's nursery on children almost from the hour of birth is at once humorous and impressive. He was the precursor of many such workers.

The detached thoughts here published are keen observations, if not always profound. Occasionally we get such a Shaw-like reflection as the following:—"If once Madmen should outnumber us in our senses we shall change places with them and become the Madmen of the day. For what is Madness but a difference of opinion from the majority?" Here, too, is a sharp thrust, which still has point:—"Ladies are educated for a month's elegant Courtship rather than for years of Mothership." When we are told by Mrs. Boole that "Charles Darwin's mother was the sister and his wife the niece of Thomas Wedgwood, whose ideas in reality constituted, we may say, the religion in which those ladies were brought up," we have, perhaps, the best indication of Wedgwood's influence on the world of thought. The educationalist, the parent and teacher, will find much matter for stimulating thought in these pages.

The name of Herbart is a much more familiar one to students of educational theories, for he stands in the front rank as an innovator in this realm. Although his lifetime covered the period from 1776 to 1841, his psychology, and still more his pedagogy, have a value beyond most of the thought of that time. The book now under review is a very good small compendium of his life and work. There is in it a brief yet sufficient biography, a few words concerning his logic and metaphysics, and as adequate a treatment of his activities as could be given within the limits of the volume. We heartily commend it to all students who want to know something clear and definite concerning Herbart without the trouble of consulting many larger works.

Shorter Reviews

Across Australia. By BALDWIN SPENCER, C.M.G., and F. J. GILLEN. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)

THIS work appears likely to prove of permanent value, not only on account of the subjects of its text, but also by reason of the exceptional interest of its illustrations. Indeed, it appears to us that the benefits of modern photography have seldom been more fully demonstrated. In the past it was a comparatively simple matter, the feat once achieved, to give an account of the aboriginal tribes met with in the course of wanderings into the unknown. At the same time—since in the absence of doubters and questioners of accuracy the world would probably cease to be—it was an even simpler matter for others to rise up and challenge these accounts, thus frequently loading the unfortunate traveller himself with no small amount of bitterness. Among its numerous other merits, it is in respect to its photographs that "Across Australia" proves itself such a notable document. The authors, in crossing Australia, undertook a somewhat similar journey to that of MacDonall Stuart fifty years ago. They found that in the course of half a century the changes in the interior of Australia had amounted to practically nothing at all. This was fortunate, if for no other reason than the fact that it enabled the authors to produce the present volumes, showing the black fellow at work, at play, and, most notably of all, in all the varied rites of his numerous ceremonies. It cannot be doubted that this book will make a profound impression upon the scientific world as well as upon the general reading public.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

A History of Divorce. By S. B. KITCHIN. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE subject of divorce has for some time past excited so much attention and provoked so much controversy that Mr. Kitchin's contribution is welcome. Without claiming to present anything in the nature of a complete history, the author epitomises the principles followed in Roman Law, in the Early Church, and in the Canon Law, shows the effect of such social upheavals as the Reformation and the French Revolution, and sums up briefly the tendencies of thought in relation to the problems of marriage and its dissolution in England and its colonies and in the United States of America. The author might well have sketched in outline the primitive notions as to the property of a husband in his wife, and their survival in modern practice, illustrated for example by the practice of condemning the guilty co-respondent to pay damages and the costs of a suit for the dissolution of marriage.

We recently had occasion to peruse Earl Russell's book upon the subject of divorce. Readers of that book who were moved by the arguments therein presented would do well to consult Mr. Kitchin's work: for by so doing they would be enabled to realise how the present position of the laws relating to matrimonial matters, against which Earl Russell inveighs so forcibly, came to be what it is. Those readers of the book now before us who desire to make further inquiries into the legal practice relating to divorce, as administered in various parts of the world at the present day, should refer to the journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation, where detailed accounts of the actual working of the various laws are furnished.

The Art of the Orator. By EDGAR R. JONES, M.P. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, in the "Foreword" to this book, tells us that he once heard Mr. Gladstone say that in a conflict between the platform and the Press for the direction of public opinion in this country, an efficient platform would surely win. The author endeavours to achieve, in a modest way, towards the rendering of the platform more efficient. Most of us realise nowadays that men cannot be made good by act of Parliament; but just as they may be made a little better by legislation, so the orator, and the would-be orator, may be rendered more efficient by instruction in principle and method. The groundwork upon which the author bases his treatise is psychological, but he has made it such more or less as an experiment, and he candidly confesses that he has "blundered through the whole in a spirit of inquiry," and remained "a timorous student on the threshold of a great subject." Although it may be objected at the outset that what is alleged to be true of the poet, *nascitur non fit*, applies with equal force to the orator, one has but to recall the disastrous beginnings of such orators as Demosthenes and Disraeli to recognise the value of training. Again, scarcely one of us but has experienced the disappointment of listening to somebody who, having something of real importance to convey to his audience, failed of success by reason of an imperfect schooling in the act of oratory. To such a speaker the study of this small volume should prove of assistance.

The Retrospect. By ADA CAMBRIDGE. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

A PRETTY, naive, and essentially feminine enthusiasm characterises this "retrospect." Those who like the modern neurotic, or the "risky" type of novel will probably vote it very tame stuff, and hopelessly old-fashioned; but those who are fond of the tenderly reminiscent served up with a certain amount of literary skill will be very well satisfied. For it is not a novel at all, though it looks extremely like one at first sight. It is the story of a visit to England by a lady who had been absent in Australia for thirty years. There are some good bits of descriptive writing all through the book, the most interesting of which, to an English reader, are, perversely enough, in the first chapter, which details the events and scenes of the homeward voyage. The rest of the volume consists of a minute journal of days spent in various charming districts of our island, all touched with the glamour of home-sickness. Mrs. Cambridge has been out of England long enough to give us a picture of ourselves as others see us. The things most noticed are those that appeal more especially to the feminine mind, and this leads to occasional triviality. East Anglians will be interested in what Mrs. Cambridge has to say about their country; and they of Wessex need not feel aggrieved since they are also catered for. The pervading atmosphere is of the comfortable, "now-let-me-tell-you-all-about-it" type, which carries a long way with some readers. Such a volume should sell largely in Australia, but its reception in this country will be doubtful, we fear. We commend it to all who have a liking for tender and not too exalted sentiment.

Fiction

Daphne in the Fatherland. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

DAPHNE'S remark, "To me in England the great dividing line seems to be between those who dress for dinner every evening and those who don't," supplies the keynote to her character. She is to a certain extent a snob, and to a very large extent a flirt, who went on a visit to Germany, and described her experiences in woefully slipshod—not to say ungrammatical—fashion.

We are led to believe that the author or authoress of this book remained anonymous because the story concerns many great personages who are yet in the land of the living, but we can assure the aforesaid author or authoress that concealment of identity on this

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

score was totally unnecessary. There is a chapter devoted to an encounter—tea and supper included—with Kaiser Wilhelm and his family, and a good amount of space is given to what society paragraphists would call the "intimate and personal life" of a certain Prince Bernhard and Princess Charlotte, his wife. But nothing is told here that the paragraphists have not already told, in effect if not in detail, and the book is innocent of thrills dependent on court revelations. The heroine found that her great personages were rather ordinary, and at times we find them rather dull.

Let Daphne be given credit, however, for her skill in the descriptions of such scenery as she encountered, for some piquant observations on the habits and character of the German people, and for skilful management of her own love affairs—which were many. The book is interesting—and no more—by reason of these things; Daphne was too young for sociology, also for scandal.

Neighbours of Mine. By R. ANDOM. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

MANY people who live in the suburbs complain that they are dull. It would be impossible for any of the inhabitants of Woodville to lay a similar charge against the town in which they live; for it is not likely that, within the radius of a few hundred yards, a more noisy, boisterous, or outrageous set of people than those living in Woodville could be found. There are the Zaalbec Twins, for instance, one of whom is humoured and forgiven his kleptomanic habits on account of his soft brain, until, on the return of the populace from a fête at an adjoining village, it is discovered that all the plate and valuables had been removed from each house, and that the "twins"—whom no one had ever seen together—consisted of a clever member of a gang of burglars, who ultimately had their deserts. A few doors away there is the innocent-looking but naughty child, whose pranks land his father in the police court; over the garden wall resides the gentleman who shot the rich relative's cat; in Mozart Avenue a gramophone plays Schubert all day and far into the night; and in a few of the otherwise eminently respectable villas, the head of the house is occasionally known to take too much of his favourite liquor with results that must be left for the readers of the book to discover for themselves. Each chapter is rollicking and bright, and the humour swings along right merrily until the last page is reached.

My Escapes. By a BACHELOR. (John Long. 6s.)

THE bachelor was a guileless young man of twenty-eight with ambitions and one hundred and fifty pounds a year. In order to eke out his modest income he tried by every means in his power to make himself pleasant to people who lived in nice houses and gave good dinners. The plan succeeded admirably after much labour and some fruitless efforts, but in obtaining the coveted position of being something to many people it had been necessary to be on very good terms with any and every lady who might lend a helping hand. Roughly, these ladies number about twelve, and when impecunious Richard comes into a fortune of about twelve thousand a year each lady calls, writes, or otherwise gives him to understand that she considers him to be her especial property, and the book is mainly concerned with his manœuvres to elude the fair charmers. The situation is comic—the bachelor regards it as pathetic—and it would be quite easy for an author to strain it too far. This is not done in the present instance, however, and a very enjoyable story is the result. The happy idea of a tea party where they shall all meet is quite brilliant, as is also the after-tea speech, and although delivered with much trepidation, it serves its purpose and leaves the poor bachelor without further molestation and free to give his whole attention to the one woman who did not pursue him.

What Diantha Did. By CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN. (T. Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)

IT is often pointed out that the American novelist is never so happy as when dealing with the growth of a business, the shattering of a trust, the bitter war of speculators, the homely, honest life of the decent commercial man, or some such topic. The ordinary English story-writer, feebly adventurous, feebly realistic, feebly psychological as usually he is, produces nothing but the commonplace, while his American rival, happier in the choice of a subject, attains by no greater skill a far greater interest. Miss (or Mrs.) Charlotte Perkins Gilman is a case in point. We know nothing of her standing in her own country, but we confess quite frankly that, had her book been concerned merely with a story, we should have found it dull. None of her characters is more than a common type commonly portrayed, but they are all subservient to the business and social enterprise which the book records, and the effect is happy. "What Diantha Did" was no less than to solve the servant problem for a Southern Californian town. She left her home and, herself a daughter of the servant-employing class, became a domestic servant. Needless to say, she was an ideal one. Needless to say that her wages were high and her rise rapid. Such successes belong of right to a heroine. But the authoress is not content with telling us that Diantha accomplished certain things, such as housekeeping with genius for a large establishment, founding a club which sent out servants by the day and hour, discovering the perfect sandwich, and, last and greatest of all, starting a system to supply cooked meals in wonderful aluminium containers which held everything necessary for a meal except a table. We are not only told of these events, but we learn their sordid financial details, we read their budgets, and we audit their accounts. He will be a dull fellow whose mouth does not water over the "Cafeteria," and she an unusually acquiescent housewife who does not long for one of those aluminium food-containers, so radiant, so piping-hot, so deliciously mysterious in their contents.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LITERARY RETROSPECT

TO

THE ACADEMY

CONSISTING OF

NOTABLE ARTICLES, REVIEWS, Etc.,

WHICH HAVE APPEARED FROM TIME TO TIME IN "THE ACADEMY" AND "LITERATURE" SINCE THEIR INCEPTION.

An English Academy

(LITERATURE, November 27, 1897.)

AT certain recurring periods, as we have just been reminded by Mr. Swinburne's justly but amusingly wrathful letter to the *Times*, the public are invited to discuss the wholly unprofitable question why there is not, and whether there ought not to be, an English Academy of Letters. The revival of this discussion is not the result, at least nowadays, of any general conversion to Mr. Matthew Arnold's well-known theory as to the "literary influence of Academies." Rather it is an outcome of the almost universal instinct of modern man to summon his fellow-men engaged in the practice of any art, craft, or pastime to a competitive examination, with the view of placing them in order of merit, and allotting "marks" to them accordingly. In other words, the amateur Academy-makers of the present day are actuated, not so much by zeal for the preservation of the purity and dignity of the English language, as by a desire to express their own opinions on the comparative deserts of English authors. What the Forty Immortals are to do when they are once finally established in undisputed possession of their sacred armchairs is a matter with which the average elector does not apparently care to concern himself. The fun consists in getting some of them into their armchairs, and, still more, perhaps, in deftly and unexpectedly withdrawing the *fauteuil* from beneath others who may have confidently supposed themselves entitled to a seat. It is felt to be excellent sport to exclude a poet of supposed eminence from the illustrious conclave, or to give a highly popular novelist to understand that his many "fiftieth thousands" will not avail to secure him a place amongst the first forty men of letters of his day. This is a comparatively harmless, if slightly childish, amusement, and as such well calculated to entertain a "literary" community who are so much more keenly interested in "talk about literature" than in literature itself. But to any serious student—not to say any competent critic—of literature an observation of the general results of this little plebiscitary game must frequently form occasion for heartfelt rejoicing that we have not, nor are ever likely to have, an English Academy of Letters bestowed upon the country by a process of democratic acclamation.

It is needless to say, of course, that Mr. Arnold was not himself a victim to this passion for "placing" his literary contemporaries. Indeed, one can hardly conceive anything which would have given more pain to that most fastidious of critics than the mere suspicion of any such design. He would, no doubt, have been profoundly shocked at the suggestion that he should himself draft a list of Forty Immortals with Cardinal Newman at their head, and Mr. Palgrave and Mr. Kinglake excluded for having respectively written with "provincial" intemperance of the art of Baron Marochetti and the character of Napoleon III. His sole concern, in fact, was not with the *personnel* of his imaginary English Academy, but with what he assumed would be its work. Those who have not forgotten, or who have recently refreshed their memory of the famous essay, will recollect its main thesis, handled throughout in a manner which makes it at once one of the most delightful, and quite the most delightfully inconsequent, of his writings. He started from the assumption that the existence and the activities of the French Academy are actually operative to preserve the purity of the French language and to impose an authoritative standard of literary taste upon French writers; and from this he went on to assume that the practically uniform observance of such a standard—either lacking altogether or else rudely and anarchically defied in this country—was an effect of the existence of the French Academy and not its cause. Two more remarkable exploits in the athletic exercise of jumping to conclusions have never, perhaps, been performed by the most agile of intellects either before or since. The absolutely baseless character of the former assumption would probably have been brought home to Mr. Arnold if he had lived to witness the full development of the modern school of French Decadents; though, indeed, the recollections of his own boyhood, or, failing these, the recorded literary history of the Thirties and the complete overthrow of "authority" by the young Romantics of that date—when the Academy, who were presumably

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Classicists in about the proportion of thirty-four to five, proved as powerless to resist the movement as it would have been to proscribe the colour of Théophile Gautier's symbolical waistcoat—might surely have saved him from his original error. As to the second assumption, he may almost be said to have given it away himself in describing the French Academy as "an institution owing its existence to a national bent towards the things of the mind, towards culture, towards clearness, correctness, and propriety in thinking and speaking." Strange that so lucid an intellect should have failed to perceive that this "national bent" counts for almost everything in the result, and the Academy, which is only the organised expression, for next to nothing; that where this "bent" prevails in a nation Academies are superfluous, and that when it does not they are powerless.

The Frenchman's admiration of and solicitude for his language were no doubt a little exaggerated by the great English critic; but they are undoubtedly much more of a national characteristic, much less confined to a special professional class, than are the corresponding sentiments in England. No one can compare the conversation of the average educated Frenchman, say in a railway carriage, with that of the average Englishman in the same position—the one lovingly polishing his elegant periods, the other flinging out his remarks in a sort of colloquial shorthand—without being keenly sensible of this international difference. Its causes we need not inquire into, but the fact is beyond dispute that while ordinary French conversation aims more or less consciously at literary form, English dialogue, on the other hand, appears to be mainly modelled on the telegram form. No doubt we could improve a little upon this elliptical mode of expression, and some of us endeavour to do so; but temperamental differences between the two nations will always prevent the average Englishman from acquiring that sort of artistic interest in his own language as a means of expression which comes naturally to a Frenchman. That, Mr. Arnold might have said, is the very reason why the English specially require an Academy of Letters. Unfortunately it is only the reason why such an institution would be useless. And if that might have been perceived even in the Sixties, how much more evident has it become in these days of half-education and sham culture, when, relatively to the vast mass of people who concern themselves with what they suppose to be literature, the number of those whose taste is pure and who have that care for "clearness, correctness, and propriety in thinking and speaking," which Mr. Arnold spoke of, has shrunk to so infinitesimal a proportion of the whole. Never were they in a worse position for "imposing on us a high standard in matters of intellect and taste"; and never, perhaps, were they less inclined to try. For they have most of them arrived at the half-pessimist, half-optimist conclusion that while they can do nothing to help the cause for which Mr. Arnold so eloquently pleaded, it is just possible that the cause may not want their help. It has occurred to them that, after all, perhaps English literature may be able to take care of itself, and that the good in it is as sure to survive and to propagate itself as the evil, in all its thousand forms—and editions—is certain to disappear.

Andrew Lang on "She"

(January 15, 1887.)

She. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)

As Mr. Rider Haggard has dedicated his new romance, "She," to his present reviewer, he has made it impossible for his friend to notice the book in any journal where signed names do not put the reader on his guard against "the personal bias." I might review it as Coleridge's friend did the apple dumplings, "Them's the jockeys for *me*." For "She" is a book of which it is hard to give any but a personal or subjective estimate. There are stories which, like the murder applauded by Toad in the Hole, you can safely "recommend to a friend." One would need to know the friend very well before recommending to him "She." Nothing, says George Eliot, is more destructive to friendship than a difference of taste in jokes. But a difference of taste in novels is nearly as apt to poison affection. I have acquaintances to whom I dare not mention Thackeray, others with whom "Huckleberry Finn" is a tabooed subject, and *one* who does not like "Pickwick"! The peace cannot possibly be kept with some otherwise excellent men when these apples of literary discord are thrown on the table. One forebodes that "She" will set friend against friend and sister against sister. People are pretty sure either to admire "She" very hotly, or to condemn the fair enchantress with extraordinary vigour. Almost all works of fantasy provoke these differences, whether the fantasy be funny, like Mr. Anstey's, or supernatural, like "The Beleaguered City," or "beyond the bounds of explored Romanticism," like the poems of Baudelaire (according to Sainte-Beuve), and like "She." People will swear by these performances or will denounce them, and you cannot tell beforehand what line anyone will adopt. To myself "The Beleaguered City" seems a work of actual genius, moving in fresh fields of the imagination; to other readers it appeared like the mere maunderings of a *chimaera bombinans in vacuo*. But one should have some reason for the opinion that is in one; and I will briefly say why I like "She," without attempting to make proselytes, or predicting that readers of The Academy will like it.

The book is a legend, not a novel; and the action, which begins about 250 B.C., ends the day before yesterday. Amenartas, a lovely Egyptian lady, fled from the Egypt of the third century with her Greek husband, Kallikrates, the most beautiful of men. They came, off the East Coast of Africa, to a race who "put pots on the heads of strangers," and there met a lovely white woman, dowered with life and beauty that do not die. This woman, Ayesha, loved and, in jealousy, slew Kallikrates. Amenartas escaped, wrote out the history on

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

a potsherd, and bequeathed it, with the duty of revenge, to her son. The potsherd was handed down from one to another, till it reached Leo Vincey, a young Cambridge man. The family of Confucius, by the way, is even older than Vincey's, so Gibbon declares. Vincey and his friend Holly, a learned don (with a style by no means donnish) achieve the adventure. They reach the ancient city of Kôr, and find Ayesha, lovely as ever, dwelling in the catacombs of a mighty civilised race that fell—as mysteriously as the central American peoples fell—before the rise of Egypt.

Of course, all this, as a sporting writer said about the reading of "Paradise Lost" from beginning to end, "is impossible and not to be done." But the more impossible it gets, the better (to my taste) Mr. Haggard does it. The conception of an undying character is older than Herodotus. Wandering Jews, Salathiels, and the like, populate the realms of fiction. But Ayesha—"*She* who is to be obeyed"—does not resemble them. The miracles she can work; as when she lays her hand on her rival's dark hair, and leaves the snow-white score of three fingers on her locks, or when the flames follow and fall with her lowered and lifted arms, are a new kind of miracles. Her despair as she watches by the life-like embalmed corpse of her lover, Kallikrates, dead for two thousand years—moves me like few scenes in fiction. The whole story is an allegory of the immortality of love, which death cannot destroy, nor the force of fire abolish it. Mr. Haggard's practical knowledge and experience of savage life and wild lands, his sense of the mystery and charm of ruined civilisations, his appreciation of sport (especially with big game), his astonishing imagination, and a certain *vraisemblance*, which makes the most impossible adventures appear true (to a reader of sympathetic fancy), these are the qualities a man admires in "She," if he chance to admire it at all. Were one to enumerate drawbacks to such a reader's enjoyment, it might be said that the humour may not be always to his mind, though it is a foil to the terrible passages. Again, some of the scenes of savagery (as when the pot is made red for the stranger, in a kind of Voudou feast, and as in the scene of the Black Goat) are too awful for many young and old students. Ayesha, moreover, discourses, perhaps, at too great length; but then she had not met educated companions for two thousand years, and was full of suppressed conversation. The style is that of Alan Quatermain rather than of a Cambridge don, though Holly is such an unusual kind of Don that this may be of slight importance. Against all this a reader in tune with his author (for all depends on that) will set the scenes in the sculptured catacombs, and the vision of moonlight in the city of Kôr, the dead satellite shining on a city long dead, and the pathos of Ayesha's last caress. But this, be it reiterated, is the sense of a reviewer attached to impossible romance, of one who confesses himself *incredibilium cupitor*, an amateur of savage life, fond of haunting, in fancy, the mysterious homes of ruined races, a believer, too, in the moral of the legend.

Here is a "grown-up" literary estimate of "She." How it will suit boys experiment must declare. Tried on a youth in the Middle Fifth, the experiment answered rarely, bringing peace through a whole day, when every form of sport was impossible, and life appeared to be "drawn blank." Any man who is enough of a boy will want to ask: "How did Ayesha get to Kôr?" and "What happened afterwards in Thibet?"

ANDREW LANG.

Madame Guilbert: By Henry Harland

(LITERATURE, June 4, 1898.)

HER name was properly Madame de Chaussonville; but there were several branches of the Chaussonville family in our part of the world; so, for convenience' sake, the neighbours spoke of her as Madame Guilbert, Guilbert having been the Christian name of her husband, dead these innumerable years.

When my grandmother asked, as she used every now and then to do, "Would you like to come with me this afternoon and call on Madame Guilbert?" I always answered eagerly with a Yes. She was a wonderfully good-natured, appreciative old lady, she was lavish of honey-cake, and she had the most interesting chocolate—chocolate with a faint flavour of cinnamon. The chocolate in our own establishment tasted of nothing but chocolate, and seemed to me the height of commonplaceness.

Then we would set forth side by side, my dainty little old grandmother and I, to walk to Château Yroulte, where Madame Guilbert lived, a distance of half a mile or so, through the pleasant weather. We would leave the hamlet of Saint-Graal, with its crumbling stone crucifix, its white-walled cottages, its peasants, and its lean black pigs, we would leave Saint-Graal behind us, and strike leisurely across the fields, skirting the Forest of Granjolaye, a forest of chestnut trees, luminous with a hundred greens and golds in the bright Gascon sunshine. Cattle browsed sleepily in the fields we crossed; the turf was starred with celandine; here and there you might surprise a colony of mushrooms—that sort of vegetable *game;* and wild roses blossomed in the hedges. Far way to the south the wry masses of the Pyrenees glowed in a purple haze, a dust of amethyst, and hid the mysterious colour-land, the Spain of castles and splendours, which, one knew by hearsay, lay beyond them. And at our feet purled and babbled the briskest of little brown brooks, hurrying impetuously on to dash itself into the Adour—such light-hearted self-destruction! In the end we would come to a place where the hedge was broken by a turnstile, and when we had passed this we were in one of the by-paths of Madame Guilbert's garden.

It was a big rambling old garden, a good deal neglected. The grass grew long between the trees,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the trees themselves were untrimmed, uncared-for, and the box that bordered the flower-beds had shot up till it was higher than my head—though that, perhaps, in those days, was not so high as I could have wished. And the whole garden smelt of the box—you know the hard clean smell of box, when the sun is ardent. There weren't very many flowers in the flower-beds, and the few that were there had to contend with multitudinous weeds. But of the flowers that bloom without attention under the friendly Gascon sky the garden was opulent: lilac and jessamine; magnolias, camellias; anemones and jonquils; iris, narcissus, and wild hyacinth; roses, oleanders, cyclamens, azaleas: according to the season, embroidering their airier perfumes upon the strong smell of the box. There were birds and bees and butterflies, besides, and countless alert little lizards, that whisked out of sight the instant you thought of trying to catch them, the suspicious creatures.

The house that stood in the middle of this neglected old pleasaunce looked neglected too. Its long pale-grey façade, its high-pitched red-tiled roof, were stained with lichens, green, pink, or yellow, in fantastic streaks and patches. For the most part the Venetian blinds that shielded its many windows were close-drawn, and the window-panes were dingy with immemorial dust. It looked neglected, it somehow just escaped looking uninhabited, but it did not look in the least gloomy or desolate; it looked peaceful, tranquil, drowsy. Very nearly uninhabited, for that matter, it was. Only Madame Guilbert, her nephew Monsieur Raoul, her maid Léocadie, and perhaps one or two other servants lived here; and surely Château Yroulte was vast enough to have housed a regiment.

It was Léocadie who let us in, when we had rung the door-bell, a tall, gaunt, elderly serving-woman, brown-skinned, hawk-nosed, as the peasants of that corner of Gascony are apt to be, her hair drawn severely back, and tied up behind with a red silk kerchief, in the Basque fashion. She opened the door, and led us across the great stone-paved hall, cool and twilit, after the dazzling sun and the warmth of the outer air, and up a great stone staircase, to Madame Guilbert's salon, on the *bel étage*. As we proceeded, my grandmother would inform herself concerning Madame Guilbert's health. "Grâce à Diou, she keeps remarkably well, thank you, Madame," Léocadie invariably answered, with her Gascon accent. "Elle est extraordinaire, vu son âge." But she pronounced *extraordinaire* as if it were spelt *estroudinarre*.

The salon was a big, light, faded room, furnished in rosewood and canary-coloured brocade; its floor waxed and polished so that it shone like a wet surface; its high white walls divided into panels by mouldings dimly gilt. And it was filled to overflowing with curious and pretty things: with porcelains and ivories; with silver things, brass things, crystal things, boxes, vases, and candelabra; with old Spanish cabinets, elaborately inlaid, old screens, old tapestries; and with pictures, pictures, pictures. I could never have numbered the pictures that hung in Madame Guilbert's salon, the big pictures and little pictures, the landscapes and portraits, the paintings, pastels, aquarelles, the engravings, the photographs. It was a heterogeneous, very possibly an incongruous, collection; but to my uncritical taste it seemed delightful. The air of the salon was always delicately fragrant: a thin sweet fragrance, something like the smell of lilies of the valley, the source of which was a perpetual puzzle to me. And through the tall slender windows you could gaze off, over the tangled garden, over the fair green country beyond, miles away southward, to the ever-purple mountains.

Léocadie showed us into the saloon, and went to announce us; and a minute or two afterwards Madame Guilbert came in: a big old lady, very amiable-looking, very comfortable-looking, somehow very soft-looking, fluffy-looking: in a voluminous skirt of soft black satin, with quantities of soft white lace and soft violet ribbons about her bodice, and a soft white lace cap, violet beribboned, on her head. She had a big round soft face—even its wrinkles were soft-looking, comfortable-looking; and big soft benignant eyes; and a deep soft comfortable voice. And she had the softest, comfortablest manner, a soothing, caressing manner. She called my grandmother *chère enfant* and *p'tite chèrie;* and she called me *mon bel amour*, and patted my cheek with a hand that was like a warm velvet cushion, and exclaimed at the astonishing way in which I had grown since our last encounter, and generally made me feel that I was an important, and she a singularly agreeable, person. Presently Léocadie would bring in the golden-brown honey-cake, and the cinnamon-scented chocolate, in beautiful frail old cups, with snowy islands of whipped cream floating on it. And Madame Guilbert would set her musical-box a-tinkling, for my entertainment; and then she would sit down and gossip softly with my grandmother, leaving me free to wander about the room, and look at the pictures, and examine one by one the bibelots and curiosities, and to wonder what the origin could be of that pervading fragrance, while the musical-box tinkled, tinkled, flowery old tunes from forgotten operas. . . .

For a long time, through many visits, I waited, gazed, and listened passively. It was a long time before it occurred to me that, having a tongue in one's head, one was capable of asking questions. Then at last I began to ask Madame Guilbert questions.

"Madame Guilbert, you have seen Napoleon, haven't you?" I began.

"Yes, *mon amour*," she answered in her most caressing manner, "many times."

"Oh, do please tell me about him! What was he like?" I went on, with a hopeful heart.

"What was he like?" she repeated, lifting her eyebrows. Then she shook her head. "But he was just a man, like any man."

"Yes, but what was he *like?*" I pleaded. "Do please tell me about him."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"But there's nothing to tell about him, *mon bijou*. He was just a man, like another."

And no matter how many questions I plied her with, no matter how hard I pressed them, she never limned me any portrait of Napoleon more vivid than the one you see. It was the same with the Duchess d'Angoulême. When I appealed for a description of her, Madame Guilbert would merely assure me that she was "very nice—très-gentille, très-douce." And of the "three days," she would say nothing more illuminating than that "the weather was extremely hot. Every one stayed indoors during the three days." Cross-examine her, *pump* her, as I might, she would yield none but these driblets of uninforming information. And I would retire from the engagement baffled and bewildered, to gaze at her bemusedly again, and wonder how it was possible that a person who had seen so much should tell so little.

Was it that the good lady had really never observed things, that things had never impressed her, that she had been blind to the salient point, the effective detail? Or was it that she didn't know how to communicate what she had observed, that she had never acquired the art of translating her impressions into speech? There are so many people (I have learned since) blind to the effective detail, so many who cannot communicate their observations. At any rate, though I returned to the charge a hundred times, and Madame Guilbert sustained my charges with unaltering patience, I never gained a single inch of ground. So I could only gaze at her bemusedly, and wonder; baffled, bewildered, immensely desirous, perfectly impotent. To think, to think, that there, shut up in that head of hers, was the recollection, the knowledge, the recorded vision, of Napoleon, of Marie Antoinette, the "three days," and all the rest; and yet there was no means in the wide world by which I could extract it! You will conceive the pain, the rebellion, of such a defeat.

"Oh, Madame Guilbert, do please tell me about the Duchesse d'Angoulême! Describe her to me."

"Ah, elle était très-gentille, la Duchesse d'Angoulême; très-gentille, très-douce." . . .

When I was thirteen, and Madame Guilbert ninety-four, I left Saint-Graal for ever. She died two years later. But to this day, when I think of her, I can't help regretting, with something of the old feeling of defeat, her incommunicable, irrecoverable visions.

A Ballade of August

(August 6, 1881.)

WHEN weary horses plod their way
  Up Ludgate Hill with glassy eyes;
When London trees are growing gray,
  And butchers' shops are thick with flies;
Then blithely Meliboeus hies,
  With Phyllis eke, and children three,
Where in some happy hollow lies
  The town of Arcady-on-Sea.

The hoarse-tongued engine's hollow bray
  Five miles afield unheeded dies.
A single carrier twice a day
  Along the bosky highway plies,
With royal mail and merchandise
  For Baker Brown and Gardener Gee:
New-fangled ways would scandalise
  The town of Arcady-on-Sea.

No stucco crescent fronts the bay,
  But by the beach, where linen dries,
Unvexed the brown-legged children play
  At moulding sand in crumbly pies.
Around, the circling uplands rise
  With sudden bluffs that bound the lea,
Fain would they screen from eager spies
  The town of Arcady-on-Sea.

ENVOY.

So let it bask in sunny skies,
  And long unborn, kind stars, be he
Whose marring hand would modernise
  The town of Arcady-on-Sea. G. A.

Two Poems

(January 15, 1887.)

SHE IS MY LADY, O SHE IS MY LOVE!
NO beauty born of pride my lady hath;
  Her voice is as the path
Of a sweet stream, and where it flows must be
  Peace and fertility.
Who loveth her no tumult hath or pain;
Her cloudy eyes are full of blessèd rain—
  A sky that cherisheth; her breast
    Is a soft nook for rest.
She has no varying pleasure
    For passion's fitful mood;
  Her firm, small kisses are my constant food,
As rowan-berries yield their needful treasure
To starving birds: her smile
Gives life so sweet a style,
To die beneath its beams would be
  To practise immortality.

AMONG THE TOMBS.

SOMETIMES I do despatch my heart
Among the graves to dwell apart:
On some the tablets are erased,
Some earthquake-tumbled, some defaced,
And some that have forgotten lain
A fall of tears makes green again.
And my brave heart can over-tread
Her brood of hopes, her infant dead,
And pass with quickened footstep by
The headstone of hoar memory,
  Till she hath found
  One swelling mound
With just her name writ and *beloved*;
From that she cannot be removed.

MICHAEL FIELD.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Carlyle: by Lionel Johnson

(September 10, 1892.)

Thomas Carlyle. By JOHN NICHOL. (Macmillans.)

THE most immediately obvious merit of Mr. Nichol's book is its narrative: a more straightforward, fair, and sufficient account of Carlyle's life does not exist. Mr. Nichol shirks nothing and he exaggerates nothing, though the biographer of such a man has every temptation to commit both crimes. From first to last, Carlyle's actual history is put before us, without any more prejudice than is inevitable. There is none of that wearying laudation, or of that shocked deprecation, which is so impertinent and so common. Carlyle's life was worth recording, and Mr. Nichol has recorded it: the scrutiny of domestic dissensions, the small malicious gossip, the love of infinitely little things, which go to the making of so many modern biographies, are absent from this biography. Mr. Froude has written the full biography, from the vantage ground of a friend and devotee: various studies, essays, and examinations of particular scenes or periods correct and supplement that work. Mr. Nichol's book gives us a judicial, brief account, based upon a consideration of all the various pleadings and evidences. A careful comparison of this book with those written by others, champions of Mrs. Carlyle or special pleaders of any sort, does but confirm the first impression left by its evident sincerity. It is a commonplace to say that origin and temperament are matters of singular importance in the consideration of genius, but in the case of Carlyle it would be nothing less than absurd to ignore them: they appear in all his works and ways, to an extent beyond exaggeration.

Mr. Nichol does well to insist, upon many occasions, that in Carlyle we have the Scotch peasant of genius, suffering from that pride which in Scotchmen of mere talent is insufferable. That sturdy self-respect and austerity of mind turn into self-conceit and irritability with great ease. Fitzgerald, speaking of his friend's acrid sneers and jeers, pleads for him, "This is all a little Scotch indelicacy to other people's feelings." Whether we look into Scotch history or into Scotch literature, we find this curious strain of rough pride and nervous unamiability asserting itself; and Scotch writers have been foremost in recognising it. Whether it be an Andrew Fairservice or a David Balfour, in whom the Scotch humourist plays with the characteristics of his countrymen, this note of a good self-conceit is very prominent. In Carlyle the native temperament, self-reliant and democratic, was joined to a special temperament less common. Mr. Hutton has well remarked that Carlyle had a physical delicacy of sense such as no finely nurtured aristocrat could surpass. His misery over noise, his sensitiveness to unpleasant surroundings of all kinds, gave him the tortures of a Heine, without the dignity of so terrible a prostration; and almost anything can be forgiven him when we consider his rugged pride of origin and his feminine delicacy of nerve. Enough has been said about "the dyspeptic man of genius." We want to hear no more of these bodily weaknesses, except in palliation of the spiritual weaknesses that followed them. Carlyle might say splenetic and mordant things about all the world, and about his fellow-men of genius, and about himself, under the exasperation of suffering; but his ill-temper rarely carried him beyond ill words.

Against the Carlyle who shrieked and wailed over intolerable trifles may be set the Carlyle whose first care, when Mill's carelessness had destroyed the manuscript of the "French Revolution," was for Mill himself: and against the Carlyle who said contemptuous things about others may be set the Carlyle who never grudged time or means to help them. Doubtless, the preacher of silence and of endurance loses some dignity through his outcries, but never through his deeds. Dante condescending to torture his enemies, Milton railing upon Salmasius, are not more pardonable than Carlyle rending friends or foes with irony and bitter words. He did not wholly mean what he said: so far as he did mean it, he was but scourging the general folly of the world, his own included. And he looked at the world in the concrete, with the eyes of a satirist and humourist. His first favourite books were "Hudibras" and "Tristram Shandy." But he looked beyond the world into a vast sphere of Powers, Immensities, Forces, Veracities, Eternities: turning back to this wretched earth, how solemn a prig looked Wordsworth, how sorry a drunkard was Lamb, how egregious a spectacle all the merry farce of human life! The stars, and the winds, and the seas: and then, absurd persons in red gowns, doing justice; absurd persons in black gowns, preaching righteousness! Full of these imaginative contrasts, he shot his rankling epigrams right and left, half in laughter, half in bitterness. Mazzini with his dreamy hopes, Mill with his dusty logic, must have seemed monstrous to him at such times of grim meditation. No doubt they were great and good and the like: but less than nothing beside the Eternities, mere comic actors amusing the Powers of Heaven for a time. Only when he found men in whom he saw force and vehemence, of some sort, could he reverence humanity. It might be a Quaker or a soldier, a poet or a prophet, a modern statesman or an ancient demi-god, who thus faced the invisible forces of the universe with something of their own untiring vehemence: Carlyle was equally willing to reverence him. Such a man's tears and agonies, his spiritual conflicts or physical violences, were sacred to him: a Cromwell struggling for speech, a Johnson fighting with madness, were awful and divine: not so the "lovely wail" of a Shelley, the "bleeding heart" of a Byron. While Emerson looked through history for "Representative Men," Carlyle looked for "Heroes": not the fine flower of mankind, but the few demigods who stand above the pitiable crowd, commanding them to obedience. Anything about such heroes was precious in his eyes: each personal detail of their ways and looks and lives. He contemplated history with

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the large contemplation of Gibbon, but with a troubled irony and a poignant misery unknown to that calm spectator of the pageant; and he fixed upon points of time, and upon certain figures, with the intensity of Tacitus. To Carlyle, the present could never be admirable: it was too close and too exacting. Cromwell, Knox, Luther, Dante, would not have satisfied him as his contemporaries: he was born with a craving for an ideal perfection, which his sense of humour forbade him to find in real life, or in practical politics, or in the hopes of men. Confronted with living men of "Work and Worth," he refused to see in them the signs of his ideal: a Scotch Faust, he was always dissatisfied, querulous, and proud. He was pleased with the peasant virtues of Derbyshire. Fitzgerald writes to him:—

> "Have some mercy, now and in future, on the 'Hebrew rags' which are grown offensive to you: considering it was those rags that did really bind together those virtues which have transmitted down to us all the good you noticed in Derbyshire."

That is to say, be consistent: useless advice to a man who cared nothing for logical consistency. Side by side with the humorous idealist was the literary critic in Carlyle. All Mr. Nichol's observations upon that side of his nature and of his work are excellent; especially as to his labour of love in making German literature known in England. For we are apt to think of Carlyle as a prophet merely, a satirist, or a dreamer; we forget the amount of actual work done for us by his hard toil. Emerson, so bright and winning, so ardent and eager, gave us volumes of quiet, subtile comments upon life; but he knew nothing of hard work, the dusty drudgery among records and chronicles, from which came Carlyle's best books. If we consider Voltaire or Hugo, or most writers of over thirty volumes, how great a mass of their writing seems to have a precarious dependence upon passing moods of the mind! But Carlyle has left us a mass of writings which are solid and substantial, which are independent of an opinion about his moral teaching and ideals. But his style, say some, will not that prove fatal to his fame? The same thing might have been said of Thucydides, Tacitus, Rabelais, and Sterne; of Richter, and of Heine in much of his writing. Without doubt, Plato and Cicero, Addison and Goethe, ran no such risks as must be run by the more audacious writers. Carlyle must lose and gain by his style. Lose, because it was, at times, what he called it, his "own poor affectation," a struggling storm of words, conveying nothing worthy of so great an effort. But the better part of it needs no worthier defence than is contained in Mr. Meredith's description of it. Rosamund Culling disapproved of Beauchamp's devotion to Carlyle.

> "His favourite author was one writing of heroes, in (so she esteemed it) a style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation, so loose and rough it seemed; a wind-in-the-orchard style, that tumbled down here and there an appreciable fruit with uncouth bluster. Sentences without commencements running to abrupt endings and smoke, like waves against a sea-wall; learned dictionary words giving a hand to street-slang, and accents falling on them haphazard, like slant rays from driving clouds; all the pages in a breeze, the whole book producing a kind of electric agitation in the mind and the joints."

It is a treacherous style in the hands of the imitator: a delicious style, as Dr. Holmes has shown, in those of the parodist; but its power and charm have appealed to the purest and simplest masters of style. Cardinal Newman, though he had "the brain of a medium-sized rabbit," wrote:—

> "I commend to your notice, if it comes in your way, Carlyle on the French Revolution. A queer, tiresome, obscure, profound, and original work." "A man of first-rate ability, I suppose, and quite fascinating as a writer."

Mr. Nichol's moderation and insight are worthy of all praise. He shows us the man, not as a strong hero, nor as a canting humbug, but just as he was: the Scotch peasant of genius, the laborious man of letters, the friend of practical kindness and a bitter tongue, the victim of tortured nerves, the sad humourist, and the fighter of a dark spirit battling towards some light.

A Colloquy on Criticism: By Augustine Birrell

(LITERATURE, February 12, 1898.)

IN an earlier number of this Review I remarked on the fact that acquaintance with authors dulls the edge of criticism. Since then I have noticed an apparent unwillingness on the part of critics to admit this; but surely to deny it is to fly in the face of human nature. You cannot impale a friend upon your hook as if you loved him; wriggle the silly fellow will until the mildest-mannered critic finds himself using the language of the fish-wife, famous in story, who was overheard cursing the eels she was skinning alive for not lying still. Lordly editors may declare themselves able to select from their huge roll-call of critics "kinless loons" who, like the Prince Regent, "have no predilections," but one critic is not always so good as another.

So important a thing is a free hand that young men, with all their rashness and crudity, are not infrequently the best critics of contemporary books, for, knowing hardly "anybody," and with their way in the world still to make, they are alike ruthless and unembarrassed, and consequently delightfully well able, with their whoops and cries, to flutter the dove-cotes where, drooping a little over their perches, sit sunning themselves the crop-full authors. But the sad years that bring the philosophic mind bring other things as well, and amongst them a hatred of strife and contention, of scowling faces and averted glances.

"Saint Praxed's ever was the church for peace." Why

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

should I strike even the Hospitaller's shield? What need to revile my neighbour simply because he has written a novel that makes me creep all down my back? He will not leave off writing because of my back, but I (how easily) can leave off reading my neighbour, and thus in time may learn to love him. Yes, but what is to become of my critical faculties? Are they to find no expression?

To ignore the living altogether, and with the poet Southey (but was Southey a poet?) to spend your critical hours among the dead, is a way out of the difficulty, and a very pleasant way too, and one full of peace and safety. Pope cannot lampoon you, or Milton call you a dog with two g's. I have never cared to deny that I like authors best when they are dead.

> Philosopher and Poet you shall find
> Each ever after his own kind.
> 'Tis well to watch them; not too near, perhaps,
> One snarls at you, the other snaps.

Besides, to the critic Death is of great assistance. There is no more wonderful adjuster of reputations than he. No sooner has "the surly, sullen bell" given witness to the world that a distinguished author has departed from it than you begin to perceive with a nervous apprehensiveness how much you had either over or under estimated him. In the former case, greatly though you had prized him, much as you may owe to him, none the less he is to be seen creeping slowly down the sky; whilst in the latter case the under-estimated author proudly climbs it.

Living authors, though they may despise the critics, still clamour to be criticised, and no more approve of an exclusive devotion being paid to the dead than does an artist of to-day share your dilettante conviction that the only pictures worth buying are by the old masters; but from the critic's point of view it is hard to forget that the only English critics who have any reputation chiefly concerned themselves with authors who were no longer living when they (these critics) wrote. Dryden, Addison, Johnson, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Lamb, Bagehot, Arnold were great critics who did not worry overmuch about their contemporaries. Indeed, one wonders whether it would be possible to fill even a thin volume with criticisms of authors written by their coevals which would be worth reading. I doubt it.

Nor is it hard to find the reason. Authors who claim to be imaginative are divided into the good, the bad, and the hum-drum. Contemporary criticism finds it easy to dispose of the bad author and the hum-drum, the only risk it runs (no light one certainly) being the occasional mistake of one of the bad authors for a good one. Criticism of this kind quickly loses its interest.

But what about the good authors? Surely the critic might have something to say to them. So indeed he might, and so after a time he will, but at the start it is nervous work. It is well said by Carlyle, who said many things well, "Directly in the face of most intellectual tea-circles it may be asserted that no good book or good thing of any sort shows its best face at first; nay, that the commonest quality in a true work of art, if its excellence have any depth and compass, is that at first sight it occasions a certain disappointment—perhaps even mingled with its undeniable beauty *a certain feeling of aversion.*"

This goes to the very root of the matter and accounts for the extraordinary reception given to works of genius by critics, undeniably well equipped for general purposes. These critics did but express "a certain feeling of aversion," occasioned by the first sight of an original. It is, I repeat, nervous work handling the genius which has not yet created its own atmosphere.

Perhaps the safest method of criticism is the comparative. It is also the most interesting. And yet people professed to grow weary of Matthew Arnold's pocket-scale of poetical weights and measures with which he was so fond of testing the value of men's wares. The meritorious Howard did the like with prison rations. "Is that a ration?" he would exclaim, and then, whipping out a scale, would demonstrate to the affrighted gaoler it was half a pound short of weight. But for all that Mr. Arnold's was an excellent way. Is it blank verse we are invited to consider? Surely it is no sin to murmur:—

> Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
> More safe I sing with mortal voice, unchanged
> To hoarse or mute, though fall'n on evil days,
> On evil days though fall'n and evil tongues,
> In darkness, and with dangers compassed round,
> And solitude; yet not alone, while thou
> Visit'st my slumbers nightly, or when morn
> Purples the East. Still govern thou my song
> Urania, and fit audience find, though few.

Is it an ode? Well, well!

> Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
> To what green altar and mysterious priest
> Lead'st thou that heifer, lowing at the skies,
> And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
> What little town by river or sea-shore,
> Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
> Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?

It is only by some such means as those employed by Mr. Arnold that the great tradition is kept alive, and with the passages he was so fond of quoting for ever sounding in our ears it ought not to be difficult to conquer one's first feelings of aversion to the next great poet who comes among us, even though he should not appear clothed in his might, but (as is generally the case) with all his faults lying thick upon the surface of his verse. It ought not perhaps—but it will be. Who need wish to be a critic in the twentieth century? When, what with American copyright, royalties on the drama, and heavy death duties, I may live to see Chatsworth inhabited by a really bad author, whilst all my satisfaction in the reflection that I at all events never opened my mouth without abusing him may be destroyed by the mournful knowledge that I allowed the really good author of my day to pass without a tribute by.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Marc Lescarbot

By BERNARD MUDDIMAN (Ottawa).

THE old world had its Herodotus, the new has Marc Lescarbot. Early in May, 1606, a young Parisian lawyer, having lost a case through the injustice of the Court, was induced by one of his clients, Jean de Biencourt, Seigneur de Poutrincourt, to sail away for Acadie, now known to the world at large as the province of Nova Scotia, in the Dominion of Canada. It was after considerable reflection, Lescarbot tells us, that he decided to go, urged on by "the desire to flee a corrupt world and to examine the new with his own eyes." Lescarbot, born at Vervins about 1570, was a Latin scholar, poet, barrister, and general intellectual curiosity. He seems also to have had a strong bias towards, for his age, very free religious speculation. Fame still reserves for him, as a charming personality who has prattled his way into literature, a niche beside his great contemporary Montaigne. Indeed, in his account of his voyage to Acadie he has left not only the most interesting record of Canada in its pioneer days, but an *olla podrida* of quaint sayings and thoughts similar to those which so fascinate the reader leafing the essays of Montaigne.

Let us then follow him during his year's sojourn in Acadie at Port Royal, the first permanent French settlement in North America. Remember he went away from Paris and its gay life a disappointed man; he writes: "Lawsuits are the bane of man's existence; for in the pursuit of them men waste their money and health. And often justice is not obtained after all, either through the Judges' ignorance, from whom the truth is kept back, or through malice, or from the wickedness of the Attorney-General who sells the case." Was there ever such an outspoken lawyer as this Lescarbot, embarking at La Rochelle in the *Jonas* of 150 tons on May 11th, 1606? Before setting out, however, being one of the Muses' sons, he wrote an adieu to *la belle France* "pour m'égayer l'esprit." Speed was not one of the perils of Atlantic crossings of those days; for Port Royal was not reached till July 27th. Like a Yankee globe trotter, Lescarbot was at once astir. "A tant, nous descendons à terre, visitons la maison, et passons la journée à rendre grâce à Dieu, voir les cabanes des sauvages, et nous aller promener par les prairies." The next day, however, a Friday, Poutrincourt set everyone to work, tilling the ground, cleaning "la maison," Lescarbot included. "My wish to discover what the soil of the country was worth made me more ready than the rest to dig and to live." Louis Hébert, a Parisian apothecary, who had also sailed with Lescarbot, seems to have taken charge of these latter labours. But when Poutrincourt left on August 28 for a voyage of discovery we find Lescarbot acting as his deputy. He at once directed the workmen to lay out a vegetable garden, and had a moat dug at the same time about the fort. Like our own Bacon and Cowley, he seems to have had a hankering for the soil: "Those men are indeed to be pitied who, having it in their power to live a quiet life in the country, cultivating the soil which yields such a good return, pass their lives in cities, bowing and scraping to each other, seeking excuses to go to law, worrying over this and that, endeavouring to get the better of their neighbours, racking their brains until the day of their death how to pay the rent, how to dress in silk, and how to buy rich furniture —in short, how to cut a figure and feast on a little vanity, in which there is never any satisfaction."

But, meantime, Poesy was not forgotten, though the carpenters and masons were busy all around him. Another explorer, Pontgravé, who had come to the Fort with Champlain, sailed for home on August 25. Lescarbot bade him God-speed in his best verse. The colonists laboured three hours a day, and then went their own ways, passing the rest of the time in hunting or fishing. Lescarbot was particularly delighted with hunting, but hardly from the sportsman's point of view; "the solitude and silence which accompany it bring beautiful thoughts to the mind." He gathered mussels at low tide, but never seems to have had a desire to venture into the pathless wilds or primeval forests. "For my part," he writes, "I can say that I never worked so hard in my life. I took pleasure in laying out and cultivating my gardens, in enclosing them to keep out the pigs, in making flower-beds, staking out alleys, building summer houses, sowing wheat, rye, barley, oats, beans, peas, and garden plants, and in watering them." What a gentle soul he was in the wilderness! As Charlevoix, the French Canadian historian, says, "he encouraged some, he touched the honour of others, he won the goodwill of all, and spared himself in naught. He daily invented something new for the public good." When he was not scribbling verse he was learning a trade-craft.

Pondering on the history of the New World, relating its legends, Lescarbot possesses something of the semi-humorous rationalism of Herodotus disbelieving the Phœnix, the man who swam eighty *stades* under the sea, and those who carried their eyes in their breasts. For instance, Lescarbot says: "Joseph Acosta relates that in Peru one of the lay brothers lost his way, and wandered about in the mountains without knowing whither or in what direction to go, till finally he found himself amid thickets so dense that for fifteen days he was compelled to walk along their tops, and did not set foot upon the ground. Everyone is free to believe as much of this tale as he wishes, but such knowledge is too wonderful for me."

Again, what makes Lescarbot's narrative so bewitching is that he loves to note things that appeal to the literary mind. Nicolas Denys, a later explorer, can write excellently from the commercial standpoint of the fisheries of Canada; but it is only Lescarbot, among the old chroniclers, who would have thought of telling us of the "Order of the Good Times." For when Poutrincourt returned in the middle of November, some of the men dressed as Neptune and his Tritons, recited verses written by Lescarbot, and preparations were made for the winter, which fortunately was extremely mild. For a time none wore a cloak over his doublet, and even in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

January they ate out of doors. So warm was it in the middle of the month that for very joy they sang. To while away, however, those short days and long nights a reign of feasting was established—"the Order of the Good Times," concerning which I cannot do better than quote the original:—

> Mais je diray que pour nous tenir joieusement et nettement quant aux vivres, fut établi un Ordre en la Table dudit sieur de Poutrincourt, qui fut nommé L'Ordre de Bon-Temps, mis premierement en avant par le sieur Champlain, auquel ceux d'icelle table estoient maitres-d'Hotel chacun à son jour, qui estoit en quinze jours une fois. Or avoit-il le soin de faire que nous fussions bien et honorablement traités. Ce qui fut si bien observé, que (quoy que les gourmens de deçà nous disent souvent que nous n'avions point là la rue aux Ours de Paris) onus y avons fait ordinairement aussi bon chere que nous sçaurions faire en cette rue aux Ours et à moins de frais. Car il n'y avoit celui qui deux jours devant que son tour vinst ne fut soigneux d'aller à la chasse, ou à la pécherie, et n'apportast quelque chose de rare, outre ce qui estoit de notre ordinaire. Si bien que jamais au déjeuner nous n'avons manqué de saupiquets de chair ou de poissons, et au repas de midi et du soir encor moins; car c'estoit le grand festin, là où l'architriclin, ou maître-d'hotel (que les sauvages appellent Atoctegic), ayant fait preparer toutes choses au cuisinier, marchait la serviette sur l'épaule, le baton d'office en main, et le colier de l'Ordre au col, qui valoit plus de quatre escus et tous ceux d'icelui Ordre après lui, portons chacun son plat. Le méme estoit au dessert, non toutefois avec tant de suite et au soir, avant rendre graces à Dieu, il resinoit le colier de l'Ordre avec un verre de vin à son successeur en la charge, et buvaient l'un à l'autre.

When the merriment grew wild in the evening and the French made merry with the Micmac belles, Lescarbot would steal away, gentle soul, to his room with its few treasured volumes. Here, far from the feast, he read and wrote like a second Montaigne in his tower. Here he composed several of his poems printed in his "Muses de la Nouvelle France." At other times he gave religious instruction to the ruder sort of their company. "And these efforts," he writes complacently enough, "did not prove fruitless, for several admitted they had never heard the matters pertaining to the Deity so well set forth."

Then spring came. Snow and ice went as at a magic touch. Out in the fields the men again tilled and sowed. Fish spawned; birds came north; flowers bloomed. However, the colony was not to be. On May 24 a small vessel of six to seven tons hove in sight in charge of a young man from St. Malo, bringing letters from Poutrincourt's patron in France to the effect that their monopoly had been revoked and they would have to return home. "It was a grievous disappointment," says Lescarbot. So, saying adieu in verse, as one would naturally expect, on July 30, 1607, Lescarbot sailed back with the others on the *Jonas* just twelve months after his landing.

Good news awaited his arrival. The Court had reconsidered its decision; Lescarbot had won his client's case. Then he settled down to write his adventures in the whimsically charming prose of his age, finally publishing the work in 1609, with appropriate dedications to Henry IV, Marie de Médicis, the Dauphin, and Queen Marguerite of Valois. After that he was never further afield from France than Switzerland. He received a Government Commissionership, and, like all lawyers, married well. Acadie, with its vexed and turbulent history, was over for him. When he died is unknown. This is no great matter, for undoubtedly, as Grant, his translator, likes to think, somewhere in the Elysian fields this old traveller has met the Greek Herodotus, and for all time, as on our bookshelves, these two, "with well-chosen phrase and occasional ripple of laughter," talk of the marvels to be found at the source of the great River of Egypt and of the great River of Canada, happily oblivious of subsequent immigrant literature.

English Apprenticeship and Child Labour*

IN the making of England it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of the part played by the apprenticeship system which, beginning as a custom amongst the people, was adopted by the great Guilds of the City of London in the middle of the thirteenth century, and gradually grew until it became a national institution of high importance. The famous Statute of Artificers of Elizabeth's reign came comparatively late in its history, but it made articulate all that the nation had learnt upon the great subject of technical training. Had it not been for the demoralising influence of the Civil War of Charles's day, which drew away vast numbers of the young men of the time as soldiers, it is probable that the influence of the Statute would have lasted until the present time, and we should not now need to begin again the great work of technical instruction.

Apprenticeship never recovered, and its own defects, which had grown up in so many centuries, and the beginnings of the factory system, led to the repeal of the Statute of Artificers in 1814. Since that time, despite undoubted progress in many directions, the increase of unskilled labour, the imperfect training of workmen in many trades and consequent decline of thoroughness and the sense of responsibility which characterised the old English artificer, have led us to look longingly at apprenticeship. Undoubtedly the long period of service, the personal contact between master and man it involved and the mutual sense of

* *English Apprenticeship and Child Labour: A History.* By O. JOCELYN DUNLOP. With a Supplementary Section on the Modern Problem of Juvenile Labour by O. JOCELYN DUNLOP and RICHARD D. DENMAN, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

responsibility were features that assured success and made of the worker not only a good craftsman, but also a good and useful citizen. It gave us the sense of order which is still our best characteristic as a nation. The apprentice lived in the master's house, and the master had to look to it that his apprentice was properly clothed, fed, and taught. In most cases the boy learnt during his seven years' service not only the manual work, but also how to conduct a business.

Apprenticeship was controlled by the Guilds, who were supported by the corporations, of which the members were generally freemen, so that the connection between trade and local government was very intimate. This was one of the most important features of the system, for instead of the indifference of to-day in matters of local government we had then the vital interest, something of which is still seen within the City of London, where alone in all the Kingdom we can still find the old and essentially democratic machinery of local government as it existed in the Middle Ages. Its inception was essentially the work of the London craftsmen and traders who had been through the long discipline of apprenticeship.

In some respects the Guild was less tyrannical than the unions which have taken their place, for the system of apprenticeship did not prevent any trained craftsmen entering the Guilds provided that he was willing to show himself "sufficient" by going before the Guilds and giving them a specimen of his skill; so that a man trained in any manner might qualify himself at any age. To-day the country loses much of its best talent by barring the way into most skilled trades and professions to all adults who have not served some kind of apprenticeship in the modern sense. The Guilds put also a limit to the too early employment of children in their trades, and from fourteen to sixteen became the usual age at which boys were "bound." They also forbade night work. As the authoress of this valuable and profoundly interesting book points out, this was probably not done so much for the sake of the children as to prevent bad work, the lights used being then very poor. All the Guilds were rigorous in their efforts to ensure good workmanship, and for this we should be eternally grateful to them. The "searchers" they employed went the round of the workshops, sought out and condemned bad work, and saw that the apprentices were properly taught and cared for. In this connection Miss Dunlop quotes a record which quaintly states that the wardens of the Merchant Taylors Company "Comytted Thomas Palmer to pryson for that he hath broke Henry Bourfelde his apprentice hede without any juste cause."

After apprenticeship a young man was practically assured of employment, and it is pointed out that there was in consequence less wastage than at the present time, when so many young people are turned adrift and still younger workers are taken in their place. They possess neither special skill nor the discipline given by sound training, so they swell the ranks of the unemployed and unemployable.

Apprenticeship declined from about the year 1660, and the repeal of the Statute was followed by the horrors of the factory system, of which Robert Owen has given us so terrible a description. The position of juvenile workers under it, as Miss Dunlop says, "was vastly inferior to what it had been under the compulsory apprenticeship system when children were ensured both a fair return for their labour and protection from the misuse or abuse of their masters or parents." Owen states that thirty years before his time children had begun work at fourteen years of age—in trades of which he did not know it seems certain they began much earlier. Under the factory system all began earlier. For example, in Yorkshire, in 1806, children were employed in factories at from six years of age; in 1816 they were employed in the Stockport hat trade from five years of age, the hours of labour being fourteen per day. As late as 1842 children of four were employed in the calico trade and in lace making; in pin making at five, and in the hosiery trade at five. In Derby children of two were employed, and others of four, five, and six. In calico works the reports quoted by Miss Dunlop say: "Numbers of children under nine years old were employed; the machines seldom ran for less than ten and a half hours and night work was common." Similar hours and ages were usual in other trades, and the sanitary conditions, we are told, were disgraceful. Worst of all was the condition of the children employed in coal mines. They began work generally at eight or nine, but sometimes at four and six years of age. The hours were seldom less than twelve, and were sometimes as many as eighteen per day. The work of these mites was to draw the coal in small trucks from the various seams in which it was being cut to the large openings. Twenty years later, in 1863, we are told the conditions in all these industries were practically unchanged, into such a degraded condition had labour in England fallen after we had allowed the forces of industrial disorder to overthrow those of industrial law, which in the course of eight centuries had done so much for the manhood, the wealth and the comfort of the nation.

In addition to Miss Dunlop's own admirable and very thorough history of the whole subject of apprenticeship and child labour, the book contains a valuable supplement on the Modern Problem of Child Labour, in which she has had the assistance of Mr. Richard D. Denman, M.P., who was formerly Chairman of the London Juvenile Advisory Committee.

The Individual Reader

By Alex. J. Philip.

THE meeting of the Conference of the Library Association next week reminds us that it is just twenty years since public libraries were firmly established in this country under the Consolidating Act of 1892, although for more than forty years before that they had been opened in varying numbers, year by year. Is twenty years long enough as a test of the effect of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

these institutions on the standard of reading of the individual? There is reading *and* writing; reading for an exam., or as a journalist engaged on running to earth an elusive piece of information, does not exactly satisfy the wider definition. I know one town where a record has been kept showing that, without exception, every student who has sat for matriculation or any higher examination has made use, not only of the ordinary facilities of the municipal library, but of those special favours granted to students, such as a larger field of selection, or in increased number of books at any one time. Splendid as such a record may be, it is not evidence of the existence of a reading class or of individual readers. I think it may be that libraries all over the country are useful, even if it is put no higher, to those who are compelled to read for business.

Reading is an æsthetic enjoyment, while the assimilation of information may be described as a useful industry. And here we find the difference. All our great readers, like great authors, have been creators or critics of pure literature and not of the literature of the sciences or arts. There was a modicum of truth in the dictum of the "washing lady" described by one of our leading humorists, who referred to her budding olive leaf—immersed in the pages of the "Blood-bound Boer, or the stirring adventures of an outpost rider"—"'E's a great reader, 'aint 'e," in so far as he was a student of the literature of the imagination, however much more the assimilation of facts might have benefited him in the future. That, however, is the reader I am considering; the student of the literature of the imagination—whether he has gone up or down in the scale. Collectively one might generalise over the gamut of change that has taken place during these fifty years, crediting or debiting the literary account of the public library according to the individual taste without any regard to the many other educational developments that have contributed to this series of accelerated changes. The result would be favourable or otherwise to the reader, to the books, and to the library, according to the individual standard of the critic. This, in fact, is what usually takes place when the decline in one or other of those grand old literary institutes, literary and philosophical societies, magnificent debating clubs, that sprang up chiefly in the northern counties during the last century, is deplored. These institutions have done their work, and have succeeded admirably; whether or not they can be brought into line with modern demands I do not know; but it is a very simple business consideration that drives by economic force the reader of to-day to the great subscription circulating libraries or the public library.

The individual reader who "finds" himself is like the horse strayed into a clover field, surprised that he ever enjoyed the dry, withered grass on the common, and filled with wonderment that such delicious food should exist. This appreciation of the literary delicacy of each fresh author, of each new book and of each rereading of an old favourite, makes a reader. And a reader is a connoisseur of literature; one with an æsthetic taste in the art of grouping words.

How has the reader been affected by the public library? Have the pastures thrown open to him proved green with succulent herbs; or were they covered with bitter weeds, rank with a poison in the aftermath?

This reader, this connoisseur in literature, this dilettante of the æsthetic taste, is a fiction reader; a student of the literature of the imagination. I feel a little dubious here, because public libraries have been inveighed against as purveyors of fiction by so many of those who are able to buy their own literary intoxicants for home consumption, or find it provided for them by the literary editor of their paper. But it is quite true—the literary man is essentially a fiction reader; a reader of romances, of dramatic creations, of poetry, and of essays, which, after all, are more or less brilliant efforts in the art of saying something about nothing in a beautiful manner.

It is this individual reader in embryo that the public library is training, more or less insidiously perhaps, as a person of taste. And the creation of taste in literature must be inevitably followed by the growth of taste in other things, because the appreciation of literature—as distinct from books estimated by weight—can only follow a knowledge of what is beautiful. It is said that there is no literature at the present time—only books. But this is little more than the plaint of those unable to find a publisher. True, we do not find Shakespeares in every village—if we did, to use another paradox, they would no longer be Shakespeares—but even if there are no great creations of literature to-day, there were some yesterday and there will be more to-morrow. Why worry about empty platitudes of this kind? In fact, it is only because the public library as an institution has made it possible for the unread to become a reader of taste that he is able to know that there was real literature yesterday, even if it is only the faith that is in him that enables him to say there will be more to-morrow. The public library is creating in the individual—even of every class—the love of the beautiful, the knowledge of taste, the appreciation of art in every form on which the eternal reputation of Greece rests. One authority says this is the influence of Greek genius. I say it is the effect of the same causes that made Greece, now making us; and by the greater greatness of our genius—it could not be less, as it embraces all that has survived of the Greek spirit—so shall our literature and art be more brilliant and more enduring.

Whether the future reader comes within the magic sphere of the public library as a humble learner, clinging with fragile fingers to the lowest rung of the ladder, or as a stalwart climber, the result is the same: new vistas unfold themselves as he reaches higher and yet higher altitudes, rising by the expansion of his field of mental vision. The most assiduous pursuer of a perverted quest, the most inveterate debauchee of a debased taste, is eventually brought to a halt by a danger mark on the indicator, "red is out"; and is compelled to satiate himself with some new and hitherto untried dish.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

THERE was a time, scarcely more than half a century ago, when those who travelled for other reasons than those of duty and the quest of money were as rare as the four-leaved clover in a dense field. Moreover, the fortunate few who were enabled to indulge in such restricted and antiquated forms of "globe-trotting" as were then known, were wont to take the business very seriously. No such things as sudden decisions, light-hearted packings of bags, the hailing of a taxi-cab, and a swooping flight to the nearest railway station, were known or dreamed of in the earlier ages of the crinoline. A young man on the eve of the Grand Tour was the subject of as much preparation, care, and forethought as is expended on an entire military campaign to-day. When the momentous day of the actual start arrived he set out armed with every conceivable precaution, moral and material, against disaster. Paternal advice, the tears of a mother, carefully engineered letters of introduction to those resident in foreign climes, and the presence of a tutor—these constituted nothing beyond a certain proportion of the paraphernalia of the early Victorian voyager who was about to sail across the Channel. And when, having made his tour of the towns in France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, he returned to place his knees again beneath his native mahogany, it was with the satisfied sense of a duty completed for good and all. The Grand Tour resembled the life-membership of a club. Once effected it held good for a lifetime, and freed its subject from the necessity of ever again undergoing the process.

. . . . . .

There is no doubt that travelling was, from the educational point of view, conducted then in a fashion far more conscientious than now. I do not imagine that its participants could lay claim to any special merit to themselves on this head. The result was achieved by an enforced slow progress, and by equally unavoidable lengthy halts in a limited area. There was no opportunity then for the career of those who travel in order to add the names of countries, provinces, and towns to their stock with the same avidity with which a philatelist sits at home to collect his various specimens of postage stamps. An American whom I met some while ago in that very balmy island of Madeira would, for one, never have found in the days of the Grand Tour a profession which was clearly very dear to him. It had been his lifelong desire to travel; he had spent his early days accumulating sufficient means to this end, and his desire had now been gratified for twenty years. During all that time the now elderly sprite had passed unceasingly over the earth's surface from place to place, and from ocean to ocean. Since I myself have been a wanderer in no small way, his experiences interested me not a little. There seemed not a place on the accepted tourist routes throughout the world that he had not visited. His memory, moreover, was in one sense marvellous, since out of all these hundreds of spots there was not one at which he could not recall the length of his stay. Nothing else mattered. Cathedrals, ruins, aboriginals, cataracts, and landscapes—not one had left an impression on the curious mirror of his mind. He had stayed a few hours in one place, a day or two in another—his pride lay in nothing beyond. He was not of the days of the Grand Tour.

. . . . . .

It is possible that such a man may rank almost as a criminal in sheer waste of the opportunities of appreciation. If so, the depth of his crime is of use in itself in revealing the remarkable facilities which are now offered for such absent-minded scourings of the globe. The mere consideration of the scope of the tourist field of to-day is an astonishing process in itself. The scene of a battlefield in what was a savage country twenty years ago, waterfalls the report of which was considered more or less legendary at a very little earlier date, corners in the East where until comparatively recently it was a daring feat for a European to show his face, South American beauty spots which in earlier and insanitary times were spoken of with dread as the haunts of yellow fever—it is to such places as these that the traveller now comes in search of recreation, and grumbles, moreover, if the quality of his whisky and the design of his bed are not exactly to his liking. There was a time when men still retained some awe for the Pyramids, and when an excursion by steamer to Khartum was spoken of as an adventurous and enterprising excursion. Now both Sphinx and Pyramids produce about the same amount of astonishment as a pond on Hampstead Heath—in the mind of the hardened globe-trotter, that is to say—and, as to Khartum, it has become a popular halting-place in the course of steamer journeys very much further to the South. All of which points to the rather lamentable fact that the profession of the pioneer is all but extinct in the world.

. . . . . .

Perhaps one of the most interesting features in the present phase of world-travel is the study of the fashions in countries and localities; fashions which are almost as kaleidoscopic as those of women's clothes. There was a time when Switzerland was the most popular haunt of the summer months, and when to the average Englishman France was represented by very little beyond Paris and the Riviera. Then the curtain was withdrawn from the peaks of Norway and the Austrian Alps, while crowds flocked to the watering-places of Brittany and Normandy, and the more up-to-date began to forsake Switzerland in summer for the joys of its ice- and snow-sports of the winter months. The Black Forest, too, discovered new attractions to add to the old in the shape of trout-fishing. Italy, it is true, has had to content herself with what may be termed her stock-features, wonderful as they are; but her sister-countries of Spain and Portugal, awaking to the situation, cast about them for the most favoured inducement to the traveller, and succeeded in no small measure. As entirely new items in her programme Spain found haunts in her northern mountains and hitherto

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

neglected local treasures in the neighbourhood of Vigo Bay, while Portugal pointed to a string of charming white towns which nestled round Mont' Estoril near the mouth of the Tagus. The Far North and the midnight sun, not to be left out of any cold not of their own making, blinked a welcome to thousands, and now even some of the Balkan countries are preparing themselves to receive the casual traveller. And this is in Europe alone, and even the whole of Europe has not yet been taken into account!

The Stratford Shakespeare Festival

CERTAINLY it was a mistake to think of presenting so crude a piece of melodrama as "If I were King" at Stratford-on-Avon. That is the very mildest phrase that one may choose for it. Yet had it been played as pure melodrama, had, in popular phrase, the colour been laid on with a trowel, the pomp made pompous, the villainy villainous, and the love-scenes of full voice, the result might not have seemed so disastrous. But with a commendable earnestness it was played as high drama; and as act succeeded to act, and the stream of interest became thinner, one began to wonder if there would be enough water to carry the ship to sea. The play was only kept alive by Mr. Frank Cochrane's fine rendering of the part of Louis XI. In the last two acts it was he who bore the burden of the play, and he bore it admirably. It was an exceedingly clever piece of work. Similarly, too, Miss Ethel Macdowall, as Huguette du Hamel, played well and with great earnestness. For the rest, Mr. Benson, as François Villon, and Miss Dorothy Green, as Katherine de Vaucelles, scarcely seemed to know whether to take themselves seriously or not.

Sometimes it is wise to overlook an error of judgment; but, believing as we do in the possibility of Stratford being made the centre for a new movement in drama, it seems to us a singularly unfortunate thing that, when a decision is taken to introduce other plays than those of Shakespeare, the choice should be just the very kind of play from which we are attempting to get away, and for which there is an ample opening in the ordinary commercial theatre. There is an audience that visits Stratford regularly for these festivals—and an audience that increases in size steadily, one is glad to find—and, by the very fact of its presence, denotes a serious attention in poetic drama; and it would be a pity if its presence were not turned to advantage. Indeed, on a well-known and inviolable law, it will be dissipated if it is not turned to advantage.

However, such a development is slowly taking place. For example, plays of Shakespeare are being revived that it has not been possible to see for some time at Stratford. One such play, this summer, was "The Merry Wives of Windsor"; and that fine, thoughtful actor Mr. Henry Herbert as Falstaff filled the play with an artistic skill that was a joy, while subtracting in no degree from all its abandon and revelry. It is possibly no part of a critic's business to make suggestions to a management; but one would surely like to see the two parts of Henry the Fourth played as a continuous performance. To see Falstaff tricked and outwitted at every turn is one thing: but it far better accords with the real Falstaff to see him tricking and outwitting everybody else at every turn. One may not wish to believe every apocryphal story with regard to Shakespeare; but after seeing the Falstaff of Henry the Fourth one is certainly ready to believe that the Falstaff of "The Merry Wives" is a command performance, done to please a queen who seemed to have no disinclination for amorous exploits of the more doubtful order. And it would be a considerable extra whet to the appetite, if one could hope for it, to see Mrs. Benson in her old part as Doll Tearsheet.

Moreover, we are glad to note that on the afternoon of the 27th the Pilgrim Players, under Mr. John Drinkwater, are to give "The League of Youth." Unfortunately the performance is too late for us to notice: but the Pilgrim Players, under Mr. Drinkwater's wise organisation and direction, have won a name for dramatic enterprise that makes their appearance at Stratford particularly gratifying. Especially is this the case when one remembers that they hold considerable ideals with regard to the renewal of poetic drama.

In the more regular programme Sheridan's "The Rivals" was also given. There was, wisely in our judgment, a relaxation from the attempt to reproduce the strict eighteenth-century atmosphere, technically known as "powder," usually associated with such performances. To us it has always seemed that such "powder," too faithfully adhered to, unnecessarily harasses the perpetual spirit of comedy—even as we are vandal enough to think that the Comédie Française tradition has bound and swathed the humanity of Molière out of all recognition. There was an elaboration between Sir Luciss O'Trigger—the ordinary stage fire-eating Irishman of the eighteenth century—and Bob Acres, by Mr. Wilfrid Caithness and Mr. Harry Caine, for example, that seemed to us to carry the spirit of the dialogue beyond the strict tradition of the eighteenth century, so far as we know it, but not beyond its own just limits. In such matters the text is before us: and so long as we are faithful to it, and the spirit it conveys, it is wise to neglect the gloss that tradition has placed upon it. Otherwise, we fall back again on revivals, which are opposed to the spirit of life, that constantly and for ever perpetuates itself in fresh outlines.

At any rate, it was so acted in the main at Stratford, and the result was that it was never remote at any moment from the audience. In other words, it was always drama, and never an ordered pageant. And that is the main thing that one is concerned with in a theatre. It was evident that each actor enjoyed playing his part intensely. Mr. Henry Herbert was always on the verge of a "frenzy," and when he actually slipped over the margin, in the momentous interview with his son, his anger towered up and filled the whole theatre. Mr. Benson was the essence of expostulating reserve and perplexity; and the scene swept the play

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

into strong drama, always alive with the comic spirit. Apart from these, Mr. Hannam-Clark as David and Mr. Frank Cochrane as Fag were two outstanding performances. David has not much part to play, but Mr. Hannam-Clark filled it with humour; whereas, especially in his scenes with Captain Absolute, Fag was a joy to watch. Mr. Murray Carrington as the dandiacal Falkland was not less good. Falkland is chiefly a decoration; and Mr. Carrington showed a fine artistic restraint in making him no more. It is when one comes to eighteenth-century maidens and dowagers that it is a little difficult to maintain the humanity of comedy. But Miss Green and Miss McDowall, as Lydia and Julia, solved the difficulty by filling their parts with merriment. We had not previously seen Miss Rosa Burgess in Mr. Benson's company, but as Mrs. Malaprop, with her "select words so ingeniously misapplied, without being mispronounced," carried in herself the spirit of the play time and time again. Indeed, she was excellently *mal à propos.*

DARRELL FIGGIS.

Animals at Fault

WHEN Dumby says that life would be very dull without mistakes, he points a moral not at first sight obvious from his words. It is from failure that we learn, and, as Phelps remarked on one occasion, the man who makes no mistakes makes nothing at all. This evolutionary value of error is the text of a popular writer on natural history who has just, in the columns of an evening paper, adventured the popular, but quite erroneous, thesis that man is the only animal that makes mistakes, owing his victory in life's race to his immunity from the mechanical precision of instinct-guided beasts, birds, and fishes. It is an attractive view of the case, a perversion of the universal adage that to err is human, but it is unfortunately not borne out by the facts, and the fallacy of arguing a human monopoly of error may easily be demonstrated in the course of ten minutes' conversation with any gamekeeper of average intelligence and ordinary opportunities of observation or by half an hour spent in the company of the back files of the *Field*.

It is, indeed, this occasional proneness on the part of animals, both wild and tame, to make foolish mistakes which so hopelessly complicates the study of that imaginary frontier between the domain of reason and that of instinct. If, as the writer above referred to insists, the "lower" animals never made a mistake, but always acted with foregone correctness in every emergency, the dividing line between them and ourselves would be as clearly traced as it was by the Early Fathers. But the very fact of these creatures being at fault, less often perhaps than ourselves, yet often enough to exercise the student of animal psychology, brings them immeasurably nearer to ourselves. Further than this we cannot at present pursue the analogy, else we might be tempted to bring their mentality within the region in which Kant distinguishes between *Vernunft* and *Verstand*, or reason and understanding.

In estimating, however, not only the degree of error in four-footed or feathered animals, but also its causes and results, we must guard against imputing it on insufficient evidence. As a case in point, Professor Lloyd Morgan, one of the most eminent of living authorities on the mind of animals, recently cautioned the present writer against condemning the tactics of young pheasants crouching on a dusty road in full view of a sparrowhawk, which promptly pounced on one of the brood. This, he insists, was not really a mistake, according to their lights, since the little birds had been taught—whether by their mother or by instinct is immaterial—to crouch motionless at a danger signal. In the grass, their normal environment, such behaviour would protect them. No doubt, they could have saved themselves by at once running for shelter into long grass, but their instinct, or education, took no account of open roads, and their failure to adopt that plan was absence of reasoning such as might be looked for in the young of any animal, human or otherwise.

It is also undeniable that the majority of actual mistakes which animals from time to time make to their own undoing are associated with conditions, more or less artificial, introduced by man, though this is not always the case. The fact of elephants falling into pits dug to trap them, or of fishes in rivers far from civilisation being taken in by the coarsest tackle and crudest imitations, might be discounted on the plea that such snares were no part of the natural scheme of existence. Yet, in the first case at least, these pitfalls have been dug for so many centuries that an intelligent and long-lived creature like the Indian elephant might have been expected to avoid them. What, too, can be said of a dog that, on hearing its master's whistle, walked right out of a first-floor window in a house in which it had lived for years? Or of another dog that, having been badly bitten by a crocodile in a tank in Ceylon, rescued only by the skin of its teeth, made frantic efforts to swim in the same tank a few days later? Where is this infallible instinct of which we hear so much? Even a half-witted man would know enough to give that dangerous water a wide berth, yet here is a dog, admittedly one of the most intelligent of all animals, forgetting the risks, with its wounds scarcely healed. The tiger is reputedly a wary and suspicious creature, and those, in particular, who endeavour to shoot it from the *machan*, a platform erected for the purpose in a tree, are constantly baulked of their prey by the cunning of the big cat, which contrives to keep in the shadow—such shooting being possible at night only—and never to show itself in the light of the moon. Yet on one occasion, at any rate, a tiger that had been patiently stalking a feeding sambur stag, in full view of the man in the *machan*, suddenly, and for no apparent reason, bounded into the moonlight. Even had there been no danger overhead, this would have been a stupid mistake to make, for the deer instantly sped to safety. As it was, the tiger, an easy target in such illumination, was shot through the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

heart. Still more foolish is the mistake which leads monkeys to sleep in isolated trees, where they fall an easy prey to prowling leopards that would have no chance of catching them if they could escape from one tree to another.

The fury with which rival stags and bucks fight for the does is so absorbing that they allow themselves to be stalked and shot at close quarters. The marvellous judgment with which swifts and swallows dash through gateways and under bridges, without once coming in contact with the sides or roof, is a constant object of admiration to anyone with an eye for such miracle of flight and eyesight. On one occasion, however, the instinct of these birds failed to take artificial conditions into account. For many years they had dashed each summer through an open doorway in an old Sussex garden. One winter, while they were drinking sunshine in Spain or Africa, the owner of the garden replaced the door and, as ill-luck would have it, painted it sky-blue. No sooner had the first of the swallows returned to their old haunts than one of them, doubtless mistaking the blue wood for a background of blue sky, dashed headlong at the door, thinking to pass between the posts as of old, and was killed on the spot.

There is, perhaps, no direction in which instinct is normally a surer guide than in discrimination in food, yet dogs have been known to seize toads when they should have known better, and both lions and tigers prey on porcupines, though the quills cruelly lacerate their vitals.

It would be easy, but unprofitable, to extend this list of animal errors, but a few examples go as far as many. The whole point of recognising them is that they bring the "lower" animals so much nearer to the Lord of Creation that the relations between the two, mental and moral as well as merely morphological, can be worked out only on the basis of evolutionary doctrine. Any attempt to separate the one animal that makes mistakes from the many that make none is doomed to fail.

F. G. AFLALO.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

THE August number contains an appreciation, by Herr Ernst Meumann, of Professor Wilhelm Wundt, to celebrate the philosopher's eightieth birthday. Herr K. A. von Müller sketches the political development of Friedrich Theodor Vischer, a development which has found parallels in the case of many patriotic Germans of the nineteenth century: democracy, Austria, Bismarck were the stages of the process. The letters of Metternich and Gentz before 1813 are very interesting; the latter's protest against the recognition of Napoleon as Emperor, and his judgment that the death of Pitt was a good thing for England, are notable features of the correspondence. Charlotte, Lady Blennerhassett, expounds Mr. Darrell Figgis's Study of Shakespeare. She concludes with a rather unexpected attack on Mr. Bernard Shaw: "Verfasser von äusserst schwach dramatisierten, nicht immer geistreichen und zum Teil recht zynischen Dialogen." Herr M. G. Zimmermann gives the first instalment of an admirable account of the journey to Rome and the sojourn of painters there during the Middle Ages. At first they came to teach, but by the end of the 15th century they came chiefly to learn. The Dutch "Bent," or painter's club, supplies some interesting pages.

REPERTORIUM FÜR KUNSTWISSENSCHAFT. XXXV BAND. 2. HEFT.

Herr K. Escher treats the subject of angels in French monumental sculpture of the Middle Ages. Numerous examples illustrate the various beneficent functions of the heavenly host, and the part played by St. Michael is specially considered. Herr K. Simon studies in detail several pictures, from various galleries, belonging to the old Frankfort school. Herr Otto develops his theory about Chinese art, and various books are reviewed, including M. Marius Vachon's work on French Renascence architecture.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

In the first August number M. Robert Launay has a long and extremely interesting article on Heine's "Nationalism." The conclusion is that if Heine had a Nationalism at all, it was the Jewish Nationalism; all other manifestations of the principle he despised or dreaded, and "il est depaysé dans notre civilisation." Mr. Havelock Ellis deals with Rousseau as an abiding influence; he shows that he recreated several sentiments for us—love, religion and the love of nature. M. A. Labitte begins a series of articles on "l'Intelligence chez les Insectes," and deals particularly with their capacity for deliberate murder. "Bottom" gives the amusing aphorisms of "Jéroboam"—an imaginary Jewish financier who has missed success.

LA REVUE.

In the first August number M. Louis or M. Emile Hinzelin—not to decide between two conflicting texts—draws a gloomy picture of juvenile illiteracy and predisposition for crime in modern France. The Baron de Méneval contributes an interesting manuscript of his grandfather, secretary of Napoleon, on the de la Valettes, husband and wife, narrating the condemnation of the former for treason under the Restoration and his escape from prison, and the subsequent troubles of the latter. M. Albert Cim concludes his list of literary mistakes and solecisms. M. Faguet castigates "Les Géorgiques Chrétiennes"; he considers that M. Francis Jammes has played too long and too carelessly with the fire of simplicity, and certainly such lines as the following seem to justify the critic's severity—

> Le bois du châtaignier n'est point propre au chauffage,
> Mais son charbon sera d'un excellent usage.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

We find ourselves thinking of Coppée, another Francis, who wrote—

> Elle avait une robe blanche,
> Et la permission de sortir le dimanche.

The Comte de Pouvourville is excellent on the Chinese Revolution. It is perhaps a little difficult to see how the Chinese managed to go on considering the Mandchous a foreign dynasty through three centuries, but they achieved this feat of imagination, and they are evidently loth to reinstal the "foreign devil" in the shape of a European loan. We can understand the growing discredit of Sun Yat-sen as a mere intellectual, and the strong position of Yuan Shih-kai. The distinction between North and South is a valuable and important one.

LA REVUE BLEUE.

July 20.—M. Théodore Reinach republishes an address delivered to the "Académie des Inscriptions" on the Ἰχνευταί, the satiric drama of Sophocles, discovered in Egypt by Messrs. Grenfell and Hunt. He gives, among other things, a short analysis of the plot. M. Paul Louis discusses "le Parti ouvrier belge." M. Jules de Glouvet completes his amusing account of the polygamous Duc de Guise under Louis XIV. M. Paul Maistre recapitulates recent Cuban history, and in a subsequent number discusses the national and colour problems of the island.

July 27.—The first instalment is given of the Souvenirs of Amédée de Pastoret, *intendant* of Witebsk under Napoleon in 1812. He saw much of the fighting, and was an unsympathetic critic of the Poles. M. Esch mourns the fate of Luxemburg under Germanising influences; his second article in the next number contains some sound reflections on bi-lingual civilisations. M. Chaigne writes clearly on the working of the suffrage in ancient Rome. M. Paul Gaultier discusses the drink problem.

August 3.—M. M. Wolff gives the first of two articles on "Les Romans de l'Aviation," and M. P. Bassac the first of two on Paul Arène. M. André Duboscq analyses severely the political mentality of the Young Turks. M. L. Maury discusses a novel of Mrs. Wharton, and M. Jacques Lux contributes a very full paraphrase of a recent article of THE ACADEMY, *à propos* of Miss Hargrave's book, on German salons.

August 10.—The Pastoret Souvenirs throw some curious lights on the demoralisation of certain contingents of the Grande Armée. Bavarian soldiers are heard asking, in rather unusual German, "Wo ist die Hause wo sterbt man." M. Etienne Fournol discusses with considerable humour the projected transfer of the Luxembourg collections to the seminary of Saint-Sulpice. M. Léopold de Schlözer deals with the problem of the "Nuraghi"—the "round towers" of Sardinia. The misprint season supplies us with a gem, of the disconcerting kind, by citing the "trilithes de Skoneheuge."

LA REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTÉRATURE.

July 20.—Two books recently reviewed in THE ACADEMY are noticed—M. Bastide's "Anglais et Français du XVIIe Siècle"—very favourably—and M. de Lécussan's "Notre Droit historique au Maroc"—this latter with the conclusion that the author "au fond n'a pas si grand tort. M. Chuquet reviews Herr Holzhausen's book on the share of the German contingents in 1812; and M. Labaude criticises Abbé Mollat's work on the Popes at Avignon and Abbé Sanson's collection of documents (Vols. I-III) on the Revolution in the Seine-Inférieure.

July 27.—M. Bastide reproaches the eighth volume of the "Cambridge History of English Literature" for the lack of "la moindre tentative de synthèse." The lectures, by Mr. Rose and others, comprised under the title "Germany in the Nineteenth Century" are noticed. M. Chuquet deals with a translation of Col. Basil Jackson's "Waterloo and St. Helena." M. Biovès criticises Houssaye's "Jéna," and M. Madelin's continuation. M. Labaude gives an appreciation of M. Funck-Brentano's great work on the ancient monarchy.

August 3.—M. de Souza's brochure on French rhythm, lately noticed in THE ACADEMY, is treated with unexpected sympathy. M. Loisy criticises at length Herr Deissman's "Paulus," and finds that the author has failed to explain St. Paul's faith and influence. M. Loisy also discusses Herr Wendland's "Urchristlichen Literaturformen," where St. Paul's psychology is again much in question. Several American studies in English literature are noticed by M. Biovès, as also is M. Vignaud's great work on Columbus, reviewed last year in THE ACADEMY.

August 10.—M. Croiset's brochure on the legend of Ulysses, and German editions of Cicero's Philippics, the Æneid and Quintilian are reviewed. Two reprints of works by Emile Gebhart are noticed. High praise is bestowed on M. Diehl's "Manuel d'Art byzantin," which covers a neglected field in the history of art. Another important work reviewed is M. Rochette's minute investigation of Victor Hugo's Alexandrines.

Notes and News

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. announce that Lord Cranworth's new work on East Africa, entitled "A Colony in the Making," is published this week. The author is well acquainted with the country, and he has endeavoured to provide information that will be especially serviceable to intending settlers.

Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O., has entitled his new story "The Romance of Bayard." The story opens on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," and ends with Bayard's death during the fatal expedition into Italy in 1524. Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are the publishers.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

In addition to the twenty-four volumes of "The People's Books" already issued, Messrs. Jack announce no fewer than sixty-seven additional volumes. The next dozen of the series will appear on September 4, and will include "Aristotle," by Prof. A. E. Taylor; "Evolution," by E. S. Goodrich, F.R.S.; "Theosophy," by Mrs. Annie Besant; "Syndicalism," by J. H. Harley, M.A.; "Dietetics," by Alex. Bryce, M.D.; "Eucken," by A. J. Jones, Ph.D., and others. A further dozen will follow in November.

The September number of the *Round Table* is published this week by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The three main articles are devoted to "India and the Empire," "Canada and the Navy," and "The Labour Movement in Australia." In connection with the United Kingdom "The Difficulties of the Coalition" and "An Alternative Government" are discussed; the Canadian articles deal with "The Naval Conference," "The Royal Governor," and "Provincial General Elections"; and those on Australian affairs include "A Plea for a National Policy" and "An Australian Note on Anglo-German Relations." South Africa, also, is not forgotten.

"The History of Gravesend," by Alex. J. Philip, published by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co., will be issued only to subscribers. The number of copies will be limited to 365 of each volume. Each will be numbered and signed, and no other *édition de luxe* will be published; nor will any other edition be published within four years of the date of issue of the first volume.

The first volume will appear about November next, and will cover Prehistoric Times, The Roman Period, and The Anglo-Saxons in Gravesend. It is anticipated that there will be three other volumes published at intervals of about a year. The book will be printed on rag-wove paper with new type, with full page illustrations (about 32 in each volume) in line and fine half-tone work on art paper. The price of each volume will be 12s. 6d. net., and a remittance for the first volume must accompany the order. Payment for future volumes will become due on delivery. Orders should be sent at once, as under no circumstances will the number of copies be exceeded.

Mr. Murray will publish early in September a new novel by Mr. Paul Neuman, whose "Roddles" was one of the most successful books of the spring season; also, early in the autumn, a work entitled "The White Knights," by Dr. T. G. Wakeling. Although a novel, this book gives first-hand information as to a military order of young men belonging to the Bedouins of the Libyan desert between Egypt and Tripoli, who enrolled themselves as White Knights—in order to protect their tribe from the vengeance of the Senussi. Dr. Wakeling spent a considerable time wandering with the Senussi, so that he is able to blend with his romance a measure of fact of exceptional interest.

Mr. Murray will also publish shortly a translation of M. Achille Luchaire's work, "Social France in the time of Philip Agustus." M. Luchaire makes a close study of the material and spiritual condition of the people in the 12th century, and his work is likely to prove attractive to the general reader as well as to scholars and students.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

GREAT BRITAIN AND CHINA.

IN any consideration of British policy in China it cannot be too clearly emphasised that the gravity of the European situation which compelled the withdrawal of our battleship squadron from the waters of Eastern Asia has had the effect of materially weakening our position in that country. Thus, when the doctrine of the Open Door was flagrantly violated by our ally, Japan, and to a lesser extent by Russia, we were unable to make effective protest for the simple reason that, in face of developments nearer home, the friendships of these Powers had become necessary to us. When the time arrives, as soon it must, for the permanent settlement of the Manchurian and Mongolian questions, it is to be feared that we shall find no other course open to us save that of acquiescence in their requirements. But although with us to-day the European situation is of vital importance, we should not allow it to absorb our attention to the exclusion of the stupendous developments now taking place in China.

What the West is to-day, with all its culture and industry, the East is destined to be to-morrow. Until recently, among Oriental races, the Japanese were believed to be exceptional. Few western observers suspected that the Chinese could so quickly abandon the traditions and customs of ages and pull down, as it were in a single night, ancient institutions dating back to periods long before the dawn of Christendom. And none imagined that, in place of these institutions, they would set up the most democratic form of government known to modern times. The Chinese have already surprised the world by their achievements during the revolution; but it will yet be found that these achievements, amazing though they were, represented only the beginning of a tremendous transition which will ultimately make itself felt in the four quarters of the globe.

At the present moment China is fully occupied in endeavouring to establish a government worthy of recognition by the Powers. The principal difficulty that besets her path is the impoverished state of her treasury. It is not denied that the undeveloped wealth in the country is enormous, or that, were the financial system to be reformed, more than sufficient revenue would be forthcoming to meet the maximum expenditure. Sir Robert Hart estimated that, on a scale of equitable taxation, the land alone is capable of supplying the utmost needs of the State. At present, however, funds are urgently required to carry on the administration and institute the necessary reforms. The deadlock which has been reached in the loan negotiations with the representatives of the six Powers has not been without its significance, for it has given us proof of the patriotism that is to be found to-day throughout the Chinese Republic. At a moment when the Central Government was sorely embarrassed for want of funds, and when no satisfactory agreement was possible with the foreign bankers, the provinces generously rallied to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the aid of the Administration and remitted large sums of money to replenish the treasury.

Relief afforded by the means of provincial remittances, however, cannot be regarded as otherwise than a temporary expedient, and the time must surely come when China will either seek for loans in the open market, or, being baulked in this direction, be forced to come to terms with the six-Power group. In the latter event it is unlikely that the stipulation regarding the question of supervision would be entirely waived. The group is in a strong position in that it enjoys the diplomatic support of the various Powers concerned. Only recently Sir Edward Grey declared that, unless an international loan were adequately secured, Chinese credit would be impaired, and consequently British interests, which are largely dependent upon the continued welfare of the country, would suffer. Obviously, such a view is sensible; but it should be the duty of British diplomacy to see that whatever terms may be demanded they shall not be of a nature calculated to offend the *amour propre* of China.

For many decades to come China will be fully occupied in developing her own great territories, and her policy must long remain influenced by the peace-loving character of her people. If we are to believe the utterances of her greatest men, the mission of China is to be a mission of peace and progress. In other words, the nation that until yesterday had perpetuated the barbarism of the dark ages is now earnestly striving to take a place of honour in the van of civilisation. But before she can attain her ideal she must set herself the task of establishing the forces of law and order within her borders, and to that end her statesmen are at present devoting their efforts. In the accomplishment of their purpose they require the assistance, not the interference, of the stronger nations, who, each and all, let it be said, are never weary of proclaiming themselves the pioneers of civilisation.

"China does not ask Europe for mercy," stated a high official to the representative of a London journal recently, "she asks for justice and a little patience. We are not African savages crouching in gloomy forests, dreaming of murder, hating the whole world, and awaiting some fearful retribution; we are an ancient nation of cultivators, traders, philosophers. We are in some disarray, it is true, because the principle of authority, which we love as dearly as the Anglo-Saxons, is being restated in a new and strange language. We only ask what Europe cannot gainsay, namely, time to set our house in order. Remember, we have many mansions, and there is much to do. If we fail to erect a stable Government within a reasonable period, come and partition us, but until then leave us in peace."

It is to be feared that the ambitious designs of certain Powers will not allow of China being left altogether in peace. But, as far as Great Britain is concerned, the path of duty is clearly defined. During that period, inevitable in the very nature of things, when "the principle of authority is being restated in a new and strange language," we must throw the whole weight of our authority on the side of justice and benevolence. Our diplomacy must be so directed as to ensure that in the days of trial that lie before her China shall be accorded the sympathy and support of the British Government and the British people.

MOTORING

MOST motorists must at times have experienced difficulty in finding their way through towns and cities they have visited, the main roads to different destinations being often imperfectly indicated. To remedy this, the Automobile Association and Motor Union has begun the preparation of a complete series of "guide cards," which, judging from specimens before us, seem admirably adapted to fulfil their purpose. Each card consists of a map or plan, based upon the Ordnance Survey, of a town or centre, and shows clearly the best routes through it to various places, and the position of officially-appointed hotels and repairers. The towns in respect of which the guide cards have already been prepared are:—Brighton, Burton-on-Trent, Canterbury, Carlisle, Chelmsford, Chester, Colchester, Coventry, Doncaster, Harrogate, Lancaster, Leamington, Newcastle, Preston, Reading, Stamford, Warwick, and York. The remaining towns and centres of importance are being dealt with by a special department of the Association as rapidly as possible, and it is hoped that at an early date these useful little guide cards will practically cover the whole of Great Britain. Members may obtain them free on request, either from the head and branch offices of the Association, or from the patrols on duty outside the respective towns.

It is curious that those immediately interested in the petrol question should have been so slow in appreciating the real facts of the position—facts which are simple and obvious to any intelligent outsider. The first indisputable point is that the supply of the spirit is entirely in the hands of a few monopolist companies or trusts; the second is that these companies or trusts are bent upon making as much money as they can from their monopoly, and are not at all likely to be in the

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."
"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.
If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to
S. BOWLEY & SON,
DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT,
"Express" and "Bomo" Brands.
Wellington Works,
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.
Established 1744.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

least degree influenced by any sentimental consideration for the motorist; and the third is that attempts to obtain petrol at a reduced price by any form of co-operation among motorists would be altogether futile. This last point was made quite clear at one of the sittings of the Petrol Committee of the R.A.C., when a representative of the British Petroleum Company frankly stated that even an order for five million gallons of the spirit from any associated body of consumers would not be executed at a farthing under the ordinary retail price. The position, therefore, is simply this: the motorist must continue to pay any price the petrol monopolists may think fit to demand, until such time as the satisfactory alternative fuel be found, or go without it and leave his motor in the garage. The only hope of obtaining motor fuel at a reasonable price seems to lie in the substitution of a fuel such as alcohol, which, if its manufacture were unrestricted, could easily be produced in unlimited quantities in this country, and could never be trust-controlled.

Mr. Edge's expression of opinion with regard to self-starting devices has already, as was to be expected, evoked numerous protests. Mr. Adams, of the Adams Manufacturing Company, points out that the Adams car has for over two years been fitted with the compressed-air type of self-starter as a standard equipment, and asserts that it has given such satisfaction that there is not the slightest intention of abandoning it. Mr. Colin Defries writes in praise of the Chalmer self-starter, which is also of the compressed-air type; and the Acetylene Illuminating Co., while refraining from any expression of opinion as to the merits or demerits of acetylene self-starters, points out that the Home Office officials recognise "dissolved" acetylene as absolutely safe. There is no doubt that Mr. Edge's letter has initiated a long and heated discussion on a very interesting and important question.

The Belsize people seem to have a very happy knack of anticipating a popular demand and successfully "filling the bill" well in advance of most of their competitors. First there was the "14-16," the car of moderate power for the man of moderate means, which was the pioneer of its type and still retains its popularity; then came the 18-22 six-cylinder, designed for the motorist who appreciates the luxury of the multi-cylindered car, but is unwilling or unable to pay the high price usually demanded for it; while about a year ago the north-country firm caused another sensation with their now well-known "10-12," the four-cylindered 200-guinea car, which has admittedly been one of the greatest successes of 1912. The latest Belsize production is the 5-cwt. delivery van, designed expressly for the rapid and economical transport of light loads. This is really the 10-12 chassis fitted with a light van body, and we hear that it is being ordered extensively by newspaper firms for delivery purposes, both in London and the provinces.

Thanks to the gradual disappearance of the prejudice against motor cars, the practice, once so common in rural districts, of strewing the road with nails, broken glass, etc., for tyre-puncturing purposes has become practically obsolete. But that it is not quite extinct was shown by a recent case at Guildford, where two youths were charged with placing sharp substances on the highway at Chiddingfold, Surrey. The case was proved by one of the A.A. and M.U. patrols, the offenders being bound over in the sum of five pounds each and ordered to report themselves monthly for two years to the probation officer. Several complaints of a similar character have been received recently by the Association, and in view of the difficulty ordinarily experienced in tracing the offenders it is hoped that the action taken in this instance will have a good effect in suppressing the nuisance.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

BUSINESS is growing every week. The public has now made up its mind that everything looks like going up, and as a result, stockbrokers are busy. There is no sign of any mad boom, and no one seems to know from which direction the boom will come. But past experience shows that the public always takes one particular market, and rushes prices up wildly. The Kaffir magnates hope that the fashion will turn their way. Rubber people are confident that the statistical position of rubber is so strong that buyers will come in. Egypt is now prosperous, and the dealers who handle Egyptian shares are very busy. Iron and steel things are good, and shipping shares are bought by those who understand them. Therefore, we may expect a busy autumn.

I am assured that I take a too pessimistic view of China. Those who know the most declare that a revolution is impossible. At the present time we get all our information from one source, and it is therefore difficult to form an accurate opinion on Chinese matters. Russia and Japan both hope for trouble, and talk peace. France and Great Britain are determined not to allow the other Powers to make trouble.

The Canadian Middle West Trust ask the public to supply £200,000 in order that the Trust may plunge into real estate at the top of the boom. The public will be very foolish if it supplies a single halfpenny. Canadian land is very good, but the prices are simply foolish. The Vacuum Electric and Gas Heating Appliances has also asked us for money, for the purpose of working a patent heater. Such things are best left alone. Not one patent in a thousand is any good.

MONEY will certainly become dearer, and a higher Bank Rate may be expected. Egypt will want her usual autumn supplies at least six weeks earlier. It is said that Canada has arranged all her crop finance. But the United States is still sending bills for discount.

FOREIGNERS are in an uninteresting position. The Japanese are keeping their market steady, probably because they wish to make another loan. They are hard up. Perus have been bought on the tale that the Corporation is to be included in the big Farquhar South American schemes. I think this a pure *canard*. Nevertheless, if someone big would take the Peruvian Corporation and run it upon sound lines, it would be a godsend for the shareholders. There are few companies worse managed

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

than this. Tintos have been good, and will go to 85. Anacondas are also much better. They are now quoted 9½, as against 6⅞ a year ago. All copper things will go up. Why some of the copper shares should be dealt in in the Foreign market, I cannot understand.

HOME RAILS have been a little dull. The wet weather has had something to do with the fall, and the fear of dear money has also frightened the speculator. The contangoes are so high in this market that speculation is almost out of the question. The rates of interest charged by the moneylenders are simply exorbitant. They compare very badly with the rates charged in the Yankee market, where every effort is made to encourage gambling. From the investor's point of view the lower Home Rails fall the better, for they are magnificent investments.

YANKEE RAILS.—Everybody in the United States is "bullish." J. J. Hill, one of the shrewdest of the railway magnates, declares that the business outlook in the States is better than it has been for the past five years. He is a man to follow. I think it a very wise thing to buy Missouri, Kansas and Texas, Unions and Southerns. The cotton crop will be good, and the wheat crop excellent. These lines make their money out of the crops. Northern Pacific seem quite high enough, but they may rise a few dollars. This stock, like Pennsylvania and New York Central, is an investment stock, and not a gambling counter. The public, of course, go for the cheap shares, such as Eries and Rocks. They will naturally rise with the rest of the market.

CANADIAN PACIFICS look high, but I am assured that the directors are still buyers of the stock, and that they laugh at the notion of any serious opposition to their proposal to increase the capital of the company. It must not be forgotten that Canadian Pacific run Canada. Neither the Canadian Northern, nor the Grand Trunk, is yet in a position to compete seriously. The Canadian Pacific Land Department is the most beautifully organised land selling agency in the world, and does a huge trade. In every town in Canada, the C.P.R. fosters progress, and does everything it can to help trade. It is most popular, and the agitation will die down.

RUBBER.—There has been a little boom in Rubber. The dealers having purchased all their supplies of fine, hard, cured Para, are now anxious to put up the price. Therefore the market in raw rubber is hard. As a result, Mincing Lane began to buy Rubber shares, and the Stock Exchange was only too glad to follow suit. The public has come in, and prices have risen considerably. I think that even to-day some shares, such as Pataling, Cicely, Anglo-Malay, Consolidated Malay, Seremban, Batu Caves, and Bukit Rajah are undervalued. These are all first-class concerns, and well managed. Whatever happens to the price of rubber, they will be dividend-payers. Linggi is also one of the best. But I am not keen on the cheap shares. There are some people who will not buy high-priced things; therefore, such people should purchase Chersonese or Merlimau. I believe the boom will last for some weeks longer. In any case, there is not likely to be any fall from present quotations for some time.

OIL.—Oil shares have been harder, but there is not much business. Chelekens continue firm. They are one of the features of the market. A well-known firm of stockbrokers sends out a circular telling us that the company should pay from 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. per annum. The production for the past three weeks has been over £9,000, which it is selling at 23 kopecks, and making about 30s. a ton. Last Sunday a gusher was struck.

KAFFIRS.—Kaffirs have done well, and the dealers look for higher prices. But everything depends upon Paris, for London is full of shares waiting to be sold when the market moves up. If the shops have the courage to put down the money, and buy everything that is offered, they may bring on a boom. But it is doubtful whether they have either courage or money. They lack a leader.

RHODESIANS.—The story that Giants have found their long-lost lode is hardly believed, although the shares are being purchased by somebody. The directors decline to open their mouths. Is this going to be another Rhodesian scandal? Chartered seem quite unable to get beyond 30s.

TIN.—The Tin market is fairly good, and there has been some big buying of Rayfield (Cornwall). It is said that this company has some huge masses of tin-sand which it can treat at a very handsome profit, and make even more money than Cornwall Tailings. The Nigerian Tin Corporation report was liked. The company has made over 50 per cent. on its capital, and will pay 5s. a share dividend. It made this money by getting out of Anglos at the right moment.

COPPER.—Copper is hard, and all Copper shares have been purchased. I am afraid to recommend Mount Elliot, Hampden Cloncurry, and the rest of the Australian group. Our Australian cousins are too clever for me. But Amalgamated and all the American shares will see higher prices.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The buying of P. and O. and Royal Mail still continues. The Egyptian market has been very busy, and Beheras, which I have again and again recommended, have risen to 15½. This company is to be quoted officially on the London Stock Exchange. It is one of the best land companies in Egypt. National Banks have improved. I think Investment and Agency the cheapest gamble, for now that Lord St. Davids has taken an interest in the company the price must go to par. Brewery shares are now in fashion again, and the debentures and preference shares of the soundest issues can be bought with confidence. Liebig propose to offer their shareholders 100,000 5 per cent. Prefs. of £5 each. The offer is not likely to be declined, for this is one of the soundest industrial companies in the world.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have often wondered why Mr. Moon, at the time, criticised Dean Alford, when the latter, speaking of a past time, said: "I *need* not have troubled myself to write about it."

The following is Mr. Moon's criticism: "Now, 'I need not' is present, not past; and it is of the past you are speaking; you should therefore have said: 'I *needed* not' or 'I should not have *needed*.' And the verb 'troubled,' which you have put in the past, should have been in the present, just as the verb 'need,' which you have put in the present, should have been in the past. For you were not speaking of what you would not *have needed to have done,* but of what you would not *have needed to do*. The sentence, then, should have been, 'If I had believed so-and so, I should not have needed to trouble myself.'"

My humble opinion is that Dean Alford was perfectly correct.* To my mind, in the expression "I need not have

* Even the *Perfect Infinitive,* used by Dean Alford, instead of the *Present Infinitive* suggested by Mr. Moon, might be defensible here, on the following ground:—"When the associated idea of the thing *not having been done* is not sufficiently conveyed by the antecedent, the use of the *Perfect Infinitive* is justified.—Dr. HALL.

Example:—*I wished to have observed* a country, the monument of freedom and industry; but *my days were numbered,* and a longer stay would have been ungraceful.—GIBBON, Autobiog., p. 50.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

troubled myself, the verb *need* is incorrectly said by Mr. Moon to be in the present tense of the *Indicative;* it is in reality in the present *Infinitive,* in which mood all verbs which follow certain auxiliaries are put. Here, for instance, there is an ellipsis of the verb *did* (=I (did) not *need* (to) have troubled myself), which auxiliary is sometimes used by good authors before the verb *need.*

Example: ". . . and yet they will tell you and proclaim to the four winds, for repetition here, that they don't need their ignorant and brutal papers, as if the papers could exist if they *didn't need* them."—(Dickens's letter written to Mr. Macready on January 3, 1844.)

Now, let us parse the two most important words in question in a sentence quoted from Macaulay's letter, p. 341:—

"I *did* not *need* your letter to satisfy me of your kindness."

did—auxiliary verb *to do, did, done;* indicative mood, imperfect tense, 1st person singular, agreeing in n. and p. with its n. case *I.*

need—regular-transitive verb *to need, needed, needed;* put in the *Infinitive mood* by the auxiliary *did,* and having the preposition *to* understood before it.

The foregoing has led me to the conclusion that the elliptical form *need not,* and the expressions *needed not* and *did not need* are three of the legitimate forms of the Imperfect tense of the Present Indicative of the verb *need,* used negatively.*

One last example in point:—

"By making such cordial amends to an author whom in old days he had unjustly disparaged, Professor Wilson did credit to his own sincerity; but the public approbation *needed* no prompter either then or thereafter."—Macaulay's letter, p. 426.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

AN UNSATIATED PUBLIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—No doubt there is a "Satiated Public" such as you portray, with "the figure of Irony, his lips a little awry," in the background. But this pitiful sight should not hide from us the fact that there is also an unsatiated public, not nearly as large as the other, but in substantial numbers, with unspoiled youthful appetite for "the things that matter." It has not, Sir, your ripe and leisurely mind, or the habit of handling "tall folios" in beautifully furnished libraries, because it has never had the opportunity of these things. It consists mostly of poor men, largely of poor young men and women of solitary and thoughtful character, labouring all day at horrible tasks, and having only a few hours in the evening and at the week-end to feed the soul that is hungry in them. I can see them quite plainly in kitchens and "second-floor backs," gentle, but not very popular creatures, because they are not satisfied with the trivial, and are not "incapable of concentration."

Do you doubt it? Let me cite only one of the "series" to which you refer—the "Home University Library." These shilling volumes evidently do not depend upon the decorative value of flashing bindings. Every one of them contains 256 pages of solid scholarship; many, such as Dr. Whitehead's "Introduction to Mathematics," Mr. Russell's "Problems of Philosophy," Mrs. Rhys Davids' "Buddhism," Mr. McDougall's "Psychology," Mr. Hobson's "Science of Wealth," are really stiff reading. Any printer and binder will tell you that at such a price very large editions of such books must be sold if the publishers are not mere philanthropists. It is inconceivable that they should be bought by any but serious readers. How many such readers are there? It is impossible to say; but, knowing something of the matter, I will venture upon the guess that there are in the British Islands a hundred thousand. Now this is the question: In the fine old days when the public did not show a "bewildered passivity," because it was not even bewildered, when it had not "lost the power of individual selection," because it never had such a power to lose, was there ever a time when it could be plausibly held that there were a hundred thousand readers of serious books in the British Isles?

Faithfully yours,

P.

GERMANS ABROAD.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In your issue of the 24th inst., C. V. contributes an interestingly shrewd article, entitled, "Germans Abroad." There is more than a half-truth in the observation that "France, indeed, is the place where all foreigners may most profitably be studied, for while the Frenchman keeps his own home closed to them he receives them in his public places with a good-humoured courtesy which puts them quickly at their ease, so that their several traits become soon apparent." The article is admittedly a kind of vignetted snap-shot, and has not the comprehensive intention of a panorama; and one may so far agree that, seen, as it were, against the background of innate French courtesies, certain traits of Teutonic character may appear boorish and insolent. A kind of phlegmatic clumsiness and inability to accept the French point of view, however, do not necessarily imply want of sensibility, and it would be highly unfair, of course, to interpret a cultivated and deeply thoughtful people in such a way. Moreover, out of every nation one may meet *les enfants terribles,* the obnoxious parvenu, the incurable solecist: these prejudices, rather than being representative of a nation, are self-constituted ambassadors of discord.

However, I agree that there are to be found modern Germans who, fostered possibly by racial difference, display contemptuous clumsiness and insensibility when abroad. They have, as C. V. remarks, the traditional Englishman's contempt for the foreigner, but in its negative form. The positive side, the active contempt, is shown to-day, not, as a rule, by the Englishman, but by the American: or rather, by a certain type of American, who, I trust, does not wholly represent the Western Continent. He is the traditional type, and a living fact: one meets him often enough in England, and at French towns and watering-places. He is cute, arrogant, and cocksure. He arrives with the imperiousness of a king, and the breeding of a flunkey, and one is expected simply to "stand around" while he corrects, subdues, and absorbs into his own magnificent mental cosmos the outworn curiosity called Europe. His is a strange form of imbecility; it pleases the American; it amuses the French hotel proprietor and enriches his purse; it bores the Englishman; and it deceives nobody. It has, however, an unpleasant side: it does not add to general enjoyment and social good sense. I saw, for instance, recently in Dieppe, a dining-room full of visitors, principally French, become quite ill-at-ease, solely through the bad manners of a party of Americans.

The *sans-gêne* German and the cock-sure American represent, I think, the negative and positive sides of social impudence. Seated unrestrained *vis-à-vis* in a French café, appropriately supported by politely-smiling *garçons* and a bland *propriétaire,* the worthy pair surely provide

* The following is one of the numerous examples that I have borrowed from contemporary writers:—"She was there to do her duty and she did it, and sometimes more than she *need* (=than she *needed* to, or than she did *need* to) have done."—NOVEL.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

an addition to the unconscious comedies of the world. I am, Sir, yours faithfully, FREDERICK CLAUSEN.

44, Southfields Road, Wandsworth, S.W.
August 26, 1912.

A BEETHOVEN RELIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I think it might be of considerable interest to some of your readers to know that Mr. Paul Hiller, of Cologne, the well-known writer on music, and the only son of the famous composer, Ferdinand Hiller, is in possession of a very precious relic, namely, a lock of Beethoven's hair. Mr. Hiller informs me that he became possessed of it in the following manner. His father, when a boy of sixteen, was staying in Vienna with his celebrated teacher, Johann Nepomuk Hummel, at the time of Beethoven's fatal illness, and on the day following his death, March 27, 1827, young Ferdinand Hiller was permitted to cut off a lock of hair from the magnificent head of the immortal composer. Many years afterwards Ferdinand Hiller presented this relic to his son on the occasion of the latter's thirtieth birthday, and although at the Beethoven Museum in Bonn two smaller locks of Beethoven's hair may be seen, there are no others of their kind in the world, and the lock in question is the only one in private possession. Yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, W. Hampstead.
August, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Godoy: The Queen's Favourite. By Edmund B. d'Auvergne. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

The Union of South Africa, with Chapters on Rhodesia and the Native Territories of the High Commission. By W. Basil Worsfold. Illustrated. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons. 7s. 6d. net.)

British Battles: Tourcoing. By Hilaire Belloc. With Plans. (Stephen Swift and Co. 1s. net.)

China's Revolution, 1911-1912. A Historical and Political Record of the Civil War. By Edwin J. Dingle. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

FICTION.

The Marble Aphrodite. By Anthony Kirby Gill. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Happy Family. By Frank Swinnerton. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Sally. By Dorothea Conyers. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

The Girl from the East. By David Whitelaw. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

Lamorna. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

A Durbar Bride. By Charlotte Cameron. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Three Anarchists. By Maud Stepney Rawson. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Maggie of Margate: A Seaside Sensation. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

THEOLOGY.

Echoes: Some Words Pertaining to the Kingdom of God Spoken from the Pulpit from Time to Time During Past Years. By the Rev. J. M. Gatrill. With a Preface by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Christian Scheme and Human Needs. By the Rev. C. A. Houghton, M.A. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.)

The Christian Battle: Notes of Confirmation Addresses Delivered in Devonshire and in London. By the Most Reverend Frederick Temple, D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Life Understood from a Scientific and Religious Point of View; and the Practical Method of Destroying Sin, Disease, and Death. By F. L. Rawson. (The Crystal Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

How to Make Money. By John Stafford. (Stephen Swift and Co. 1s. net.)

Main Currents of Modern Thought: A Study of the Spiritual and Intellectual Movements of the Present Day. By Rudolf Eucken. Translated by Meyrick Booth, B.Sc. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

The Industrial Crisis. By W. J. Sanderson. (Siegle, Hill and Co. 6d. net.)

VERSE.

Flowers, Dust and Sun. By Mary Chadwick. (John Long.)

Waters from Deep Springs. By A. D. H. Allan. (G. Routledge and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Bookseller; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest, N.Y.; The Collegian, Calcutta; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; Cornhill Magazine; M.A.B.; Fortnightly Review; Oxford and Cambridge Review.

The "MIGNON" Typewriter

Price £6 15s. Complete.

No elaborate key-board. only two keys, one for printing, and one for spacing, and consequently the working parts are very much reduced, only 250 as against 2,500 in standard machines. A great saving in repairs and in cleaning.

The machine is very compact and easily carried about, weighing only about 10 lbs., and yet it is capable of doing all the work of any other and most expensive typewriter. Its construction is solid and of the best material only, all working parts being of tool steel and case-hardened, and so practically unbreakable, a year's guarantee being given with every machine.

The ribbon movement is automatic, but unlike any other machine, the ribbon never moves when spacing. but only when printing, thus ensuring an even wear, and consequently increasing its length of service.

This movement prevents the uneven appearance of the type which has puzzled many experts. Marginal stops, easy of adjustment, are fitted. Paper of any size, up to 9 inches, can be used.

The most wonderful part is displayed in the ingenuity of the cylinder, which in itself is a masterpiece of engineering skill. Should any of the letters get blunt the whole of the cylinder can be replaced at a cost of only 4/-; this includes the whole of the 84 characters of the typewriter.

A special feature is the ease and swiftness of converting any of these machines from one language to another at only a nominal cost. The key arrangement can also be instantly changed into more than twenty different languages, at the very small sum of 8/- each set. Thus you have a machine capable of doing the work of several at very little cost. Perfect alignment and absolutely self-centring. The letters can be gone over without any deviation whatever; this is ensured through a double lock action.

Being a direct thrust the power is very strong; 17 copies have been taken at one printing with carbon sheets without cutting the original copy.

Printing in colours without a double ribbon is unique.

THE ELECTRICAL COMPANY,
122, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Via the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

"Arcadian" Cruises.

MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.
Lisbon, Madeira, WEST INDIES.	From £1 a day.	62.	December 3.	Southampton.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 52, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	299
To Poseidon	300
Style and the People ...	300
On Translation	301
Reviews:	
The Manchester Pecksniffs	302
Essays in Life	303
The Quintessence of Christian Art	304
The Tower of London and Old Japan	306
Plays Good and Indifferent	307
An Artist's Diary ...	307
Criticism and Vivacity ...	308
European South America	309
One of the "Gardens of History"	309
Shorter Reviews	310
Fiction	311
The Deserted Village ...	312
A Reader's Complaint ...	313
Samuel Coleridge-Taylor ...	315
The Literary Traveller ...	316
Napoleon the Third—I. ...	317
The Theatre:	
"Drake" at His Majesty's Theatre ...	318
"Little Miss Llewelyn" at the Vaudeville Theatre	319
"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Globe Theatre	320
The Magazines	320
Notes and News	321
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	322
Motoring	323
In the Temple of Mammon	324
Correspondence	326
Books Received	327

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

THE authoritative article in the *Times* by Mr. Geoffrey Drage on Sea Training for Boys is excellent reading. Mr. Drage knows his subject *ab ovo usque ad malum*, and the obstacles and difficulties which have hitherto stood in the way of State aid, and of aid by the local authorities for encouraging training for the sea, are admirably sketched by him. The gift by the *Daily Mirror* to the Sea Scouts of a 50-ton ketch, and the purchase and fitting out of the large sea-going tender to the Exmouth, the "Steadfast," by a committee of enthusiastic inhabitants of Kingston-on-Thames and district—to be stationed at Kingston—are very encouraging signs of the times. Mr. Drage writes:—

> What is required is a series of large, stationary training ships with sea-going tenders.

That is the ultimate aim of the "Steadfast" Committee of Kingston-on-Thames. Although Windsor and Reading have training vessels, the Kingston Brig is the best adapted boat on the Upper Thames, and the Committee hope that a chain of such vessels will be established by all the important riverside groups, and that they may be able to establish a sea-going tender to serve the combined training vessels. Kingston has worked on a voluntary basis and in the face of many discouragements, but the handsome Brig "Steadfast" will be at her moorings in less than a month, and as a voluntary effort must excite much interest, affording a stimulus both to the State and to local authorities to render easier elsewhere that which Kingston has accomplished unaided.

Why do people want to read a newspaper when they are on a voyage? Only a short time ago, a sea-voyage was regarded as a period of rest and recreation for which one should be grateful; a pleasant interlude, during which kingdoms might fall, stocks fluctuate, Governments be overthrown, and the traveller should yet remain in peaceful, leisured ignorance. Now, however, papers are printed on board ship, with magazine page, theatrical notes, leading article, city letter, all complete—it is surely a pity not to be at least a little more original—and the traveller knows no rest from anxiety; all he gets beyond his ordinary existence in the town is a more or less gentle tossing and plenty of the open air. Probably the average Englishman, cast on a desert island, would in time start a newspaper of his own, with himself as editor, contributor, printer, and purchaser, just to make it a little more home-like. The one thing the reader of the ship-newspaper escapes is the plague of posters, which becomes more harassing every week.

It was with something of a shock that we noticed this sentence in a morning contemporary this week, opening an article entitled "Love at First Sight": "A defence of real love matches and of love at first sight was made by Sir James Crichton-Browne in his presidential address at the conference of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association yesterday." There is no mistake about it, and it is no use worrying over the alarming discrepancy between the conference and its theme. The only thing to do is calmly to await the inevitable; soon we shall expect to see that Mr. William Le Queux, taking the chair at the annual meeting of the Railway Porters' League, has addressed its members on Confucius and his Message; or that Mr. Taft, presiding over a gathering of telephone operators, is giving his views on Astronomy and the Use of the Globes. Why not, when sanitary inspectors meet to be lectured on "Love at First Sight"?

An enthusiastic writer says, with reference to the recent War Office trials of air-craft, that "the day of the aeroplane for private use is clearly foreshadowed." We have long passed the stage when the newspapers chronicled short flights; a flight must be notable for some reason or another for it to reach the distinction of print; and accidents are very infrequent, considering the incessant pursuit of the study which is fast attaining the dignity of a science. But certain advances will have to take place before the flying machine can be safely reckoned as a popular mode of conveyance, and the most urgent of these is that it must be able to hover, stationary, over one spot, for as long as its pilot likes. Many minds are considering this problem, and when it is solved—as ultimately, we suppose, it must be—the possibilities of flight will be tremendously extended.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

To Poseidon

IN fire upon the altar of the west
Dies the long, golden day—
Athené's temple hides its columns grey,
And, far beneath, in their divine unrest
The waters throb and sway.

The sail droops lean upon its crimson mast,
The oars hang idle still—
There is a sound of singing on the hill;
They sing to him who on this chalice vast
Breathes tempest at his will.

Oh, sire of Cyclops swart and Naiad pale,
Hearest thou these poor cries?
Even now thy kindred of the curdling skies
Pluck at our ropes and shake our narrow sail,
Contending deities.

Odysseus to Ithaca returns
Not yet, denied by thee.
Let not our gilded prows the playthings be
Of some grim crag! Our votive brazier burns
Red by the darkening sea.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

Style and the People

THAT a language, to live and to remain living, must from time to time, after having achieved an accepted form and vocabulary, yield to pressure from without and absorb words which owe their origin to other thoughts and other lands, is an axiom taken as incontestable by most persons who have given the matter any consideration. A glance at the dictionary will serve to show how many of our words in current use are "lifted" almost bodily from other tongues, and an hour spent with a newspaper will prove that many who write the language—write it even for a living—understand but very slightly the true meaning of their material. We commented last week upon the distressing frequency of such hybrids as "cinema-de-luxe" and "kinemacolor"; this week, in a journal of repute, we noticed a statement to the effect that "the sun shone through the astonished atmosphere, gilding the houses with gold and quickening the Seine into a vernal luminosity." In another sheet whose lucubrations cheer our morning meal we saw that something was "immaculately spotless"; also that somebody "partnered" somebody else in a match; further, there occurred a reference to a "bottomless" abyss.

The last thing we should advocate is the application of the stilted, professorial forms of speech to daily use. The oracular, Johnsonian periods are out of date; the man who spoke of a cup of tea as "an infusion of the fragrant herb of the Orient" would be laughed at as surely as we smile at the provincial editors who allow their staff to allude to "Old Sol" or the "effulgent orb of day." People who observe minutely every rule of grammar and syntax and every canon of composition in their casual conversation are rarely racy or pleasant companions. It is a pity, however, that the reporters who write, considering all their difficult surroundings of noise and hurry, surprisingly well, should not learn, for example, that "immaculate" means "spotless," that the word "abyss" contains in itself the idea of "bottomless," and that the noun twisted into unlawful use as a verb can occasionally be a dreadful and detestable thing. It has often occurred to us that the daily papers, with their various peculiar ways of handling the language which pass for more or less correct English, are responsible for a great deal of the loose speaking and writing on which we are sometimes moved to remark. How tirelessly has it been dinned into the ears of the beginner that it is possible to write in a clear and pleasing style without hunting up polysyllables or reverting to the hackneyed phrase; without, in short, mentioning such terrible things as "vernal luminosity" or the "devouring element" or "fair Luna"? Yet, we suppose, the newspaper-reading public—especially that large portion of it which spends its Sunday mornings gloating over the tragedies, conflagrations, and police-court proceedings of the previous week—is impressed by such ornate ready-made stuff, and demands it. But who created the demand?

We dream sometimes of a new daily or bi-weekly paper, not written "by gentlemen for gentlemen," nor by the people for the people, but by expert essayists for a certain public which might be proved to exist. Its editors should be no grim and grizzled specialists with axes to grind, nor should they be vegetarians or nut-food faddists; they should be merely genial, healthy, well-read literary fellows; men who, while knowing Stevenson and Meredith and Hardy, had not forgotten that there once lived a notable person named Horace. In a not too solemn conclave they should select certain items of news as themes, from a literary, not a spectacular, point of view; they should then adjourn for dinner. After dinner, but not before the port had gone twice round, they and their staff should enlarge weightily or wittily as each particular case needed. No foreign telegrams should be suffered to interrupt their exalted deliberations; no vapours from a clamorous composing-room should dull the polish of their epigrams; no extraneous split infinitives should set their delicately adjusted nerves on edge. The ghosts of Swift and Charles Lamb should meet in their wondrous columns; raillery should never degenerate to the ironic sneer; dignity—bearing in mind the fate of Æsop's frog—should never puff itself out to platitudinous pomposity. And if the result, on any given evening, did not satisfy them utterly, the presses should be silent and the paper should not appear.

That paper has not yet appeared, save in our dreams; it never will, for naturally it would not pay expenses; but it would make history until its graceful death. And never, no, never, would it refer to a "vernal luminosity."

W. L. R.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

On Translation

BY H. BELLOC.

THE art of translation is not adventitious to letters to-day. It is a fundamental part of culture. The culture of Christendom is not national but European, and how true this is you may discover by noting the sterile work of any society long cut off from Europe.

By an accident to which I cannot remember any parallel in history this modern culture of ours is split up, as to its expression, into quite half a dozen separate vehicles, any two of which are completely disassociate. We talk of the Teutonic, the Slavonic, and the Italian languages which are indeed the main idiomatic groups of Christendom, but literary German cannot be read by an Englishman who has not learnt the language, nor Greek by a Russian, nor French by an Italian, still less Castilian by a Frenchman. Each of the great national groups into which society fell during the Middle Ages has chosen some one dialect for its typical literary expression, and you have now what we call "German," "English," "Russian," "French," "Italian," "Spanish," etc., which, without having discarded many living dialects form perfectly distinct vehicles for thought and are yet charged with the expression of a common culture. For Europe is not built up out of a number of such elements coming together. Europe is a unity within which these provinces happen to have appeared. Indeed, Europe needs and should have once again a common tongue; undoubtedly Europe will sooner or later recover one. For many centuries our common culture had such a common tongue in Latin, and whatever counted in Europe was bi-lingual. Such a mixture of the universal and the particular is normal to the European story.

Since this is certainly the case, since we cannot express our culture save through these curiously separate vehicles of "modern languages," it is essential that matter which has been put forward in say German or Italian should be available to the Frenchman and to the Englishman, and that matter which has been put forward in, say, Castilian should be available to Paris. The men who can command many languages are extremely rare, nor can their number be greatly increased; for to possess a real acquaintance with many idioms is a most abnormal and a purely personal gift.

There remains—in the lack of the common tongue—nothing but the mechanism of translation, and here we are met by a problem of the greatest difficulty.

To translate effectively is the hardest of all literary arts. That in itself would give one to think when one considered the necessities of modern European culture. But, unfortunately, this first difficulty is very greatly increased by another; which is, that to translate really badly, to give any one of a thousand thoroughly false conceptions of the original, is not the hardest but the easiest of all literary arts.

What a good translation should be, and why it is so difficult to attain, I will discuss in a moment, but the psychology of bad translation merits a curious, if mournful, examination.

There is no one who cannot make a bad translation. All it requires is a dictionary, an elementary grammar, and some knowledge of the alphabets used. Thus a Frenchman is paid 6d. to translate the line:—

He never lifted up a single stone,

and sooner or later he can render it thus:—

Il ne leva jamais une seule pierre.

Or an Englishman is given 6d. to translate the line:—

Demain, Oh! Conquérant, c'est Moscou qui s'allume!

and he can render it:—

To-morrow, Oh Conqueror, it is Moscow which catches fire!

Neither of these gentlemen would have achieved an efficient translation. Both should be drowned.

It is among the mysteries of the human language that the Word is at once the most subtle in its soul and the most obvious in its body of all human modes of action.

"Pferd" "horse": Is that not so? And your plain man, and your practical man and your plumb fool are not only *satisfied* by that—a humble saint can be *satisfied* with simplicities—but they are quite certain you need go no further. Very well, go and translate word for word into German:—

There was a little man and he had a little horse (pferd),
And he bridled it and saddled it and put his leg across,

and see what happens to the spirit of that delightful couplet.

Translation malignantly tempts the least competent by presenting them with prose ready-made. A man who has not so much literary art as is sufficient to write a letter of protest to the *Times* will think himself competent to translate a paragraph of Renan's. For why? There are all the words beautifully set out. Surely he has been given his matter ready made? One may express the whole thing by a metaphor and say that translation only too fatally presents itself as a form of *tracing* whereas of its nature it is rather an attempt at *re-creation*.

For what is necessary to an efficient translation? You must render the rhythms of the original into quite other rhythms proper to your own tongue; and yet the spiritual effect of the first must be paralleled in the second.

You must have such a sense of idiom that the poignant air of a terse phrase in the foreign language strikes the senses as shortly when it re-arises in your own language. More than this, you must appreciate that one word has twenty aspects in the foreign language: a corresponding word twenty aspects in your own, and it is the aspect from which it was approached by the foreign writer that you must approach, or the nearest thing to it in the native word you select.

Again, the emphasis of order differs utterly from tongue to tongue. Again, the nature of decoration differs.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Among the noblest writers of prose was Napoleon Bonaparte. Take any passage of his manly rhetoric—the inspiration upon which so many men have died—put it with no matter what care and scholarship rhetorically into English, and you will have something so theatrical as to be comic.

There are English decorations of lilt, of alliteration, of ellipse, which are respectively absent, barbaric, or hopelessly obscure if you attempt to render them directly into the French language.

There are Latin effects of terseness, Greek effects of particle to which nothing remotely corresponding can be discovered in a modern tongue, save at the expense of its impoverishment or warping, and all this the efficient translator must take into account.

Finally—a clean mechanical point and one that all can grasp in its magnitude—most words do several services in every tongue. Not only have words their aspects, but they are used in human speech as similar symbols for different things.

Louis the XIV's "J'ai failli attendre," if its regal irony is translated at all, must be lamely translated: "I came near to waiting," or, more grossly, "I nearly had to wait." At any rate, you will fail altogether if you use the word *failed*. The word *failed* is ten thousand miles away from the word "*failli*" in that phrase, but "He failed in business" is exactly rendered by "*Il a fait faillite*." How would you render the last words of the English lines, "He tried to do his duty—and how damnably he failed"? What French word would you use for "failed" there? I think that "déception" would come nearest to it, and that you would have to turn the phrase so as to use that substantive instead of a verb; but no dictionary equivalent to "failed" would suit you—least of all "faillir."

I might sum up the whole thing thus: It is the translator's business to know his original in its very soul. Then, standing apart from it, to set his own power to work at creating in another world and for another company another living thing which shall be just as much alive and shall be the twin in vigour, stature, and character of what he sets out to render. It is not an easy matter, is it?

So intense is the power required that often the translator produces some new thing greater than the original upon which he set forth. I can quote an instance. There is a piece of doubtful Latin verse upon which a good Italian sonnet was based. This sonnet Joachim Du Bellay translated into a far better French sonnet, and Du Bellay's sonnet in its turn has been translated by a modern Englishman into something better than the French. I have all four examples of this ascending series to my hand as I write.

Meanwhile you can get really intolerable translation at about 2s. 6d. a thousand words and therefore that curious thing which an idiot would call "economic law" condemns us to the decline of culture. . . . Does it?

It is a poor look-out.

REVIEWS

The Manchester Pecksniffs

The Manchester Politician, 1750-1912. By G. B. HERTZ. With a Preface by Sir Alfred Hopkinson, K.C. (Sherratt and Hughes. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. HERTZ has set down nothing in malice in his interesting account of the Manchester School, but it must be owned that he has extenuated nothing, and if the defunct worthies with whom he deals could see themselves in his depiction they would probably—indignant in their good conceit of themselves—refuse to recognise the portrait.

"Until 1750," says Mr. Hertz, "Manchester possessed no distinctive views on trade or Empire. After 1750 it adopted with peculiar zeal the non-partisan Imperialism of the age of Chatham." The reason of its zeal was characteristic:—

> Commercialism was paramount, the cotton trade became rapidly the all in all of Manchester's public interest, and popular beliefs were wholly governed by the way in which the prosperity of that trade was affected by British, foreign, and colonial policy. . . . Manchester became devoted to the cause of empire-building in the early years of the industrial revolution, because the English Government applied its usual colonial principles to the encouragement of cotton-growing within the borders of our own dominions, and its usual economic principles towards the enhancement of the colonial demand for Lancashire goods.

Accordingly the Manchester working people

> believed that conquests paid. That State help was of service. They were staunch followers of the Protectionist and militant creeds of the day, accepting them because they appeared to embody their own material interests, not, as in the case of the political faiths of the Stuart period, because they made any special appeal to intellect or sentiment.

The reason of the great change in Manchester opinion was equally characteristic:

> Within ten years after Waterloo the political beliefs of Manchester were entirely remodelled. Individualism, insistence on the necessity of peace, distrust of Imperialism, irritation with the Constitutional defects of the time, were deeply impressed on men's minds. The best customers of Lancashire were foreign nations; the great bulk of its supplies of raw material came from a country which had ceased to be subject to the British Crown. There seemed to be no longer any connection between trade and nationality. . . . The majority of the people of Manchester took the side of the individual in his conflict with the State with an enthusiasm that made its mark on local character. The master class was, above all others, responsible for the doctrines thus associated with the Manchester School. Employers believed that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

> the one way by which their supremacy in the world's markets could be maintained was to keep down the cost of production. For this purpose the price of food and raw materials, the volume of taxation, and the cost of living required to be beaten down to the lowest possible limits.

Cobden, as Mr. Hertz reminds us, imagined that within two months of the abolition of the Corn Laws three loaves would be bought with the same money that previously could buy but two, and that the price of flour would simultaneously fall 70 per cent; thus the ascendancy of the Lancashire cotton industry would be safeguarded for ever on the bedrock of cheap production.

These people, whose altar was in the shop, were always full of cant. An acceptable person named Shrewsbury, prominent in the Radical world of Bacup, wrote in "Christian Thoughts on Free Trade" (1843) that "Free Trade is implied in the primeval benediction God pronounced on man," and with special reference to the Old Testament that "free trade is only bringing out a new development of the wonderful series of truths that are recorded in this portion of the word of God." Heyworth in the same year declared that "as a nation of Bible Christians we ought to realise that trade should be free as the winds of Heaven." Cobden, less nauseating in form rather than in spirit, said, "I see in the free trade principle that which shall act as the principle of gravitation in the universe. . . . I believe that the desire and motive for large and mighty empires, for gigantic armies and great navies will die away."

It need hardly be said that Manchester cant was in vivid contrast with Manchester conduct.

> There was an amazing callousness in the toleration that Lancashire opinion granted to the horrors of child slavery during the long years before Lord Shaftesbury won his battle. They dated from the first years of the factory system. . . . At the beginning of the nineteenth century, while Manchester Whigs were agitating for slave emancipation abroad, and the right to be represented in Parliament at home, droves of boys and girls, aged six or seven, used to be sent to the Manchester mills from the poorhouses and orphanages of the unenlightened South.

The Manchester politicians resisted factory legislation, the Truck Acts, the repression of adulteration, and the regulation of usury. They were not ashamed of relentless "sweating" in industry. "The average weekly earnings of the Lancashire hand-loom weaver, which had risen in the early days of the industrial revolution, sank, according to Professor Smart, from 13s. 3d. in 1800 and 13s. 10d. in 1802 to 10s. 6d. in 1806, 6s. 7d. in 1808, 6s. 4d. in 1812, 5s. 2d. in 1816, and 4s. 3½d. in January, 1817, while the cost of living rose during several years of this appalling period." In Bright's mill at Rochdale the wages of a card-room worker rose from 8s. a week, which was the standard between 1820 and 1833 to 8s. 6d. in 1844 and 9s. 6d. in 1846. In 1838 the Manchester Statistical Society reported that some 14,960 persons lived in cellars in the town, and that "in most houses there were more than three persons to each bed."

"To Bright, the cause he advocated represented an essential element in human duty. His work in the world was, in his eyes, nothing less than warfare against men who would 'designedly' arrest the bounty of heaven and doom the children of our common Father, by hundreds of thousands, to intolerable suffering." Bright, as we have seen, had raised the wages of the card-room workers in his own mill from 8s. a week to 9s. 6d. "Marshall, in a celebrated tract of 1842, in which he claimed to explain the free trade position as tested by the experiences of Jesus Christ, wrote of protection that 'the light of Christianity will dissolve it, as the rising sun the morning cloud and the early dew.' Dunckley, with entire sincerity, fancied that his economic creed was 'the embodiment of the Christian thought that men are brothers.'"

We have it on the highest authority that men cannot serve God and Mammon. The Manchester Pecksniffs solved the difficulty by calling Mammon God, and, that change effected, the effusiveness of their piety caused them no inconvenience whatever.

Essays in Life

Also and Perhaps. By SIR FRANK SWETTENHAM. (John Lane. 6s.)
Life's Great Adventure. By FRANCIS STOPFORD. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

THESE two books contain some of the opinions, fancies, and experiences of men who have gone about in the world, east and west. Sir Frank Swettenham's are put in the form of essays, sketches, and stories; Mr. Stopford's in the form of conversations with a friend named Epicurus. Both writers handle matters universally regarded as important—the critical faculty, belief in the unseen, dreams, education, food: they do so at some length and often in a manner, however far from finality, which leads on a sympathetic reader to fruitful agreement and difference.

Sir Frank Swettenham has the advantages and disadvantages of a turn for fiction. Some of his chapters are definitely stories. Thus he makes a Malay *kris* relate how it was first made out of an old ship's file that had killed a man, and how it killed many others and passed from hand to hand, until at length it reached a pretty white woman, but not necessarily a state of rest; and never has it lost the original crimson stain which resisted the Malay artificer's efforts "and remained incarnadine." Knowledge of Malay life gives the story a substance which will sometimes please stay-at-home English people, but it has no great illusion of reality and no finish of art. The same must be said of the other stories. The dream which fills "In Dreamland" is interesting to students if it is an actual transcript from memory. The other story of how a sick man dreamed that death, like a skeleton, came to his bedside and read

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

out his good and bad record from a book strikes us as an imperfect invention with only the makings of a good short story in it: like many of the other chapters, it does little more than reveal the writer's taste for the unusual. We prefer the papers straightforwardly designed to meet that taste, like "Disbelief in the Unseen"—which tells of toads smoking cigarettes, and gives other material for a modern companion to Sir Thomas Browne's "Vulgar Errors."

Sir Frank Swettenham, in fact, finds it hard to get beyond revealing his tastes and aims. He is never a master, either of thought or illusion. Again and again, for example, he attempts landscape, but achieves only combinations of untransmuted words. The dialogue of a sundial and an hour-glass is only facetious. The essay on the critical faculty is mostly spent in saying, as so many have said before, that the British public has no critical faculty; but ends on a patriotic, apologetic note, attacking the other "depreciators of things British," patting the old country on the back with the assertions that our Navy is the best in the world, that our Army learned a great deal in South Africa, that no other country possesses such a reserve of "healthy, courageous and intelligent boys, the sons, for the most part, of not-very-well-off gentry all over Great Britain and Ireland." With all his experience and confidence in expressing opinion, he suffers from some obtuseness. Thus, he has an essay on "Some Proverbs," where he exposes what he thinks the perversion of wisdom in some proverbial sayings, and attacks among others "Pride goes before a fall." He assumes that the words mean that we lose our pride before we fall. He does not consider the possibility that it means that in order to produce a fall pride is often necessary. So in "First Love" he disputes the opinion that "the lovers themselves have no choice; they are merely the subjects of an influence," without seriously putting before us, or apparently even himself, what the philosophers or what he means by first love: he launches himself into balmy rhetorical generalities.

Mr. Stopford is a better writer. His ordinary level of narrative and discussion is fluent and forcible beyond the common, including much lively brevity, like the phrase, "the screaming maelstrom of those grey, shattered waters," and rising at times to a brilliant height of description, as in the picture of an equatorial sea which taught him—or his Epicurus—the meaning of "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." This friend Epicurus represents a somewhat unusual combination of worldliness, sensuousness, and delicacy, all elements in a thoroughly conscious attitude towards life, a belief in a conscious "art of life." It is characteristic of him to suggest "a series of joy-books, with receipts for happy half-hours," and to ask "Where do we find the home regarded as a profession for women, requiring as much education as any other career; or paternity and the training of children treated as quite as important a part in a man's life as politics or sport?" He was himself, he believes, made partly by long years of illness as a child, and would have pain regarded as not a punishment but "an integral part of that struggle from which shall presently emerge clean and vigorous life": he would make Time also an ally, instead of an enemy. He speaks of training "body, mind, and soul" so that each can help the others in time of stress. More than once he suggests that "the success of happiness, like every other success in the world, is dependent on restraint and discipline." But, on the other hand, he instinctively quarrels with some already accepted forms of interference with the rude course of life, with our manufacture of flabby children at school, for example, almost at the same moment as he is accusing war of being a horribly wasteful method of improvement for men, asking why we cannot gain as much "by cultivating in times of peace the same spirit of discipline, self-sacrifice, and service to others which was called forth under the dripping whips of carnage." We suspect that his power of expression runs ahead of his experience and ripe thinking, as Sir Frank Swettenham's lags behind him. We are especially suspicious when a peroration moves him to optimistic eloquence about mankind forging ahead: "Never in his long career has he been more active and virile." But however inconsistent, or exaggerated, or airy Mr. Stopford or Epicurus may be here and there in deliberately expressing himself, the undesigned effect of the whole is good. The faith of Epicurus half-Christian, half-Pagan, is the fine flower of life in the English middle class when it preserves a balance between curiosity and tradition. Whether it is a solitary flower, whether it blossoms once in fifty years, it were long and difficult to inquire, but it has certainly not often blossomed into a book like Mr. Stopford's. The fact that he stretches a friendly hand to sentimentality should ensure his admission where curiosity, colour and the spirit of criticism are not much loved.

The Quintessence of Christian Art

Les Maîtres de l'Art: Les Sculpteurs Français du XIIIe Siècle. By LOUISE PILLION. Illustrated. *Fra Angelico.* By ALFRED PICHON. Illustrated. (Plon-Nourrit and Co., Paris. 3 f. 50 c. each.)

MANY readers of THE ACADEMY are already familiar with that excellent series of "Les Maîtres de l'Art" which is issuing with some regularity and rapidity from the press of MM. Plon-Nourrit and Co. Two of the volumes have been noticed in these columns within the last few months—those dealing with Sodoma and Bernini, the latter especially remarkable for its perfect illustrations. The present volumes are thoroughly worthy of their traditions. If we were driven to express a preference, it would doubtless be given to the sculptors; the subject is fresher and more pregnant, and the illustrations are extraordinarily adequate. Those in the "Fra Angelico," we will add, are only less successful because they lack perforce the colouring of the Florentine master.

The two volumes under consideration are brought very close together by the dominance of one great common characteristic—they are both dedicated to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Christian art. It is not merely by their subjects that they are so dedicated, but by the whole mental outlook of their authors. Both Mlle. Pillion and M. Pichon hold the admirable conviction that there is no knowledge without sympathy, and no progress without imagination; the history of an age of faith cannot be written with the pen of unbelief. M. Pichon, in particular, assigns a very high place to the imaginative factor in history. In narrating, for instance, the period of Fra Angelico's religious vocation, he remarks, "De la sainte crise de cette âme charmante, nous ne savons rien. Mais l'histoire serait en vérité une étrange mort, si nous ne devions suppléer par notre sympathie passionée au silence des documents et des témoignages." Then he proceeds to reconstitute the scene of the spiritual drama, with a description of the church of Santa Maria Novella, and quotations from the sermons of Fra Giovanni Dominici. The method is a sure one where we are in presence of a mind as simple and consistent as that of Fra Angelico; if we were to try to apply it in the case of, say, Shakespeare, we should lay ourselves open to the plausible ire of the Baconians. But, though the path that led the steps of the Dominican painter through the wilderness of this life has been in so many places obliterated by the luxuriant weeds of Time, what remains of it all runs in the same straight line, and it is permissible to assume that the lost portions followed the same law of straightness.

We are on more difficult ground when we have to apportion the life of Fra Angelico between the saint and the artist. M. Pichon summarily answers the questions arising out of this problem by the pronouncement, just so far as it goes, that the saint and the artist were one and inseparable. But there are difficulties. The saint was a craftsman, who had to learn, and loved to learn, his art. It is just this period of apprenticeship that is most completely lost for us. One of the chief problems is to reconcile the evidences of his training as a miniaturist with those of his mastership of fresco. Another problem is to decide who was his master and what were the chief influences. Probably none of these questions will ever be finally answered; the time of apprenticeship overlapped that of religious renouncement, and the phenomena of technical progress cannot be completely explained by those of a soul on fire. M. Pichon, having established from irreproachable data the Florentine milieu of the early Fifteenth Century, and having sketched, with the aid of conjecture, a life of the artist, freely uses the same ally, reinforced by architectural and other decisive details, to write his artistic biography. Gentile da Fabriano was the most generous testator of his creative capital. The conquest of space marked the first great advance on Giotto. Then Fra Angelico himself achieved the revolution of the century—the liberation of colour from material shackles. Finally Masaccio came to suggest the way to perfection, by pointing out the perspectives of the air, and the paths where the light might circulate, leaving body and soul alive upon the stone or canvas.

One great fact insisted upon by M. Pichon is of extreme importance for estimating the place of Fra Angelico in the History of Art. He was not as isolated a figure as has been sometimes believed. He did not hold himself aloof from the new age. He scented the breath of the Renascence, and exulted in it. There was no fear, "perfect love casteth out fear"; Art was so much the Kingdom of God that no evil thing could come out of it. He was there, a pleased spectator, when the envoys of the Eastern Church came to Florence to propose a means of ending the Greater Schism; and what he saw, the gorgeous raiment, the exotic faces and animals, became part of his later pictures.

From Giotto to Fra Angelico is the same distance to travel, from the point of view of technique, as from the French cathedral sculptors of the Twelfth Century to those of the Thirteenth. In both cases it is the triumph of the light and the air, which have broken up the surface, and discovered the spaces behind. But the French sculpture of the Thirteenth Century is in some ways a greater and more significant phenomenon than even the divine art of the saintly Dominican. The latter was a Christian artist, such as has never been seen again, before or since, but historically he was the representative of a departing order of things. He was a member of an old City-State, racked by meaningless quarrels of Guelf and Ghibelline, and incapable of holding its head high in the new Europe that was being fashioned. French sculpture and architecture expressed many things, and among them the maturity of the political principle that was to govern the new world. They were the expression of the principle of nationality, in all its youthful pride and strength. Like the French nation, they left their cradle in the Ile de France to possess the whole land. Their victory was the first and perhaps the greatest triumph of the French ideal. "Nous sommes ici devant ce qu'il y a de plus français en France."

The French spirit, the Aristotelian φύσις of the French spirit—what this spirit was to be in the "Grand Siècle"—is admirably manifested in French architectural sculpture. The figure was an integral part of the building. The statue was the column; the niche was a late, decadent development. "L'Union de la sculpture avec l'architecture était déjà complète en France dès l'époque romane." In this French art differed notably from that of Italy, and gained enormously in force thereby. The limitation imposed upon the sculptor is "une discipline qui devient un élément de rythme et de beauté."

Another wonderful feature of this art is its impersonality. Mlle. Pillion has emphasised this in many places, and particularly in her chapter on the "chantier" where the decoration of the cathedral was planned and carried out. Names are scarce, and great reputations, but art was in scores of brains and in hundreds of fingers; a uniformity full of infinite variety is the result. Saint Denis, Chartres, Senlis, Notre Dame is the early cycle; then come the more finished parts of some of these same edifices, and Reims, Amiens, Bourges, and Sens. But on them all is visible the magic stamp of kinship. Wonderful as they are now, they must have

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

been more wonderful still in their youth and prime, for the colours of the stonework and the glass conspired to throw a blaze of glory over all.

Above all the cathedral statuary of the Thirteenth Century was a Christian art. Every nook of the walls helped to tell the divine story; the symbolism never varied, and the general scheme was always the same. The work was done in a spirit of sublime self-negation "par tous, pour tous." Mlle. Pillion objects, very properly as regards this century, to the anti-Christian interpretations of certain features that were once popular; fancy rioted, but scoffing incredulity was dumb. Moreover, there is an implied answer to some French historians, who have laid down that mediæval religion consisted almost entirely in the fear of hell; we find an "absence, au treizième siècle, sur les tombeaux de toute évocation réaliste ou terrifiante." The "dantesque enfer" over the portals of Notre Dame and of other places cannot destroy this argument. We will conclude with some words taken from the writer's own conclusion to this inspiring work:—"C'est le privilège de certaines œuvres d'art d'atteindre, chez ceux qui les goûtent, quelque chose de plus personnel que l'intelligence, de plus secret que le sens de la beauté; la sculpture du treizième siècle français est de cet ordre. . . . pour qui demeure profondément attaché à l'idéal même qu'elle sut revêtir de tant de beauté, une nuance spéciale de gratitude se mêle à l'émotion qu'elle inspire."

The Tower of London and Old Japan

A Tragedy in Stone, and Other Papers By LORD REDESDALE. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who have "Tales of Old Japan" upon their shelves, and especially those who take down the volume—or volumes if they happen to be so fortunate as to possess the first edition—with affection and gratitude, will be a little disappointed with Lord Redesdale's "A Tragedy in Stone, and other Papers." *Réchauffé* is the word that comes most readily to our mind in connection with this book, a literary dish-up, for the most part, of lectures delivered before the Japan Society, Authors' Club, Royal Photographic Society, and the Art School at Chipping Campden. Now the lecturer is allowed—nay, expected—to indulge in certain mild banalities, and he may, with impunity, enlarge on the intelligence of his distinguished audience, and politely point out his own imaginary shortcomings. All these things are part of the courteous and fashionable lecturer's paraphernalia, but they become wearisome and redundant when repeated in a book. The lectures themselves, excluding their superfluous trappings of mutual congratulation, make excellent reading, but, good as they are, they cannot be compared with the opening essay dealing with the fascinating history of the Tower of London, or with the delightful chapter reprinted from the author's "Bamboo Garden."

Many will regard "A Tragedy in Stone" as the best contribution to this volume. It grips the imagination, and recalls the spell Harrison Ainsworth cast upon us in the days of our youth. But Ainsworth, though effective in his striking situations and powerful descriptions, was lacking in the art of portraying character. Lord Redesdale, in a style that is wonderfully subtle and vivid, has supplied this defect in the hero of our schooldays, for history and character-drawing have been combined in this enchanting study. The author describes the article as "perhaps rather dry-as-dust." Personally, we have not found it so. Monk Gundulf, who could not only weep with those who mourned, but with those who made merry, must have, in his capacity of principal surveyor, laid all the dust in the building of the Tower of London!

Lord Redesdale writes of Leonardo da Vinci:—

> Had he lived to gather together, as he was minded to, all his discoveries, all his philosophy, and all his prophecies into one encyclopædic volume, the world would have been compelled to hail him as the most universal genius of any age, and science would have been advanced by some decades—I had almost written centuries!

Perhaps it is just as well that Leonardo da Vinci did not stagger the world with a blaze of genius in every conceivable direction, or we should have been in danger of another society somewhat similar to the Baconians, and, worse still, we might have been without that homely and salutary saying: "Jack of all trades and master of none." But in all seriousness we must admit that Leonardo da Vinci has certainly disproved Schopenhauer's saying that "genius and the head for mathematics are contradictions which cannot coexist in the same brain."

We must confess to be particularly attracted by Lord Redesdale's refreshing article on gardens, though on some points we cannot agree with him. There is something very cosmopolitan in the author's conception of a garden. His own, we imagine, is the result of his travels. It appears that we may be Little Englanders in our gardens if, through prejudice, we exclude trees that do not happen to be natives. We may still believe that our men have "hearts of oak," and at the same time find room in our gardens for the bamboo which, to the author, "brings back something like a subtle fragrance of the dim far-away." Lord Redesdale is sarcastic on carpet gardens, grottos, and those feminine bores who fling "painfully acquired sesquipedalian names at their victims' heads with an air of conscious superiority." He adds, with dry humour, concerning these dreadful appellations: "It is strange that one never hears of those plants a second time. I believe that if they ever existed they die of despair, killed by their names!"

We were surprised to come across the following, written by one who is a devout admirer of Old Japan:—

> He who would lay out for himself a paradise . . . cannot do better, having the needful leisure, than set out to drink in wisdom in Japan. Not in the Japanese

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

> gardens, for . . . nowhere is the gardener's work more out of tune with Nature than in that country of paradoxes; but on the mountain-side, in the dim recesses of the forest, by the banks of many a torrent, there the great silent Teacher has mapped out for our instruction plans and devices which are the living refutation of the heresies of stonemasonry.

Are not the Japanese supreme masters in reproducing, in miniature, favourite scenes from Nature? Surely they have sat at the feet of "the great silent Teacher" and learnt much. If they add a beautiful stone lantern to the scene, it is hardly a heresy—no more a heresy than a moss-covered sun-dial in our English gardens.

Lord Redesdale deals with Japan in the Middle Ages, narrates the romantic story of Will Adams, gives us the fascinating history of paper, and concludes with a description of a holiday spent in the Land of the Gods nearly fifty years ago. There is something of Leonardo da Vinci's versatility in this miscellaneous volume, for the Tower of London and Old Japan are about as different as it is possible to imagine. Lord Redesdale has recently republished his famous "Tales of Old Japan," and we conclude this review with the hope that he will reissue his "Bamboo Garden." If we may judge from the chapter included in the volume before us, it will not lead us into a maze, or a grotto, or a tart-like horror of carpet bedding, but into a veritable garden of delight.

Plays Good and Indifferent

Five Little Plays. By ALFRED SUTRO. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)
A Book of Short Plays, and a Memory. By Mrs. DE COURCY LAFFAN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. net.)

EVEN in these days of cheap literature it is remarkable to be able to read five plays by so distinguished a playwright as Mr. Alfred Sutro for the modest sum of eighteenpence, and no admirer of his fine work should fail to peruse them. They are strong, tense, clever, the work of a practised hand that never fails to extract the uttermost from a dramatic situation, the work of one who knows the light and shade of human character. Humour, satire, farce, and pathos are all contained within these pages. The theme of "The Man in the Stalls" is not exactly pleasant, but if Mr. Sutro is rather too fond of dealing with unsuccessful marriages, and making either the husband or wife fall in love with some one else, he does so with such power, such subtle wit, that even this well-worn theme ceases to be commonplace. "The Man in the Stalls," "A Marriage Has Been Arranged," and "The Man on the Kerb," are familiar to many playgoers; but it is a matter of surprise to us that "The Open Door" and "The Bracelet" should not, apparently, have attracted the discerning eye of a theatrical manager. "The Open Door" is as good in its way as "The Walls of Jericho," and is the best one-act play we have read for a long time. "The Bracelet" is not quite such perfect work. Mrs. Western is a little too haughty in her manner, too wildly rude even for an upper middle-class lady addicted to Blue-books; but the delightfully droll surprise at the end of the play more than compensates for the over-emphasis of one of the characters.

Mr. Alfred Sutro's "The Bracelet" left us in a genial mood, and we were prepared to forgive Mrs. De Courcy Laffan and her publisher for choosing a very atrocious binding, reminding us of a wedding-card pasted on mottled tin. Unfortunately, however, the difference between Mr. Sutro's work and that of Mrs. Laffan was a little more marked than we were prepared for. "A Shakespearian Interlude" is not without real poetry, but it is entirely lacking in anything approaching genuine characterisation. Queen Elizabeth, in Mrs. Laffan's hands, is a dreamy sentimentalist, and that is one thing that Good Queen Bess, with all her faults, was not. She was a sprightly soul, with a temper as ready as her wit; but unless history belies her, she had no lack of lovers, even if she boxed one of them on the ears! She is reported to have said to the Speaker in the House of Commons: "I have long since made my choice of a husband, the Kingdom of England." She would never have uttered the maudlin words of unrequited love Mrs. Laffan puts into her mouth. To describe "Their Experiment," a play based on the popular fallacy of Platonic friendship, as amateurish, is to express ourselves very mildly. It will be a bad day for the Diplomatic Service when it includes such a man as Algernon Leyburn. Algie played duets with Lady Mabel, and was so afraid of getting a headache from stephanotis that he had the flower placed outside the window. We were glad to see at the end of this tiresome play, "Quick Curtain."

An Artist's Diary

Through Greece and Dalmatia. By Mrs. RUSSELL BARRINGTON. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE authoress did no more than keep a diary of six weeks' itinerary, a rather thoughtful, reflective diary, betraying a temperament easily impressed by the artistic beauty of things, albeit somewhat liable to put art and artists before that nature from which art derives its inspiration. Illustrative of this is the remark that "Watts was constantly seeing a picture by Titian in Nature." With all due deference to the late G. F. Watts and to the author, this smacks too much of Mark Twain's complaint in Italy, that "the Creator made the universe from designs by Michelangelo." For Nature is greater, and produces finer work, than even Titian or G. F. Watts, and the average temperament is content to recognise the world's great natural pictures without reducing them to the phase or view-point which is all an artist can convey.

This diary form of writing leads to strange English at times. "But it is not the perceptible theatre we see from the road which is the one which first existed, but an unnoticeable arrangement of stones behind the visible ampitheatre, where the tragedies of Æschylus are said to have been performed during his lifetime," is a difficult

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

sentence to swallow at one gulp. We do not ask that the traveller desirous of recording his or her impressions should be a stylist, but we do ask, in all books that bear the imprint of such a publishing house as this, for clear, readable language, that we may grasp the author's meaning with regard to things seen, and may be saved the trouble of elucidating such twisted phraseology as above.

A query as to "wherein lies the power of this great Greek art—its sublime serenity, calm force, and supreme inevitableness," may be answered—not so flippantly as at first appears—by the Japanese suggestion that the Greeks had no antiques from which to copy. For therein lies the power of their art—they founded a school, developed the conception of beauty in the human figure, and, as this author says, they wrought with the "unquestioned reality of the spiritual life within them."

A word must be said concerning the illustrations, which—excepting always the exquisite frontispiece to the book—do not adequately illustrate the subject matter, and are not placed with any sense of fitness. Facing the matter which likens the impressions produced by viewing the acropolis to the effect of hearing the "Moonlight" sonata, and traces the relations between great art and great music, is set a view of "the porch of the Byzantine church of the Kapnicarea," an incongruous, discordant interruption to a piece of fine writing. For, in spite of the defects noted above, this book contains some excellent harmonies of writing, and evinces on the authoress's part a fine sense of beauty. It is no untrained globe-trotter who writes, but rather one who, knowing little of the writer's craft, sets out to record impressions of great things viewed in the light of archæological, architectural, and artistic knowledge—one who can distinguish between the real and the sham, and feel indignant at the sight of Greek beauty ruined by renaissance "restoration." So much for Greece, and space will not permit us to deal with the Dalmatian portion. It is a book of many defects, for it was not "written" in the sense that an ordinary volume is compiled; it is, nevertheless, a book of things that, lacking newness, never grow old, a record of personal observation and unstudied thoughts, and a work of more than common interest.

Criticism and Vivacity

From Theatre to Music-hall. By W. R. TITTERTON. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

TO review adequately Mr. Titterton's latest book would require a volume as large as that before us. And then the result of our labours would be the production of a paraphrase of Mr. Titterton's volume; a paraphrase perhaps more orderly, more explanatory, and less discursive, but still a paraphrase. There are so many good things, there is such a wide survey, the method is so different from the restricted and particularised type of dissection which is the *modus operandi* of the ordinary dramatic critic, that the book must be acquired, by legitimate or other means, and read. Mr. Titterton describes and analyses the work of many of the dramatists and actors and music-hall performers of the day in a manner which is at once entertaining and enlightening; and though at times our idols receive rough handling, yet behind the occasional extravagances and exaggerations, we feel that there is the solid foundation of sound criticism. The book does not contain a dull page; its extraordinary vivacity is both a tonic and an inspiration in these days of the matter-of-fact.

Whither has the drama moved since the days of Shakespeare? It is exceedingly difficult to pigeon-hole the differences between the main characteristics of the Elizabethan drama and that of the moderns. In the first place, we seem to believe no longer in free-will. The dramatist and actor of to-day perform their respective duties with a mathematical precision which is awesome in its thoroughness. We might go further and say that each actor-manager has his particular set of mathematical formulæ; the subordinate members of the company take their cues from the "head"; they imitate the managerial strut and voice; they sacrifice individuality and original interpretation. "Drama is born of the clash of temperament against its temperamental environment; yet the fidgets of a nervous man in an unbleached shirt are not necessarily dramatic." We wander round the theatres looking for life—and we find it not. Life can be reflected in the farce and in the comedy equally as in the so-called "serious play." But we usually come away empty—we see soulless marionettes, puppets exercising themselves with machine-like accuracy. Mr. Titterton blames the drama; but we blame the spirit of the age. This age will probably be known to the historian of the future as "the soulless age"; our duties have become so specialised, our spheres of action are so rigidly defined—these are the characteristics of modern civilisation. It is the eye that is now entranced: there are so few minds crying out for nourishment: inspiration is dead. The dramatist of to-day chooses the world of "The Importance of Being Earnest" and endeavours to construct real drama. Wilde used it to produce the the greatest farce of the language. It is the world of burlesque, not of reality: it is the foundation of what may be called the "stiff-shirted drama" of to-day, of that drama of puppet dukes and golliwog marchionesses who perform their ludicrous antics under the direction of the dramatist-showman.

Mr. Titterton succinctly crystallises another distinguishing factor when he remarks, "There is sex-emotion in all of Shakespeare's plays, but he wrote not one drama of sex!" And again "the public does not get what it wants, but what it will put up with." To quote—very approximately—Margaret in "Fanny's First Play," "There is nothing left for the rising generation to do—except to shock its parents." We don't believe it; the parents thoroughly love the process—from the stage; they presume that it is a part of the smartness of the epigrammatic dialogue.

From Wilde until now drama has suffered under this incubus of smartness. Every now and then, in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

every comedy, the actor pauses in his ticking like an alarum clock about to go off, turns to the audience, and delivers his immortal word. Usually the immortal word is a very poor thing, and the effect of these paste diamonds, glittering along the fringe of ill-fitting, shoddy dialogue, is poorer.

The second portion of the book deals with the music-halls in a vein which is more descriptive and less critical than that of the first part. But here every line holds us—whether writing of the Russian Ballet, Vesta Tilley, or the Follies—every page forms part of an inspiring picture of its side of London life. We might sometimes wish that the writer had concentrated and elaborated the earlier and more creative section of the book; but we fear that much of the refreshing quality would have vanished in the refining process. We are not always in complete agreement with Mr. Titterton, but we like him the better for that. "From Theatre to Music-hall" should find its way into every holiday parcel.

European South America

Guiana: British, Dutch, and French. By JAMES RODWAY. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

HIS previous work, dealing with the history and with the forests of these countries, has given us convincing proof that no one is better qualified to deal with the subject of the Guianas than the author of this present work. A long residence, indeed, in these last remaining lands of the Southern Continent which are still subject to European authority has endowed Mr. Rodway with a knowledge of these such as is the lot of few. It is high time that the Guianas were represented in the notable outflow of South American literature which is now occurring. For some reason or other it would seem the fate of these particular countries to suffer neglect in this respect as well as in other directions. Now that this book, in addition to some others dealing with the same subject, has appeared, the reader cannot refrain from a certain wonder as to why the modern description of the Guianas has been so long delayed. Mr. Rodway himself voices this view admirably in his introduction:—

> Nowadays, even though one of its governors called British Guiana a "magnificent province," it is practically ignored. It gained a few weeks' notoriety when the Venezuela Boundary trouble raised fears of a war with the United States, but soon again fell into the background when the cloud passed over. Demerara sugar is well known, but few recognise that Demerara practically means British Guiana. Its gold, diamonds, balata, and greenheart timber are only familiar to experts. . . . The newspaper man knew the country in connection with the Dreyfus case, and no doubt looked upon it as unfit for a dog, much less a Christian.

Mr. Rodway deals exhaustively with the history of these countries, for the possession of which so much blood was shed in the past, and in the early days of colonisation were valued so highly that the site of the present city of New York was less considered than a similar spot in British Guiana! The various groupings and re-arrangements of the three Powers which followed each other with such rapidity in the triangular wars of the English, French, and Dutch are of extreme interest. Coming to modern times, that which claims the chief attention here—as elsewhere—is the question of labour. The prosperity of Guiana has always depended on the amount of labour it was possible to import. In this respect it may surprise many to learn that the negro fails as a plantation labourer—mainly because he expects higher pay than the estates can afford! The Chinese, too, although they have become very useful colonists, have proved little better as agricultural labourers. The East Indian, on the other hand, has, according to Mr. Rodway, justified to the full the experiment of his introduction, and it seems likely that it is upon his efforts that the country will have to depend for its future prosperity; for the climate of Guiana, like that of many other places in South America, is not of the kind which permits white labour. These various problems, as well as an intimate general description, are fully dealt with in this very able work, which is adequately illustrated with photographs.

One of the "Gardens of History"

The Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia, Pope Alexander VI. By the Most Rev. ARNOLD H. MATHEW, D.D. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 16s. net.)

THERE is little doubt that mankind as a whole is rather attracted by criminology. The baser sort gratifies its curiosity in the perusal of journals of a special kind; the respectable citizen takes his crime in his stride, as an ingredient in his respectable newspaper; and even the more cultivated are by no means sorry when the course of their serious studies leads them from time to time across one of those "Gardens of History"—to quote a pretty title employed, almost *ad hoc*, by M. Gebhart—that have been watered with the blood and the tears of ancient wrong-doing.

One of these oases is the story of the Borgias. The criminal reputation of this extraordinary family is too well established for the fashionable arts of the rehabilitator to have more than a passing effect. Their collective guilt remains a constant quality, though the distribution of responsibility among the individuals of the family varies as the biographer. In Dr. Mathew's book, for instance, there is only one really first-class villain—Cæsar, Duke of Valentinois. Pope Alexander, after the most promising beginnings, seems to have suffered shipwreck on the sands of sentimentalism, after a too early apprenticeship in the "good old gentlemanly," but unromantic, vice of Avarice. The sinister Lucrezia, we are invited to believe, was, like most of the bad women of History, very much more sinned against than sinning, and lived the greater part of her life as a pattern wife and mother. The Pope and his daughter were, in fact, reluctant tools in the hands of Machiavelli's model "Principe."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Dr. Mathew has compiled a stirring and crowded narrative. A large dose of French History in its more complicated moments gives us some sort of repose from the even more involved politics of Borgian Italy, but seems to us rather too conscientious a discharge of an undoubted duty. The history of the period is indeed such a tangle that it would be impossible, in moderate compass, to give it clearness and unity. Charles VIII entering Italy is often regarded as the herald of modern Europe; the Borgias, in certain aspects, represent a vanishing civilisation, based on conceptions that we cannot nowadays even understand—perhaps the Futurists will revive their explanation. Luther had not yet come to narrow down the debate. Dr. Mathew is generally master of his puppet-show, but the figures sometimes profit by the odds in their favour. It is at such moments that we feel the need for a fuller index, and for a more rigorous control of the relations between relative or demonstrative pronouns and their antecedents. We like the descents of Avernus to be "bien ratissées"; we come there in holiday mood.

It is curious that the Borgias have not been more exploited in literature. The work on which Dr. Mathew bases most of his conclusions, the Diary of John Burchard, Pontifical Master of the Ceremonies under Alexander VI and other Popes, is now appearing in an English translation. But it is safe to say that to the average English reader nothing of the period is known except some of its legends. The present work should serve as a useful corrective. Alexander and Cæsar are both made comprehensible, though we doubt if the extenuating circumstances urged in their favour, that the one was a Liberal Mæcenas and had crises of remorse, and that the other was an efficient administrator, really ought to have much weight. Perhaps the most eloquent excuse for two of the grimmest personages in history is contained in the answer to the Pope of a Tiber boatman, who had seen the corpse of the Duke of Gandia (murdered by his brother, Cæsar) thrown into the river: "on being asked why he had not informed the authorities of the occurrence, Schiavoni answered that he had, during his lifetime, seen over a hundred corpses thrown into the Tiber, and had never heard any inquiry about them."

Shorter Reviews

Archives d'Etudes Orientales. Edited by J. A. LUNDELL. *Vol. I.—Etudes phonologiques sur le Dialecte arabe vulgaire de Beyrouth.* By EMANUEL MATTSSON. *Vol. II.—Etudes sur le Culte d'Ichtar.* By NILS NILSSON. *Vol. III.—Sur la Formation du Génitif pluriel en Serbe.* By ANTON KARLGREN. *Vol.IV.—Les Débuts de la Cartographie du Japon.* By E. U. Dahlgren. (Ernest Leroux, Paris. 5 fr. 25 c.; 1 fr.; 2 fr. 75 c.; and 2 fr. 75 c. respectively; and Appelberg, Upsala.)

IT is rather difficult to understand on what common base these four brochures are supposed to stand. They are all the work of Swedish students, and they are all concerned with that comprehensive geographical conception—"the East." But when we find that one of the subjects is an incident of Servian grammar, we think that "the East" has become a little too vague to be the germ of a true "Corpus Scientiae." Another feature of the series that flouts uniformity is the varying character of the methods. That is, of course, the fault of the subjects; many people have an inkling as to the nature of Ishtar-worship, few are genuinely alive to the gravity of the problem of the Genitive Plural in Servian. But it is curious to find, cheek by jowl in the same series, a literary, almost eloquent apology, for the licentious rites of ancient Babylon, and a meticulous analysis of one grammatical or phonological process in a language that is little known to any but the native and the philological expert. M. Karlgren does his work very thoroughly; he gives the previous explanations of the baffling a of the Servian Genitive Plural, and dismisses most of them as not covering equally the two similar cases of Servian and Slovene. He then gives his own theory. M. Mattsson's work on the dialect of Beyrouth forms a more or less complete manual of the subject, especially as regards phonology. It is a far cry from Servia and Asia Minor to Japan, but, in spite of the specialisation that marks M. Dahlgren's "Débuts de la Cartographie du Japon," we suspect that this author has produced the most generally interesting work of the series. It is curious to learn that the first maps of Japan based on native diagrams can be assigned with some degree of probability to the first year of Elizabeth. The illustrative maps, some from rare sources, are excellently reproduced.

Pierre Rosegger: L'Homme et l'Œuvre. By A. VULLIOD. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 10 fr.)

M. VULLIOD has achieved a monument of industry. In 500 massive pages he has told the story, and analysed the work, of a living foreign author. We doubt if it could be done more completely, and certainly we should consider that a fuller treatment would, in this case, be excessive. A critic and an author can never be in full community so long as they are separated by one of the outlying buttresses of the Tower of Babel. But this, after all, is only true of purely literary criticism, and there is a great deal in M. Vulliod's work that is valuable and permanent. Few writers have had so varied and interesting a career as Herr Rosegger. It is one of the few careers that are interesting through their successes rather than their failures. From the early adversities of his peasant home in Styria to the days of his universal recognition as one of the great masters of German literature, there has hardly been a single reverse. M. Vulliod's sketch of the writer's mother gives us a glimpse of a noble woman, full of a wisdom that is best called heavenly. The friends who appeared at each corner of the road to help him on were among the best men in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the whole of Austria. As to his work, it always bore the impress of his origins; though he occupied himself with politics and current affairs, including anti-Semitism and the "Los von Rom" movement, he will be known in literature as one of the best and most genuine exponents of the "régionalisme" that is becoming an article of faith with the critics. In Rosegger's case it has taken a variety of forms, and Styrian gaiety, even in its less decorous moods, is represented, as well as Styrian piety and passion.

The Religion of Sciences: The Faith of Coming Man. By JAMES W. LEE. (Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5s. net.)

THE writer of this treatise wishes us to understand that, whereas the science of religion is the result of the study of comparative religions, Christianity is the Religion of Science, "because it is found to be the perfect expression and complete realisation of the idea which students, who have formulated our science of religion, tell us is at the bottom of all religions."

There is not much that is new in this book, although the method and illustration are often original and arrest attention. It requires some assurance to assert that Christianity is the source of all natural and heathen religions. So the postulate is assumed that "Christianity is as old as God." While religion has a real value for the needs of every-day life, one thing must always remain impossible—that is, any attempt to abolish its mystery, or to translate it into a language that we fully understand. But the author's fine purpose may be inferred from one delightful sentence: "Out of vast piles of theological straw the spiritual leaders of our race have found enough wheat to make the bread of life without which the teeming millions of God's hungry children would have starved."

Biographies of Scientific Men. By A. B. GRIFFITHS, Ph.D. Illustrated. (Robert Sutton. 7s. 6d. net.)

IN this volume the author has compiled in a handy form short biographies of fifteen of the world's most famous scientists. He has condensed into a small compass practically all the available information concerning each one, and his book should prove especially useful to young students who have not the opportunity of consulting more ambitious works. The volume opens with an account of Lavoisier, the illustrious father of modern chemistry, who was barbarously guillotined during the Reign of Terror, and closes with the biography of Lord Kelvin, one of the grandest figures in the history of science. The portraits and other illustrations add to the interest of the book; but the one bearing the title, "Copy of the Death Warrant of Lavoisier" is really the official report of his execution; indeed, it bears on the margin the words "Procès-verbal d'exécution de mort."

Fiction

The Thorn-bush Near the Door. By SOPHIE COLE. (Mills and Boon. 6s.)

IT seems as though every second novel we take up in these days had an artist for its hero. We used to think that the artistic temperament was a difficult one to handle in fiction, but this opinion does not appear to be shared by the young authors of the day. They embark upon the task gaily; their materials are very simple and their results quite easily attained. Take a good-looking young man, divide his morals by three, put a paint-brush in his hand and set him in an untidy studio under the roof of a dusty house, induce him to voice some of the more usual unconventionalities and to talk a good deal of very commonplace studio talk, and the thing is done. If he marries and keeps his wife in the corner of the studio, so much the better; it is the sort of thing an artist would do. If he becomes involved with a former model and is tried for murdering her, better still. This is what Miss Sophie Cole has done in the usual way and with the usual amount of success. Her heroine, a suburban girl with a vulgar father—as a matter of fact he was not really her father—and tastes above her surroundings, interested us until she began to develop strength of character. It is extraordinary how dull people with strong characters are in fiction. We cannot say that the artist hero ever interested us much, although he was quite free from strength of character. We knew too well everything that he was going to say and nearly everything that he was going to do.

A Superman in Being. By LITCHFIELD WOODS. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

THE superman, Professor Snaggs, is no more convincing than Nietzsche himself. By means of an unusual amount of personal attractiveness—unusual, at least, in a blind professor of history—he succeeded in persuading his secretary to become his mistress. When, later on, the right man comes into her life, the superman confesses her lapse for her, and persuades the right man to marry her in spite of everything.

There is the plot, sordid and little enough in all conscience. It speaks well for the author's subtlety that he has made this a witty, clever book—but we are not convinced by the story. The superman is amusing enough, the cleverness of his paradoxical reasoning is amusing, and the way in which he jerks the other puppets of the story about is exceedingly amusing. The book is worth reading for its cleverness, but we are left with the sense that the author has accomplished a very fine intellectual exercise, manipulated a number of dolls with great skill, rather than that he has dealt with real people and real situations. We do not claim that melodramatic and emotional scenes are essential to the novel of to-day, but we do claim that it is hardly

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

possible to settle a big problem, such as is presented in the plot of this book, with the casuistries of Professor Snaggs—the result of such a settlement is an impression of unreality which we cannot escape. Let the author try his hand at lighter matter, for his manner is excellently suited to light comedy, not to such drama as he has attempted here.

The Knightly Years. By W. M. ARDAGH. (John Lane. 6s.)

"THE MAGADA," by W. M. Ardagh, was very well spoken of, and this, a second book, with the same local setting—the Canary Islands—is a picturesque novel, dealing with the same historical period, just before the beginning of the Inquisition. The old story of a man's love for a maid was as true in those days as now, and this tale, in its antique setting, is none the less a jewel. The passions were fiercer, it is true, but the results were the same. One takes a little time to become accustomed to the Spanish words used, but, when these are mastered, the reader becomes quite engrossed with the characters and their ultimate fate. We know that Spain and its dependencies are the home of proverbs, but it is somewhat strange to find that the saying, "More people know Tom fool than Tom fool knows," has so mediæval an origin. Doramillo, the hero, is a pattern for modern lovers, for, no matter what happens, he keeps his temper and is finally rewarded. The book provides a new country, new habits and customs, all fresh for the reader jaded with Mayfair and its modern ways.

Impertinent Reflections. By COSMO HAMILTON. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

ALTHOUGH the usual acknowledgment for reproduced matter does not precede this collection of sketches, we feel certain that a number of them have appeared, and that the rest ought to have appeared, in the columns of some periodical or other. They are witty in the extreme, especially those which treat of the regeneration of our effete aristocracy by means of an infusion of chorus-girl blood. But, except as a volume from which to pick three or four pages of very light reading when in the mood for it, sketches like these have no business to appear in book form. We can imagine the joy with which a newspaper reader would turn to the column containing one of them, how he would appreciate the writer's high spirits and enjoy the point of each delicate yet stinging allusion to the class of highly placed, utterly brainless individuals who never existed as a class—though certain exceptions give cause for the allusions. But, if that same newspaper reader were presented with this book, and tried to read it in three or four sittings, he would be weary and surfeited with overmuch light cleverness, and would wish that he had taken the champagne in smaller doses. And that is exactly what has happened to us.

The Deserted Village

IT was for no village in England that the Irishman Goldsmith coined that title, but his own village in the middle-west of Ireland. There are lines in his poem, looking out through the disguising sleekness of eighteenth-century sentiment, that have the print on them of the place of which they speak. Such lines as:—

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleasure pass'd,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.

Yet the rustic convention of his day caused him to disguise the true lineaments beyond recognition. Spring had perforce to smile; and the hawthorn bush to have its seats beneath the shade; so that it is not easy to discover where the true figure ends and the adornments begin.

At least the deserted village I have in my mind has no resemblance, facial or spiritual, to that which Goldsmith depicts. It hangs on the side of a mountain, on one of two muscle-lines that twist diagonally across its side, as though it were a giant stretching itself after long slumbers and about to pitch the village into the valley in the act. Across the valley rises a hill that dips into a bay, on the other side of which rise the Menawn Cliffs sheer from the water's edge. On these cliffs, in old days, was a Druid sacrificial site, and on the summit of the hill was another, so that these stately hierarchs could view each other as they passed through their fierce rituals. Above the old village the mountain rises precipitously to its summit, about which, save on the finest of days, the clouds always cling, rough rock and sedgy bog making the ascent.

Standing on the hill that can recollect the Druid tramp and chant mixing with the wind that tore its sides, the sight is full of awe. To the west, above the swelling and falling of hills strewn with heather and heavy with bog, the great Croghaun arises, to within two hundred feet or so of Slieve More, the mountain opposite. Clare Island, like the land of heart's desire in beautiful suggestion of curve and colour poised on the face of the waters, and the further islands of Clew Bay, float away to the south. The infinite array of the mountains of the mainland stands wisely clustered to the east; and the strong, stately mass opposite blots out the ocean to the north. Of the grandeur of isolation it is impossible to convey an idea. On the edge of the ocean beneath the hill to the south two villages cluster, with white walls and thatched roofs showing dimly to the eye; but among the hills the desolation is almost undisturbed. The voice of the wind whistling through the heather, or falling with deeper note on the sheer wall of Slieve More, or, somewhat to the north, crying in a sad minor through the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

branches of three solitary old twisted thorns near the base of the mountain, is almost the only sound to break the silence—save for the cry of the curlew, plover, and bittern when it is their day. It is a scene fit to breed such august spirituality as one finds among the people. It would be stern, except that there is a haunting spirit of tenderness, a mystical whimsey, mixed somehow into the scene. It is as though the face of the god were stern, but that in his eyes a soft light leaned.

On one of the evenings when I stood on this hill, tranced almost to forgetfulness of the moment and its circumstance, there were two voices that echoed across the valley in the falling dusk. They were a man and a woman driving home their cattle, for I could hear the tone of their voices calling high and low to each other, and I could, by looking intently in the direction from which their voices came, see the deep crimson of the woman's petticoat, and now and then the movement of her naked legs as she stepped down sure-footedly from the uplands upon the hillocks of the bog. I could not hear what they said; but that she was speaking in bitter complaint of something, and that he was replying in immovable resignation was apparent, for there is as much meaning in the pitch of a phrase as in the words that compose it. The effect was strange in the quietness and the dusk. The voices circled about the valley, speaking no words, but carrying on an infinite conversation in the pitch and tone that they chose to convey their precise shade of meaning.

For the village, though deserted, is not always altogether uninhabited. Owing to reasons, over which, in a sketch of this kind, it is wise to draw a veil, but of which Goldsmith was not ignorant, some time ago the inhabitants combined to withdraw and join one of the villages at the edge of the sea. Therefore the whole place fell into perpetual disrepair. Now no one can hinder weatherbound, or nightbound, folk from contenting themselves with the scanty shelter of shambly walls and a leaky roof. Consequently some of those families that had pastured their flocks on the hills continued to do so during the summer months; and it was small blame to them if they chose to deny themselves the additional two miles walk to the bay, and preferred instead to shelter at the foot of the hills. The turf smoke no longer curls up the side of the god-like mountain brooding above, like a grateful incense; certainly it very seldom does, and then only in a single wisp: but voices still mingle with the silence, and are subdued by the stillness to something of its own suggestion.

The village, indeed, is sadder for its few and vagrant inhabitants. They are like the solitary figures that so mysteriously stand up and accentuate a loneliness. In the lanes between the houses there are no marks of footsteps, but only stones and rough grass. Some of the cottages are quite dismantled; some still rear their walls, with more or less of spare roof to them: others are more nearly intact. Some were built in the old manner of shepherd cots: walls of loose stones built as nearly as possible together, but through which the wind could find its entrance, and low roofs of unthatched turf; others with well-compounded walls, and roofs to which the thatch still clings and twists in the wind. But the walls are no longer white; and there are few doors to them. It is like walking through some city of the dead, silent, dismantled, and reminiscent of the presences of the past. Then the sound of a boot is heard, and a man emerges from one of the huts; or the soft pad of a naked foot, and a woman's crimson petticoat swings round a corner; and it is almost like one of the spirits of the past appearing to resent the prohibited intrusion on their soil. The mountain is desolate; the Druid-hill is desolate; the distance is desolate; the village of desertion is terribly desolate; but there is nothing so desolate as the one man standing at the top of the lane and looking down in wonder at the intruder. One says to him, to relieve the oppression, "It's a decent day"; and the reply comes back, "It's a grand day, indeed." But it makes no difference.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

A Reader's Complaint

I CANNOT help feeling a sudden antipathy to the books—certainly you are mistaken if you take it for my professional jealousy as a writer—at a bookseller's shop—the books in a row, by hundreds, thousands, ten thousands, let me say, the somehow inhuman sad display; even when it was my thought to buy some copies, I always left there with nothing in my pocket, but leaving behind a sort of unnatural smile sometimes born from dissatisfaction or uneasiness of mind. And suppose I happen to buy some book by a writer whose world-famous name would even scare my Oriental timidity, and take the copy home, I will only place it, with my Japanese sentimental bows, upon a well-dusted table by the southern window where the scented breezes ever call, or on the *tokonoma*, the matted little alcove, where the shadows or ghosts graceful and wise always gather themselves; I do not try to open the pages and read them, as the mere fact of my possessing a copy has already half-filled my spiritual hunger, and at once ceased to excite my sense of curiosity. Have I no desire for reading? Why haven't I? I have a great appetite or curiosity for reading; and that is the chief reason for my not opening the books so often carelessly; I hate the disappointment of reading, let me declare, more than death—indeed, more than death. I will tell you what a delightful moment I always have when I turn a page or two of some nondescript book that I find upon the table in my friend's sitting-room—I verily seldom call upon the people whose formal drawing-room alone opens for me—while waiting for his presence, as doubtless he might be washing his face or breakfasting—let me say that all my friends are late risers—or, better still, when I make my lazy eyes run at random over the lines, while my ear, left or right, is listening to his talk on this and that.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The "Essays of Elia" often tire my mind; their too many dashes and parentheses worked certainly a mischief to alienate me from Lamb. Oh, if Hazlitt were not so talkative! I always dislike to read Emerson, because I silently object to grow wiser and saner, in another word, to grow old; it was the work of Carlyle more than anybody else that I lost my innocent appetite, and cannot eat breakfast or dinner, even the simplest diet of raw fishes and rice, uncritically. I think that I became a pessimist from the occasional reading of love lyrics of Herrick, who was so hopelessly childish to disturb the rectory silence with his laughter and eternal Maying, but how envious I am of Keats, who died young. It was Hazlitt—he quite frequently confessed truly from his heart of hearts while talking too tiresomely—who remarked that the reading of Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes" made him regret that he was not young again; let us curse, of course, old age, even middle age. If I am afraid to read Keats, once my most beloved poet, to-day, it is indeed from the reason that hundreds and thousands of ghosts or shadows of my youthful days make at once their innocent, therefore frightful, presence to shout and laugh over my tired, though not particularly sad, certainly prosaic, aspect of the present time; I often ask myself if I did fully live and spend my days of youth. Oh, young men, let me declare, who are after, as Hamlet says, "Words, words, words," and books, come out into the air, amid trees, where birds sing and nameless flowers bloom, and learn what Life means, that is to say, how to revel, revolt, excite, and cry; if you do not laugh and cry when you can laugh and cry, I should say that you never shall be able to laugh and cry again.

The other day when a cup of green tea made me slowly enter the reminiscent mood already at early morning, I called for my pencil and paper to jot down my own story of younger days; but before I reached the third page, always that interesting page for the sudden turn of my thought, I gave up the writing, and exclaimed: "What use to write on the past and younger days. How silly! What a waste of ink and paper! Why don't I write up about my own future? Am I growing already so old as to write on the past and draw a few stupid tears—perhaps a few points of pride, too—out of the younger experience?" I often thought if my dear friend Yoshio Markino would publish, if he must publish, "A Japanese Artist in London," ten or twenty years later, or even thirty years later, his artistic fame would never suffer if he didn't publish it at all. To write such a delightful book like Markino's—I am happy to count him as my friend—one should have a good deal of honesty which disarms your criticism; but to leave the book unwritten altogether, why, he must have a great personality. When anybody begins to talk on himself, even when he talks on the experience innocent and simple, it is vulgarity in the strict literary sense; if not vulgarity, certainly it is mediocrity, however excusable. I know that the people in England as well as in America in general take the books of reminiscences kindly; in that fact I see that they are the people of enough mediocrity, if not stupidity. (Am I too sarcastic?) To speak of the Anglo-Saxon mediocrity, I should say that even the egoism we see in Wilde, Shaw, and two or three others is mediocrity slightly upside down; what does the emphasis of these writers really count? It would matter very little likely. And what about their opinions, characters and achievements? What they regard as the supremacy of the intellect I think frequently proves the opposite and the reverse; the fact is, is it not? that they cannot change the real course of humanity and love through the intellectual. What interests me about the intellectual poets, dramatists, essayists, and what not is rather their failure.

I love, even admire, the egoism in man, therefore in book, because the man or book called egoistic is often the most natural man or book. You enter first into the forest and shut up yourself against the outside interruption like a snail, then you can tell truly how the grasses grow, the birds fly and the moon rises; you should keep quite a distance to get the real perspective of humanity and life; how kind and tender the solitude and silence would be for you. While I know so little about Walt Whitman, I think I can vindicate him from the charge of "egoism"; even in the places where he appears as if acting a low comedian or circus rider, he is sincere in his heart. I recall to my mind how Joaquin Miller, the California bard singing by the seas where the sun goes down, the old friend of mine—the dear old days I spent with him at his mountain ranch—used to raise a hue and cry saying that was an Indian song, when I came across, for example, the following lines in Whitman's poem:—

> "Okonee, Koosa, Ottawa, Monongahela, Sauk,
> Natchez, Chattahoochee, Kaqueta, Oronoco,
> Wabash, Miami, Saginaw, Chippewa, Oshkosh,
> Walla-Walla."

Although I do not know that a boy would become a man, I do know that the boy has certainly the possibility to become the man; my best beloved poet would be one who has the possibility to become a great poet; and my best beloved book is not the book with thoughts and wisdoms packed in, but the book which reveals the process of how the thoughts and wisdoms worked and struggled. What I love in the book, to say shortly, is its incompleteness; when I think that the half-truth will often turn to the whole truth by magic or virtue, that incompleteness, too, would become completeness.

The readers might ask me what is my book, whose book I love best. I will declare for once and all: "None that exists in the world." Am I a hater of the book? Oh, no; but if I hate it, that is because I love the book too much. The greatest love, not only in the book, but almost any other phase of life and humanity, lives together with the greatest hatred under the same roof. Let me hate the book. And again let me love the book.

YONE NOGUCHI.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor

TO the modern musician who can see no progress in anything that does not contravene all scholastic rules and ancient conventions, Coleridge-Taylor, who died so suddenly this week, was a disappointment. Some of his earliest works quite shocked the conservatives of the day in which they were written, though in view of what has been done by many of the composers of his own age, or a few years younger, even they are to be classed now as belonging to the less progressive schools. He was, nevertheless, really a progressive composer, and his idiom was as original as that of almost any composer of the twentieth century. How much of this was owing to his mixed parentage it is impossible to say, but that some of it was so is certain. As is easily gathered from his family name, his recent ancestry was not unconnected with romantic poetry, and this fact, and perhaps even more his knowledge of the fact, doubtless gave his work a tendency to a romantic nature.

The characteristics of his work which made for popularity were those which were most important from the highest artistic aspects. He had a remarkable control of the possibilities of rhythm, a similar control and knowledge of the possibilities of tone-colour, especially with the orchestra, and an unfailing fount of melody. Few have the ability to compose an obvious tune that appeals to the musician as strongly as it appeals to the popular imagination, yet Coleridge-Taylor possessed this to a very high degree.

Despite his regard for some of the older rules and conventions with regard to matters of structure, in the matter of years he was younger than some who have hardly yet sown their artistic wild oats. He was only just thirty-seven years of age, having been born on August 15, 1875, and the work which first made his reputation general, and deservedly so, was completed fourteen years ago, and produced very shortly afterwards. This was "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast," to which he added "The Death of Minnehaha" and "Hiawatha's Departure." The same subject formed the inspiration of a still later work, an overture to the "Song of Hiawatha," which, however, has not yet attained the popularity of the choral work.

Subsequent compositions varied considerably, both in merit and in popularity, though all had the same workmanlike structure, the same control of his forces, and the same practical performing qualities. It is this last that has contributed largely to his popularity with amateur choral and orchestral bodies. Such difficulties as his works contain for the executant are of a nature which allows of their being overcome with such practice as the earnest amateur can give, while the material is such that the necessary practice is always interesting and usually highly pleasurable.

After the Hiawatha trilogy he appears to have been more successful with the shorter forms than with longer ones. "The Blind Girl of Castel-Cuillé" was probably his greatest failure, and again in this case, as with his successes, both critics and public were agreed. More successful was "Meg Blane," a rhapsody of the sea, which he wrote for the Sheffield Festival of 1902 to words by Robert Buchanan, and still more so was his setting of Alfred Noyes' "A Tale of Old Japan," written nine years later. Both deal with matters of poignant grief, the former being tempered with the clash of the elements and the struggle of overcoming them, while the latter is on a subject of intimate personal sorrow.

Considering the marked ability which Coleridge-Taylor showed in writing for the orchestra, both in the accompaniments to his choral works and in such short orchestral works as are extant, it seems as though he had lost an opportunity in not devoting more time to this class of composition. In the comparative early "Ballade in A Minor," composed for the Gloucester Festival of 1898, there is a perfect tonal and rhythmic equipoise that promised greatly for the future had he continued this class of writing. The same thing may be said of his still earlier "Ballade in D Minor" for violin and orchestra, and, in fact, of all his instrumental works. His neglect of instrumental music, though not entire, is very remarkable when it is remembered that he was a capable violinist and had in late years developed by constant practice considerable ability as a conductor. It is true he appeared to be one of that class of composers who require a direct objective to exercise their talents in any particular direction; but with the opportunities which he had of hearing his own orchestral works there needs some further explanation of this abstention. Possibly there may be works for the orchestra or other instrumental combinations which have not yet seen the light; this is hardly likely, however, considering his large output. It is more probable that he looked at the matter from a practical point of view, and, finding the public demand was for choral works, set himself to meet this demand. In this matter he has not seriously exploited the many methods of vocal tone-colour which some of our English composers have done, but he has provided a number of works which lend themselves to modern expressive methods, and which also are infused with musical genius. As a composer of songs it was only occasionally that he did anything very remarkable, but his songs, just as his choral and instrumental works, are all essentially practical, and generally very beautiful.

What his ultimate position may be it is difficult to forecast, his very popularity during his own lifetime only increasing the difficulty. The least that can be said is that he has worked well for his own day; the most that can be hoped is that a goodly proportion of his works will live on, while the rest will sink into an oblivion that is never less than merciful.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

JUST now we are at a season which particularly emphasises the distinctions between the habits of the workers and of the leisured. So far as London is concerned, it is now that the former return and the latter do not. There are a few other distinctions besides, but this is the one which obtrudes itself chiefly at this time of the year. There is no need for complaint in the matter. That everyone should even obtain a temporary change of scene is an advantage of purely modern birth. For nowadays everyone is a traveller. Some travel when they will, others when they may; that is all. In its own way a trip to Southend is as great an achievement as a voyage to the West Indies. Being of an indolent disposition, I would infinitely prefer the latter adventure to the former so far as strenuous hard work is concerned. Indeed, once on board a modern floating palace, all sense of active travel necessarily becomes lost, except when the waves take the trouble to exert themselves to an altogether exceptional extent. There is no doubt that each year diminishes the difference between a liner and a shore hotel, and the old salt romance of the sea is pushed further and further into the background by the crowded procession of creature comforts. The result is evident not only in lifts, bands, and self-contained suites of apartments; it has worked a revolution in the crew itself. Properly speaking, there is a sufficiency of sailors left. But, in point of actual numbers, the captain, his officers, the quartermaster, and seamen form a mere group that is lost in the crowd. The great majority of the modern ship's complement is made up of stewards and sea-labourers.

* * *

There are some lines, of course, which carry their ornamental ambitions further than others. It is largely a question of space. The leviathans which ply across the North Atlantic are naturally the most fortunate in this respect. They can blossom out with an enviable freedom into private restaurants, winter-gardens of an imposing size, and other attributes of the kind which a score of years ago were undreamed of in marine affairs. There is no doubt that the majority of steamship company directors and passengers work together in at least one respect, and that is in a whole-hearted attempt to defeat the monotony of the sea. A book might be written on the traditions and the changing customs of each line. One of the most pleasant of these latter, however trivial, is an institution which now prevails on the latest boats of the R.M.S.P., where the separate tables of the dining-saloon are arranged to accommodate the numbers of the various private parties on board. Thus it is possible to ask one's fellow-travellers and acquaintances to dine. No cheaper or more satisfactory form of entertaining can be imagined. For, in any case, the meals themselves are included in the passage money, and the sole cost of the function lies in the charges for its liquid side. Therefore the gratitude of the guests may seem a little out of proportion. So far as the host is concerned, this need not matter. Even now there is continually something fresh to be learned on the ocean.

* * *

To return from the smaller topics of the greater seas, I have just concluded a flying visit to North Wales—to Criccieth, to be exact, the home of Mr. Lloyd George and the haunt of a ruined castle. I have often thought that it was his up-bringing in a land of so many grey and shattered monuments that inspired the Chancellor with his eagerness to see so many modern structures in a similar condition. If so, a rather touching motive is revealed for the childish sentimentality of his actions. But this is not what I wished to say about Criccieth. At the present moment there would seem to be two Criccieths. The one is represented by the summer visitors, mostly from the Midlands, who with the aid of motor-cars and motor chars-à-bancs tour with vast enjoyment the really beautiful surrounding country. The other is made up of the rightful natives and owners of the soil. It is not to be denied that these look somewhat sardonically upon the vagaries of their flightier guests. Since the occupation is profitable, they will consent to set up the tents even for such a purpose as that of Sabbath bathing. But there their responsibility ends. Their attitude is clearly non-committal. If the cool water portends a hot hereafter it will be the affair of the bathers alone. Nevertheless, it must not be judged from this that there is a lack of enterprise at Criccieth. Of the place itself there is no necessity for a description here. That has already been effected in a really admirable fashion by the L. and N.W. Railway, from less interested motives than mine.

* * *

There is, nevertheless, one feature of Criccieth which must not be passed by in silence. That is the advent of the Rob Roy canoe. It is, I believe, only some four years since these small craft were introduced, and now they teem as thickly as the occasional wild duck on the waters of the bay. They are wonderful little ships, these, even to those accustomed to all the types of larger vessels. In order to enjoy one of them most thoroughly, carry out the following very simple programme. Take a canoe and paddle it to one of the neighbouring, rocky, frowning walls of coast. Then you may rise and fall on the oily swell—providing, of course, that such happens to be in existence at the time—while the waters, as they heave upwards, gurgle and roar in the crevices of the rock. Probably never in the course of your existence have you felt so completely frail and flimsy! The experience is one which can be gained in no other type of craft. There are caves to be entered, moreover, and curious explorations in the half-lights. But such adventures are only for the more daring. Forced upwards by the heave of the swell, to hit the roof of one of these caves might well mean an end of canoeing at Criccieth.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Napoleon the Third*—I

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

"When it comes to fixing the fathers of her children, Hortense is always confused about her dates."—Cardinal Fesch.

THIS *bon mot* of Cardinal Fesch is the key to the mystery surrounding the parentage of Napoleon III. No one knows for certain to this day who his father was. Hortense Beauharnais, the only daughter of the Empress Josephine by her first husband, the Vicomte de Beauharnais, who perished on the scaffold during the Reign of Terror, was married to Louis, third brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, in the year 1802, at the age of nineteen. The gentle, amiable, pretty, frivolous Hortense, the daughter of a mother of fairly easy virtue, carried with her to the throne of Holland a husband whom she disliked and despised, and a warm Creole nature. The result of such an ill-starred union was not difficult to foresee. She became between 1802 and 1826 the mother of five sons, and of these the father of only one, the bastard De Morny, born in Paris in 1811, is known for certain.

Her first son, Napoleon Charles, who died in 1807, to the great regret of the Emperor, who seems to have fixed upon him as his heir, was either the son of Louis, or else, as many are inclined to believe, the son of Napoleon himself. There is little or no evidence to support this grave allegation, but the Baron D'Ambès, the author of these memoirs, tries to make out a case, evidently in the interests of the Napoleonic legend. It was vehemently denied both by Hortense and by the Emperor at St. Helena, and is contrary to all the known instincts of Napoleon's character. The existence of this intrigue is also vehemently denied by all those who were intimate friends and confidants of the First Consul throughout this period, and it is therefore more than likely that little Napoleon Charles was the legitimate child of Louis and Hortense.

The father of her second son, who was born about 1805, and who died or was assassinated in Italy, as some believe in 1831, is also equally uncertain, but the ex-King of Holland, in his famous letter to the Pope, on the occasion of his attempt against the Vatican which led to his death, claims the parentage.

Hortense's third son, Louis Napoleon, the subject of these memoirs, who afterwards became Napoleon III, was born in Paris towards the end of April, 1808. The ardent Bonapartists and upholders of the Second Empire, including the Baron D'Ambès, would have it believed that in July, 1807, Napoleon, after signing the Treaty of Tilsit, which left him undisputed master of Europe, revived an old passion for Hortense, and that Louis Napoleon was the issue of this *liaison*. But the evidence in support of this assertion is of the flimsiest, and there is some testimony to the effect that about this period Hortense was living with her legitimate spouse during an effort at reconciliation. On the other hand, King Louis never regarded the child born in 1808 as his son, and repudiated him in his letter to the Pope already mentioned. He accepted the responsibilities of bringing him up, and eventually, having no other heir living, left him the bulk of his property.

Of all the misfortunes he has had to bear, surely the cruellest is to saddle Napoleon the Great with the parentage of Napoleon the Little. Not a point of resemblance can be traced between Napoleon I and Napoleon III. In appearance they were absolutely different. Napoleon III was not even a French type, and possessed strong Dutch characteristics. His build was entirely different, and his character weak, vacillating, easily led, incapable of accepting responsibility, and entirely devoid of any civil or military genius; was lacking, in fact, in every quality which made his reputed father the foremost figure of his or perhaps any other age. *A propos* of this, there is a good story told of a repartee of Prince Louis after he had ascended the Imperial throne. King Jerome, Napoleon's youngest brother, and uncle of Prince Louis Napoleon, was one of the first of the Bonapartists to rally round the latest upholder of the Legend and to seek rewards and emoluments. These constant claims of his insatiable relatives were a great source of worry to the new Emperor and led to many violent scenes. One day, after a very stormy interview, King Jerome lost his temper, and exclaimed, in the presence of the whole assembled family and Court officials, "You have nothing of the great Napoleon about you." "No," retorted Napoleon the Third, "nothing except his miserable relatives."

The amorous Hortense's fourth son, Auguste, who afterwards became famous under the Second Empire as the Duke de Morny, was born in Paris in 1811, and was the son of a dashing General and A.D.C. of Napoleon I, the Count de Flahaut. The Duc de Morny, who played such a prominent rôle in the Coup d'Etat, and Napoleon III were therefore half-brothers.

The life story of Napoleon III is one of the most dramatic in all history. He started life with little or no prospects, his sole asset of any value being the great name he bore. For many years he wandered around Europe, in Italy, Switzerland, and England, laughed at by most, believed in by few, at one time a "Carbonaro" in Italy, at another a peaceful country gentleman, composing essays, political and military, at a third a leader of London society and intimate with Lady Blessington and Comte D'Orsay. Throughout the vicissitudes of his early life he was buoyed up by one ray of hope—the strength of the Napoleonic Tradition. From earliest childhood he seems to have grasped with great foresight the fact that sooner or later the Napoleonic Legend would assert itself once more in France and bear the legitimate heir of the tradition to the head of the State, and perhaps to the Imperial throne. Without the Napoleonic Legend

---

* *Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.* By the late BARON D'AMBES. Edited and Translated by A. R. ALLINSON, M.A. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 24s. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

behind him, Louis Napoleon would have passed from the cradle to the grave comparatively unknown. His own unassisted talents would never have carried him to any great heights. On the other hand, his dreamy mind, his love of adventure, and his undoubted courage were admirably calculated to take full advantage of the "Legend" the moment a Napoleonic wave swept over the imaginative Gaulish mind. But he had long to wait. His abortive attempts to bring about a repetition of the "Return from Elba" at Strasburg and Boulogne, which only excited ridicule at the time, show how clearly he was anticipating the Revolution of 1848 and the plebiscite of the same year. The calm fortitude with which he bore his six years of imprisonment at Ham show that hope never left him.

The dramatic steps by which he was called to the Presidency of the Republic in 1848, the *coup d'état* by which he established the Dictatorship in 1851, and the plebiscite by which he re-established the Empire in 1852 are too well known to require repetition here. They all show that as a man he possessed at this period considerable political foresight and courage and energy with which to carry his designs into effect. But how far his success was due to his own unassisted talent, and how far to the efforts of the small and able group who were the instruments of his designs—namely, Morny, Saint Arnaud, Maupas, Magnan, Persigny, and Fleury—it is difficult to approximate. Probably the *coup* owed its success to the fact that the mass of the French nation, although not in the secret, were agreeable to any change which seemed likely to offer them a stable and firm government.

As a ruler, Louis Napoleon showed that he possessed many admirable qualities, and throughout the Second Empire France enjoyed great material prosperity. He was undoubtedly a good Liberal, and had the interests of the working classes genuinely at heart. The amount of material works and benefits conferred on France during his reign surpasses anything in the history of any other country. The rebuilding of Paris, which owed its conception to the Emperor, who chose that able instrument of his will, Baron Houssmann, should alone command for him a certain place in municipal history. Almost up to the disaster of Sedan he seems to have enjoyed an immense popularity with the mass of the French people, as is shown by the plebiscite of 1870.

The intimate memoirs of his lifelong friend and companion, the Baron D'Ambès, show clearly the faults and virtues of this Prince of Adventurers. The Napoleonic Tradition to which he owed his throne was also largely responsible for his downfall, and the difficulties which clouded the latter years of his reign. Napoleon III failed because he was not a strong enough character to control the vast structure of which he was the titular head, or the instruments which created that structure. With increasing years a great feebleness of character is evident in all the Emperor's actions. He possessed all the Napoleonic ideals and was the heir to all the Napoleonic traditions, but he was lacking in that energy and force of character necessary to carry them into effect. He fell between two stools. He was not on the one hand a Constitutional Monarch; on the other he was quite unfitted to play the rôle of a Dictator. Consequently he was continually being driven from one policy to another by the influence of various groups of unscrupulous adventurers who happened to gain his ear. The Mornys, Maupases, Saint Arnauds, the Persignys, and Fleurys were the real governors of France throughout his reign, with the result that the graft and corruption under the Second Empire have become notorious in history. Yet for nearly twenty years he stood out as the most powerful monarch in Europe, and no one outside of France seems to have suspected the inner rottenness of the splendid edifice until Bismarck and Moltke carefully analysed facts from fancies and decided that the hour to avenge Jena had at length arrived.

The Theatre

"Drake" at His Majesty's Theatre

FACED with the task of recording his impressions of this latest of Sir Herbert Tree's productions within a few hours of a visit, the critic feels bewildered; unhappy, he thinks, must be the lot of those who are compelled to scribble the moment the curtain is down. His eyes are aching with a surfeit of colour and pageantry; his ears are echoing still with the roll of drums, the clash of swords, and the crackling of fire-arms; the smell of the powder is yet in his nostrils, and his brain is dazzled with the brilliant bluster of it all. His ballast, if we may use a nautical metaphor after an essentially nautical play, is also slightly shifted; he is perhaps a trifle inclined to bang the big drum himself, to wave the Union Jack, hum the National Anthem, and gaze superciliously on persons unfortunate enough not to have been born in England—all of which things, of course, are good in their way, within reason. Having regained, by an interval, a calmer outlook, he is able to evolve a few distinct impressions from the chaos; to see, for instance, that "Drake" is superb in more ways than one. It is superb melodrama, with villain, hero, and languishing lady all complete. It is also—need one say?—superb in its dress and scenery and stage effects; we have never watched so wonderful a changing picture as the triumphant assembly before old St. Paul's, when the victorious sea-king of Devon, his voice vibrating with emotion, gives good speech and brave to the people. England is saved from the fear of Spain; "this little spot ye stand on has become the centre of the earth; from this day forward the English merchant can rove whither he will, and no man shall say him nay. . . . Men of England! Hitherto we have been too much afraid. Henceforth we will fear only God!"

The patriotic interest is supreme in "Drake," as is only right; but the love-story of Mistress Elizabeth

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Sydenham is woven very prettily into the sterner texture of war and treachery and alarms. There was a capital moment or two when the hero, a sailor who had yet to win fame, encountered the Queen's namesake at Hampton Court, in the opening scene. "You from the West Country, too?" he says, in pleased surprise. It is a case of love at first sight on both sides, and, if the sentiment is occasionally laid on with rather too lavish a hand, the general effect is not spoiled. We tremble to think of what disasters would have happened, however, if Mr. Louis Parker lacked the saving grace of humour. More than once this saves the play at critical situations, just when the love-making is on the point of becoming too honeyed for an audience which might, were it strained too far, feel inclined to smile cynically; the impending cynical smile, however, is ousted thoroughly by the hearty laugh—which proves once more how well Mr. Louis Parker knows his art. We cannot complain seriously of the liberties he has taken with history, since his entertainment is set at so high a level.

Recovering from the shock of seeing Mr. Lyn Harding in heroic disguise, swaggering in doublet and hose, after the remembrance of him as Bill Sikes, with the manner of anything but a hero, we were free to remark what a fine interpretation of Drake he gave. He is the man for the part; gallant, swashbuckling, grave and judicial when necessary—as in the scene on board the "Golden Hind," when Thomas Doughty is tried for treachery; an ideal lover, carrying all before him. Mr. Philip Merivale, in the thankless part of the plotter, acted with dignity, and conveyed the villain's heart by his manner instead of by the usual heavy make-up of the stage schemer—for which excellent innovation we were duly grateful. As Queen Elizabeth, Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry has added to her laurels; majesty we had not regarded as one of her possibilities, but she wore the sceptre as easily and naturally as she played the tripping comedy in the first act of "Trilby," and we may note as an exceptionally neat episode the moment when, with dignity struggling against amusement, she breaks into laughter at Drake's confession of his hurried marriage with Elizabeth Sydenham. Miss Amy Brandon-Thomas played with vivacity as Drake's sweetheart and wife; but we cannot even mention the names of all who assisted to make the piece a success. The old favourites of Sir Herbert Tree's theatre are nearly all in evidence.

Ten scenes, comprised in three acts, fill the evening; and we are not at all sure whether to describe "Drake" as a patriotic pageant or as a play. Sir Herbert Tree, in a speech at the close, hoped that it would "do good" in these days of war-talk and scares; and even those who object to the magnificent staging inseparable from His Majesty's Theatre must be convinced that "Drake" is a heartening spectacle to witness. It brings the ancient traditions of "England, home, and beauty" straight back; it reminds us of the fine part the Devon sea-dogs of old played in building up the greatness of England; and it reminds us, also, that in recent years moments of emergency have found the sailor not a whit behind his prototype in coolness and in courage. Congratulations are due to Mr. Louis Parker for his fine handling of the inspiring theme; to Sir Herbert Tree for his selection of Mr. Lyn Harding as hero; and to the whole company for individual labours which resulted in so coherent and pleasing a presentation.

W. L. R.

"Little Miss Llewelyn" at the Vaudeville Theatre

THE new management of Miss Hilda Trevelyan and Mr. Edmund Gwenn has begun most happily. No one expected the Carmarthenshire edition of "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans" to be quite so charming or the long list of Welsh actors to convince so fully, or to fill the stage after just such an admirable fashion. The nameless adapters appear to have drunk deeply of the wisdom of the moment, determined to rival even "Bunty" in the matter of domestic interest and to approach as nearly as possible to the delicate sentiment and fine feeling of "Milestones" as circumstances would permit. It is now quite evident in the theatre that the new order, of which Ibsen was the far-off herald, giveth place to the old, and that a kind of Charles Dickens-Robertson manner is the only wear. There is artificiality and to spare in "Little Miss Llewelyn," but it is the sort the public wants. There are exaggerations, fond sentiment, forced humours, small beer—such as the things "the station-master told my wife"—but they go to make up a play that will pay both artistically and commercially.

The cast is so excellent in every detail, the play so admirably produced by Mr. McKinnel, that, in a way, one forgets the actors in the *ensemble*. But Mr. Edmund Gwenn, as the father of Miss Llewelyn, is every inch the man, even in his most wildly funny moments, and Mr. Ronald Squire, as Walter Barrington, the pleasant young London man of the world, who is thrown into the Carmarthenshire family, is complete and admirable from his first line in the wine merchant's office, where he works with Miss Llewelyn, until his last, in which he makes the heroine his "own wee hen," as Mr. Lauder would say. Miss Trevelyan has been greatly praised, and, of course, she plays throughout the three brisk acts with perfect mastery of herself and of the various situations which are provided for her. But—it is the fault of the play—she scores too easily. She is a little too nice to her parents; a little too sympathetic to her first lover, "Owen Griffiths" (Mr. Tom Owen—like all the others, he gets every ounce of character and truth out of his part), who really loves and has seduced another girl; a little too anxious to show that "cheearrm" which Mr. Barrie made her say she knew she did not possess in "What Every Woman Knows." The play and the picture of Welsh life is interesting, amusing, entertaining from start to finish; it will draw the town and gather in the harvest of the provinces. But I do not believe that anybody, such as Miss Llewelyn is shown to be, would have gained such complete influence over her surroundings. And I doubt if Mr.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Ronald Squire's attractive, sympathetic, light, yet sincere, "James Barrington" would have fallen to such a lady. One feels this, but it does not matter. The story, rich in amusing incident, the acting, perfect of its kind, of the fourteen people in the cast—one cannot help especially mentioning the middle-aged servant "Lizzie" of Miss Lilian Mason, whose queer pathos cuts to the quick of the audience—the perfect staging, the delightful humour of the whole thing, would together make a success of even a less engaging picture of life as it might be than is this latest example of bright and gay domestic play, "Little Miss Llewelyn."

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" at the Globe Theatre

THE famous impresario, Mr. Charles Frohman, presents the production of Mr. Klaw and Mr. Erlanger under the direction of Mr. Joseph Brooks and the management of Mr. Frank Young, Mr. Harry Buchanan, Mr. W. Lestocq, and Mr. Oscar Barrett, with the assistance of a good many other gentlemen whose names escape me. The result is an admirable entertainment for those who happen to be children in these matters. Everybody knows, and some people thoroughly enjoy, Mrs. Wiggin's New England sketches of unreal life; it is these sentimental and pleasant literary amusements which she and Miss Thompson have gathered into four acts, and which the gentlemen above mentioned, and some others, spread for our delectation. It must be owned that the charm of Mrs. Wiggin's work will hardly bear the strong light of the stage. The story of the clever, wild, brilliant, and beautiful little girl, Rebecca, coming from a happy home to the severe training of her oldish Aunt Miranda and winning her way to the hearts of everyone she meets is somehow made to seem theatrical without being drama. But there are a hundred tender touches, some delicately treated situations, some dear little children, who have been taught to over-accentuate everything, and two admirable players. These are, of course, Miss Edith Taliaferro, who makes one almost believe in "Rebecca," and Miss Marie L. Day, who develops the character of "Aunt Miranda" with great surety and skill. If the play can hold an English audience, it will be owing to these two admirable artists. As for the rest, all conscientious and correct—they are excellent leather and prunella.

Mr. Archie Boyd, the village stage-driver, one of those jolly, kind people after the manner of Charles Dickens, over-acts every moment he is on the stage, and drives his lightest point home with a Nasmyth hammer. Of course, English audiences are stupid, but are we as bad as he would suggest? Mr. Hayward Ginn, as the good prince who loves Rebecca from the beginning of the play, acts in a straightforward, strong, wooden way, greatly appreciated in the States. The night I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Taliaferro as "Rebecca," the American flag was wildly applauded, I presume, on account of its æsthetic value.

EGAN MEW.

The Magazines

DESPITE a stiffness and dryness of style on so warm a matter, Mr. Henry Newbolt has much to say of interest in the *English Review* in his article on "Poetry and Politics." It brings one up with something of a halt to find Huxley quoted in order to discover what is the attitude of Science with regard to the nature of man. Moreover, this is indicative of Mr. Newbolt's attitude rather more than appears at first sight; for he is too apt to approach poetry from without, whereas, like all the great mysteries of Life, it can only be understood from within. Yet he has much to say that is apt nowadays to be neglected, although he himself is a little nervous of pushing his argument to its just conclusion, as Shelley does in his superb essay, "A Defence of Poetry." Over and over again we were waiting for Mr. Newbolt to quote the closing words of that essay, that "Poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world." Mr. Norman Douglas, in the same magazine, has a strong story, entitled "The Forge." With regard to our comments last month on Lord Sheffield's article on Popular Education it is interesting to read "Custos" this month substantiating them, though in more particular reference to "Our Gentlemen's Schools."

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. Hilaire Belloc writes in exposition of "The Classical Spirit"—and in incidental depreciation of what is known as the "Romantic Spirit." We confess we do not like these distinctions, feeling, as we do, that they are largely artificial. For instance, when it is remembered that the Greek statues were probably vividly painted—as the earlier Egyptian statues were—and that the dramatic trilogies were undoubtedly acted in sequence, what becomes of the boasted sense of repose in cool outline and unity of time respectively? Moreover, when Mr. Belloc proceeds to speak of Ibsen as a romantic, one begins to lose sight of his argument altogether. However, there is one admirable phrase in his article, which may serve for a good deal more. He says that "proportion is the expression of ultimate reality." Then one may say that Classicism is the sense of mundane proportion, whereas Romanticism is the sense of celestial proportion: and so good a churchman as Mr. Belloc should not be in much doubt as to which proportion he is in pledge to admire. Mr. E. Hallam Moorhouse writes upon "Some Aspects of William Morris" in an article that is precisely described in its title. It is curious to see the way in which writers shrink from complete and adequate studies into the work of the men who have just gone from us. The line of development from the "Defence of Guenevere" through the "Earthly Paradise" and the splendid "Sigurd the Volsung" to the "Poems by the Way," is a fascinating study. But Mr. Moorhouse quotes "Two Red Roses Across the Moon" and "The Message of the March Wind" almost as though they were not at the opposite ends of Morris' life, with the "News from Nowhere" between them to expound the transition. Mr. Beresford Chancellor writes with interest on "Changing London," and Mr. Beaumont contributes an infor-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

mative and illuminating appreciation of the late M. Massenet.

Mr. J. B. Williams, in the *Nineteenth Century*, contributes an article entitled "Fresh Light on Cromwell at Drogheda." He unfortunately mars his article by being not less provocative than he says Carlyle is. To us it has always been apparent that Carlyle, through an injudicious use of documents, but far more through an attempt to throw off the unjust calumny of two centuries of Cromwell, was guilty of whitewashing his hero. A people do not execrate a man as Cromwell is execrated throughout the length and breadth of Ireland for nothing. That Cromwell let himself, and let his soldiers, loose to an ungoverned and vindictive fury, is as clear as clear can be: and Mr. Williams is no more than just in making that fact plain. He could also point out that Cromwell's subsequent inaccuracies in his letters and reports are probably due to a feeling of shame at that fact. But no good is done by disguising the fact that Carlyle, as an historian, was never averse from setting down facts that were to the detriment of his heroes, when he found them—as his work on Cromwell is itself sufficient to prove. Mr. Fabian Ware writes wisely and authoritatively on "Labour and Internationalism," and his essay should be read by many. In dealing with "The Passing of the English Jew," Mr. Lewis Melville, if we may say so, writes with a great deal more interest and authority than when he wanders round his perennial theme of Thackeray. The subject is one of profound interest; and it is a tribute to his pen when we say that he does it justice. Professor James Lindsay deals with "The Case for and against Eugenics," and says well that we "might purchase a biological benefit too dearly at the cost of a spiritual wound."

In the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* the best article is that by Mr. Francis Grierson on "The Soul's New Refuge." It is concerned with the growing significance of the power of music in all Art. It is marked by all the writer's chastity of expression and rightness of thought. Mr. Alfred Austin writes some recollections of the occasions when he met Meredith. In the same magazine Mr. J. B. Williams writes further upon the topic of Cromwell in an article entitled "Cromwell and the Literature of the Protectorate." It is very clear that Mr. Williams is no lover either of Cromwell or his period; only now it is Masson and not Carlyle who earns his attack. We venture to think, however, that his readers will find him somewhat more prejudiced than he assumes his antagonists to be. Mr. F. E. Smith deals with modern "Parliamentary Oratory," and gives his judgments on the "oratory" of the chief figures in the House of Commons.

In the *Cornhill* there is an interesting problem, for those who are interested in problems, called "A Question of Ethics." That it should relate an incident in the life of a late eminent physician makes the problem all the more intense. We have often wondered why the *Cornhill* did not open its pages more to literary criticism. Its antecedents, not to say its appearance and general format, all seem to argue for it, and cause one to expect it. Nevertheless one very seldom finds such an essay in its pages. And when, as this month, a change is made, it is more than disappointing to read some very "Prosaic Views on Poetry." In *Blackwood's*, when one desires to discover literary criticism or recollection, one has invariably to turn to the "Musings without Method"; though in this case the pleasure of anticipation is somewhat dimmed by the fact that one knows fairly closely what attitude one is to meet. The two chief matters dealt with this month are the letters of Robert Southey, and Professor Saintsbury's "History of English Prose Rhythm." There are doubtless many who will purchase and keep this number of *Blackwood's*, moreover, because of Mr. Hunt's translation of the newly discovered "Satyric Drama of Sophocles."

The *Quest* is always interesting. Its editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, writes upon "Some Features of Buddhist Psychology," with all his fulness of knowledge. Professor Karl Joel writes upon the "Romanticism of the First Thinkers of Hellas"; and, indeed, there is scarcely an article that does not repay careful reading.

In addition to many short stories by popular writers in the *Windsor Magazine* for September there are two very interesting and instructive articles—"Music in Picture," by Austin Chester and "Woman's Work in Social Settlements," by Miss Alice Stronach. The one dealing with the efforts of educated women to help their less favoured sisters in a real and yet unostentatious manner is peculiarly appropriate at the present time, when the militant female is so much to the fore with her "rights" and demands, to say nothing, in some cases, of her criminal means of endeavouring to obtain them. Here we have accounts of the indefatigable energy and noble self-sacrifice of hundreds of women who seek for nothing better than to make the life of some child or some poor sufferer a little less hard to bear, and who wish for no notoriety on platforms, in prisons or amid the waving of banners. Miss Stronach gives succinct and impartial accounts of a large number of the settlements that have sprung up in the poorer parts of London from the time when Arnold Toynbee left Oxford to become one of the pioneers of the movement. Although originating with men, there are now so many women associates that at the present time many of the settlement homes are managed entirely by women, prominent among whom is Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Notes and News

Messrs. John Long publish shortly "Sensations of Paris," by Rowland Strong; "Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes," by Edgcumbe Staley; "The Viceroys of Ireland," by Charles O'Mahony: and "Through Dante's Land," by Mrs. Colquhoun Grant.

Messrs. Stephen Swift and Co. announce for immediate publication "The Consumer in Revolt," by Teresa Billington-Greig; "The Conservative and the Future," by Pierse Loftus: "Bohemia in London," by Arthur Ransome; and "Revelations," by Robert Bryant.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Mr. H. G. Wells' new novel, "Marriage," is published this week by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The same firm announce for September 17 "Mrs. Lancelot—a Comedy of Assumptions," by Mr. Maurice Hewlett. The novel deals with love, high life, and politics in the days of the Great Reform Bill.

One of the first autumn books to appear with Messrs. Mills and Boon is one by Miss M. P. Willcocks, called from the name of an old country dance, "The Wind among the Barley." The book deals entirely with the sharp-tongued, humorous Devon country folk whom Miss Willcocks knows so well.

It is ten years since Dr. Talmage, one of the most famous of American preachers, died, but the interest in him, in England, where he was widely known and his gifts were greatly admired, has not diminished. His life story seems to have been an extraordinarily interesting one, and, therefore, the autobiography which Mr. Murray is to publish next week should be sure of wide appeal.

One of the publications announced for the early days of September is a book written, printed, and published by women. We understand that into the Happy Publishing Company (133, Salisbury Square, Fleet Street, E.C.), which is responsible for the venture, no male is eligible for admission, and that "Love's Victories" is this company's maiden venture. The author, also, Mrs. M. M. Lee, makes her debut with this book.

A new book is announced by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. from the pen of Mr. F. G. Aflalo, the well-known traveller, naturalist, and sportsman. Exciting stories of adventure with lions, tigers, leopards, and other dangerous beasts have been specially contributed to its pages by hunters all over the world. The numerous illustrations in both black-and-white and colour are by Mr. E. Caldwell, an artist unrivalled in this kind of work. The work, bearing the title of "A Book of the Wilderness and Jungle," will be published at 6s. net.

The early days of October are to see a Second Post-Impressionist Exhibition at the Grafton Galleries. This time we are to be afforded an opportunity of studying the movement as exemplified by the exponents of the Modern School, in which, it is understood, France and Russia take the lead. As before, the Exhibition is under the organisation of Mr. Roger Fry; the names of the Earl of Plymouth, Lord Ribblesdale, Sir Edgar Vincent, the Rt. Hon. Lewis Harcourt, M. Theodore Duret, Mr. Clive Bell, and Mr. Robert Dell figure on the Committee.

Mr. W. N. Willis (ex-M.P., Australia) has written a new book entitled "What Germany Wants." This book is a forceful exposition of what the author regards as the German menace in Europe; it touches a new key in Imperial affairs, and includes a chapter which unfolds a workable plan for bringing the Empire and its great Dependencies into union for the defence of the trade arteries of the Mediterranean. The author deals from inside knowledge with Russia's action in Chinese Mongolia, Baron Marschall's missions to the Court of St. James, etc., etc. Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are the publishers.

Of the forty new volumes which Mr. J. M. Dent will add to "Everyman's Library" immediately, perhaps one of the most important is Roget's "Thesaurus," which Mr. Andrew Boyle has revised and brought up to date. Mr. Dent has also in the press a volume of essays by Mr. Darrell Figgis. In "Studies and Appreciations," the title of the new volume, he discusses several matters of present-day importance. The same firm will issue shortly a new novel by Mr. Joseph Conrad, "'Twixt Land and Sea," and a work by Roy Devereux entitled "Aspects of Algeria," illustrated with photographs and drawings.

The Annual Exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society is being held this year at the Galleries of the Royal Society of British Artists in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, from September 2 till September 21. The premier Photographic Society has hung between six and seven hundred exhibits by home, foreign, and colonial workers, and among them are many calling for careful study. The Exhibition, as usual, is divided into two main sections, the pictorial and the scientific, and while the former is and always will be the more popular, it is in the latter that improvements are most frequently made and shown, to be afterwards adapted to the use of the more popular side of the art. Among the exhibits calling for special attention is a series of photographic surveys made from aerial heights by members of the Royal Flying Corps.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

THE FUTURE OF TIBET.

AT a moment when, faced with stupendous difficulties, China is striving to set her house in order, a complicating element has been introduced into the general situation by the reopening of the Tibetan question. To the superficial observer, the policy that is being pursued by Great Britain in relation to the Dependency may at first sight appear inconsistent with the attitude of our diplomacy at Peking throughout the stormy period of the Revolution. In those days it was "hands off" to the international vandal that characterised our influence in the Chinese capital; and it is no longer denied that this policy of seeing that China received fair-play frustrated the designs of certain Powers who were only too anxious to take advantage of the state of turmoil which existed throughout the country. It is true that those Powers have since taken steps to secure the end in view, and that, on China's behalf, we have not attempted to baulk them; but, had they been given a free hand during the Revolution, their ambitions would have been boundless and the consequences of their actions disastrous to the peace of the world.

By insisting, however, that the Tibetans be allowed to manage their own affairs, Great Britain is not in any way following the example of Russia and Japan in regard to the Manchurian and Mongolian territories. Unlike these two Powers, it is no part of our policy to extend our frontiers at the expense either of Chinese sovereignty or Chinese suzerainty. Inconsistency lies rather with the critics of Sir Edward Grey, who, in their desire to champion the cause of the weak, which in this instance means for them the Chinese Republic, have

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

entirely overlooked the years of cruel oppression under which the Tibetan peoples have suffered at the hands of their overlords. At the same time, however, if we are to consider the question impartially, we must not visit the sins of Manchu tyranny upon the embarrassed Administration that is now endeavouring to consolidate the fortunes of the young Republic.

The circumstances of the present crisis call for statesmanship of the highest order, not only in England, but also in China. It is unfortunate for all parties concerned that the interpretation placed on Great Britain's action by Radical newspapers in this country is shared by the Press of China. The interpretation is summed up in the supposition—I quote from a London journal—that "we appear to be acting hand in glove with Russia and Japan in the policy of seizing bits of China. Our share of the spoil is to be Tibet, and the 'forward policy' is to be revived to secure it." Nothing could be further removed from the truth. Tibet, a country over which Peking possesses neither the moral nor the legal right to exercise sovereignty, forms the natural buffer between the integral Republic and the integral Empire, and wisdom dictates, both in the interests of China and of India, that she should be permitted to remain a buffer State. As such, she should be allowed a proper measure of autonomy under the ægis of one or other of her neighbours. Hitherto the suzerain has been China; and it depends entirely upon the attitude of that nation during the negotiations now in progress as to whether she shall retain that position. Provided a reasonable spirit animates the conduct of the Peking Government, we have no purpose to serve in adding to China's humiliations by insisting upon her relinquishing the dignity of what can only prove to be an empty title. But in no circumstances do we intend to submit tamely to the enforced incorporation of an unwilling Tibet as a State in the Chinese Republic.

China will do well to weigh her words and consider her actions at the present juncture, for our policy will be strictly determined by the attitude she elects to adopt. If, as there is reason to hope, she pays heed to the counsels of wisdom, then, in the words of Sir Francis Younghusband, we shall say to the Chinese people that "we do now, we always have, and we always will recognise their suzerainty over Tibet, but that we never have and never will recognise their sovereignty; for attempts to exercise sovereignty unnecessarily irritate the Tibetans and cause disturbance on our frontier. And to the Tibetans we would say that we will give no support or countenance whatever to any attempts to throw off Chinese suzerainty, but that we mean to maintain the status existent when we made our treaty with them, and to hold both them and the Chinese to that treaty." *

Whatever view may be taken in regard to the inevitable future of Tibet, nothing could be more absurd in this connection than to waste compassion upon China as a nation. Her integrity is not threatened, and she stands to gain rather than to lose by the settlement, on the lines proposed by Great Britain, of a long-standing and much vexed question.

To the Peking Government, however, we cannot but extend our sympathy. They are embarrassed, as Peking Governments have been embarrassed in the past, by the clamour of the Press and of that militant section of the population who choose to regard British policy with the same suspicion and hostility with which they are accustomed to view, and not without reason, the actions of Japan and Russia. It is this headstrong element that accounts in a large measure for what foreigners are pleased to term the evasiveness of the Central Administration. And herein lies the complication of the present situation. For it is inconceivable that, were he able to choose his own course, without regard to the susceptibilities of strong but untutored factions, a man gifted with the vision of Yuan Shih-kai would blind himself to two very cogent considerations. The first of these is that Great Britain, having made up her mind, is able to enforce her will; the second, that China, who is to lose neither territory nor prestige in the settlement of the Tibetan question, can well afford to wait before embarking upon a policy by which she elects to sacrifice her integral isolation.

* Letter to the *Times*, September 3.

MOTORING

AT this time of the year, when the annual Motor Show at Olympia is within measurable distance, there is always a certain amount of speculation on two points of interest to motorists and prospective motorists, namely, the likelihood of striking innovations in design for the next season, and the possibility of material reductions in prices. So far as the first point is concerned, it may be said that up to the present there are no indications of any drastic departures from what may now be termed standard lines of construction—at any rate, so far as the recognised leading makers are concerned. Last year's exhibition was noteworthy for the predominance of the four-cylindered engine, and there is little doubt that at the forthcoming show the partiality for this type will be still more in evidence. And, as a matter of fact, the well-balanced four-cylinder gives as silent, flexible, and even running as can be expected or desired, consistent with freedom from complications. There will always, of course, be a limited number of motorists who, having tasted the luxury afforded by the perfect torque of the high-class six-cylinder, will be content with nothing less; but it is not everybody who can afford this, and for the motorist of moderate means the four-cylinder is the ideal car.

With regard to the second item of speculation—that of prices for the models of 1913—it is to be feared that those optimists who are anticipating extensive reductions will be disappointed. In fact, there are obvious reasons for supposing that the reverse will be the case, at any rate so far as British cars are concerned. In the ordinary course of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

things the evolution of the motor industry brings about, year by year, improved methods of production, greater standardisation, etc., and, other things being equal, this tendency should result in lower cost of manufacture and lower prices to the ultimate purchaser; but, as the *Motor* points out, there have been many internal labour troubles in this country during the past year, the result of which, combined with the new taxation, has been to increase wages in many of the motor-manufacturing concerns, and this factor counterbalances whatever advantages would have accrued to the buyer from the improvements in manufacturing methods.

Another interesting matter for speculation is the future of American cars in this country. The outstanding feature of the past season has undoubtedly been the materialisation of the American "invasion" which was threatened so long that most people concluded that it never would materialise. There can no longer be any doubt as to its actuality, and of its seriousness from the British maker's point of view. During the last twelve months at least twenty different makes of American cars have made their appearance on our market, and most of them seem to have come to stay. They are now to be seen on our roads in such numbers that one is constrained to conclude that the old-standing prejudice against cars of American origin has practically disappeared. What has conduced to this has been the demonstrated ability of our Transatlantic friends to produce a presentable, fast, and powerful car at a price far below that demanded by the British maker for a car of similar specification. This ability is due primarily to the American capacity to manufacture on an enormous scale, with resulting standardisation of parts and all-round economy of production. One hears of American factories equipped for turning out 100,000 complete cars in a year, whereas it is doubtful if there is one in this country capable of making one-twentieth of this number annually. On the other hand, it is notorious that the typical American car is comparatively a slip-shod article. It is really a question of supply and demand, and not of inability to turn out first-class work. The average American—and Canadian—appears to be quite content with a car which will give him good service for a year or two. After that, he simply discards it and buys another. Whether the British buyer will be content with a similar policy remains to be seen. In the meantime it may be pointed out that there is already a remarkable number of cheap American cars which have "only done a few hundred miles" being advertised for sale.

In a recent issue we referred to the utility of the sprag as a safeguard against accident in the event of a car failing in the course of a hill climb. Another illustration of the danger involved in running a heavy chain-driven motor vehicle without this almost obsolete fitment was afforded the other day, when the driving chain of a motor lorry snapped in the course of an ascent of a steep incline near Dewsbury, and the vehicle began to run backwards. Fortunately, the driver, who, by the way, has received the Continental Tyre Company's medal for his display of nerve and skill, succeeded in steering the motor into a side turning, and thus averted an otherwise inevitable calamity. Not all drivers, however, could be relied upon to keep their heads in such circumstances, and there are not always convenient side turnings available. The moral of the incident is that the sprag should be a compulsory fitment of every chain-driven motor, more especially in the case of motor vehicles used for the public service.

R. B. H.

For That Tired Feeling!

Induced by trying to sell a second-hand car privately

CONSULT

McCURD MOTOR DEALER

McCurds, Ltd., Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, London.

UNDER THE SOLE CONTROL

W. A. McCURD

Telegrams: McCURDS, LONDON. Telephone: 2916 City.

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."

"Champion" Motor Oil

is the best for all types of Cars.

If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to

S. BOWLEY & SON,

DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT,

"Express" and "Bomo" Brands.

Wellington Works,

BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

Established 1744.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE whole movement in the world appears to-day to be towards higher values—optimism is the one creed. No one will listen to the warning voice. Indeed, the cautious man is regarded as the enemy of the human race. Therefore the Bank of England was wise to put up its Rate. There is plenty of money in London, but with trade booming, the Stock Exchange humming, and dozens of big loans being on the verge of coming out, the wise bankers thought that they might as well get four per cent. for their money as three. The money is not wanted to-day, but it will be wanted to-morrow. The last

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

harvest will have a serious effect upon trade returns—we shall have to buy more foodstuffs and pay a higher price for them. Therefore the rise in the Rate, though it came early, was not unwise or indeed unexpected. It seems to me that we shall have a very busy autumn. The Stock Exchange expects a boom. In which department it hardly knows, but hopes in all markets are high. There is a great deal of money waiting investment, and what is better everybody is in ample credit. The banks lend freely. They can see no cloud anywhere. This makes for a big speculation in which all hope to achieve fortune, but in which most will lose heavily.

FOREIGNERS are steady as a rock. Perus have been bought. It is now said that some big group is attempting to get control. The Grace management is not liked either here or in Peru—a change would be welcome. The Prefs. are very much too high unless some new management comes in, and candidly I have no news that can be relied upon. Tintos look very good because we all see now that the Yankees will not be so foolish as to let copper down. They are now reaping the reward of their two years' abstinence. Paris is getting ready for some big Russian loans. Hundreds of thousands of miles of new railways are needed, and the French will find the money with pleasure. There are curious rumours that Austria-Hungary, being in sore need of cash, has opened up negotiations with Paris, but that the French Government declines to let the big banks lend the money. "Why lend money to your enemies?" says Poincaré. But Hungary is sound, and if she will pay the price I think we can rely upon France lending a few millions.

HOME RAILS don't please the Stock Exchange. But the public goes on buying, and in a few weeks the dealers will find themselves short of stock; then they will try to mark down prices. That will not succeed, and they will buy back in despair; thus a rise here seems one of the autumn certainties. The tale that the Government will not help the passing of the Railway Bill need not be credited. No Government dare break its pledges. I think that those who buy the leading shares will have no cause to regret it. The dealers talk up Little Chats, but this is pure gambling.

YANKEES.—The Wall Street crowd still say that we shall see a boom in rails. But no one knows which stock to buy—Unions, Atchisons, Southern Pacific—all look good. Milwaukees are being cried down on the tale that the Puget Sound is not doing well, and that the dividend this line pays is exhausting its resources. One day Puget Sound will "make good," but Milwaukee needs new blood. Eries are a tip—so are Rocks. These two gambling counters are for ever popular. They are cheap, they are good markets, and they both have possibilities. But we should not forget that they are only counters, and that neither is safe from assessment.

RUBBER is at last once again a good market. The East when prices were low bought all the leading shares, and as the market was short prices rose, and then the public came in. Now the East has sold and is buying the cheap shares like Merlimau and Chersonese. But I think that no one can go wrong in Pataling or Cicely. The capitalisation of these companies is so low that whatever happens to either the shares will always pay a dividend. Linggi is good. So are Batu Caves, Anglo-Malay, and Lanadron. Brieh is a cheap share that is marked down for a rise. How long the boom will last no one knows. Prices have not yet reached any dangerous level. I expect it will last through to the end of the year. The dealers will keep up the price of raw rubber and the Amazon will unload some of its stocks. Then the price will weaken, and the stock markets will feel the effect at once. I would not touch any of the so-called cheap shares. There are many options out, and the market expects to unload on the poor public. Once the share is unloaded the market goes home happy, and the price drops. We saw this game played before—we shall see it played again.

The OIL MARKET is dull. Yet this does not daunt Rosenburg, who have put West Ural on the market; it is said that the 50 plots have cost £150,000—a quite fantastic figure for plots on the wrong side of the Ural River. However, Nobels are in the deal, and the public may buy. They will be sorry afterwards. Why purchase shares like Emba or West Ural when you can buy Urals whose ground is already proved at much lower figures? Dalziels will have the Central Cheleken out in a week or two. I think they would be well advised to delete the paragraph which says that Cheleken oil is valuable because it carries a big percentage of paraffin wax. It was this wax which caused Mr. Drury to moan and explain why Cheleken sold its oil so much below the market price. Chelekens have been boomed and will be kept up, for Dalziels have still the Gadjinsky wells to float.

KAFFIRS are steady, but not strong—the public is not in the market. A few long-sighted people are averaging their good shares. Village Deep now look like going up, a big block has been taken off the market. Knights are cheap, though I do not think that the dividend will be increased for at least another year. But the life is long and the price of the share low. The "Johnnies" report was good, and the board say that the position is sound. This I can well believe, because the Barnato crowd have plenty of money and know how to finance. They will lead the Kaffir market now that Wernher Beit are out of it.

RHODESIANS are promised a land boom. Sir Abe Bailey has purchased a big block of London and Rhodesian from Weils, and is said to have moved up Giants. The Wheater Cornwallis West people have taken the Cam and Motor share market in hand and will put up the price. Sir Abe has incited a syndicate to buy £48,000 worth of land from the Amalgamated Props., and a big advertising scheme is now arranged.

If Rhodesia is boomed then Chartered will go up to 40s., and the cute people are buying. There is a move on in the whole of this market, and I expect prices will jump. Wise people will then get out and leave the game to be played by the too-clever people who run the show.

EGYPT looks like becoming popular once more. The cotton crop is to be a record—8,000,000 cantars. Lord St. Davids has taken over "Abdys" and must make it good. The Zervodachi failure cleared the air, and the stocks held by the family have nearly all been bought, and go into strong hands. Therefore the rise in prices is justified. But such shares as Sidi-Salem, Gharbieh, United Lands are only lock-ups. Good shares like Salt and Soda Agricultural Banks, National Banks, Delta Light Prefs are the sound stocks to buy, with perhaps a few Khedivial Mail Prefs. Clearly the fact that Lord Kitchener has taken the country in hand has made both London and Paris confident.

INDUSTRIALS are very steady. Even Marconis have had a rise, possibly due to the "bears" having been caught. There is now talk of the Poulsen people having signed an agreement with Canada for a Pacific wireless scheme with New Zealand and Australia. Galletti is also competing with Marconi. Lawsuits are promised, and we shall see lively times in this market. A cheap shipping share is the Preference in the West Hartlepool, which has been gradually increasing its profits, and as the dividend is five years in arrear the shares are a good gamble at 50s. for the £10 share. The P. and O. gamble still goes on. Electric Lights should all go better on the amalgamation scheme now being discussed. The Brazil Railway report was good, and the option dealers have been busy. The common stock is talked £200—a fabulous price! But a rise seems certain.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CORRESPONDENCE

NEED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—One is almost tempted to look on M. Bernon's letter in your issue of August 31 as a joke intended to enliven this dismal season. The idea of the word "need" in "I need not" being a "present infinitive in which mood," etc., etc., certainly reads like an intentional caricature of the harebrained theories so often found in grammatical and philological works. So in "I can not" "can" is, of course, a present infinitive, and the meaning is "I did not can." "The auxiliary 'did' is sometimes used by good authors before the word 'need.'" Why these limitations? Do bad authors, or people who are not authors at all, never say to their wives, "You did not need a new hat"? Assuming that M. Bernon is serious, the situation seems to be this: Dean Alford said, as many lesser people have said before and since, "I need not have troubled myself." Mr. Moon, whoever he may have been, criticised the phrase. For all I know, there may never have been such a person; if there was, he cannot have known much about English, and in any case he need not have proclaimed his ignorance to a mocking world. Similarly, M. Bernon may not have meant his letter seriously; in that case, he cannot have made sufficient allowance for the defective sense of humour of some of your readers; he should have remembered how deficient some people are in this respect; in any case, he need not have framed his letter in such a way as to leave me in doubt whether it is a joke or not. Assuming that it is not, M. Bernon and Mr. Moon will no doubt be grateful to me for pointing out that there are in English sundry verbs—do, need, dare, etc.—which are used sometimes as auxiliaries, sometimes as ordinary verbs. When they are used as auxiliaries they naturally imitate auxiliaries as closely as possible: he can't go—he daren't go—he needn't go—it don't matter. These four similar phrases are all strictly correct, in spite of the fact that English people, with their usual lack of principle, accept the first three and reject the last. "Need" and "dare" can be used in either way with the same effect. "He does not dare to go" means exactly as "He dare not go." "He dares not go," like "He does not dare go," is as illogical a mixture as our pet phrase "It does not matter." Since true auxiliaries have (in English) not more than two tenses, the only way of expressing a perfect tense is to keep the auxiliary in the present and put the following infinitive into the perfect: "I may have seen him—I need not have troubled myself." There is no other way of using "may" in the former sentence; and "need," used as an auxiliary, naturally follows the usage of true auxiliaries. The phrases quoted by M. Bernon—"They didn't need them," "Needed no prompter"—are, of course, like "I have done my duty," "I do not need (or dare) to write any more," ordinary examples of the non-auxiliary use of these verbs. Some of your readers will probably think that I need not have dilated at such length on elementary truths which most people may, must, should, or ought to have long since found out for themselves. "Ought," perhaps, hardly deserves a place in this category; it still has so little of the true auxiliary nature as to require "to" after it. I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

T. G. MARTIN.

Bradford, September 1, 1912.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Is M. Bernon's defence of Dean Alford's use of the phrase, "I need not have," really necessary? As a point of grammar, I suppose the problem occasionally troubles the minds of all conscientious writers; but is the familiar expression incorrect as it stands? It is a question of "connecting up" two points of time, past and present.

This may be done, I take it, by (so to speak) *extending the tense-action* of either of the verbs, forwards or backwards respectively. Thus one may say, strictly speaking:—

(1) "I *needed* not" (at that point in past time)—*i.e.*, I *was* under no obligation to "*do*" (then) "such or such an act"; or,

(2) "I *need* not" (now)—*i.e.*, I *am* under no obligation (of morality, consistency, or the like)—to "*have done*"—(*i.e.*, to have standing to my credit or discredit in the Recording Angel's ledger) such or such an act.

Very possibly "I need not" may, as M. Bernon suggests, be an abridged form of "I did not need," which is rather long, or of "I needed not," which is cacophonious, and recalls the kitchen-dresser. Curious in this connection is the want of a past tense to the important verb "*must*"—for which "I had to" is too familiar ("Possum can't climb tree! This un *had ter*, dogs was a crowdin' on 'im so") and "I found myself under the obligation of," etc., a trifle too elaborate. Here the German "*müsste*" avoids all difficulty. If not "I needed," might we not say "I musted"? Yours.

G. H. POWELL.

Savile Club. Sept. 2, 1912.

"THE RIKS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I am thankful to your reviewer for the account he gives in THE ACADEMY of June 29 of my discoveries in the field of ancient mythology and religion. His uncomplimentary characterisations of my humble effort lose most of their sting when he concludes by saying "real scientists and scholars could, we believe, expose his extraordinary conceptions of fact and fancy."

I suppose he will acknowledge Mr. Barth and Prof. Ignazio Guidi to be scholars entitled to judge of a work like "The Riks." They are Honorary Fellows of the Royal Asiatic Society, in which Honorary Fellowships are limited to thirty of the most eminent scholars. Mr. Barth writes as follows:—"I have read your book at a stretch as a most fascinating poem of its own. Your identifications are skilful and ingenious; they are not mere guess and fancy; I would even say they are too good to be true; for one is not wont to find such logical sequence in the rather incoherent intricacy of genuine myth." Mr. Barth subscribes himself the author's "most fervent but utterly sceptical admirer." Prof. Guidi is equally enthusiastic, and, what is more, partially accepts my conclusions. Dr. Fleet, honorary secretary, Royal Asiatic Society, says my work opens out quite a new vista hitherto unexplored, that he read it with great interest and hopes to study it in detail. Dr. Pinches, the great Babylonian scholar, thinks my book excellent and full of illuminating information, and is working out, step by step, my identification of the Babylonian God Nirig or Ninip with a great volcano like Indra or Jupiter. Not one scholar has hitherto attempted to assail a single one of my identifications with reference to the original Riks, and I have sent my book to most Vedic scholars and great geologists as well. Mount Sinai is a basaltic volcano, and, if Western scholars have been unable to see in the description of the appearance of the Lord on the top of Mount Sinai an eruption of lava, with its attendant earthquakes, flames, stone-throws, thick clouds, lightnings and thunders, I will not imitate your reviewer and say "I despair of Western intelligence," but state the true explanation of their apparent obtuseness in the language of the first and greatest of Upanishads: "The preconceptions of the learned constitute an opacity more impenetrable to the light of new truth than the darkness of blind ignorance." In the case of ancient mythology and religion the pre-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

conceptions have been transmitted through many generations of scholars, ancient, mediæval, and modern, and are therefore all the more difficult to remove.

My case is that modern Western scholars are correctly interpreting the language of the Riks, but, owing to the overpowering weight of preconceived notions, do not realise the significance of their own interpretation. A cursory perusal of the description of Vritra-Ahi and the Maruts (glaciers and snows respectively) contained in Prof. Macdonell's "Vedic Mythology" will afford most convincing proof of this assertion. We imagined our forebears were primitive originative children, who described the common sky, cloud, sun, moon, and stars in silly, whimsical, and perplexing fashion. We have now to master the latest of modern sciences to understand their descriptions of the war of lava and ice in the glacial period which ended only five thousand years ago, if not even later.

T. PARAMASMA IYER,
Author of "The Riks,"
District and Sessions Judge, Bangalore.

Bangalore City, South India.
August 13, 1912.

REPLACE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I beg to submit to you and to the readers of THE ACADEMY the following:—

An important misprint has crept into Hodgson's excellent book ("Errors in the Use of English," p. 52) in connection with the true meaning of the word *replace*. That author is made to say that the meaning of this word is "remplacer" (to substitute, to supersede, etc.), when it is the very thing to which he objects. In fact, Hodgson criticises about a score of good writers, because the latter use the word *replace* in the objectionable sense.

In French, there is a very great difference between the words *replacer* and *remplacer*. "*Replacer* (to replace, to put back), from *Re* . . . ou *Ré* (lat. *re* . . .), préfixe *latin* qui entre dans la composition d'un grand nombre de mots français, et que marque la *réitération*, la *réciprocité*, la *résistance*, le *retour à un ancien état*: 1. *Replacer* une statue. 2. *Replacez ce livre.*" (Larousse, Littré and Beaujean.)

"*Remplacer* (to substitute, to supersede, etc.), from *re* . . . *en* and *place* = 1. *Tenir la place de*. 2. *Succéder à quelqu'un* dans une *place*, une *fonction*, un *service*." (Larousse, Littré and Beaujean.)

In public libraries in England, I am happy to say, the word to *replace* is used in accordance with its Latin origin: "Readers are requested to *replace* (*replacer, remettre à leurs places*) the periodicals on the stand when done with."

So far, so good; but the time has come, I think, when it is necessary for English authorities to decide whether the word *replace* should continue to be used instead of *substitute, supersede*, etc., in the sense of *remplacer*. In my humble opinion, this word should be confined a close prisoner in the limited space assigned to it by its Latin origin, as Hodgson very properly suggests, and should no longer be allowed, in the sense of "*remplacer*," to usurp the different places that the legitimate words "*substitute*," "*supersede*," "*succeed*," etc., should occupy.* I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

---

* (*a*) *Substitute* (Fr. *substituer*, Lat. *substituo*). To put in the place of another.
(*b*) *Supersede* (L. *supersedeo*). To be placed in the room of . . . .
(*c*) *Succeed* (Fr. *succéder*, Lat. *succedo*). To take the place which another has left.—*Ogilvie's Dictionary*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Gates of the Dolomites. By L. Marion Davidson. With an Introduction by Sir Melvill Beachcroft, and a Chapter on the Flora of the Dolomites by F. M. Spencer Thomson. Illustrated with a Map and Photographs. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

Printing Papers: A Handbook for the Use of Publishers and Printers. (Spalding and Hodge.)

Love's Victories. By M. M. Lee. (The Happy Publishing Co. 1s. net.)

The Brain Side of Games, Sports, and Pastimes. By H. C. Donovan. (Jarrold and Sons. 1s. net.)

VERSE.

Fires: Book II. The Ovens, and Other Tales. Book III. The Hare, and Other Tales. By Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net each.)

FICTION.

The Thread of Proof. By Headon Hill. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Romance of Bayard. By Lieut.-Col. Andrew C. P. Haggard, D.S.O. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Heather Moon. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. Coloured Frontispiece. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Devoted Sparks. By W. Pett Ridge. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Cheadle and Son. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THEOLOGY.

Credo: Instructions on the Creed. By the Rev. J. R. Pridie, M.A. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)

Village Sermons to Simple Souls. By the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

Addresses to Boys and Boy Scouts. By the Rev. G. F. Cecil de Carterest, M.A. (Skeffington and Son. 2s. net.)

EDUCATIONAL.

Cæsar's "De Bello Gallico," IV, V. By A. H. Allcroft, M.A. With an Introduction by Lt. M. Penn, M.A. (W. B. Clive. 2s. 6d.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

The Last Legitimate King of France, Louis XVII. By Phœbe Allen. Illustrated. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 12s. 6d. net.)

Maurius, Saturninus und Glaucia: Beiträge zur Geschichte der Jahre 106-100 v. Chr. By Dr. Frederick Walter Robinson, M.A. (A. Marcus and E. Webers, Bonn.)

PERIODICALS.

English Review; Antiquary; Everyone's Story Magazine; Blackwood's Magazine; The Nineteenth Century and After; Bookseller; The Vineyard; The Malthusian; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; La Revue; Publishers' Circular; Educational Times; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Book Monthly; Deutsche Rundschau; Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes; School World; University Correspondent; Empire Review; Mercure de France; Century Magazine; The Bibelot; The Poetry Review.

THE BRAIN SIDE OF GAMES, SPORTS AND PASTIMES. By H. C. DONOVAN, Author of "The Brain Book and How to Read It."

This work demonstrates phrenologically that in the execution of most games and sports the mental exercises involved are far more important to the development of the brain and to general education than the study of classical literature—to which so much time is devoted in youth and adolescence.

PRICE ONE SHILLING, Net.

Publishers: JARROLD & SONS, LONDON & NORWICH.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Vià the SUEZ CANAL.
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.
For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

"Arcadian" Cruises.

MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.
Lisbon, Madeira, WEST INDIES.	From £1 a day.	62.	December 3.	Southampton.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	331
A Man's Bargain	332
The Vote of Mid-Lothian ...	332
Reviews:	
The Early Civilisations of America	333
The Soul of Philosophy ...	333
Divini Gloria Ruris ...	334
Interesting Folk-lore ...	335
Wills and Testaments ...	336
The Progress of Social Reform	337
The Italians at Home ...	337
Shorter Reviews	438
Fiction	341
Musical Anarchy	342
Developments in Photography—I.	343
Our Public Schools and their Critics	344
Napoleon the Third—II. ...	346
Literary Values	347
The Literary Traveller ...	349
"Levrak Beyuk"	350
John Payne and His Work	351
The Theatre:	
"The Girl in the Taxi" at the Lyric Theatre ...	352
"A Scrape o' the Pen" at the Comedy Theatre .	353
"The Grass Widows" at the Apollo Theatre ...	353
"The Voysey Inheritance" at the Kingsway Theatre	354
Notes and News	354
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	355
Motoring	356
In the Temple of Mammon	358
Correspondence	359

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE welcome two Canadian opinions with extreme satisfaction. Mr. Borden speaking on Tuesday at Ottawa said:—

> Anyone who thinks the Motherland dead or dying is vastly mistaken. We found in Great Britain the same sturdy, steady men who developed in those islands the greatest people the world has ever seen.

And Colonel Hughes, the Canadian Minister of Militia, is reported to have said as a result of his visit to this country:—

> I have no hesitation in saying I have just returned from watching the manœuvres of the finest army in the world, barring none.

In these days of discouragement brought about by the tricks of paid politicians, it is distinctly heartening to know that our manhood claims and receives high appreciation. No one can go on to a Cricket or Football field without seeing types of young men who call to mind the finest types of Ancient Greece, and whose minds one feels sure are as clean as their physical attributes are perfect. For an imperial nation manhood is everything. Sir Thomas Browne says somewhere that the only hope for a nation is in its manhood; and we think everything which tends to the maintenance of the highest standard amongst a nation's men is of far more importance than discussions whether a chemically produced man of no importance is possible. We are quite satisfied with the material which we have, and it is eminently satisfactory to know that those who visit us, especially of our own stock, see no deterioration and no decline corroding it.

Not many people, we suppose, will read straight through the monumental 40,000th number of the *Times* which was issued last Tuesday, since apparently two or three weeks of leisure would be needed to take it all in; but many, like ourselves, will scan the pages here and there and enjoy the information given on every conceivable subject relating to printing and paper. Very wisely, the letterpress has been broken into paragraphs, and a few old illustrations have been reproduced; this makes for pleasure in the reading. Among the illustrations we notice "the earliest known picture of an editor at work," in which a benignant angel is handing the editor a new quill pen, the great man himself being seated comfortably at a table set in the open air, presumably in a climate less damp than ours, with books artistically arranged round him. If the angel brought angelic ideas as well as quill pens, the editor's lot in those days might border upon happiness. The management of the *Times* is to be congratulated upon its enterprise in publishing a supplement which, if it were in book form, would be regarded as a valuable work of reference.

The question of the "Origin of Life" seems to lie rather heavily on the minds of the members of the British Association, now in conclave assembled at Dundee, and their deliberations have supplied pleasant "copy" for many eager journalists. The speeches have all been extremely interesting, and we note that while one professor holds that the organism which first came into existence was "in size one two-hundredth part of a micron (which is the millionth part of a metre)," the President has hopes of some day creating a living cell in his laboratory. Whether we shall be any nearer the solution of world-old problems if he succeeds is debatable; but we feel quite sure that some papers we could name will then come out with a special edition. In any case, what will he do with his microscopic home-made organism when he gets it? How many years must lapse before it becomes old enough to answer questions or to slam the door? We speak in the language of irreverent metaphor; but, having made a living cell, will he be in a position to explain the appearance on this mysterious planet of the first living cell, with all its tremendous possibilities?

One can hardly imagine a more formidable task than that of the judges at the Bakers' and Confectioners' Exhibition held this week at the Agricultural Hall. Thousands of wedding cakes, currant, sponge, and fancy cakes, had to be tasted by these self-sacrificing gentlemen; after each mouthful, we understand, a drink of soda-water was necessary to clear the palate for the flavour of the next exhibit. On Tuesday 4,000 "pastries, buns, and shortbreads" had to be sampled. Beside this, the heroism of siege and battle pales.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Remembrance

MY ships of memory sailed away
  Into the boundless West,
And some were lost ere close of day,
  By hostile winds oppressed;
Yet, braving storm, unswerving, bold
  One battled safely through;
I wonder—did it pass and speak
  A ship from you? R.

The Vote of Mid-Lothian

WITH the declaration of the poll in Mid-Lothian the seal is set on the career of the present Ministry for further mischief. It is well, therefore, to take stock of their career.

Probably their lamentable failure in achievement can be traced to lack of character. Mr. Asquith assumed office as Prime Minister, in the face of his solemn protestations that he would never lead a Liberal Government which depended for its existence on the votes of Irish Nationalists. Like Mr. Gladstone, who won Mid-Lothian by means of a torrent of verbiage compressed into 47 columns of the *Times*, Mr. Asquith swore prior to the election of 1906 that he never—no never—would be responsible for the guidance of the Liberal party in such a humiliating condition of dependence.

The exact situation which Mr. Asquith declaimed against, arose after the harmless necessary Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had dissipated—as any other leader would have been bound to dissipate—the greatest non-homogeneous majority of recent years, and Mr. Asquith assumed the office of Prime Minister with perhaps just decent alacrity. Therefore it is fair to say that Mr. Asquith's Government was born in an atmosphere of spurious honesty, and it has lived up to the incident of its initiation.

It is desirable first to consider—as its epitaph—the successes which the Government have achieved. Lord Loreburn as Lord Chancellor, Mr. Lloyd George at the Board of Trade, Sir Edward Grey at the Foreign Office, Mr. Churchill at the Admiralty, and Mr. Burns at the Local Government Board have all done yeoman service, and are entitled to the gratitude of the nation in the various spheres mentioned. Unfortunately the cards have been shuffled. Lord Loreburn has been politely removed because of his honesty, Mr. Lloyd George has been transferred—because of his importunity—to an office which he is notoriously and even ludicrously unfitted to fill. Mr. Churchill after two previous rather bad failures is doing good work with the limelight shaded. Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Burns —unloved by the Byles-Outhwaite-Hemmerde group—are at present left undisturbed in the good work which they are achieving.

It will be observed that every one of the men whom we have mentioned has been engaged in the work of administration, which is in fact the primary duty of every Minister. The sops of Cerberus, and the angling for votes, are only defensible if they are employed by men who are first-rate administrators—and who know it—and who therefore believe that the interests of the Empire would suffer if their places were filled by men of less administrative ability. If that belief be in honesty held by Ministers an effective excuse is offered for much which would otherwise be contemptible and even sordid.

Therefore so far as Mr. Asquith has been able to select the best men for administrative offices, it would be dishonest to deliver an attack on him. We know of course that he was not responsible for the usurpation of his present office by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; that was merely an instance of:—

"Vaulting ambition, which o'er leaps itself,"

and Mr. Asquith is to be congratulated on the voluntary discomfiture of an obnoxious Mayor of the Palace.

So much for any successes which it may be alleged the Government have achieved. Their failures, which will spell their ruin, are due as we said at first to non-existence of character. They cannot claim confidence because they believe that they are great administrators. That it is impossible to credit, knowing as they do that they have created a sham Army, that the Navy has been starved and in a recent crisis was not equal to its functions; and that their promises of retrenchment have been shamelessly cast aside and profusion with the taxpayers' money has been employed wholesale to secure votes. All they can honestly lay claim to is a fraudulent inheritance, dating from the time when they sold themselves body and soul to the Irish Nationalists. Even a synthetic body and soul could achieve no deeper depth of degradation.

Mid-Lothian and every other by-election has shown that the people will not tolerate legislation which masquerades as legislation by the people and for the people, but which in effect places a load of taxation on the people and produces no perceptible result, but the sacrifice of independence by so-called representatives in return for personal pecuniary advantage.

The payment of members of Parliament is an intolerable scandal, and unhappily it is an evil which will live after the present Government have been consigned:—

"Into a Limbo large and broad."

CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

The Early Civilisations of America

The Secret of the Pacific. By C. REGINALD ENOCH. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE secret is one which, in spite of the author's optimistic views, we fear will never be revealed, for it is no less than the origin of the early civilisations of America. It is, of course, impossible to predict what scientific research may yet accomplish in the field, but at the same time it seems unlikely, to say the least, that this much-discussed question will ever be settled. We find ourselves rather at variance with the author when he asserts that the passing of time may lead to increase of evidence, for surely time, rendering necessary more links in the chain connecting the present with the past, and effacing the handiwork by which alone light can be thrown on the question, renders the search for evidence more rather than less difficult. The fascinating and excellently illustrated book before us, bulky though it is, aims at no more than a broad general view of the subject, a statement of the main points to be gathered from existing evidence, and a putting forward in concise form of the various theories adduced in explanation of the existence of civilised communities, developing on lines so familiar to and yet different from Caucasian civilisations, and owing their inception to races between whom and the peoples of the old world no definite connecting link can be found. It is easy to dismiss the question by the broad statement that man, owing a common origin in the remote beginning of things, developed in different parts of the world on nearly parellel lines. But your true student of the world's history is not content with such a generalisation: he goes further in his search, and, finding a clue here and a clue there, links up race with race and forms three great families of mankind. Were there, then, three sources of origin for mankind, and if so, from which source did the peoples of the Americas spring—or were there four sources?

We gather from this author's work that he rejects the idea of a fourth source of origin, and would place Toltecs, Mayas, Aztecs, and Incas together in one of the three great families that people the old world. Yet, when legend and sculpture would lead him to group ancient America with ancient Egypt and Assyria, other characteristics crop up and bid him associate his unplaced races with the Malayan stock, and ease of access in prehistoric times bids him place them with the negroid family, and then racial traits and physical conformation cause him to reject the last-mentioned theory. The evidence is of such a conflicting nature that nearly every author on the subject, from Lord Kingsborough with his ten lost tribes, by way of patient Prescott and imaginative Stephens and Catherwood, to Sir Clements Markham, has a different theory on the common birthplace of these races.

A comparatively neglected answer to the vexed question, and one to which we could wish the author had devoted more space, consists in transferring the cradle of the human race from Asia to the Americas, and making the "New World" mother to the so-called "Old." Compared with Egyptian, Assyrian, and Hittite antiquities, the archæological treasures of America are almost untouched, and since the work of the few has yielded Peruvian pottery adjudged to be seven thousand years old, might not such investigation and excavation as is being carried on in the East yield evidences of still more remote civilisation?

It is doubtful, however, whether such queries will assist in solving the mystery, and in the meantime this book is sufficiently suggestive and interesting to provide us with adequate matter for more solid thought—if the phrase may be permitted. The author has collected evidence, descriptive and pictorial, from both north and south; he has presented his facts in simple, clear, and often fascinating style, and, gleaning from a large number of previous works on the subject in order to supplement and support his own observations, has given us the first complete and handy text-book on this exceptionally engrossing subject. More than this, he has made a plain, simple, and highly interesting story of what might easily have been a dull record of archæological research.

The Soul of Philosophy

The Beyond that is Within, and other Addresses. By EMILE BOUTROUX. Translated by JONATHAN NIELD. (Duckworth and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

TRANSCENDENTALISM is the order of the day in philosophy. A beyond is postulated by the least mystical of philosophers. Explanation is seen to be often no explanation at all, for the residue, which is what matters most, is not merely the unexplained, but generally also the inexplicable. Faith, hope, and love have a very definite and significant existence in the realms of philosophical thought.

The present volume gives us in an English form three extremely suggestive and masterful lectures of M. Emile Boutroux. The first of them gives its title to the book, the second deals with the relations existing between Morality and Religion, and the third is concerned with the position of Modern Philosophy in regard to Modern Science. The title chosen by the eminent Professor of the Sorbonne for his first lecture and for the whole volume is significant. We have only to turn over a few pages to find the inevitable Christian text that is the starting-point of all inquiry conducted in the spirit of these lectures: "The kingdom of God is within you." And in the preface we find the author citing as the principle which has served for his guidance the words of St. Paul: "I planted, Apollos watered; but God gave the increase. . . . For we are God's fellow-workers."

In this preface the subject of the last lecture is to some extent anticipated—the potential antagonism, often

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

regarded as actual, between philosophy and science. This stumbling-block has to be provisionally removed in order to establish some sort of a method for the whole inquiry. Method and doctrine must be regarded as one. "Philosophy finds her way as she advances; and she determines that way by her actual advance. The human mind thinks under the solicitation of facts; and it understands facts in proportion as its thought progresses."

The first lecture begins by showing why it is the Inner Beyond that is to be explored. There is no doubt an Outer Beyond, in whose sphere some small conquests seem to have been achieved. But, asks M. Boutroux, are the things that have been discovered here part of the Beyond that we are really seeking? Do not our researches end not infrequently in a bathos? "We look for a Beyond which veritably outstrips nature, which surpasses it qualitatively, and not merely quantitatively." M. Boutroux dismisses somewhat lightly the phenomena of the subliminal self; they offer us no help in our search for the veritable Beyond. Science, unsupported, can explain nothing of the inwardness of life, for science is merely explanation, or identification. She excludes mystery, and therefore all Beyonds. But there is a common trait in humanity that involves the further step implied in the inquiry—"the pursuit of something, not only different, but superior—the endeavour to outstrip itself." Every intellectual process starts with a perception, and this perception contains three elements —an intuition, a concept, and an adjustment of the two to each other. This third element "implies a veritable creation." M. Boutroux here deals with the great problem of objectivity—a problem whose solution accounts for the expansion of the human mind in religion, art, and metaphysics.

Of the other two lectures we will not speak at length. The longer, because its subject has been the more fiercely debated, is that that deals with the relations of Morality and Religion. M. Boutroux regards with great distrust the consecrated phrase, "Ceci tuera cela." He is always reverting to it and insisting on its unsoundness. It is a product of ontology or the love for symmetrical notions. "Men deceive themselves as to the extent of their disagreements." Even Racine and Victor Hugo are compatible. The fallacies of the conceptual and historical methods are neatly exposed. Reason, or right perception, that is to say "the unity of thought and action," is the only judge. The ideal can be judged as well as the real. And if they be examined under their ideal forms, religion and morality are not only compatible, but interdependent. The one is as necessary as the other, and they mutually complete each other.

In the last lecture M. Boutroux gives in outline the history of the relation of philosophy to the sciences, and examines more particularly the epoch-making attempt of Comte at making philosophy into the synthesis of the sciences. The arrogant claim of the sciences to dispense entirely with philosophy is met, first, with the soft answer that philosophy without science is dead, and then with the counter that there are two organs of knowledge—reason completing science. "Reason is not science. The latter is a totality of notions; the former is a living faculty." Moreover, there is not one science; there are many; "and each of these sciences implies postulates, which are furnished by intuitions." In this science resembles action, which always postulates an aim beyond the mere satisfaction of energy. Philosophy is abundantly justified in its existence, with the function of "looking for the connection between science and action." A final word is devoted to the sequence of philosophical systems; it is not the systems that matter, it is the sequence and the men; it is "philosophy as life."

We hope we have not misinterpreted some of the ideas of M. Boutroux. In any case we can refer the reader to the book for a corrective; no one can read it without feeling the influence of a kindly and inspiring teacher.

Divini Gloria Ruris

The Love of Nature Among the Romans During the Later Decades of the Republic and the First Century of the Empire. By SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, K.C.B. (John Murray. 9s. net.)

WE have here an attempt to show "that during the last decades of the Roman Republic and the first century of the Empire there lived many men in whom the love of Nature was strongly developed, and who found in her presence, watching and wondering, some of their purest pleasure and joy." But Sir Archibald Geikie must be understood to refer chiefly, if not entirely, to the literary men of the period; for he has gone for his evidence to literature, and especially to poetry, hardly at all to religion. Of the common people, therefore, he says little more than that traces of their primitive agrestic faith were never wholly lost. With these limitations the book is good. Under such headings as "Country and Town," "Flowers in Roman Life," "The Underworld," Sir Archibald Geikie brings together very much of what is significant in the work of poets like Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, and Statius, prose-writers like Cicero, Cato, Varro, and Pliny. We only wish that he had not troubled to translate into verse.

The bounds suggested by the title are frequently exceeded by including the attitude of the Romans towards Nature when they were far from loving it, towards the Sea, the Mountains, the Underworld, and Winter. The author does not give quite all the causes of their "little or no appreciation of what we now regard as some of the characteristic charms of that season." It is attributed mainly to the fact that "as a whole, winter at Rome and in the surrounding Campagna, then as now, was seldom long enough or severe enough to give the people an opportunity of becoming familiar with the varied characteristics which are so well known to us." But it was long before these characteristics were liked in this country as well as they were known. Until the admirer is free from fear, and in every way practically

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

safe from them, æsthetic admiration for sea, mountains, and winter is unlikely to be much developed. It is of this admiration and moods of trustful satisfaction that Sir Archibald is writing. His authorities are all comfortable men, free to live in town or country, and therefore making a habit of variety, according to public fashion or private taste. Many of them had been born in the country and had there spent their most impressionable years, so that the favourable eyes of retrospection would be turned upon country and childhood together. In later years they went into the country from choice, not necessity. The sea and the mountains they only visited of necessity, and disliked them.

They chose the country for the sake of fresh air and hot springs, for freedom from noise and enforced society, for sport, recreation, and change. The growth of the city, whereby it became something definitely opposed to the country, and sharply divided from it, would alone have sufficed to force them out, quite apart from economic causes. In the small towns where there was and still is no such opposition and division, there was and still is no need of deliberate change. But the city, where it was possible to be physically quite inactive, would have had to invent the country as an antidote if it had not lain ready a little beyond the gates.

As civilisation advances, safety in travel increases, and the arts and sciences of peace are multiplied; this region of recreation expands, and the attractions become more various, of scenery, sport, natural history, and travel or vagabondage pure and simple. When the under classes obtain leisure and relief from the direct struggle for livelihood they also are free to admire and enjoy what had formerly seemed only part of the vast and powerful inhumanity of the universe. Sir Archibald gives us no reason to believe that this stage had been attained at Rome, but he does say that, "looking at the matter from our modern point of view, we may be inclined to regard the increase in the cultivation of the ornamental as not so much an indication of growing luxury, as a distinct advance in taste, and a further stage in the development of the love of Nature."

The cultivated Romans at least reached the point of envying their peasants, as they have told us eloquently. Martial makes them envy the bailiffs and porters of their country estates:—

> How many days does each year see
> Spent free from care at Formilæ?
> How than their masters luckier far
> Our bailiffs and our porters are.
> Tied fast to city life's annoy,
> We pay for pleasures they enjoy.
> —(*Translated by W. T. Webb.*)

Apparently they had all our variety of country pleasures, from the extreme of luxury to the liberty of solitude. They had exhausted their religion but not the effects of it, and they felt that in the holy grove there was an unknown god. Probably the country calmed them as it calms us with its space and patience, relating them to eternity. We go to it as poets, solitaries, or vagabonds, as lovers or as invalids, to escape foul air, noise, multitude, confusion, incompleteness, elaborate means without clear ends; and we do more than escape them. Riding or afoot, for sport, play, social talk, solitude, we go out spreading far and wide as when children emerge from the narrow door of the school. We call it play because it seems a relief from "the serious business of life," and because it is so short. In fact, we dare not take more of it: we must go back again to involve ourselves in the grim trifles, lest we should discover that they are trifles, and never return, and so break up this fabric of a few thousand years and enter that of eternity, of the unknown god.

Interesting Folk-lore

Anthropological Papers, Mostly on Parsee Subjects. By JIVANJI JAMSHEDJI MODI, B.A. (The British India Press, Bombay.)

SUCH associations as the Anthropological Society of Bombay justify their existence and perform a public service when their members add to the stock of common knowledge by such papers as are to be found collected in this volume. They supply a deficiency which undoubtedly exists. In these days of pressure, few officials have time or strength for more than the disposal of current work; their knowledge, therefore, of the native among whom they live and work is of a very superficial character; native customs, their origins and effects, the motives which sway them, in a word, their lives are a sealed book, and the ignorance may lead to administrative failures in such matters as famine, plague, sanitation, medical relief, education, etc., where the beliefs and sentiments of the masses cannot be altogether disregarded. In such papers, experts and specialists can write freely and fully. Mr. Modi, an educated Parsee gentleman and a prolific writer, has recorded in his essays much that would not otherwise be published of his countrymen, whose ancestors emigrated from Persia, fleeing from the Arab conquest in the eighth century, and settled in the Bombay Presidency. The last census showed their number for all India to be only 100,096, of whom 91,500 are resident in Bombay and the neighbourhood. But of all the Indian peoples the Parsees are nearest to Europeans in many ways, and their influence is much greater than their number warrants. They are often eminently successful and make large fortunes in trade and commerce, as millowners, and they constantly spend enormous sums on useful and charitable objects.

Of the thirty essays in this volume more than two-thirds deal with Parsee subjects, the remainder with miscellaneous Indian topics. The omens among the Parsees, it is evident, are not unlike those prevalent elsewhere in Southern India, some superstitions are common to Europe and India. Other papers tell of the Persian book for taking omens from snakes, of the horse and cock in ancient Irán (Persia), of charms and amulets for diseases of the eye, of auspicious horses,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and the art of horse-shoeing which was known in ancient Persia long before it was known in Europe. The papers on the hill tribes of Mahableshwar and Matheran (the Bombay hill-stations), and on the Todas of the Nilgiri hills in Madras are specially interesting. The origin of the Todas is obscure, and the author, though disposed to claim them as an off-shoot of the Iranian Parthians, refrains from dogmatising on the point. In many Parsee rites and ceremonies furrows or boundary lines have to be drawn, chiefly for purifications, so that within them the impurities, contagion, or infection may be confined, while purity, safety, and health are secured to others outside the lines or circles. In other ceremonies boundaries, technically known as *pavis* are drawn, to confine and preserve the purity within and exclude impurities. These ceremonies are compared with the Roman *lustratio*, where the boundary lines indicate the area within which evil influence cannot work.

The belief that a magician or an evildoer tries his magic or his evil machinations through the instrumentality of a person's hair or nail-parings is said to be common among many others besides the Semitic nations; and the belief, among other reasons, seems to be the origin of the custom of burying hairs and nail-parings sometimes observed. In "the Rat problem of the Ancients" Parsee books are referred to which speak of the good or meritoriousness of killing noxious creatures that do harm to the good creation. This would include all reptiles or noxious creeping creatures. Other Indians object to any life being taken. The Parsees have their own marriage and funeral rites, also the religious Hamazor, or hand-joining, performed after certain other ceremonies. There is much to be learnt of Indian life from these papers, which Mr. Modi should continue to write and publish.

Wills and Testaments

The Romance of Wills and Testaments. By EDGAR VINE HALL. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

IT is unnecessary to tell the confirmed novel enthusiast, or even the person who turns to novels only occasionally as a relaxation, how often the theme of the last will and testament is chosen by the imaginative writer as the pivot on which his plot turns. Fiction is indeed strange; yet the old adage tells us that truth is still stranger. If this is not altogether proved by Mr. Vine Hall in the volume under notice, he certainly shows how very strange truth can be, especially in the matter of the final distribution of one's property. Mr. Vine Hall has culled from innumerable sources, at the expenditure of vast toil and research, a host of details relating to wills. These he has co-ordinated and arranged, so that we are regaled by different chapters which treat of "Wills Not Fulfilled," "Death-bed Dispositions," "Wills of Fancy and of Fantasy," "Strife," "Love and Gratitude," and many others. His treatment of the subject is exhaustive. He narrates stories that are pathetic, others that are humorous, and others still that are tragic. His subject is an integral part of human nature, and, therefore, is as wide as human nature itself. If one wished, one could quote pages of anecdotes from this fascinating volume, for it is a veritable mine. But it seems hardly fair to do so. Especially touching are the wills executed by victims of the Plague, shunned by all except a faithful few, aware that their action is not long to be delayed.

Many of these are wills by word of mouth, sometimes spoken from an open window to the witnesses gathered in the street below. Then there are the cases of undiscovered wills which come to light after intervals short or long. Thus the will of a Mr. Minet, who died in 1874, was not discovered until thirty-one years later, when it was found in an old neglected case. Under this will the testator directed that his estate should be entailed. It had, however, been sold, but it was repurchased, and the desires of the testator in that respect are now being fulfilled. Another testator, in the course of a codicil executed in Granada, in the West Indies, in 1795, mentioned that his will had been buried, so that it should not be burnt by the enemy. Many are the curious conditions attached to legacies. Forty shillings was left to Jane Mering, in 1547, "of this condition, that she shall profess and knowledge herself not to have done her duty to me and my wife, before Mr. Parson and four or five of the honester men in the parish." Threepence-halfpenny was bequeathed to a son for the purchase of a rope for his wife, to be used as soon as possible. Another left £50 to "Elizabeth, whom through my foolish fondness I made my wife, without regard to family fame or fortune, and who in return has not spared most unjustly to accuse me of every crime regarding human nature, save highway robbery."

Perhaps the reticence of Sir Humphrey Style, in apparently similar circumstances, is to be preferred. He bequeathed £20 to his wife to buy mourning for him if she pleased, together with a further sum of five shillings "for good reasons best known unto myself, but not for her honour to be published." Very gruesome is the will of an American citizen who directed his executors to have buttons made out of his bones, pouches from his skin, and violin strings from other parts of his body, and to present these objects to his friends. Very curious are many of the conditions attached to legacies. In some cases there is an attempt to enjoin perpetual celibacy, although this condition would be upset by the courts as contrary to public morality. Mr. Vine does not mention this. Legacies are also dependent on non-marriage with a person named, or one not approved by the testator's wife and sister-in-law, or a first cousin, or an Irishman, or an actor, or a divorcé. Not long ago a legacy was dependent on the marriage of the legatee with a lady in society. It is not generally known that it is illegal to bequeath money for the upkeep of a grave, or for the recital of prayers for the repose of one's soul, and, although the author does not

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

mention it, it is not many years since the illegality of bequeathing money for the purposes of Jewish religious education was removed. Until 1846 this object was in the eyes of the law also a "superstitious trust."

The Progress of Social Reform

The Path of Social Progress. By MRS. GEORGE KERR. (T. Nelson and Sons. 2s. net.)
Social Insurance in Germany, 1883-1911. By W. HARBUTT DAWSON. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s. net.)
Woman Suffrage. By HEBER HART, LL.D. With a Preface by the Rt. Hon. LEWIS HARCOURT, M.P. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

MRS. GEORGE KERR'S extensive experience of poor-law and charitable organisation entitles her to speak with no little authority upon the subject of social reform, and the author of the second of the above-mentioned works is well known as a writer upon German social affairs. "The Path of Social Progress" repeats the substance of lectures delivered by the authoress in Edinburgh during the last two years, and its purpose is to emphasise the conditions of certain problems in social reform. The opening chapter contains a *résumé* of Dr. Chalmers' notable experiments in relief, demonstrating the value of encouraging the principle of self-support within the limits of the community. The second, third, and fourth chapters show the incalculable harm wrought by ill-considered legislation and indiscriminate almsgiving. Subsequent chapters deal with the report of the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, and with the principal topic of the work—namely, the problem of the training, both theoretical and practical, necessary for volunteers in the cause of social amelioration. The results of one of the most interesting social experiments ever carried out, which were contained in the Edinburgh School Report, and dealt with by Professor Karl Pearson and Miss Elderton, are briefly summarised. A knowledge of those results is essential to an understanding of the problems which confront social reformers at the present day.

Mr. Dawson has aimed at presenting to "the large and growing class of publicists and students who are seriously interested in social reform movements abroad" an epitome of the provisions of the German laws relating to sickness, accident, and old-age insurance. For the purposes of comparison he has appended in the form of footnotes the corresponding provisions of the National Insurance Act, the Old Age Pensions Act, and the Workmen's Compensation Act. The author deals with such questions as the cost of such insurance in Germany, the relative burdens borne by employers, employees, and the State, and the attitude of employers and workpeople towards insurance legislation generally. He does not attempt to conceal his predilection in favour of compulsory insurance, but his avowed bias does not, in fact, in any way detract from the value of the information imparted. We are specially pleased to note the emphasis laid upon the importance of preventive measures in the chapter entitled "The Crusade against Disease," for,

> after all, what the self-reliant workman values more highly than distress benefits is a fair and full use of his faculties. What he wants is not sickness pay, but a healthy life; not accident compensation, but sound limbs and unimpaired energies; not infirmity pensions, but the opportunity and the power to follow his employment as long as possible.

Later on we find a quotation from the address delivered by the president of a large association of employers in the iron and steel industry, as follows:—

> The Insurance Laws have influenced the condition of life of the working classes in that they are free from anxiety by reason of sickness, infirmity and accidents. It cannot be denied that in many cases the workman's feeling of confidence increases his productive power and his efficiency.

At a time when one hears such a babel of vituperation concerning our own insurance legislation it is an agreeable diversion to sit down and calmly read a carefully presented apologia, such as that of Mr. Dawson, on behalf of the much-maligned Legislature.

Mr. Heber Hart's little book is purely controversial in character. The contention which he seeks to affirm is that the grant of Female Suffrage would be disastrous to the country as a whole. In support of that contention he adduces a number of more or less specious arguments, the most cogent of which, apparently, is that all society depending, as it does, for the maintenance of peace upon the mailed fist, and the fists of males being, as they are, more potent than those of females, the latter could not, in the last resort, make good their claim to political equality with the former. We are also told categorically that female suffrage would undermine popular government, endanger the Empire, impair the vitality of the race, and produce various other unpleasant consequences of a similar kind. Women, in fact, are now, as they have ever been, the root of all evil, only more so, for Tennyson's "meek unconscious dove, who sittest 'ranging golden hair," is nowadays occupied with the more vigorous task of smashing windows and wrestling with the minions of the law. But is the influence of women upon human affairs quite so wholly evil as Mr. Heber Hart would have us believe? Alas and alack for ancient chivalry!

The Italians at Home

The Italians of To-Day. By RICHARD BAGOT. (Mills and Boon. 2s. 6d. net.)

MR. RICHARD BAGOT is an ardent admirer of Italy and her people, and in his latest volume he has set out to reveal the characteristics of the Italians of to-day, beginning with the peasant and leading up to the professional classes and the aristocracy. He writes in an enthusiastic, and often in a didactic, manner; but his lucid style and his whole-hearted zeal carry us along

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

with him. We are ready to admit, after his forcible argument, that most of us who think anything at all about Italy are chiefly concerned with her art, that our admiration is æsthetic, and perhaps sentimental, and that we are entirely ignorant of the fact that the modern Italians are an "energetic, virile, and courageous people which has made, and is still making, the Italy of to-day." Before the whirlwind of Mr. Bagot's enthusiasm we lay aside our Baedeker, and forget about the very existence of barrel-organs and ice-cream vendors, for we are aware that we are being led by one who knows and loves Italy, and who is particularly qualified to understand the complex Italian temperament.

Mr. Bagot informs us, with no little sarcasm, that our general impression of the Italian peasant is very far from the truth, and that in our ignorance we have relied too implicitly on certain novelists who have been chiefly concerned with dragging in stilettos and poisons, and giving us a picture of a villain on the one hand and a piece of colossal laziness on the other. The Italian peasant is very far from being either a villain or a lazy vagabond. He works with an energy and a power of endurance that would put to shame the British workman, if he were not so occupied in striking and making arrangements to shorten his working day. Indeed, the Italian peasant is a most estimable fellow, and is superior to our own in that he can quote poetry of an evening after a long day's work. He has a sense of refinement and innate courtesy that we scarcely ever find in English cottages. We talk about our simple country folk as if simplicity were the greatest of all virtues, instead of being the most elementary. The Italian peasants are not simple; on the contrary, they are very complex, and this is particularly true in regard to the Tuscans. But the poorer folk are not the only people who quote poetry. Mr. Bagot tells an amusing story of a doctor who, on his way to catch a train, chanced to hear a colleague shout a line of improvised verse. A poetic contest followed, lasting three hours, which was eagerly listened to by the whole village!

The author makes some very interesting statements in regard to the religious views of the rural classes, and comes to the conclusion that they are essentially sceptical:—

> If we examine carefully those superstitions to which the peasant is, as a rule, most devoted, and which cause him to be regarded as devoted to his Church, we shall find that in every case the observance and upholding of such superstitions are acts which contribute very largely to the furtherance of his own purely material and worldly advantages.

At the same time, though naturally sceptical, he has an inward fear that the priest may be right after all, and acts accordingly, thinking it wiser to put something on religion than to ignore it entirely.

We must, for want of space, pass over the chapters devoted to the professional classes, Government and aristocracy, and the Church and State, and turn to a few pages relating to modern Italian literature. Mr. Bagot is probably right in stating that we regard Gabriele D'Annunzio "as representing contemporary Italian literature." He points out our error in laying too much emphasis on this author, but does not seem to be aware that only a few are acquainted with translations from D'Annunzio's work, while many thousands are familiar with the remarkable novels of Foggazzaro. Italian publishers come in for a good deal of adverse criticism, for they seem to be principally engaged in reproducing exotic French literature. With well-deserved scorn the author observes:—

> In the meantime Italian literary geniuses, except a limited few whose names are sufficiently popular to ensure the publishers against loss, remain neglected in their own country, and therefore neglected in other countries where they would find appreciation.

Mr. Bagot's pages devoted to anti-Italian calumnies will attract considerable attention, and he does not mince his words in dealing with certain newspaper correspondents who sent home sensational accounts of atrocities supposed to have been perpetrated by the Italian soldiers. He loudly contradicts the statements so widely circulated in the Press, and with remarkable vigour portrays the Italian soldier as exemplary in every way. When he has done so, he proceeds to deal with the fearful barbarities of the Arabs. As this subject has been fully discussed in THE ACADEMY, we need not go into the matter now. Suffice it to say that Mr. Bagot, in the spirit of a dauntless champion, has corrected a great many misconceptions, and has revealed, with considerable force and insight, the Italians of to-day.

Shorter Reviews

The Science of the Sea

The Depths of the Ocean. By SIR JOHN MURRAY and DOCTOR JOHAN HJORT. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 28s. net.)

THE events which were in the first place responsible for the production of this notable work are explained in a preface by Dr. Johan Hjort. Sir John Murray was the chief British delegate in 1899 at the International Congress for the Exploration of the Sea which was held at the time in Stockholm. In the year 1909 he chanced to visit Copenhagen when another of the meetings of this same International Congress was being held; on that occasion Sir John Murray expressed his conviction of the great possibilities of the Atlantic as a field for systematic observations.

Subsequently the famous British scientist wrote to Dr. Hjort, and offered, if the Norwegian Government would lend the *Michael Sars* and her scientific staff for a four months' summer cruise in the North Atlantic, to pay all the other expenses. The Norwegian Government received this proposal in the same gener-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ous fashion as that in which it was made. Hence this important expedition, the operations of which extended as far as Newfoundland, and which was responsible for the establishment of one hundred and twenty observing stations. In the hands of Sir John Murray, and with the co-operation of a most distinguished group of Norwegian scientists, it is needless to say that the cruise proved a brilliant success. Indeed, had it been followed by no other result than the production of this book that alone would have justified the expedition to the full. It is certain that to the student of oceanography the work comes as one of the great milestones in that science.

One of the most commendable features of this notable contribution to oceanography is its comprehensiveness. As regards its tabular and historical matter alone the book is valuable, and the account of the voyage itself of the *Michael Sars* is not only profoundly instructive—as, indeed, could not fail to be the case—but teems with matter which is of interest even to the non-scientific reader. As may be imagined, the scope of this learned work is very large, including as it does the phenomena of North Atlantic depths, deposits, plant-life, fishes from the sea-bottom, and invertebrate fauna. Perhaps none of its observations are more to be treasured than those on the distribution of different species of fish; but in any case there is certainly no portion of the book which could well have been spared—a remark which applies to the generous measure of illustrations and diagrams with which it is supplied. In this instance it may be said without fear of contradiction that an astonishing area of the "Depths of the Ocean" has been brought to the surface for all who care to see!

The Ridge of the White Waters. By WILLIAM C. SCULLY. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s. net.)

MR. SCULLY, a Resident Magistrate of Cape Colony, treats us to some impressions of Delagoa Bay, Durban, and South-East Africa generally, including the Transkei, from the point of view of a man who knew and hunted the country thirty years ago and more. His name stands on the roll of pioneers, with those of Selous and others, for he knew the mighty men of Gun and Spoor when there was little beside veldt inland from the southern ports. His reminiscences of this time are fascinating, possibly because we realise that he is not attempting to tell a story, but is merely telling the truth. We could wish that he had devoted more pages to the story of his approach to the Rand. As it is, he reaches the Rand early in the book, and gets down to business, the said business being a critique of the mining industry. Here, again, Mr. Scully is exceedingly interesting, witty, and unfortunately—for the Rand—true, we fear. Out of the sixty mines which make up this backbone of South Africa, he prophesies a moderately long life for about fifteen, and swift extinction, consequent on rapidly falling grades of ore, for the remainder. The evidence which he adduces in support of his statements is of such a nature that we feel compelled to believe him, and also feel that it is lucky for Mr. Scully that he is in close touch with law and order, for, if a mining magnate got hold of him at any point where law and order were suspended, we fear that the unpleasant truths which he has to tell would bring his career to an abrupt termination—and possibly a painful one. He gives fairly full details of the appalling toll of lives taken by the mines, the tragedies consequent on miners' phthisis—that curse of the Rand—and the flagrant disregard of mining regulations by managers and shift-bosses in the attempt to keep up the output, in face of a consistent fall in the grade of ore.

If we may believe Mr. Scully, Johannesburg is doomed within the next ten years. There will remain a few paying mines, and the shell of the gold metropolis, but there will be no reason for the existence of the great unhealthy town of to-day. We feel, on closing this book, that such a calamity would be a blessing in disguise, remembering, as we do, the statement made by Mr. Scully, and corroborated by many great medical authorities, that the Transvaal miners' working life is on the average seven years only—after that phthisis carries him off, if he survives the hundred and one chances of death due to disregarded mining regulations. The book is short and not too well illustrated, but deserving of a very wide circulation. Its author is to be congratulated on a fearless exposure of evils almost unbelievable in this humane twentieth century.

The True Traveller. By W. H. DAVIES. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

THERE is in Mr. Davies' prose the same lack of variety that marks his poetry, the same smallness, with the same freshness and purity of expression. Moreover, it is all wrought out of the same stretch of material. It began with the "Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," it continued in "Beggars," it took the variant of a story in "The Weak Woman," and now in "The True Traveller" it has a renewed form in a series of sketches that are his experiences as a tramp in America and in England. Ingenuousness, when it fails from artistry, in the better sense of the word, is apt to become uncomfortably naïf. It is the supreme difference between the childlike and the childish. On several occasions in these various sketches we had cause to feel this rather acutely; but in the main the book is freer of this note than its predecessor. Being absolved from the necessity of bearing a continued narrative, it can avoid those uninspired moments that only a finished artistry can conceal, or, if possible, obviate.

The consequence is that in "The True Traveller" Mr. Davies has a play for the cleanness and directness of his ideas that give it a high value. That the various sketches are largely concerned with women who ply an unhappy calling will deter only the unnaturally minded. The engaging frankness of his mind, together with the simplicity of his style, makes it clean beyond all question. And he is so splendidly right, too, in his approach. In

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

each sketch our common humanity is reached, with an unfailing honesty of touch. We are brought so near the essential brightness of the heart of woman, that seems to shine so much more simply in circumstances that compel her to have done with the artificialities that wrap the lives of her conventional sisters, in seeing these waifs of womanhood spontaneously doing kindness to those who need it most. It is as though, by a curious paradox, she can realise her womanhood best when she has sold the dearest honour of it.

Of course, all these sketches are not concerned with the one theme. But they are chiefly so. Whatever the author touches he makes human in this way, and it is this that gives its chief and illuminating charm to a very delightful book.

L'Ether Vivant, et le Réalisme Supra-Nerveux. By PAUL RICHARD. (H. Daragon, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

THE theories of M. Richard require some measure of initiation before their full import can be weighed. He believes in a long tradition of psychic revelation, which has had its great moments, at the foundation of certain religions, for instance, but has also had its periods of effacement. He has many admirable qualities fitting him for his task of exegesis, but he is too didactic to be wholly convincing or sympathetic, and even a golden age needs a poet to make it habitable. One of the fundamental theories is that the key to all mystery lies in the number four. All our categories, it appears, stop short at the number three, and knowledge and revelation lie just beyond. Analogy is made to do hard service in illustration of this theory. The central theory of the book is closely connected with this Pythagorian leitmotiv. The ether, which is the substance of life, has its four states or stages, like everything else. The supra-nervous ingredients, which are found blending with the physical in every stage, from the atom to the universe, are the key to the problem of life. The supra-nervous life "est dans l'homme comme la porte ouverte sur l'infini et la perfection, ou bien comme l'écran fermé devant toute lumière et tout idéal." We cannot refrain from noting a curious passage, where it is said that, at the moment of the conception of a human being, "dans le cas des êtres les plus grossiers, la perception supra-nerveuse se traduira par l'image d'un essaim de mouches autour d'une proie," while "dans le cas des privilégiés de l'atavisme et du milieu," the spectacle will be that of a slow crystallisation of "éléments supra-nerveux semblables à des flocons de neige." The book is in the highest degree interesting and sincere.

Scottish Prose of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. By JOHN HEPBURN MILLAR. (J. Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow. 10s. net.)

THIS work, which consists of lectures given in the University of Glasgow, is an industrious attempt to make the most of a dull subject, and certainly Professor Millar's effort is far from colourless. He admits that the seventeenth century is practically barren in the field of letters, partly owing to the perpetual ecclesiastical controversy engendered by the brooding nightmare of the appalling Solemn League and Covenant; more because, as Beattie said, Scotchmen, if they wrote English, wrote it like a dead language, which they understood, but could not speak. In the eighteenth century period Professor Millar discusses "The Three Great Figures—Hume, Robertson, and Smith," adding a few other writers more or less obscure, though Lord Monboddo is interesting for his estimate of Dr. Johnson as "the most invidious and malignant man I have ever known," while the "praise and admiration bestowed upon him by so many of the English nation is one of the greatest disgraces that ever befell them." If we mistake not, the dark-looming shadow of Ruskin's youthful Sundays was caused by a pious aunt who read aloud Dr. Hugh Blair's sermons. To men like Henry Mackenzie, Smollett, and Boswell there are merely passing references. In their case we should hardly have thought more lengthy treatment "waste of time," even if it did involve a refutation of Macaulay's "antithetical ineptitudes" about Johnson's biographer, or "a new toot on an auld horn."

The literary value of this book lies in its delineation—after the decline of Scottish dialect—of the gradual growth of English writing through the period of pompous pedantry and macrology to the later days when the "indefatigable Scot," if "decently educated," found his strenuous pertinacity crowned by the ability "to write tolerable English free from Scotticisms in phrase and vocabulary."

W. B. Yeats. By JETHRO BITHELL. Translated by FRANZ HELLENS. (Editions du Masque. Paris and Brussels. 2 francs.)

M. BITHELL has written a very vigorous piece of criticism. He is a very Samson among the Philistines, and a stern judge among the poets. If his feats in the temple of Dagon are a little unconvincing, they are redeemed by the warmth of his sympathy and the discernment of his critical methods. We are at one with him in his surprise at the preferential treatment accorded by the English Government and public to Mr. Yeats, for, "de tous les poètes anglais vivants, Yeats est le dernier qui soit à la portée du public." M. Bithell's analyses of Irish literature in general and Mr. Yeats' poems in particular are sound and helpful. He insists on the peculiar sense that certain English words bear on Celtic lips; he notices the peculiar colour effects obtained and the moods expressed by the use of words like "silver" and "obscure." He sees the vagueness of this particular symbolism, and observes that it is ready to greet a double interpretation. On Yeats as a story-teller he justly remarks, "Il lit une histoire, l'oublie à moitié, et la refait ensuite." The translations of the illustrative poems are for the most part admirable.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Fiction

The Anglo-Indians. By ALICE PERRIN. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MRS. PERRIN has given us a very delightful volume, and one that will add to her reputation as a distinguished novelist. She possesses a keen sense of humour that gives a touch of geniality to her delightful old ladies that reminds us not a little of Dickens. We are introduced to Fay Fleetwood, a young girl who admires Akbar so much that she names her kitten after him. While Fay is gazing upon the glories of the Himalayas, she meets Captain Somerton. The experienced novel-reader will at once foresee that these two young people will marry each other and live happy ever after. A cleverly drawn character is that of the Rajah of Rotah, a youth who, forgetful of his wife, falls in love with Fay and makes her a present of a white Persian kitten, a gift scarcely tolerated by the kindly but highly respectable Mrs. Fleetwood. This good lady, in spite of her volubility, is a lovable soul, and compares very favourably with her two elder daughters, Marion and Isabel, who make frantic efforts to get married, and succeed in the end, without awakening very much interest on the part of the reader. After numerous jolly parties, much matrimonial angling by the hopeful Mrs. Fleetwood, and a vivid scene in the zenana, where the Rajah puts his little foot down and defies his wicked mother, the Fleetwood family return to England.

Mr. Fleetwood, once so vigorous and efficient, becomes a pathetic figure, portrayed now and again with a light humorous touch. His big-game shooting days are over, and he has to content himself with pottering about his club and occasionally ordering soles from the local fishmonger. The fortunes of the Fleetwood family are on the wane. They give up their expensive flat, and live in a small house most appropriately called "Combe Down." Fay still dreams of India, but she combines her dreams with considerable domesticity, and eventually takes up typewriting and shorthand in the office of a weekly journal. The Rajah and his wife, accompanied by Somerton, come to London, and it is not long before the gallant Captain proposes to Fay and is accepted by her.

Those who want a light novel that will counteract the horrors of a tempestuous summer, a volume with plenty of quiet humour, not a little poetry, and considerable skill in the handling of character, will find much to entertain them in "The Anglo-Indians."

His Lordship's Baby. By HOPE PROTHEROE. (The Century Press. 6s.)

"HIS LORDSHIP'S BABY" is a story shrouded in mysteries of the most gloomy character. What did the castle moat conceal beneath its dark and oily waters? Why was the confidential servant pale? What cry was that which echoed so strangely from the dungeons at midnight? Why was the earl troubled in countenance? What did he discover behind the secret panel? What was in the secret packet? Such are the questions which the reader asks, and he is not kept long in suspense. It is not Hope Protheroe's way to keep us on tenter-hooks. Explanations of his mysteries are flung forth with a generous hand. Barely is the question asked before it is answered; barely is it answered before another as pressing rises to the lips, only to be resolved with equal dispatch, and to give place to further vistas of dark intrigue. There is no material wasted in this book. Few of the characters are what they seem. Does the under-gardener appear to be an under-gardener and no more? Vain thought! He is far otherwise, and dark is his past. The doctor is not merely a doctor, nor the lady's maid merely a lady's maid. Gather these persons from the utmost corners of the earth, if you will. The precaution is useless. As soon as they set foot in the castle, they are recognised. Someone is in the power of someone else, a helpless tool in villainous deeds. These folk have no peace; they are not allowed to live like other people. One doubts if they ever eat. They are forever flitting about the corridors and descending to the rat-infested foundations. Sensations flock upon them riotously. If it is not the howl of a ghost, it is an illegitimate infant; if it is not the long-delayed revenge of an outraged brother, it is a rusty dagger; if it is not a poisoned ring, it is a changed baby. We may smile if we will at our author's effects, since we are not so greedy of shocks as we were once, but we cannot withhold a tribute for his ingenuity. His story is a pageant of the unreal, but its intensity and intricacy are amazing.

The Child of His Adoption. By GEORGE EVANS. (Herbert and Daniel. 6s.)

DICKIE RAEBURN is an idealist of eighteen. And Dickie lives in lodgings somewhere near St. Martin's Church. One night Dickie goes out, and he sees a man ill-treating a woman. With the chivalrous instinct of an English gentleman, he rushes to the rescue. The girl, it appears, is a music-hall singer. And her name is Glory. The reader will not be slow to divine something at least of the sequel. He will be prepared for the revelation that Dickie falls in love with Glory and that Glory falls in love with Dickie. Such, indeed, happens; and Dickie, with a sublime disregard of the conventions, invites Glory to share his humble lodgings. The relations between these two lovers are innocent in everything—except appearances. But the idyll soon turns to tragedy. Glory has one secret that she has resolutely kept from Dickie. She is married. Her husband is a brute and a jail-bird. He is, indeed, no other than the man from whose clutches Dickie rescued Glory at the beginning of the tale. And the time comes when Glory must be a mother. She flies—is rescued—and brought home to Dickie's lodgings—to die. A little daughter is born.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Here the story might have ended. Here, however, it has scarcely begun. Mr. Evans essays the almost impossible task of attempting to transfer our interest from Glory to Glory's daughter. There is a perceptible hiatus in the narrative, and it is some time before we can capture the new centre of interest. But Mr. Evans is a leisurely writer, and he ambles along in a pleasant and discursive fashion. A chapter or two more, and he has our attention once again, to hold it this time until the end of the story. The book is full of surprises. Its chief charm, however, lies in the tenderness with which the author has invested the two principal characters. To irradiate "la vie de Bohême" with the light of a pure and exalted idealism is no mean achievement. And this Mr. Evans has done.

Lamora. By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

IN Lamora and her cousin Pansy we have two women, both of whom possess in varied degrees the artistic temperament, yet in how different a manner is this, sometimes unwelcome, possession shown in each of the two cases. Lamora is an artist with a beauty of soul and an unsatiable longing to give real expression to her feelings upon canvas. She lives with her relations, and their claims upon her time and talents, which they utilise for trivial matters in connection with household affairs, hinder her from her dream of long days spent with pallet and brush. Pansy, on the other hand, is simply winsome and attractive, with, at times, a coaxing and alluring manner; but here the artist in her ends, unless a general peevishness and restlessness are to be accounted to her as part of the equipment of this much-maligned disposition. Lamora coming into an unexpected legacy, the two girls go abroad, under the chaperonage of a prosaic old couple, and Pansy, having little or no depth of character, brings tragedy into her life and trouble to all those with whom she is concerned. Up this point the book is interesting, and the story well told. When the girls come back to England, however, the fine character-drawing gives place to the working out of the complications of the story. The studios are no longer used as the meeting-places for artists and their discussions; they serve merely as rooms where the actors in the drama can have tea. Also, Lamora's great longing to be a painter of pictures seems to have been overlooked in dealing with the second part of the story—in fact, everybody is made subservient to the development of the plot, with the result that, taking the book as a whole, it is something of a disappointment.

The Marble Aphrodite. By ANTHONY KIRBY GILL. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

VERY pretty is the central idea of this fantasy—that of a Naiad emerging from a fountain and falling in love with a young sculptor, sitting for him as his model, and afterwards, when he fell in love with his statue, changing into a flower; but Mr. Gill has not been at all happy in his treatment of it. Characters are introduced which have nothing whatever to do with the progress of the story; scenes, one of them a visit to a night-club, are interpolated quite unnecessarily; and why, at this time of day, spend ten or twelve pages in describing a performance of "Tannhäuser"? Careless proof-reading has brought about an annoying repetition of whole paragraphs; one sentence concerning the "small, sensitive mouth" of the Aphrodite occurs four times. There is too much erudition in the book; it is as though the author said, "See how deeply I have studied Greek art!" Many pages would be quite pleasant in an essay on Praxiteles, for instance, or on the influence of Attic sculpture, which are out of place in a novel. Mr. Gill can write well; but his book leaves us cold; it is like a stained-glass window with the light withdrawn.

The Waster. By MRS. HENRY TIPPETT. (John Long. 6s.)

The whole of this book is taken up in proving that the waster is not a waster at all, but a very kind-hearted if somewhat unconventional person. Like so many of the heroes of present-day fiction, he is an artist, preferring to paint pictures rather than accede to his father's wishes and enter the Army. The tale is prettily told, and there are several embellishments in the way of stories related to a child, and accounts of one or two dreams; but it is not possible to see very far into the lives of any of the characters. None of them develops to any great extent; they are handled very lightly by their creator, with the result that they do not make a very insistent appeal to the reader. There is no saving grace of humour, and the continual repetition of the phrase, "I am only the waster you know," with one or two variants, is very irritating. Evelyn, the woman of the world, and Chloe, the child beautiful, both love the hero in their different ways, and they who read to the end of the book will discover in what manner the waster made his choice.

Musical Anarchy

THE production of five orchestral pieces by Arnold Schönberg at Queen's Hall has created quite a sensation. We had thought that we had gone as far as it is possible in the direction of the Ultra Modern, but Schönberg leaves his most advanced colleagues panting after him in vain. He is avowedly an unabashed "anarchist" in music; key, harmony, and melodic outline have absolutely no meaning for him. He starts and finishes most of his pieces with what sounds like a combination—one hardly likes to call it a chord—consist-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ing of all the notes of the scale. It is seldom possible to disinter anything that suggests a melodic phrase, and his scheme of orchestral colour is as unusual as his ideas regarding the other constituents of music.

It is very difficult to know how one should treat such a phenomenon. One's first inclination is to say everything that the critics of the 'sixties used to say about Wagner, and their descendants in the 'nineties used to say about Strauss. One might say that Schönberg's music *is* what those people thought Strauss' and Wagner's music to be. At the time they were both absolutely wrong, yet one cannot help thinking that in this case it is absolutely right to point out that there are limits. It must not be forgotten, however, that there are quite serious people in Germany who are making a cult of Schönberg, and that Schönberg himself is a man who thinks seriously about his Art, and has embodied his thinking in a solid volume. One should be just, and try to discover what his aims are, and he helps us by telling us in writing that he is not concerned with what he himself or others may or may not think beautiful, but with that which inner necessity compels him to express; to which, if the epigram were not so old-fashioned, one might retort, "Je n'en vois pas la nécessité."

Further, he says that his music expresses the experiences of his own soul. If that is so, all that can be said is that Providence treated him in a very stepmotherly fashion when it gave him a soul which lives through such horrid experiences.

It should be added that Schönberg is a painter who paints Futurist pictures. Perhaps it would make his music easier to understand if we realised that his outlook on music is analagous to his idea of painting. One might be inclined to say that his music is to that of the classics as a Cubist picture is to the Sistine Madonna, but that would be only half the truth. One should compare his orchestral pieces with "Don Quixote" and "Heldenleben." By contrast they are models of classical austerity and restrained beauty.

It is not only in respect of the harmonisation and the shape, or lack of shape of his themes only, that Schönberg prefers to be a law unto himself; it is also in respect of the kind of noise that he causes his orchestra to make so persistently that one can see no trace of design, unless it can be that his one wish is to make all the instruments do the most unusual things all the time, with results which, to the ordinary listener, are unredeemed monotony.

In the circumstances one need not be ashamed to admit that it is quite impossible to say whether or not the music was well played. One can only assume that it was, knowing that a good deal of trouble was taken in the preparation. One had not suspected Sir Henry Wood of being a great musical humorist, but certainly the contrast between the Gounod "Hymne à Ste. Cécile" and Schönberg, which were next to each other on the programme, was exceedingly piquant.

A. KALISCH.

Developments in Photography—I

By HALDANE MACFALL.

THE last few months have been full of rumours, veiled hints, and aggressive boastings as to the advance of photography towards the conquest of colour. The marvellously fine colour work of the Scala Picture-Theatre, especially in its yachting series, and in the reviews of troops in India by the King, has shown that in luminous work—that is to say, in transparent colour flung upon a screen—the advance has been very great. It was inevitable that the artist-photographers should bend all their powers towards conquering the colour print on opaque paper—a very different problem, a far harder nut to crack. The scientific colour-printing on the glass plate has been conquered, only to prove that colour could be caught but in crude fashion—and it is little likely that this skill will be bettered, since, as far as it goes, it is being done marvellously well. That this scientific printing should be transferred to paper followed as a matter of course, since three-colour printing itself could reproduce it by mechanical means. But the personality of the photographer is lacking therein quite as much as the print is on the other hand crude and untrue to the mellowing perception of the human eye. Then there has been much fuss about Paget and other colour-printing papers, which have revealed a poor sense of colour in their champions. It was clear that the artistic printing of the photograph must not only depend upon an ingrained faculty to see the monochrome picture with personal vision, but that the colour-handling must be under the personal control of the artist-photographer. Of the methods which give this control, there can be no doubt that the bromoil and the bichromate work are leagues ahead of all others.

The display of the Photographic Salon in Pall Mall East will be memorable for the impetus it has given to these prodigious advances in England; and it will redound to the honour of the generous and self-effacing policy of that body in the years to come that they gave this display. In this province the exhibition now being held in the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society is one of the most important London has seen for a long time. For two or three seasons, the influences at work within the Society have steadily been building up the position that was to lead to this triumph; and it is only just to give credit to the spade-work before we cheer for the success. The Society is to be congratulated upon the liberal and generous policy that impelled it to keep its doors open to all comers—above all, in its self-abnegation in showing no favour to its own members—and, mark you, this is all the more a matter for recognition when we remember that the Society, without any help or subsidies from without, has to fall back for all financial support upon these very members who came out into the arena and took their falls, foot to foot, with all comers. Such a policy calls for a generosity not easy to overrate; how rich has been the result and the reward! We are all full of fine sentiments,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

but when it comes to putting our hands in our pockets we recall the old schoolboy saw: "Are you certain?" "Yes." "Will you swear?" "Yes." "Will you bet?" "I never gamble."

The Society had two well-marked policies from which to choose. On the one hand was the close Society wherein a group of exquisite craftsmen decide to stand together, allow no work to be shown that is not as technically fine as their own, send but a very limited number of exhibits, and display these to the best advantage without any conflicting neighbours of a differing craftsmanship. This system has many fascinating advantages. It has, however, its own punishment. Mere technical excellence in one narrow field soon leads to a hide-bound convention and a limited achievement—if a very exquisite achievement. Soon decay sets in, for no new blood enters into its vitals—new blood is sensitive as well as vitalising, and, once turned aside, it avoids the channels that lead through the portals of the close society. The Salon wisely set aside all such temptation to self-glorification, and doggedly made for the larger adventure. That the colour movement met with considerable suspicion there is scant room for doubt; but that there was some astute and masterly spirit—or that there were several—who persuaded the others to break new ground, and that the others were liberal enough to be persuaded—these things all add to the dignity of the Society. That there are those who look upon colour-printing as bastard photography, whilst they hail monochrome as sacred, it passes the wit of man to justify; but we must not become entangled in the logic-chopping of legitimacy.

That the catholicity of the Salon has freed the display from all second-rate work it would be idle to maintain. There are monochrome prints of such high achievement that it follows that the same craftsmen must have had fine works among the rejected. But this is the fortune of war—and war is rampant with injustices. That there is an absence of "faked" stuff it would be vain to deny—indeed, there are too many Wardour Street dressed-up ladies of the Georgian days, bowing or the like to cocked-hatted models with swords and elegancies. What has all this to do with the essentially modern eye of the camera's lens? Why dress up in a bygone crinoline when all life and nature are pulsing to be "took"? The finely stated street scenes of Mr. Blake; the richly observed "Bavarian Village," with its foreground bridge, of Mr. McKissack; the "St. Paul's" of Mr. Anderson; the "Spirit of the Temple" of Mr. Romano; the excellent work of Mr. Pecsi, especially his lighting in the portrait of a lady; the craftsmanship of Mr. Reinard; the poetic moods of Mr. Buckham's "Haunted House" and the "Mall Arch," and of Mr. Hofmeister's "Summer Evening"; the beautifully designed "Man's Handiwork" of Mr. Sellors; the portraits of Miss Lilian Braithwaite and Mr. Laurence Irving by Mr. Velicogna; the portraiture of Mr. Paulus and of Mr. Kalmar; the work of Dr. Boon; the fine "Carmen" of Anny Heimann; the remarkable character study of Hermann Bahr by Rudolph and Minny Dührkoop; the portraiture of Mr. Dorrenbach, of Mr. Meyer, of Mr. Seyton Scott, of Grete Rosenberg; the finely lit "Miss Mona Limerick" and the "Mrs. Charles Buchel" of Mr. Bertram Park; the "G. K. Chesterton" of Mr. Murchison; the "Mr. John Tower" of Mr. Maynard; the charming "Fruit and Sunlight" of Mrs. Keene; the beautifully lit "La Chanteuse" of Mr. Puyo; the treatment of flesh in the nude by Mrs. Tilden; the glowing "Portrait mit Sonne" of Schlosser u. Wenisch; the portraiture of Mr. Hollyer; the decorative nude of Mr. Pecsi; the "White Cottage" of Mr. Chislett; the "Mother and Child" of the Maynards; the tender white harmonies of Mr. Adams's "Goldfish"; the "Mother and Child" of Mr. Szekely; the "Blossom" of Grete Back; the rich designs of Mr. Mortimer-Lamb's "The Vase" and "At the Organ," and of Mr. Holding's "In the Studio"; the vivid sea-pieces and sea-moods of Mr. Mortimer; the masterly "Siebenbürgische Landschaft" of Olga von Koncz; the action of Mr. Erfurth's "Dance"; the rural life of Mr. Keighley's "Village Fair"; the work of d'Ora; the street scenes of Dr. Evershed, of Mr. Dubreuil; the landscapes of Mr. Meyer, especially his "Winter," and of Mr. Penman; the "Concarneau" of Mr. Demachy; the "Pont Neuf" of Mr. Charles Emanuel; the compositions of W. and G. Parrish; not to mention several others—all this is vital stuff, far removed from the studio "fake" that has been such a blight upon much painting. Not only is there this wide achievement, but the large policy of the Society has drawn to its gallery the work of some of the first artist-photographers of Europe. There is freedom from a narrow intention, not only of personality, but of craftsmanship, of tone, of quality, ay, even of papers and materials. This is all to the good. One would like to see the life of the day more widely interpreted, and action outside the arrangement of the studio more keenly essayed; but that will come as soon as the studio "fake" is properly scorned.

Our Public Schools and their Critics

By PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG.

OUR larger Public Schools have been recently the object of much criticism coming from different quarters, and this criticism has in some cases taken the form of violent invective. It is admitted by most of the critics that these institutions play a very important part in our national life and in the formation of our national character; the question proposed for solution by these critics is whether the influence on our nation exercised by these important schools is altogether a healthy one.

The main charges against them fall under two heads: the first and more recent is that they artificially foster a spirit of caste, so that those who leave these schools, by their mere demeanour, excite the resentment of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

those whom they consider as the lower classes, and hence tend to augment the existing unrest. The second is that the education given at our Public Schools is not that best fitted to enable them to fight the battle of life and to fake their place in the community as good citizens.

My comment on the first charge is that the word *caste* is a question-begging word, and needs before usage to be defined. Mr. Gladstone remarked of the English people that one of their main characteristics was their attachment to inequality. It seems quite true that we as a nation love liberty, but care little for *égalité* in the French sense of the term. Probably most of us have the feeling, though it mostly remains unspoken, that it is good for us as a nation and as individuals that our society should form, as it were, a hierarchy in which each successive grade when attained should offer special attractions. The qualities which enable any given person to rise in the social scale are manifold—wealth, talent, uprightness, refinement, all play their part, and the reward for the acquisition of such qualities is social promotion. The vice attendant on our system is snobbishness: the besetting sin of a nation with a passion for equality is envy and hatred, and of the two the English system seems productive of the least evil.

If, however, caste is to be understood in the sense of a class standing aloof from and despising its fellow-citizens, it must be looked on as unreservedly bad. It may be observed that whenever we meet with a body of men brought into close contact with each other and animated by a common aim we have all the elements which go to form a caste of some kind, *i.e.*, to take some place more or less well defined in the social scale. Each profession forms a caste. People of similar fortunes form a caste. The Universities form a caste, and no amount of democratisation will ever succeed in abolishing this tendency, for should a new commission flood our old Universities with working men, castes will still be formed there of those who have similar refinement, similar tastes, and similar social position. And these castes will become more and more exclusive as their position is more and more assailed, just as the old Knickerbocker families in New York have by sheer aloofness from the multitude managed to create an aristocracy of birth probably more exclusive than our own aristocracy.

It is generally felt among us that the fact of belonging to a caste or particular grade of society entails the performance of some particular duty to the nation, higher castes as a rule feeling this obligation more strongly than the lower. The question then arises whether the caste feeling existing in public schools really is different in kind from, or more pernicious in its effects than, that prevailing in other grades of society, such as in the learned professions. In my opinion it is probably somewhat stronger than in most other grades, from the fact that the boys in schools are necessarily brought into closer contact than in ordinary cases of caste formation. It must be conceded, however, that this very compactness permits the influences of the school authorities to permeate the mass of boys entrusted to their care. But to the question whether the caste feeling in a public school promotes snobbishness I emphatically say no. Any boy who boasted of his superior wealth or family would at once be tabooed by his fellow-scholars as guilty of "putting on side," an unpardonable offence in a schoolboy.

As to the education given at these schools I think that there is much truth on the side of the critics, though they hardly seem to me to hit the exact blot. They complain as a rule that the subjects of education taught in the schools are unsuitable. This criticism has something of truth, as Mr. Benson has shown in his account of the teaching at his own great public school. But what seems to me a deeper defect than the unsuitability of the subjects themselves is the unliterary way in which these subjects are taught.

This is the weakness in our public school teaching complained of by foreign critics, such as M. Taine, whose charge against our schools is that the scholars in them are not trained to take a disinterested intellectual interest in things of the mind. "No trouble," he says, "is taken to point out the literary excellence of the great classics which are the subjects of study. The boys do not seem to have caught the spirit of the history they are reading; the reflections which they make on great authors show no thought or originality; they do not seem to realise the difference of ideas current in different epochs or centuries. The master does not speak to his pupils as a critic to persons of taste, he does not seek to refine their literary tact, he does not induce them to form independent literary judgments on the great authors of their country." The young Frenchman, on the contrary, according to M. Taine, possesses at the age of nineteen a good general education, a store of ideas, a decided preference for certain authors and certain styles; embryo theories, vague views on the theory of the Beautiful, on history, on philosophy; and he has at least the idea that there exist vast questions of general interest on which it is advisable to make up one's mind, that this necessity is the more pressing because scepticism is in the air. If a student does not resolve to confront the great problems of life which demand solution, there is no system of religion which can help him, and therefore he must create for himself his own harbour of safety.

The great problem then is, how are we to set about reforming our public schools so as to render the atmosphere of these schools more literary, and to cultivate a feeling of reverence for the boy of studious habits and scholarly attainments such as is at present accorded to the athlete of the school? It seems to me that the movement must begin in the boys' homes: not till the parents have learnt to take a deeper interest in their sons' and daughters' studies, and to realise the fact that humanism and ideas tend to develop nobility in life, can we expect a real change in the intellectual atmosphere of our schools. At the same time, we must desire to see that the masters shall be chosen, first and foremost, for their scholarship and for their devotion to education,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and less for their prowess in athletics. My experience is that in Scottish homes much more sympathy is accorded to the sons and daughters of the house who are at school or college than in the ordinary English homes; the parents converse more commonly with their children on the subject of their studies, and endeavour to excite and sustain their interest in these.

The vexed but important question of the curriculum of studies pursued at our public schools cannot be discussed in this short paper, but there is no doubt that some differentiation should be made between the studies prescribed for boys who wish to devote themselves as specialists to scholarship and those who simply wish to equip themselves in the best manner for fighting the battle of life.

Napoleon the Third*—II

BY E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

IT cannot be claimed that the memoirs of the Baron D'Ambès throw much new light on the history of the Second Empire. The world must wait in patience for fresh sensations and novelties when the memoirs and secret documents of the Empress Eugénie are published at the prescribed period fifty years after her death—a time which we hope will be considerably shortened, as public interest even in matters of world-wide importance passes very rapidly in this strenuous age. The real interest and value of the book under review is the picture it presents of the social, literary, political and military life under the Second Empire, and of the intimate character sketches of the principal actors in that strange and in many ways unnatural epoch. It also brings out very clearly and skilfully the gradual development of the Emperor's character from the time when the Baron first met him as a wandering exile in Switzerland, all through the strange ups and downs of his chequered career, to the last painful scene at Chislehurst when the Emperor, shorn of all his glory, lies dying in an alien land, the guest of the very nation which had held his mighty uncle a prisoner at St. Helena.

The changes, developments, and gradual decay of the character of Napoleon III are worth careful study. The apogee of the man, as also of his Empire, may be said to have been reached at the beginning of his intervention in Italian affairs, and the height of his glory when he returned to Paris to lead through the capital the army which conquered at Magenta and Solferino. From this period to the end the Empire is gradually sinking, and the master daily loses his grasp of affairs. The man who risked all on the *coup d'état* becomes incapable of arriving at any decision. He is blown first this way and then that by advisers, and, above all, by the masterful character of the Empress. He becomes more and more the dreamer and philosopher, trusting blindly to fate, and content to allow everything to drift onwards to an end he no longer professes to foresee or control. His interest in State affairs evaporates, his physical energy likewise declines, and he resorts more and more to amusements and pageants, which help to blind himself and the French people to the rottenness and decay of the Imperial structure. He no longer makes the Corps Legislative the instrument of his will; he himself becomes a tool in its hand, and the fate of the Empire may be said to have been sealed when the control of the administration was entrusted to Ollivier and the Liberal-Imperialist party, who, blind to facts and to the repeated warnings of Marshal Niel refused to reorganise the French Army and the defences of the Frontier so as to make them in a measure commensurate with the vast forces which Bismarck and Moltke could control.

It is the legend which brings about the ruin of France and the fall of another Napoleonic Emperor. The successes of the French arms in the Crimea, the victories of Magenta and Solferino, and, above all, the conquest of Algeria, had brought to the front a school of soldiers who believed themselves and French arms invincible because they had routed despicable foes. Four hundred and forty thousand Frenchmen, with an Emperor bearing the name of Napoleon at their head, were supposed to be more than a match for 12,000,000 Germans led by a Bismarck and a Moltke. Even with this grave disproportion France might yet have put up a good fight if only the four hundred thousand had been properly organised and properly led. But the organisation was almost non-existent; the transport was lacking; the battalions were short of their proper quota, and the generals were so jealous of one another that they preferred to see a comrade beaten by a superior force rather than go to his assistance. For the deplorable state of the Army and for the dissensions in its ranks Napoleon III is chiefly to blame. He as Emperor was its supreme head, and he possessed every facility for ascertaining the truth. The Napoleonic legend without a military genius to carry it forward is only a grave danger to the country whose fortunes it controls.

Napoleon III was no organiser, was absolutely lacking in any military genius or even military knowledge, and seemed equally incapable of realising the lessons of history that should have been learnt from the many successes and disasters of his uncle. In all history there is surely no more pathetic or ironical incident than that of a Napoleon being ordered off a battlefield by the existing Commander-in-Chief, who refuses to fight while he remains, as he considers the Imperial intervention harmful to the campaign. Yet this is what happened to Napoleon III the day before the decisive battle of Gravelotte, when Bazaine insisted that he should quit the army together with the Prince Imperial and dispatched the cavalry of the Imperial Guard to act as his escort.

These memoirs will be widely read for the picture they present of France during twenty years of splendour, but it is to be feared that they will do little to raise Napoleon III in the estimation of posterity, which is evidently the task which the Baron D'Ambès set him-

* *Intimate Memoirs of Napoleon III.* By the late BARON D'AMBES. Edited and translated by A. R. ALLINSON, M.A. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 24s. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

self to perform. The reverse is rather the case. In endeavouring to defend the unfortunate Emperor he has confirmed almost all the charges which historians have brought against him. In trying to place the blame for his miserable mistakes in foreign policy and for his general weakness and vacillation during the second decade of his reign on the shoulders of the Empress Eugénie and his unfortunate choice of advisers, the Baron conclusively proves how unfitted the Emperor was to fill a throne at all, more especially a throne bequeathed him by the greatest monarch of all times. If a ruler is content to be governed by his wife and by a small clique whose interests are chiefly financial, he cannot blame posterity for holding a very low opinion of his qualifications for such an exalted post as the Throne of France. But the Emperor will probably be judged more leniently by posterity, because the world now grasps the salient fact that it was not Napoleon III who created and maintained in almost unparalleled outward splendour for twenty years the Second Empire—it was France which, unable to shake off the Napoleonic legend, deliberately chose to maintain a bastard Napoleon at the head of the State.

If Louis Napoleon had not been available anyone who bore the same name and who was the legitimate successor of the Napoleonic traditions would have been elevated to the head of the State by similar or different means. It was not Louis Napoleon's abilities which elevated him to the head of the State—it was the shadow and traditions of his mighty uncle which clouded the imaginative mind of France to all lesser lights until no ruler except a Napoleon became possible. Guizot, the historian, the Prime Minister of Louis Philippe, foresaw clearly the miseries which were in store for France if she chose to coquette once again with a Napoleon and to entrust her destinies to one of that house. "The genius and the renown of Napoleon Bonaparte have nothing to fear from the light of history. Every succeeding generation will do him justice. Supreme in the arts of war and of civil administration, and all powerful, yet he constantly made a bad use of his power, and took no cognisance of the eternal laws of justice and of truth. The startling dream with which he dazzled France has passed away, but the memory still remains weakened but ever fatal to our unhappy country."

Of the private character of Napoleon III the Baron D'Ambès draws a very pleasing picture. He seems to have been a good friend and to have possessed a kind heart and pleasure-loving disposition. As was only befitting the son of Hortense, he carried on the traditions of her amorous heart far more successfully than the policy and tradition of his great uncle. Always extremely susceptible to the charms of a pretty woman, his passion increased instead of moderating with more mature years. Towards the end of his reign, when he apparently realised that he was incapable of controlling the ship of State, he was quite content to abandon the tiller for prolonged periods and to betake himself to Vichy or to some other favourite resort, and there to get rid of his cares in the more congenial society of his many mistresses, on whom he spent enormous sums of money. The Baron D'Ambès gives us many an amusing picture of these revels and of the unwelcome visits of the Empress to her erring husband when he wished her hundreds of miles away. . . . If the end of Napoleon III was miserable it was no worse than his feeble character entitled the world to expect. Let us conclude by repeating a last picture drawn by a writer who went to see him as he lay in state at Chislehurst after his death: "Once Ambassadors trembled to hear the words that fell from his lips; once Europe could not hold Cæsar and his fortunes, and now a narrow room, a narrow bed, a narrow coffin." A fitting sketch of the end of the legend!

Literary Values

THE bookman is a conservative fellow. He reads and re-reads his favourite books with unflagging zest. He has a fine regard for the niceties of style, and a love for literary traditions and associations. He frankly admits that the work of his contemporaries, with one or two exceptions, has little interest for him, and he will assert with equal frankness that he finds in the literature stamped with the classic *imprimatur* a compact and all-sufficing little world. He may concede the advance of science, but he will stolidly refuse to believe that classic literature can ever be surpassed, that its literary value can ever change. To him Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, will ever be associated with all that is best in poetry. He will find in the letters of Cowper, FitzGerald, and Lamb the cream of the epistolary art, and supply world-honoured names for every other phase of literature with an exactness that leaves no room for doubt in his own mind. He has a solemn detestation for the philistine, the man who attempts to belittle the work of universally-recognised genius. He objects to the philistine's method of attack, forgetting for the moment that when Johnson's pistol of argument missed fire he was prone to knock down his adversary with the butt-end of it. The bookman regards his treasured books as gods, and woe betide the man, primed with the spirit of revolt, who attempts to throw down those divinities in order to give emphasis to some new-fangled theory.

There is such a thing as a slavish regard for a great literary name. We have met many who would never dare to admit the obscurity of Browning, much less write about him as Wilde did in connection with Meredith, for fear of being regarded as outside the pale of literary respectability. There are many who praise a famous book simply because others have praised it for generations, but only a few who are sufficiently honest to form an independent opinion. Is it possible that our good bookman is in error? Is it possible that some of his gods have feet of clay and are running down the hill of change into the place of the forgotten? When Darwin first introduced his evolution theory, the world

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

was staggered, and religionists pounced upon him as a heretic; but now religion and science go hand in hand, and we have discovered, to our infinite comfort, that the inrush of Truth can never destroy, but rather strengthens our spiritual aspirations. Surely the bookman, who lives for the most part in the past, should be cognisant of the present and not wholly blind to the shaping of the future. He must be willing to adjust his opinion of certain books, willing to admit that the hall-mark of approval expressed five hundred years ago may have become slightly obliterated by the more exacting and more enlightened criticism of a later period. He must get used to the fact that literary values are in a constant state of flux simply because the classics stand still while we are moving forward.

Mr. Albert Mordell, who has evidently read widely but with considerable bias, has recently published a suggestive little volume* in which he states his opinions concerning many great classics. His views are not orthodox, but they are honest, and as such deserve attention. He is not a crude philistine entering the ranks of literary criticism solely for the purpose of trying to smash long-established reputations just for the fun of the thing. He belongs to the progressive school of thought, and is anxious to make us think about the classics instead of dreaming about them. We cannot agree with Mr. Mordell on many points, but we are bound to admit that there is a certain amount of truth in his argument, much to commend in his appeal that we should reverently examine some of our literary gods, and test them, not by ancient tradition, ancient praise, but in the light of modern thought. He observes "that changes in morality must affect literary values, that some of the classics idealise views of life now obsolete, that these books are therefore responsible for the existence of some of our moral and intellectual stagnancy, and that a new and critical outlook upon them is called for."

It is not difficult to discover the main inspiration of Mr. Mordell's argument. He is an ardent admirer of Nietzsche. We may listen to Nietzsche on his interpretation of Dionysus or Zoroaster, pore over his attack on priestcraft and monasticism, and be mildly bewildered, but by no means impressed, by his "superman" theories and his plea for a state beyond good and evil; but we cannot, as Mr. Mordell has done, accept him as a literary guide. Nietzsche was more dogmatic than a Salvationist. He flung his barren idea of joy at us, and remained to the last one of the most joyless of men. His philosophy was Wagner's music turned upside down. But Mr. Mordell sees in his wildest utterances the shining light of truth, and, strong in this belief, he proceeds to examine certain classics, and to taboo those that do not happen to fall in line with what he regards as the spirit of the age. It is a pity that he has blindly followed Nietzsche, for his argument on many points would have stood without dragging in Christianity in a way that will estrange many who would otherwise be grateful for some of his suggestions. But he lays much stress on religion and morality. He is so busy in discovering the truth or falsity of certain classics that he omits to do justice to the style and manner of treatment. It is the actual material, its veracity or otherwise, with which he is concerned, and not the language in which it has been presented. He sees in the literature of the past effete movements that no longer apply to the needs of to-day; ethics incompatible with human nature; religion containing worthless superstition; and because he sees such things he desires us to abandon worshipping books in which such notions are incorporated.

He asserts that monasticism, feudalism, puritanism, and asceticism can no longer be accepted by the intellectuals of to-day. But must we read no books in which these forces were in eminence? Are we to hedge ourselves about with modernity and ignore the rich store of the past just because we consider we have new grain and a more precious harvest? Mr. Mordell writes: "The books that were *most* impregnated with emotions connected with these false dogmas and creeds are the ones that should not be placed in the list of the world's great books." Mr. Mordell is anti-Christian in his ideas, and for that reason he would have us close St. Augustine's "Confessions" and à Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," and open and study the "Dialogues" of Lucian by way of a salutary remedy. He would have us abhor the sensual women of Boccaccio and revel in the enlightened Noras of Ibsen. Nietzsche may have called Dante "a hyæna poetizing in the tombs" and Walpole may have described him as a "Methodist parson in Bedlam," but such coarse comments do not for a moment conceal the beauty of the "Divina Commedia." If there is feudalism in the "Faerie Queene," puritanism in "Paradise Lost" and the "Pilgrim's Progress," and an effete chivalry in the "Morte d'Arthur," such things do not detract from their literary value. Mr. Mordell's love of modernity surely runs riot when he finds something up-to-date, and therefore to be commended, in Milton's remarks on divorce, and much to be severely criticised in "Paradise Lost."

When he ceases to denounce books that have owed their inspiration to religion, and deals with literary values apart from Nietzsche, he is on safer and more profitable ground. No one will deny that many books published to-day and forgotten to-morrow would have been heralded as masterpieces a century ago. The critics who described Charlotte Brontë as "unsexed" on perusing "Jane Eyre" would have found no words sufficiently strong to describe some of our women writers of to-day. The so-called poems of Ossian created a furore when they were published, but who ever dreams of discussing James Macpherson now? Mr. Mordell's book is decidedly interesting, but he has allowed anti-Christain ideas to bias his opinion on the one hand, and on the other he has not taken into consideration the value of the classics in relation to the age in which they were written. If we have seen more of beauty and have drunk more deeply from the well of Truth than the ancients we have only done so because the great writers of the past have shown us the way.

F. HADLAND DAVIS.

* *The Shifting of Literary Values.* By ALBERT MORDELL. (The International.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

I HAVE received a letter from Madeira which refers to a sinister rumour. It seems that there is a report that the number of motor-cars in the island is to be increased, in preparation for the winter season. This may come in the light of good news to some; but, for myself, I sincerely trust that no such innovation will be attempted. Madeira, as it is, is probably one of the most perfect islands in the world. Its mountains, valleys, and sea are of a peculiarly slumberous beauty, which certainly needs no other aid but that of its brilliant wealth of flowers. As to its vehicles, what could be more suitable than the picturesque ox-carro, and the sledges which come gliding down the cobbles of the mountain roads, and dodging the flower and wicker-chair laden groups of the Madeirense in the rapid course of the downward toboganning? Even the few motor-cars which have been plying between the Praça and the Casina are surely superfluous, and to think of an added flock of these noisy wayfarers is to picture desecration. The motor-car is admirable in its place, and I should be the last to decry its merits. But that place is not Madeira. Nevertheless, if the threatened project should actually mature, the very pleasant island will still possess a formidable weapon of self-defence. A motor with tyres which can successfully resist the cobbles of the quaint streets of Funchal has yet to be invented. So it is unlikely that the carros of Madeira will go the way of the London hansom-cab just yet.

. . . . . .

Although I have not undertaken any stay of length in Portugal since the disappearance of the monarchy and the creation of the Republic, it has recently been my lot to pay flying visits to the various Lusitanian ports. Putting all questions of actual politics aside, there can be no doubt that the Republic has very distinctly failed to benefit in a material fashion from the social upheaval of a few years ago. Regarding the situation from the tourist point of view, the railway and shipping companies have had little on which to congratulate themselves lately. It is true that the periodical alarums and excursions which have disturbed the peace of the country during the past two years have left the Lusitanian beauty spots untroubled. Nevertheless, the shadow of political unrest has hung heavily over the land. The cautious pleasure-traveller is given to bear in mind the possibilities as well as the probabilities inherent in a situation of the kind. Steamship agencies, for their part, are naturally loth to express an undue confidence in a situation with which they are only a little better acquainted than the general public. Hence the hesitation and the comparative desertion of Portugal.

The Portuguese Government, it appears, is by no means blind to the disadvantages of the present situation, since it has taken over into its official charge the Propaganda Society which in the later days of the monarchy was beginning to effect no little good in rendering the outside world more familiar with the delights of Portugal. I am ignorant, however, whether this State department has actually achieved anything of the kind of late. The thing is to be regretted, for there are some very fair spots in Portugal, the attractions of which await nothing beyond a certain amount of enterprise to become more widely evident. Cintra and Busaco are, of course, sufficiently well known. The seaside resorts, however, such as Mount Estoril, Cascaes, and the other similar spots which dot a very balmy and brilliant coast were only on the eve of attaining recognition when the stream of tourists was turned off, as it were, from the main. But these, after all, constitute a very small proportion of what Portugal has to offer in the way of really pleasant haunts. Indeed, some of the most promising of all are those which are least known. Who, for instance, with the exception of those few who happen to make a speciality of such out-of-the-way districts, has ever heard of the Estrella Mountains and of the Algarve coast? Yet the panoramas of the former are in their own way as charming as those of any other mountain range in the world. And as to the latter, the Algarve, the Africa of Europe, its coast is unique in the Continent for the very reason for which it has been endowed by the Portuguese with its popular name.

. . . . . .

With the exception of the haunts surrounding the neighbourhood of the Lake of Geneva, and those others which lie at the foot of Mont Blanc and the Dent du Midi, the average tourist's knowledge of French Switzerland is insignificant compared with his acquaintance with the more popular German portions of the small Republic. Yet among the less rugged districts are many which in their own way are as attractive as the lands of the loftiest peaks. This is, perhaps, especially the case in the Canton of Neuchâtel, where the folds of the Jura Mountains enclose whole nests of quite delightful villages, which are to all intents and purposes untrodden by the common run of pleasure-seekers. The gabled and balconied dwellings of these villages lay claim to a most astonishing average of age, and innumerable are the seventeenth century dates carved clearly on their fronts. Until now the majority of these have remained the property of the peasants alone, and very few have yielded up their secrets to the Kodak. It is not surprising, this, for in a number of these districts the main roads are rare. Secluded spots such as these are still most conveniently approached by the old flagstones of the narrow Roman paths which lead through the forest. They are certainly the most appropriate approaches, but totally unfitted to the motor-car, without the aid of which so many people now refuse to travel.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"Levrak Beyuk"

"*Effendi*! *Effendi*! *Levrak beyuk . . . ordà*!" ("Sir, a great bass . . . down there!")

I SAT drinking black coffee in a vine-roofed garden of Deirmenderé on the south shore of the sapphire Gulf of Ismidt. The coffee was of delicious fragrance, and I had clapped my hands for the *cafeji* to bring two more of the tiny cups, one for myself and the other for the old greybeard who, having presented me with a large bunch of roses from his garden, was now excitedly pointing out a big fish paddling lazily at the foot of the steps. We were good friends, this old Turk and I, and whenever I sailed across the Gulf from Derinjé for such coffee as might have been served by Ganymede, he joined me with some little gift of fruit or flowers and tried hard to conceal his hatred of the "Committee," then at the zenith of its power, and his passionate devotion to the fallen Abd-ul-Hamid, whom I had seen driven forth from Yildiz six weeks earlier, deposed from the throne of Osman, and ignominiously despatched by a night train, with his women and his gewgaws, to helpless exile at Salonica. True, the eunuchs and spies of Yildiz were in chains or in hiding, but even under the "Constitution" everyone spied on his neighbour, and for this reason my venerable friend did his best to conceal his reactionary politics even from a tourist like myself.

"*Levrak beyuk!*" Yes; it was a noble fish, yet less by a good five pounds than one I had caught on the rod that same morning. When I mentioned the fact he looked polite surprise, and this is the story which I managed to piece together out of such broken phrases of Greek and Turkish as limped from my tongue.

The break of day had found me asleep in my little caïque anchored off the now deserted *lazarette* of Solujak, over on the north shore. A few weeks earlier, during that sinister "Affair of April," of which some of the "inspired" correspondents of European newspapers —particularly of Vienna and Cologne—had made such indigestible hash, the *lazarette* had been occupied by two companies of infantry charged with the special mission of stopping and overhauling every outgoing train on the Bagdad Railway bound for Eski-Chehir, so as to arrest deserters and mutineers. One afternoon I was taking coffee with the officers, when a train from Haidar Pacha came slowly to a standstill, stopped by riflemen posted across the track, and the Commandant, a grizzled war-dog, with memories of '77, made a great haul of more than eighty mutineers disguised as *hojas* (students of divinity) by a time-honoured *ruse* that had often done duty elsewhere. The whole company was turned out on a siding, and the old Colonel and his staff suddenly saluted, when the alleged *hojas*, taken by surprise, gave the military *teminah*, thereby betraying their true trade, and found themselves straightway under arrest. As I described the incident, I watched the pale blue eyes looking at me over the coffee cup, but, though I afterwards learnt that it was news to Deirmenderé, there was not a flicker. Well, the troops had been removed to the capital, which was still under martial law and the heavy hand of Mahmud Shevket, and Solujak was left to the bats and swallows.

Here, then, with a great moon hanging red over the mountains of Anatolia, and "beginning to faint" in the light that she loved better in those days than I did—since it meant scorching heat after seven or eight in the morning—I awoke and gently kicked my Greek servant to attention. Nikko, swearing softly and respectfully in such Levantine *patois* as matched the attenuated strain of Hellene blood in his veins, got out the oars, and I soon baited my hook with a bunch of *carides* (prawns) and paid out twenty-four feet of single gut and fifty more of line beside, slipped the check on the reel and held the light rod out over the stern, while Nikko rowed slowly over the shallows at the edge of the deep water. Heavy buffalo moved lazily in the high reeds. A black stork, a rare and interesting bird, stood listening hungrily to the chorus of frogs just beyond reach of its bill. And still Nikko pulled quietly past the empty *lazarette*, and I waited, and . . . *bang! bang!* a great splash in the dim light astern, and the rod bends and the reel raises its querulous voice to a steady hum as fathom after fathom flies out through the rings. There is no wisdom in trying to check that first pride of a big bass. On the contrary, Nikko, now suddenly awake to the main chance, throws all his weight on the paddles and backs water, stopping the caïque within her own length. The *levrak* is still now, and I get back a little of the line, gingerly enough, for the next rush. . . . ah! there it goes, making obliquely for the reeds, and, as the great fish flounders in the shallows, the shaggy head of a tame water-buffalo looks over the screen and mild eyes gaze with bovine curiosity on the fray.

Another pause; more line in; I can see both head and tail now, and know this for the biggest bass I ever caught. Caught? The "captive" is away again, tearing off the line, bending the rod, dashing out into the deeper water at a pace that it would be madness to dispute. Yet when next I reel in, it is with that sudden confidence that unaccountably inspires the fisherman when he knows instinctively that the prize is his for the taking. This curious premonition that all is well seldom deceives him, yet I needed all my hope on this occasion, for, of a sudden, the bass made a dive under the boat and out of ken, and the line went slack below the rod. This can portend but one disaster. The fish must have broken away. Nikko Yanni, my Asiatic Greek, who must have in his veins some of the blood of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, looks sleepily over the side and utters an ejaculation in a tongue that would have been Arabic to Homer. No wonder, for there lies the bass on its side in the long weed, gasping heavily and obviously anchored to something—it afterwards proved to be a nail projecting from our keel—that prevents it from regaining its liberty. The occasion makes the man, and for once Nikko forswears his brothers of Ephesus, and, grasping the landing-net in one hand, leaps over the side to a most gallant rescue. Next

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

moment, ere I well realise what has happened, he is holding on to the gunwale, with the great bass floundering in the net, and spluttering, "*Hedò, mussyu, hedò!*" ("Here, sir, here!") With which that good and faithful servant scrambles in over the side.

Seventeen pounds the fish weighed, and the good and faithful servant, to whom, as seemed only fair, it was presented, with a whole holiday, that he might take train to Stamboul to sell it for dollars in the fish-market, had been away all day, doubtless converting one at any rate of the dollars into *mastic* and *raki* in which he and his friends at his native Pendik might drink his health.

This is why I am sitting in the vine-roofed *café* at Deirmenderé watching the sun set in its blaze of gold and violet over the Sea of Marmora and listening to the babble of sunburnt cherry-pickers returning from their day's labours in the climbing orchards behind the village. The old Turk is retailing, in happier phrase no doubt, my morning's experience to some of his cronies. A high-prowed fishing boat, rowed by lean and lusty Armenians, passes close to the shore, and the *reis*, another acquaintance of mine, gives me cheery greeting as they swing up the Gulf. Far away on the north shore is a trail of smoke from Nikko's train, the last of the day, which has just left Héréké, where the Sultan has his silk factory.

And so I haul my little sail and wave the greybeard *Au revoir* and run back to Derinjé, with a great basket of ripe cherries, two large lobsters and half a dozen red mullet for my larder. By dinner time, I hope, the lobsters will be as scarlet as the rest. By nightfall I shall leave my pleasant, if lonely, banquet, to sleep once more in my little caïque, dreaming of new conquests on the morrow, with nightingales and frogs singing my lullaby in friendly rivalry beside the moonlit shallows of Solujak.

F. G. AFLALO.

John Payne and his Work

An Intimate Appreciation

By THOMAS WRIGHT OF OLNEY.

MR. JOHN PAYNE, the distinguished poet and translator, was born on August 23, 1842, consequently he was but a few weeks ago seventy. His childhood and youth were spent in London and Bristol. In the 'sixties he was thrown into the company of George Eliot and George Henry Lewes; and later he formed friendships with Arthur O'Shaughnessy, Ford Madox Brown, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Bell Scott, Burne-Jones, and John Trivett Nettleship, the animal painter and mystic who had been influenced by Blake, and made a painting of God with eyes turned inward upon His own glory.

In 1870 appeared Payne's first volume, "The Masque of Shadows," which contains, among other brilliant poems, "The Rime of Redemption," perhaps the most terrific fantasy in the language; and a copy was sent to Swinburne. Thirty-five years later Swinburne said to me, "I well remember the incident. Two young poets sent me their first volumes, O'Shaughnessy and Payne. O'Shaughnessy's had no merit, but I saw at once that Payne was a true poet. His 'Rime of Redemption' is a masterpiece." Swinburne and Payne first met at Madox Brown's, 37, Fitzroy Square, and Payne subsequently formed friendships with Victor Hugo, Theodore de Banville, Leconte de Lisle, Stéphane Mallarmé, Villiers de l'Isle Adam, and other French poets. Between 1871 and 1878 Payne published three more volumes of poems, one of which, "Intaglios," was reviewed by Swinburne, who described its contents as "exquisite and clear-cut," and selected for special praise "Sleepers" and "One that Watches." It was not, however, until the appearance of the splendid translation of Villon that Payne really became famous. He surrounded himself with new glory in 1882-4 by the publication of his matchless version of the "Arabian Nights." Burton's "Arabian Nights," as I proved in my "Life of Sir Richard Burton," chiefly by putting long passages in parallel columns and by citations from Burton's own letters, is simply Payne's altered and spoilt.

Payne next issued his translations of Boccaccio (three volumes), 1886; Bandello (six volumes), 1890; Omar Khayyam, 1898; and Hafiz (three volumes), 1901. His two fine volumes of "Collected Poems" appeared in 1902. Then followed "Flowers of France" (translations from the French lyrists), 1906-7; five volumes of original verse, 1903-9; and the translation of Heine (three volumes) in 1911.

To give a just idea of the poetical beauty, the nimbleness of execution, the surprises, the humour, and the pathos of the Heine is impossible. The work itself must be read. Beside it, all other renderings of this poet are wooden and sapless. Payne has caught the very spirit of the tender, airy, mocking, fantastic Jew; and yet, wonderful as has been his achievement, he has really done no more for Heine than he did for Villon, Boccaccio, and Hafiz. In short, all are classics. The following delightful presentment of Heine at his sweetest is as light and lovely as a soap bubble; but none but Payne could have given it both rondure and iridescence and have set it sailing in our sweet English air:—

ANGELS

(*in an Album*).

Doubting Thomas, I, in Heaven
I believe not, for our home,
Promised by the Churches Seven
Of Jerusalem and Rome.

But for angels, of their being,
In good sooth I doubted ne'er;
Light shapes faultless, for our seeing,
Still upon the earth they fare.

Only wings I, gracious lady,
To these beings must deny:
Marry, there are wingless angels
As full often seen have I.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Lovesome with their shining glances,
With their tender hands of white,
Man they shield and ward mischance's
Arrows from the luckless wight.

Each with kindness unabated
Solace they, but most of all
Him, that double trouble freighted
One, whom men the poet call.

Fine as was Payne's original work, his later poems eclipse it. He is now preparing for publication a new volume of original poetry, to be called "The Way of the Winepress," from which he permits me to select the following remarkable short poem:—

DRUNK OR SOBER.

Drunkenness (old Hafiz 'twas that said)
Drunkenness is better than dead dryness.
In this world of rottenness and wryness,
Where the sage is silent as the dead,
Where the Gods among the folk might tread
And be no more noted for their nighness.
In this day when lowness scoffs at highness,
Better drunk than sober go to bed.
Either aching heart or aching head;
Take thy choice, O servant of the Highest;
Sick at heart and sober, with the Real
All thy life to languish on, instead,
Day and night to be, until thou diest,
Drunken with the wine of the Ideal.

Well, that is the kind of wine which Mr. Payne has of late quaffed freely; for nearly all these later poems are lighted with what I called a persistent joyousness; but Mr. Payne, interrupting me, said, "Say, rather, exaltation, other-worldliness, beyond joy and pain — in Nietzsche's phrase, 'Jenseits von Gut und Böse.'" Indeed, when speaking of his poems, we always allude to them as if they were the work of a third person. They rush upon him—it is the divine afflatus—and he disclaims all responsibility for them. A whole philosophy is concentrated in almost any one of his sonnets. I wish the reader could also hear them from the poet's own lips, though Mr. Payne would not thank me for the expression of this wish, for he is a recluse of recluses, quite cut off save from a very small circle of friends.

While we were talking, D'Indy, a handsome Persian cat—named after the composer on account of his aloofness—walked unconcernedly into the room, settled himself on a cushion, and gazed into space—"into Africa"—reminding me that some of Payne's best poems are on animals. He is master of, and has translated from, fifteen languages. He is also an accomplished musician. The seventeen volumes of Nietzsche's works—in German, of course—always lie at his elbow. "Ah, Stepmother Nature!" he exclaimed pathetically, "she let Gladstone live to be eighty-nine, and cut off Nietzsche at fifty-six." With the music of the Bible he is supersaturated. His position in English literature is similar to that of Gautier among the French, with the additional powers of scholarship, philology, and translation.

To the Villon Society, which publishes Payne's works, and the John Payne Society—founded in 1905—which seeks to popularise them, I must be content with a passing reference. I trust that his poems and translations will be to the reader's life what they have been to mine—its gold, and its pearl, and its frankincense. Many lovers of the best in literature united on August 23 in wishing Mr. Payne years, health and happiness, so that, great as has been his literary productiveness, it may be still greater. May he many times more be drunken—to use his own phrase—with the Wine of the Ideal!

The Theatre

"The Girl in the Taxi" at the Lyric Theatre

CHARLES LAMB, who delighted in the comedies of the later Stuarts, was content to speak of them as non-moral. None of the amusing plays which kept Whitehall laughing in the wild days of Charles II could possess much more of this negative quality than the gay, sportive, irresponsible musical play which Mr. Faraday has produced with such gorgeous effects. Its success was certain in the middle of the first act, but one became more positive, if possible, as the light and clever dialogue developed the plot and the amusing comedians showed us the lively lines on which the "Girl in the Taxi" was to be run. Mr. Georg Okonkowski's play and Mr. Jean Gilbert's music are admirably mated. The farce is of the old Palais Royal character, that used to be draped in rose-coloured dominos; the music reminds one of all the bright and charming airs one has ever heard. From this sound basis Mr. Frederick Fenn and Mr. Wimperis have raised a delightful structure, an alluring entertainment. But they have done much more than that. They have boldly broken away from the old dull ways of musical comedy, and have made it impossible for these light pieces to be produced again without some admixture of brains.

Mr. Fenn has already written so many clever plays that it is not surprising that, in conjunction with Mr. Wimperis, he should be able to bring about so longed-for a revolution. The time had long since come for this agreeable change, and now we can welcome the men. Never has the rather wide term, musical play, been so justly used. For there is a lively and clearly developed story—on broadly farcical lines—which is lightened and helped and beautified at every point by the accomplished musician. But praise is due to everybody connected with this production, whose attractive numbers will ring in the ears of the town for very many months. Never has Mr. Arthur Playfair displayed so much resource, so much gay authority, such complete command of his many-sided art, as in the part of Baron Dauvray, the heavy father, who is really so light of heart and head. Seldom has Mr. Volpé been so thoroughly amusing and laughter-provoking as the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

head-waiter of the Jeunesse Dorée. Mr. Robert Averell is far better than he has ever been as Hubert, the son of Dauvray, who is young, and longs to be a "dog," and so soon finds the way to his desires. Mr. Workman has had better parts than that of Pomarel, but he is always amusing, always in the picture. Miss Yvonne Arnaud is the newcomer who filled the audience's cup of pleasure to the brim. Her voice may not be very splendid, but her gaiety is fresh and free, her humour delightful, her skill as complete as it is easy and effective. It is a long while since a lady of such pleasantly wicked and compelling charm has graced the stage of a make-believe Paris. Every one is really charming, but the greatest pleasure of the play is that nothing is real, and at the same time nothing is forced and artificial. For example, the habitués of the famous dancing and supping place, the Jeunesse Dorée, are quite convincing and yet not absurd, and there is no offence in them. The characters are in a way true to life, but so light and funny, so free from any second thought, that no one can be otherwise than vastly amused. I do not know anything about the "young person" who used to trouble producers of plays; all I say is that the story of the "Girl in the Taxi" is non-moral and full of life and colour and merry music. The name may attract, but the play is really "Suzanne," the part in which Miss Yvonne Arnaud won the hearts of a crowded house.

"A Scrape o' the Pen" at the Comedy Theatre

THE domestic note, which has already been sounded rather loudly this autumn in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Little Miss Llewelyn," rings out again in Mr. Graham Moffat's Scottish comedy, enacted by Scottish players. At the farm kitchen, Honeyneuk, and at the village cross of Minniehive, a group of Scottish persons, none of whom is very amusing or interesting, work through three acts of a truly artificial play. Those excellent, if somewhat conscious, actors, Mr. and Mrs. Graham Moffat, appear as old Mr. and Mrs. Inglis of the farm, and are both as pathetic and as sharp of tongue as the author will permit. Mr. Alfred Brydone as Hugh Menzies is the bluff and, as it appears, rather stupid manager of the estate. He is married to the beautiful Jean Lowther, played with some feeling by Miss Jean Alwyn. This brings us to the subtle plot. Old Inglis had a rather wicked and certainly unattractive son, Alec, played by Mr. Norman MacOwan, who, having done some rather naughty things in the village, removes himself to a far-off colony. But before he goes, he marries, according to a Scottish, and quite secret, method, the beautiful Jean. This lady, not being so fully aware of the inwardness of the Scottish laws of marriage as she ought to have been, considers this little affair of two "papers" and a few signatures as a mere betrothal which is not in the least binding. Soon after Alec leaves the land of Scottish comedy, Jean destroys her "paper," hopes for the best, and is married to the bluff and uninteresting Mr. Menzies. They are extremely happy; why, it is difficult to say, unless it is because the action is taking place in 1875, and everybody, however dull, was happy then. But, of course, Alec does very well in the colony he honoured, and returns to claim his bride. He selects, with a proper sense of theatrical fitness, the hours when the old year dies and the new comes in. This time is, of course, a great Scottish festival, and Mr. Moffat tires us a little with the dull details of the occasion, which, after all, do not help the play very much. That does not matter, however, as the play helps itself on fairly well-worn lines. As Jean has disposed of her "paper," there only remains one record in the world which proves her to be married to Alec—the other scrape o' the pen which he held. This, as it happens, has been stolen from him, and comes into the hands of a mysterious lady, who appears from nowhere early in the play and hands the document to old Mr. Inglis. Everybody likes Jean, and wishes to see her happy with her bore of a husband. No one likes Alec—and, indeed, why should they? But Mr. and Mrs. Moffat have a nice little scene as to whether they should burn the "paper" or give it into Alec's hands. At last, after the best bit of acting which the play permits, it is handed to Alec, and he, having been chastened by the sight of his illegitimate daughter, to whom Jean has been a devoted guardian and friend, placed it in the fire, and the Scottish comedy is ended, on the first night, amid generous applause. It had one great charm on that evening—it began at 8.30, and was over by half-past 10 o'clock.

E. MEW.

"The Grass Widows" at the Apollo Theatre

IN musical comedy events move fast nowadays, and it needs an agile mind to keep pace with the changing features of the comic muse who rules at our theatres. Perhaps one should say, rather, that it is a poor relation, or a not legitimate child, of the Muse who holds sway where musical comedy is produced; for there are no rules that can be discovered as law which determines its evolution. Certain it is, however, that "The Grass Widows," which in 1910 would have passed for "the last cry" of modernity, has in 1912 been voted old-fashioned by some of the weightiest judges of our lighter forms of amusement. Still, the authorities at the Apollo need not despair; a far worse play has ere now been turned into a huge success; and in "The Grass Widows" there is a great deal of good material which at present is not properly used. Mr. Kerker's music answers its purpose very well, though—or perhaps just because—it has no very definite characteristics. The score contains one song, "My Man," which pleased everybody, and Miss Constance Drever, Mr. Alfred Lester, Mr. Gordon Cleather, and two comparatively new artists, Miss Thelme Raye and Mr. McKeown, make up a strong team which should be able to knock up a very respectable score.

A. KALISCH.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"The Voysey Inheritance" at the Kingsway Theatre

WE think it may be doubted whether "The Voysey Inheritance" was worth revival. It is a long, windy play, relying on a plot which could easily have been exhausted in three not too long acts. As presented at the Kingsway, the comedy—so called on the bill—drags out into five acts, mainly for the utterance of smart sayings reminiscent—*longo intervallo*—of Mr. Bernard Shaw not at his best. Some of the irrelevant attempts at smartness are positively irritating, notably those put into the mouth of Hugh Voysey.

The plot is simplicity itself. A fraudulent solicitor, endowed with a plausible manner and a reputation for wealth, succeeds over a long course of years in deluding his clients and his friends. He misappropriates their funds and gambles with the proceeds; his one accomplice is a clerk in his employ. With extraordinary fatuity he takes into partnership his son, a young man of the highest moral attributes. The result was a foregone conclusion. The young man, horror-stricken on discovering the systematic frauds which his father and, it is suggested, his grandfather have practised in their profession, has to make a choice of whether he will cloak his knowledge and become an accomplice with his father, in the hope that by so doing the position will retrieve itself, or whether he will denounce his father and consign the firm to perdition.

The father, admirably acted by Mr. Edward Maurice, conveniently catches cold and dies in the early part of the play, and then the good young man, without any support from the rest of his family, enters on the path of restitution, and much that is maudlin, a little which is entertaining, and a great deal which is exasperatingly meant to be Shavian and amusing, but which generally misses the mark, follows. Altogether too long and not worth the length must be the verdict.

The acting was good throughout. Mr. Edward Maurice as the defaulting Voysey—unhappily to disappear early from the dreary void—gave a character sketch of extreme value. That wonderful old actress, Miss Florence Haydon, could not have been surpassed as the wife, widow, and mother. Mr. Arthur Wontner, as Edward the Good, filled an undramatic part with exceptional ability. Mr. Charles Fulton, as the pompous, loud-mouthed, vacuous Major Booth Voysey, was excellent. Mr. William Farren, as the querulous old George Booth, deserved especial mention; as also was the due of the young actresses who did all possible with their respective parts.

C. C.

Notes and News

Messrs. Holden and Hardingham have nearly ready for publication a powerful new novel by the Hon. Mrs. Julian Byng, entitled "Barriers."

The library of the late Mr. William Yates, of Shepperton, formerly of Preston, Lancashire, is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank, and Rutley during September. It comprises Burton's "Arabian Nights," and many translations from the Eastern, Italian, and French amatory writers, which have been published by private subscription.

Sir Henry Howorth, one of the most distinguished members of the House of Commons that Manchester has sent to Parliament, has not allowed politics to intervene with his studies of antiquarian and historical subjects. Amongst the many questions on which he is an approved authority is early Church history, and a volume entitled "St. Gregory the Great," which Mr. Murray will publish in September, is the fruit of his strong and enthusiastic interest.

"The Favourites of Louis XIV," by Le Petit Homme Rouge, author of "The Court of the Tuileries, 1852-1870," "The Favourites of Henry of Navarre," etc., is published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus this week. The work forms a companion volume to the author's earlier account of the women who influenced the life and reign of the first Bourbon King of France, and again illustrates the views which Le Petit Homme Rouge entertains respecting the part played, directly or indirectly, by feminine royal favourites in shaping the course of French history.

Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co. have just published another book by Mr. E. Keble Chatterton, entitled "Through Holland in the *Vivette*." His "Down Channel in the *Vivette*" will be known to many. The most recent addition to the same firm's dainty "Things Seen" Series will be "Things Seen in Palestine," by E. Goodrich Freer (Mrs. H. H. Spoer). They will also publish at the same time "Adventures in Southern Seas"—true and stirring stories of adventures and hairbreadth escapes among men and beasts in the Southern Seas.

James Clarke and Co. are about to publish an important work, "Concerning Conscience: Studies in Practical Ethics," by H. Jeffs, whose books on preaching and speaking have had a large acceptance. Among the subjects treated are the conscience of the business man, the politician, the lawyer, doctor, journalist and literary man, the clerical and ministerial conscience, national conscience, and there is a searching analysis of "The Feminine Conscience." "The Culture of Conscience," from infancy to middle age, is treated in an original and practical way.

The Navy and its efficiency is the burning question of the moment, and, in view of this, the book which Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co., Ltd., have in the press is an opportune one. It is written by Mr. Fred T. Jane, the best-known modern naval writer of the day. The author traces the development of the "Dreadnought Idea" through the centuries, and indicates how various types of battleships came into existence, then passed away. The book, which is entitled "The British Battle Fleet: Its Inception and Development throughout the Centuries," has twenty-five pictures beautifully reproduced in colour from originals by W. L. Wyllie, R.A., and will be issued at 21s. net.

A book of special import by the Rev. T. A. Lacey, Warden of the London Diocesan Penitentiary, entitled "Marriage in Church and State," is shortly to appear.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and the author has dealt with his subject in a comprehensive, authoritative, and scholarly manner. Though the work is professedly theological, it treats of its subject also from the legal standpoint, but the latter element is as far as possible confined to the strictest limits. Mr. Lacey's new volume is one of a series edited by the Rev. Wm. C. Piercy, and published by Mr. Robert Scott, entitled "The Library of Historic Theology." The revised sheets have been passed for press, and the complete work will be published in time for the Church Congress.

Before Dr. Gomperz died, he had seen and passed the whole of the proofs of the fourth volume of his classic work, "Greek Thinkers," so that the complete work is at last finished with his approval. Mr. Murray hopes to publish this final volume some time in October. It is regretted by all scholars that the distinguished author did not live to see the whole of the English translation of his work on his shelves, but here, at any rate, is the most appropriate possible monument to his learning and memory. Mr. H. De Vere Stacpoole's new novel, "The Street of the Flute Player," is to be published by Mr. Murray on September 19. It is a story of Athens in her most lively days—at the time of Aristophanes—and shows that in their native atmosphere the Athenians were as full of interests, fads, emotions, and passions as the modern can be.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall publish this week Mr. Edward Thomas's new book, entitled "George Borrow: the Man and his Books." Mr. Thomas is particularly suited by temperament and gifts to attempt such a work; but though he is an ardent enthusiast, he is never for a moment carried away by prejudice. It is likely that his picture of the scholar gipsy will be more temperate and truthful than any that has yet been painted. A new volume by Marguerite Audoux is promised shortly by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, under the title of "Valserine." For those who prefer to read the work in the original, the French version is appended to the English translation, which has again been entrusted to Mr. John N. Raphael. On the same day the same publishers will issue a new volume by Mr. Walter Emanuel. The book is to be called "Tommy Lobb: Some Incidents in his Career," and will be freely illustrated by Mr. John Hassall.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE EUROPEAN SITUATION.

THE palpable insincerity which characterises the conduct of modern diplomacy is at root the cause of the uneasiness felt throughout Europe. We were on the verge of a general conflagration when Morocco was the question at issue. A settlement of this difficulty was followed by a prolonged discussion in Germany and Great Britain as to the advisability of an early understanding between the two countries. But diplomatists are finding that the task of translating pious expressions of cousinly amity into the letter of an agreement as between two rivals is no light one. Then the action of the United States in flaunting treaty obligations has provided a sore disappointment for those who believed that no serious differences could ever again divide the two great nations of the Anglo-Saxon race, and that, as a consequence of their enlightened example, the dawn of universal arbitration was at hand.

A further indication of the troubled state of the times in which we live is to be found in the gravity of the Balkan situation. The vague character of the proposals originated by Count Berchtold has given rise to not a little distrust in certain responsible quarters. His aim is to strengthen Turkey by a "measured decentralisation" which would not involve the danger of the creation of new Balkan States. How this laudable object is to be attained, he does not explain. Naturally he is careful to point out that he is solely animated by a desire to see permanent tranquillity throughout the Ottoman Empire. There is to be no intervention, no European congress or conference, no question of autonomy for Albania or Macedonia. "Each Power," says Count Berchtold, "will be free to make its representation when and how it may wish, but the moral influence of its action will be enhanced if the quarters to which it is addressed know that all the Powers are substantially agreed in supporting the advice tendered." During the last few days events have moved somewhat rapidly. Turkey has announced that, while she is very grateful for the sympathy of the European Powers, she cannot tolerate interference with her internal affairs.

No less significant is the brief official *communiqué* that Count Berchtold and Herr von Bethmann Hollweg have arrived at a complete agreement on all points relating to the Near East. The Powers of the Triple Entente are therefore to be asked to pursue a policy already decided upon by Austria and Germany. They cannot, of course, refrain from entering into diplomatic conversations, but it is a foregone conclusion, and all parties to the forthcoming discussions are already aware of the fact that no practical issue can result. What, then, will happen when the Austrian initiative fails, as it is destined, if not designed, to fail? We are warned that Austria will be obliged, without further regard for foreign susceptibilities, to pursue with a free hand a policy protective of her interests alone. Germany, it may be assumed, will do likewise. Consequently the European situation is again developing symptoms of a grave crisis. It is not generally known that before Count Berchtold's proposal was formulated Germany made overtures to Russia, which, had they been accepted, would have led to an attempt to partition Turkey. These overtures were rejected, and Russia remained loyal to the Triple Entente, a compact which of late has been materially strengthened as a defensive weapon. In view of all the present circumstances, and bearing in mind the events that preceded the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, it is little wonder that anxiety as to the international situation is prevalent.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

JAPAN'S DIFFICULTIES.

It is, perhaps, only natural that, at a time when the perplexities of China are engaging the attention of the world, small heed should of late have been paid to the internal problems of her neighbour, Japan. But it is not to be expected that a debtor nation with an adverse balance of trade can long escape the vigilance of her creditors, and, knowing this well, the Japanese Government have with admirable foresight devised a plan to counter the harmful effects of criticism. Realising the close relation which public opinion bears to national credit, they have organised a Press bureau, the ramifications of which extend throughout the capitals of the world. As a consequence, to those who are dependent upon the newspapers for their information, choice morsels, in the form of inspired statements, are offered from time to time, and the investing public of the West is lulled into a sense of security. And yet it is open to everyone who is willing to go tc the trouble to ascertain for himself the actual conditions prevailing in the country in which he has invested his money, and, uninfluenced by inspired statements, to form a true estimate as to the solvency of that country. Such an investigation can only lead to one conclusion—the conclusion that, in electing to pursue an ambitious policy of armaments out of all proportion to the utmost needs of national safety, year by year Japan is living far beyond her income.

Her only hopes of financial regeneration lie in the development of the resources of Korea and of Southern Manchuria, and in an expansion of her export trade. But the question to be asked is: Can the country hold out until such time as these hopes are realised? There is a party of economists in Japan, with which, perhaps, to some extent Mr. Yamomoto, the Finance Minister, may be identified, who treat this question as one of vital importance, and who openly declare that a policy of retrenchment is essential to the salvation of the country. They realise that much money must be expended before either Korea or Manchuria can be made to yield an adequate return to the national exchequer, and that years must pass before an expansion of trade can establish a permanent balance in favour of exports. The mere existence of such a school of thought in Japan is a hopeful sign, but there are other and stronger factors which do not encourage optimism. The militant party still dominates the Administration, and determines policy. Prince Katsura's inclusion among the *Genro* brings him into intimate relation with his old chief, Yamagata, while his position as Grand Chamberlain and Keeper of the Great Seal places him close to the ear of the Throne. The Marquis Saionji, as head of the Government, has given no indication of departing from the policy of his predecessor, and, whatever influence the economists may exercise upon the country, they are outwitted at every turn when it comes to a trial of strength with the militant party. Meanwhile the people of Japan are groaning under the burden of excessive taxation, and national exigencies, called into being by a policy which wise statesmanship would modify, demand that further obligations be incurred.

MOTORING

ON Monday last a 30-h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam, driven by the famous Resta, covered 50 miles from a standing start on the track at Brooklands in 32 min. 16 sec., which represents an average speed of 92.96 miles per hour, and thereby broke the world's record for that distance. The previous best for 50 miles was an average of 91.32 miles per hour, accomplished on a 60-h.p. Thames car some time ago. The feat is noteworthy as an illustration of the great advances that have been made in engine efficiency, the Sunbeam being only half the nominal power—judged by the R.A.C. method of computation—of the car which has held the record for several years. However, although there can be no doubt about the increased efficiency of the modern engine, size for size, it should not be overlooked that the R.A.C. system of estimating horse-power is entirely misleading, as it takes no note of length of piston stroke, which is as important a factor in power development as the diameter of the cylinder; and the general tendency of designers in this country, since the introduction of the graduated tax based upon nominal horse-power, has been to secure added power by lengthening the stroke, which does not increase the tax. The result of this tendency has been the production of long-stroke engines, which, although rated at the same horse-power as engines of the "square" type, develop practically

For That Tired Feeling!

Induced by trying to sell a second-hand car privately

CONSULT

McCURD MOTOR DEALER

McCurds, Ltd., Store Street, Tottenham Court Road, London.

UNDER THE SOLE CONTROL

W. A. McCURD

Telegrams: McCURDS, LONDON. Telephone: 2916 City.

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."

"Champion" Motor Oil

is the best for all types of Cars.

If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to

S. BOWLEY & SON,

DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT.

"Express" and "Bomo" Brands.

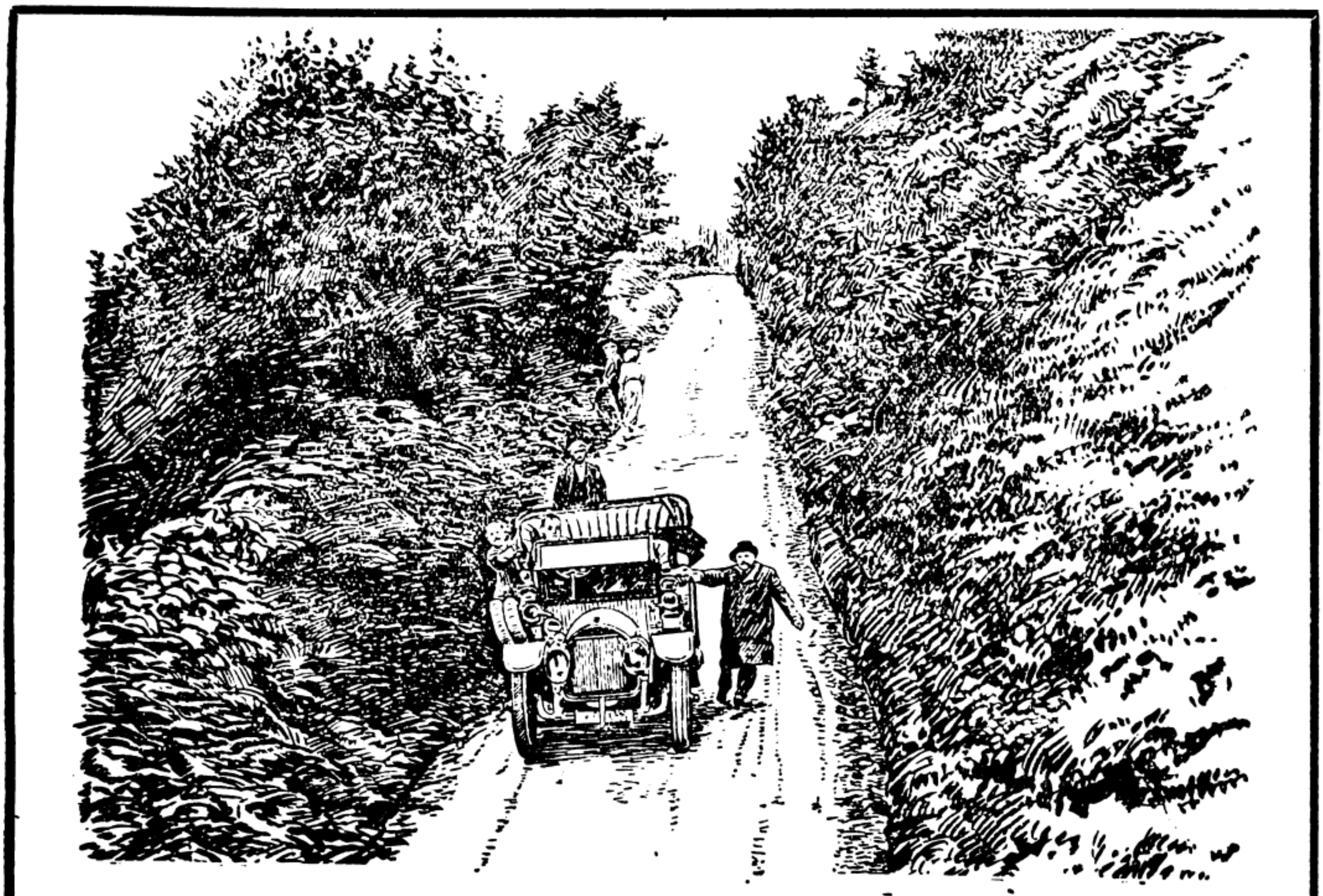
Wellington Works,

BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

Established 1744.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



THE TEST OF VICTOR v. MICHELINS, CONTINENTAL AND DUNLOP.
The Test Car, weighing two tons, coming down the steepest hill in England, a gradient of 1 in 3.

twice the real power, owing to the increased length of the piston. Making every allowance for this, however, the Sunbeam performance is distinctly noteworthy as a world's record. It shows conclusively that the British maker is now in a position to teach, instead of learning from, his foreign competitor.

It may be asked: What practical purpose is served by the development of cars capable of attaining such speeds as that of the Sunbeam? The answer is that speed means power, and power, in relation to size and weight of engine and chassis, is exactly what is required for comfortable and expeditious motoring. An ample reserve of power for hill-climbing means the capacity to run on the higher speeds, and this in its turn means economy in tyres and petrol, freedom from the nuisance of continuous gear-changing, and much more comfortable motoring in every way. In the old days the car which could take ordinary hills at a fair speed was, in comparison with its successor, enormously heavy and cumbersome, and ruinous with regard to tyres and petrol. That is why such cars, in perfectly sound and serviceable condition, can be bought to-day for a mere song. And that is why the efforts of the modern manufacturer are directed towards the attainment of the maximum of speed—*i.e.*, power—from the smallest engine.

An interesting event in the Leicestershire Automobile Club's meeting at Beacon Hill, on the 31st ult., was that of "The Old Brigade," a competition open only to cars delivered before the Olympia Show of 1911. Competing cars were allowed bonuses of 5 per cent. for every year by which they antedated 1907. The first prize was taken by Mr. F. H. Gerrard's 6-h.p. De Dion of 1902, which had the distinction of beating a 15-h.p. car of well-known make, four years its junior. In this connection the present writer would like to mention that he has in regular use a 10-12-h.p. De Dion of 1904, which he would rather like to back against any other car of similarly prehistoric date. As a matter of fact, it is impossible to wear out a De Dion car, if it is treated rationally and lubricated properly. And I have reason to believe that this is a source of some anxiety to the De Dion people. Obviously, if a car lasts for ever and gives satisfaction to its owner, there is little inducement for the latter to replace it, even for a more modern one of the same type.

The latest information respecting the tyre trial is dated the 8th inst., when 4,021 miles had been covered, with all the tyres still going strong except one, which burst at 3,850 miles—*not* the Victor. It is astonishing that four steel-studded non-skids, selected at random, should have done so well on an old-type chain-driven car weighing a couple of tons. Last week, Earl Norbury, one of the observers, accompanied the car for two days, and Viscount Barrington and Lord Tollemache inspected the tyres. The test car has now gone to Devon for Lord Clifford of Chudleigh and other mem-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

bers of the committee to examine, and on its return Admiral Routh and Admiral Sir George Neville will examine and report upon the tyres in their capacity as observers. The outstanding feature of the trial, so far, has been the universal interest excited, and the excellence of all the tyres competing.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

I WONDER whether, when the new account opens, the long foretold boom will burst upon the City. In meteorology long-foretold lasts long, but in the City what is always promised never comes off. We have not arrived at the exact science of stock dealing. It is more complicated than the weather—more variable than the clouds, more dangerous than tempest. Yet it is easy to explain why the long-foretold never comes. Everybody says, "A boom is coming in Kaffirs." So all the clever division, who have no money, only brains, buy. Then the day of carry over arrives. They cannot pay. The money-lenders smell a "bull" account and proceed to break it up. Thus the public, who never come in until the clever division are out, do not get any chance—for the money-lender has shattered the boom at its birth. Greed of the rich against greed of the poor must always come out on top. It is the brazen pot and the earthen over again. For weeks past the City has been full of tales of what will be done in the autumn—how Kaffirs will rise, how Chartered will jump, how we shall all make our fortunes out of land in Rhodesia. But the magnates do not move. Like the gods in "Hyperion," they lie prone and nerveless whilst their worshippers wait for a sign. But a few brave ones have asked for money. The Russian Bank of Commerce, egged on by the energetic Crisp, has offered shares—an offer not unacceptable. Crown Mines have sold their debentures—a good security—and Dalziel asks for money for Central Cheleken—a prospectus of strange impudence which the wise man will disregard.

On all sides we hear of a demand for money. Germany wants large sums for the end of September settlement. She thinks she will get it from France. I believe that she will, for Paris is full of gold, and as the political horizon is clear the diplomats will not intervene. The French banks are ruled by the Quai d'Orsay, but to-day they are given a free hand. Hungary wants money. Russia wants millions for railways—wants it so badly that some of the railways will be financed without the usual State guarantee. These will possibly be the best. The United States has a huge cotton crop, and Canada a large wheat harvest. All want money. Egypt will give us 8,000,000 cantars, and this cries for cash—cannot be moved without it. Then we have the Argentine and Brazil. Indeed, no one needs to complain that our Bank of England put up her rate, or be surprised if the Reichs bank follows the example of her richer ally.

HOME RAILWAYS are dull. The high value of money will stop speculation, and the investor still remains cold. Why, I cannot see. He needs safety above everything, and this he gets in the Railway market. Yet he will gladly buy 5 per cent. Bonds in some foreign railway of which he knows nothing and refuse the Ordinary Stock of a line upon which he travels every day. He is peculiarly stupid, and will one day find this out. Those foreign railways will many of them default, but I see little chance of English Heavy Lines passing their dividend. Traffics are good, trade is booming. But no one wants Home Rails. Gilt-edged five per cent. securities are neglected for so-called Bonds in the wilds of South America. The Scotch results were all good. They will be better for the current half-year. Yet prices don't budge.

YANKEES appear nervous. The Banks want all the money they can scrape together for the crops, and they are not lending freely upon Wall Street. But business people in America are most confident that the next six months will be great months for the Railways. But in the States as in England the whole demand is for high yielding shares in industrial companies, and not for the more slow-moving Railway stocks. But the clever people are laying in a stock of Convertible Bonds. These Bonds are cheap to-day. The price of Unions, Atchisons, Southern Pacific, and the other roads that have issued convertible Bonds is very low to-day, and the Bonds are therefore cheap, for the option is all the more valuable. But the public does not follow the lead of the banker, who always buys these Bonds. The Denver and Rio Grande looks in a bad way—it is almost on the verge of a receivership. These Gould Lines are not satisfactory. I think holders had better get out. The gamble in Canada Pacifics has died down, for New York and Berlin have been scared. But the directors are buying, and they are good enough for me.

RUBBER shares have now lost all interest for the gambler. The East has unloaded its good stocks and is loaded up with the cheap shares. Do not forget that the East is a gambler, not an investor. It is not always safe to follow the lead of Singapore. I think that the Chinaman has made a mistake this time. The British Public is not buying. It has hundreds of thousands of shares which it wants to sell, and will sell when it gets the chance. It shows no desire to retain its holding. Lampard does not appear to have taken any hand in the recent rise, but he must feel anxious for the safety of his trust, which is loaded down to the gunwale with stocks and has no coin. I am afraid that the little spurt has died down. There are many cheap and good shares, such as Pataling, Cicely, Batu Caves, Anglo-Malay, Consolidated Malay, Bukit Rajah, Lanadron, and Linggi. Do not touch the cheap shares puffed in all the papers. They are puffed because there are calls outstanding which those who hold want to get rid of.

OIL shares are out of fashion. There are queer stories about Urals and Emba Caspian, expiring concessions and water in the wells. A curious letter from Russia is given in this week's *Stockbroker*. The promoters are anxious for a boom, but they make no effort to produce one. They lack any lead. I see nothing to go for in the oil market. There is much talk and little else I keep my opinion that those who want a good oil share should buy Royal Dutch. It gets 60 per cent., and the Shell 40 per cent., of the profits, and yet the price is lower than Shell—an anomaly which only the limited market in Amsterdam is responsible for.

MINES are friendless. The Kaffir magnates are all agreed to put only the best ore through the mill and thus work up the profits. Wernher Beit some months ago having decided to amalgamate Village Main Reef with Village Deep told the manager to crush *under* the value. But the ruse did not come off, and no one sold Village Deep. Still, I think that the amalgamation will be carried through—a bad thing for Village Deep—a rich and young mine—and a good thing for the Main Reef, which is dying fast.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mount Elliotts are smelting all their rich ore, and if they go on very much longer the mine will die, for it has not got a year's supply of good ore. Cobar is buying rich ore to keep up returns. Whim Well will amalgamate with Mons. Cupri, and the French will find the money. Ray and Miami are good to buy. Indeed, all copper shares are good. Marconis have been supported by the shop—a dangerous game, which can

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

only end in disaster. West Hartlepool are said to be going to be absorbed by Furness Withy. The shares have risen. They will go higher. RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

THE OILFIELDS OF ROUMANIA.

Roumania as a source of oil production is forging ahead with extraordinary rapidity, and the chief oil companies of the world have found it worth their while to take up oil drilling there, including the great Anglo-Dutch Combine, the Standard Oil Co., of which Mr. Rockefeller is the head, a powerful German group, and last, but not least, a purely British company, the Roumanian Consolidated Oilfields, Ltd., who by the combination of six companies has secured control of 7,000 acres of oil land in an advanced stage of development, and now valued at fully £5,000,000 sterling. The company is producing oil on a large scale, and at the same time is proceeding rapidly with a comprehensive scheme of well-drilling, for which purpose it has, in cash in hand and guaranteed, working funds exceeding £300,000. The Roumanian Consolidated has its own refinery and pipe-line, and the present output of about 6,000 tons per month, which is being rapidly enlarged, will eventually reach 1,000 tons daily. In view of the extreme importance which oil supply for power and other purposes has attained, and the rise in the price of oil, the shares of this company must steadily appreciate in value.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Martin's criticism, I beg to borrow this gentleman's own energetic phraseology and to say that "most people, may, must, should or ought to have long since found out for themselves" that, in "I did not *need*," " I did not *go*," I did not *give, need, go,* and *give* are in the *Infinitive mood;* just as everyone knows that, in the following expressions: "It is *needed*," He is *gone,* She has *given, needed, gone* and *given* are in the *Past participle.*

I also beg to avail myself of this opportunity to convey to my critics my grateful acknowledgments for their remarks. As the French have it:—"La lumière jaillit du choc des opinions" (Truth is struck out from clashing opinions); and it is this very truth that is *needed* under the circumstances. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant, ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I cannot say that I quite follow Mr. T. G. Martin in his interesting remarks on the English auxiliaries and quasi-auxiliaries. Why not, "It does not matter"? We have, "To matter; it matters; it matters not; it does matter; it does not matter." "He dare not go" is distinctly idiomatic; and I would certainly permit the more regular "He dares not go." The fact is that, as Mr. G. H. Powell points out, English is very irregular in the matter of such words as *need* and *ought*. I cannot see why this sort of verb should not in all cases have a regularly formed past tense. "I knew that I *needed* not do it," "I knew that I *oughted* to." But on the other hand, as the uninflected form produces no ambiguity in the sense, there seems to be no objection to its use: and we must perhaps be guided as much by euphony as by grammatical consistency.

Would it not be an excellent thing if all English verbs followed the excellent example of *can, may, might,* etc., and dropped the final *s* of the 3rd person singular, present indicative? This simplification might also be extended to the 2nd person, so that we would say without any hesitation, "I go, thou go, he go." Mr. Martin's "He dare not go," would then be right "anyway." I am, Sir, your obedient servant, IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

P.S.—In reply to M. Bernon, surely "replace" may be allowed to have *both* meanings.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—The assumption that the word "need" in "he need not do it" is a verb in the present infinitive, being an ellipsis for "he (did) not need" cannot be accepted. There is no analogy for such an ellipsis, and it does not account for the transference of the negative.

The Oxford Dictionary has the following note on this point:—

"The irregular form *need* in the 3rd pers. sing. of the present tense (in the place of *needs* or *needeth*) becomes fairly common in the 16th century, and is now usual in the forms of expression *it* (*he, I,* etc.) *need not, why need it?* etc."

The loss of the *s* is perhaps due to the influence of the preterite-present verbs. Compare *he dare, he can, he shall, he will.* See Sweet's "English Grammar," §1487.

Oxford. A. L. MAYHEW.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

DEAR SIR,—As the grandson of Mr. George Washington Moon, I may perhaps be allowed to point out Mr. T. G. Martin's error in suspecting that Mr. Moon was only the creation of someone's fancy. On the contrary, Mr. Moon died four years ago, after living eighty-four years; and during that time he was recognised by a world that was the very reverse of "mocking" as an authority —I may perhaps say *the* authority—on questions of English grammar.

Being away from home at the moment, I cannot verify dates, but it was, at any rate, a good many years ago that the late Dean Alford published in *Good Words* a series of critical articles, under the title, "The Queen's English." Believing that the Dean committed errors as grave as those he criticised, Mr. Moon wrote "The Dean's English" to show that the Dean was himself "but a castaway in matters of grammar." This book went rapidly through several editions, and although now out of print, is still constantly advertised for. Mr. Moon also wrote "The Revisers' English," concerning the Revised Version of the Bible, and several other books on grammar. As well as this, some of his poems, notably "Elijah," were again and again reprinted.

If Mr. T. G. Martin should by any chance be anxious for further information concerning the grammarian whose work he criticises, he may be directed to the volumes of "Who's Who" previous to the year 1909. Faithfully yours, G. BELTON COBB.

88, Lee Road, Blackheath.

September 9, 1912.

RICHARD JEFFRIES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In your interesting article on Richard Jeffries, the writer mentions Gilbert White of Selborne and other naturalists. It is true that our "patron saint" was a sportsman, but it is not quite correct to say that he was not an "undergrad.," for he took his degree at Oriel and for many years was a Fellow of that College. With compliments, yours faithfully,

WILFRED MARK WEBB,
Honorary Secretary of the Selborne Society.

42, Bloomsbury Square, London, W.C.

August 31, 1912.

PERIODICALS.

The International, N.Y.; Land Union Journal; Harper's Magazine; Printers' Ink; Bookseller; Tourist Magazine; Publishers' Circular; Bookfellow, Sydney.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

DELICIOUS **COFFEE.**

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than

ordinary COFFEE.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

TO

SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.

WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.

Via the SUEZ CANAL.

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.

(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE

PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the

MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC

by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

. . . Ports of Call . . .

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.

(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises Throughout the Year, according to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, 102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	6 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg

"Arcadian" Cruises.

MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.
Lisbon, Madeira, WEST INDIES.	From £1 a day.	62.	December 3.	Southampton.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,

London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

THE COMMENTATOR

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week ...	363
A Man's Bargain ...	364
The Bore	364
Developments in Photography—II.	365
Reviews:	
The Critic Scornful ...	366
Post-Prandial Essays ...	367
Poets at Prayer ...	367
A Guilty Record ...	368
Jewellery of all Ages ...	369
Indian Aborigines ...	370
Shorter Reviews	370
Fiction	372
The Theatre:	
"Everywoman" at the Drury Lane Theatre	374
"Art and Opportunity" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre	375
Music at Prague	376
The Hereford Festival—Leoncavallo	377
A Cornish Sketch ...	378
"Babu" English ...	380
The Literary Traveller ...	382
An Oxford Letter ...	383
Mind, a Myth	384
Notes and News	385
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	386
Motoring	387
In the Temple of Mammon	388
Correspondence	390
Books Received	391

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

THE School Boards of Scotland are endeavouring to induce the Scotch Education Office to alter its scheme of 1906, which provided that the subjects taught in primary schools should be strictly defined and limited, while special schools were set aside for children who after the age of fourteen might wish to take a course of study preparing them for the University. The grievance is that many children are too poor to pass from their villages to these centres, and that even when the parents can afford it they do not care to part with their children at such an early age. Certain bursaries allowed by the Department being of the value of £5, or at most £10, are not, it is contended, enough to pay for residence at one of the central schools. Further, scholars must pass four years at these superior schools, and go through the whole prescribed course of secondary education. More elasticity should be allowed in the regulations, primary schools being permitted to retain their pupils for a part of the course leading to the University; this relaxation would encourage the primary masters to keep up their knowledge, and would raise the dignity of their status. We understand that the question is being widely discussed in Scotland, where the dominie is much respected.

Subject to the correction of the musical critics, it seems to us that, when Dr. Strauss strives to express in melody and harmony things which in themselves have no relation whatever to music, he is wasting time and degrading, not advancing, his art. The achievement may bring forth some extremely clever scoring and orchestration, and may amuse the undiscriminating crowd; but wherein lies its pleasure or use? And what would the master-musicians of the past have said to such tricks? There are many admirers of Bach's fugues and Beethoven's symphonies who can enjoy again and again the light-hearted fantasies of, let us say, Sullivan; but to "set an omelette to music" seems to savour of the business of the musical clown, not of the serious composer.

We wonder what the housewives of fifty years ago would say about some of the recent advances of science into the realm of domesticity. "Washing by electricity, without the aid of soap," says the writer of an article in a contemporary this week, "is already an accomplished fact." After all, one imagines that soap and water must bring a more natural cleanliness. The approach of the Mechanical Age, when everything will be done by merely pressing buttons, seems to carry with it some little decrease in self-reliance and independence. Our restless anxiety to investigate the effect of new processes resembles to some extent the desire of "Toddie" to "see the wheels go round"; operations that used to take years are now completed in as many days—the maturing of wine, for instance: imagine the dignified protests of the good Dr. Middleton if he were asked to taste some of the Patterne port "matured" by electricity! We speed up our trains, milk cows and shear sheep by machinery; we even hustle the growth of plants by means which have nothing to do with enriching the soil or legitimate horticulture; and the result is not all to the good; something of romance, of beauty, is lost.

There is a suggestion in the air that the mere man is to be allowed a greater licence in the matter of his attire; that soon, in fact, he will be able to wear satin knee-breeches, waistcoats of gorgeous hue, and coats of a shape that we should now regard as fantastic. In the nature of things, this ought to be; for events, as we know, tend to move in cycles, and fashions conform to the rule—is not every new change in feminine dress looked upon as an extraordinary vagary until some enterprising journalist or someone with a long memory dubs it a revival from Victorian days? If tasselled canes, stocks, and fanciful costumes arrive once more—to say nothing of snuff as a fashionable commodity—the streets may wear a pleasantly relieved aspect, and the dandy may swagger along Piccadilly again. But he would not rejoice our eyes for long, we fear; we are too busy to tolerate him or to imitate him to-day.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

A Man's Bargain

IF I cry out for fellowship,
A comrade's voice, a comrade's grip,
A hand to hold me when I slip,
An ear to heed my groan,
Renew that hour's dark ecstacy,
When all Thy wâves went over me,
And Thou and I, with none to see,
Were joined in fight alone.

If I demand a sheltered space
Set for me in the battle-place,
Where I at times could turn my face,
A screened and welcome guest,
Decree my soul should henceforth cease
From its wild hankering after peace,
And rest in that which gives release
From the desire of rest.

If I for final goal should ask,
Some meaning for the long day's task,
Some ripened field that yet may bask
Secure from hurricane,
Point to Thy locust-eaten sheaves,
The burnt-out stars, the still-born leaves,
And by the toil no hope retrieves
Nerve me to toil again!

So to Thy hard propitious skies
Shall praise go up like sacrifice,
And all the will within me rise,
Applauding, at Thy word;
Thou, in the glory jasper-walled,
By no reproach of mine be galled,
And I, among my kind, be called
The man whose prayers are heard.

G. M. HORT.

The Bore.

IT is a confession which we all have to make, sooner or later, that in this life many things come to us which seem at first sight wholly unnecessary and superfluous. Toothache, for example, is one: there appears to be no valid reason why we should suffer from what Hood punningly termed that "transcendental" pain; a pain which may drive a man nearly mad, yet which brings, should he crave sympathy, merely the annoying advice to "go and have it out." Many others might be mentioned were we in categoric mood; but one more will suffice for the present: the bore. What good is he, and why is he permitted to exist?

The psychology of the bore is an interesting study. "The most worthless creatures are most serviceable for examination," said Meredith, "when the microscope is applied to them, as a simple study of human mechanism." Examined, then, the bore is found to possess determination, perseverance, loquacity, smartness, even courage—all misused in the most pathetic manner. He is impervious to the broadest hints; the bullet from a toy pistol is as effective against the hide of a hippopotamus. It is impossible to disconcert him; he comes up smiling from a cold douche of disapproval that would give any ordinary person the shivers for a month; and perhaps the worst of it all is that he is so dreadfully friendly, so convinced that we really must be pleased to see him. Obviously it is difficult to act the hedgehog to a man who calls you "old fellow" and slaps you jovially on the shoulder; equally difficult, of course, to turn your back upon him and go on with the work in hand, for with that sort of treatment the true bore is simply and unaffectedly charmed; he seems to regard it as a subtle compliment. He can talk to an immobile back view as brightly as ever; the scratch of the busy pen exhilarates him to further efforts; he is wound up, and, like a clockwork engine, he must buzz until, in the course of providence, he runs down.

Various expedients have been suggested for the suppression of the bore. Huge, muscular, pugilistic, pugnacious porters were retained, it is said, in the primitive days of certain American townships, to throw him violently downstairs or out of the window; unhappily, in our advanced state of civilisation, such methods are neither legal nor seemly. The poisoned cup is as out of date as the thumbscrew in the best circles of society; therefore, with murder in our hearts and a growled welcome on our lips, we allow the bore to chatter on.

Let us go a little deeper into his construction before we take leave of him. He generally has plenty of spare time; thus, remembering our existence, he "just pops in" to see us, and unfortunately we cannot just pop out. "Here," he says to himself, "dwells a friend of mine; verily I will go and shake his hand." If we are busy and have the temerity to say so, he prevails over the messenger by his plaintive promise "not to keep him a minute." He keeps us twenty minutes—half an hour, maybe, disorganising thought and upsetting temper. And when he departs we are so relieved that our farewell is unusually hearty, so that he feels sure that his visit has been the one bright spot in our day.

To avoid him altogether, as the only means of escape, is a counsel of perfection, It may be done, if he is seen coming along the street, by vanishing hurriedly into the nearest shop and making a purchase which may be unneeded—supposing the shop to be that of an oilman or a feather-dresser—but which will be cheap considering the happiness of watching the unconscious bore pass by. To greet him boldly and briefly, pleading an engagement, is of no use whatever; he is going the same way, by the pleasantest of coincidences, and will be overjoyed to come with you. How he manages to find the time to attend to his own business is a perpetual mystery; somehow, however, he does, and flourishes like the green bay tree. He is in the world for our chastening. The only thing to do when his advent is suspected is to lock the door and pretend to be out. Even then it is quite likely that he will be waiting on the doorstep with extended hand and beaming face, anxious to cheer us; and the climax, the most unkind cut of all, is that he cannot be bored himself.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Developments in Photography.—II

By HALDANE MACFALL.

TO come to the chief interest of the display—the colour work. The keenest minds in photography are bent on perfecting the colour-print; indeed, the day that the colour-print is perfected, we have the coloured illustrated paper upon us, and a fortune for him who creates it. It would be well, by the way, for the Society to call in the judgment of a few advanced painters to serve as their selecting jury for the colour-prints, as they do abroad—and even if the English painter should lack that wide interest in his brother craftsman, which is a constant source of surprise to foreign artists, there are men even in England of sufficient capacity to realise the honour done them by the invitation. Monochrome men may be very poor judges of colour, though exquisite judges of monochrome. The colour-pieces should have been hung together, to their own enhancement and the enhancement of the monochromes, which should also be arranged with more relation to their values than they are.

To take the narrower colour-faculty of the bichromate process first—by the way, the catalogue would be of even greater value than it is if works were classified by processes—the Viennese lady, Madame d'Ora, and Dr. Quedenfeldt would alone make this display a remarkable one. The mastery of Madame d'Ora in the bichromate process leaves a regret that even this fine worker seems unable to rid the method of the jaundiced yellow tone that mars all her strong craftsmanship with so hot a defect—this yellow is apparently the chief drawback to the process. D'Ora handles the difficulty, 'tis true, with consummate tact, making her prints from subjects which allow a warm tone; at the same time, her flesh tints, even in her masterpiece of "The Red Bodice"—I forget the name of it—are too hot, and it is only after careful survey of its masterly harmonies that one realises the astounding skill with which she has handled the defect of the process. All Madame d'Ora's work is excellent. Dr. Quedenfeldt, a remarkable craftsman who selects from the plate to the point of getting line, gets rid of the hot yellows of the process, but falls into "tintiness," his red or lilac harmonies running into the flesh tones just as does d'Ora's orange hue. Quedenfeldt's prints are exquisitely done, approaching colour woodcuts in effect, and tender in tones. Here we have the work of the foremost craftsmen in the medium, to which we should add, perhaps, the low-toned colour of Mr. Willé's portrait of "Mrs. E."

It is to the bromoil process, however, that we must turn for the finest colour range of the display. Here, at once, we are rid of the severity and the "tintiness," as well as the narrow colour faculty of the bichromate process even in the hands of its masters. I am taking it for granted somewhat that Mr. Baier's poetic snow-scene, "Einsamkeit," is bromoil; however, be it so or not, it is beautifully rendered.

The more personal utterance of the bromoil colour-print—a vastly important matter—is seen throughout the works here displayed. The sweet, tender, cool colours playing throughout the warm tones in Mr. Cocks's "Head of Arab" alone prove the far purer range of harmonies at the command of the oil printing. Having mastered colour—and he is increasing rapidly in its control—Mr. Cocks, inevitably proceeding to quality of handling, will prove himself as consummate a craftsman therein as he has already proved himself in his monochromes of Eastern subjects. He has the right stuff in him; and he is a born hunter, for he "takes a toss" as part of the necessities of the hunting. Mr. Tucker, who must always be given the honour of one of the pioneers of the movement, has made finer colour-prints than the one on the line, "A Grey Day on the Canche," which plays with the greys and greens of a French landscape by a stream, wherein he shows an ugly tendency in places to paint spots with the brush instead of making the gelatine bring up the colour from the brush in pure printing fashion, thereby giving passages of cheap, hard appearance to an otherwise good work—a blemish even more marked in his larger print. Mr. Tucker is too fine a craftsman to go a-stumbling now. I remember his houses along the river and other better things than these; nor do I judge him with the leniency due to a novice—he is a leader.

The enormously large faculty and power of the bromoil over the bichromate is best seen in the prints round about the "Arab Fantasia," where the rich, warm hues, the snowy whiteness of the white dome, and the sumptuous colours of the East do not prevent the interplay of tender lilacs and silvery greys—and, be it remembered, it is in the lilacs, silvers, and golden hues that light reveals its glamour. There are works here to be seen which are so remarkable in colour and in handling that they would make a mark in any display of water-colours or coloured etchings, wholly free from all that unpleasantness of "photography tintiness" that we associate with the wretched product known as the "coloured photograph." Action is caught on the wing, and the play of light recorded with skill. A tender landscape by Mr. Stuart, called "La Bocca," and an Arab by Mr. Mortimer, deserve attention. Altogether a memorable display. The hanging might have made it appear to greater advantage; exhibitions are an affair of compromise, but there are degrees even in compromise. But the show will take rank for its large and generous policy, for its freedom from clique and parochial intention, above all for its liberal attitude towards the advance of photography in colour-printing. It has drawn the eyes of the Continent, and it has thoroughly deserved its position.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

The Critic Scornful

English Literature, 1880-1905. By J. M. KENNEDY. (Stephen Swift and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. KENNEDY'S title is a sort of joke, probably suggested by Mr. Max Beerbohm's "1880," for his book is really a set of essays on the "Yellow Book" authors, on Pater, Wilde, Mr. Shaw, Mr. Wells, and Gissing, with a long note on classicism. He regards these authors as representing a "revived romantic movement" of these twenty-five years. He has no great opinion of any of them, and concludes with this advice to those who care to listen to it:—

> The age of science may be dead; but we must look to it that if an age of faith is to begin such faith shall be aristocratic—Catholic, if you like—and not the narrow Puritanism and Nonconformity to which we have so long been accustomed. Only if this condition is fulfilled shall we witness anything resembling a renaissance in creative English literature. This is an essential principle; and the leaders of such modern literature as we have—if I may use an expression verging on the colloquial—must be educated up to it.

He begins their education. He does not like romanticism at all. Having read Nietzsche, he has become scornful of everything not classical, and by classical he means, and says that he means, "work modelled on the style of the best Greek and Latin authors." He does not include Plato, because he calls Plato and the Platonists the "Christians" of Greece, and he scorns Christians and Liberals as he does romantics. He is a bigot, and his bigotry is amusing. Thus to learn the difference between romantic and classical he asks us to compare Donne with Ovid, and George Herbert with Racine. He expects us to lament with him the pernicious influence of Plato and Ruskin on Pater, though we do not know, and he does not know, what Pater could have been without that influence, which was lifelong. He is not content with "what some critics refer to as the 'freshness' of Philippe de Commynes and Villehardouin," but longs for the touch of Thucydides and Tacitus. Evidently he has less love of variety than his creator.

But the classicist is not merely one who tries to write like a Greek or Roman not under the ban of Mr. Kennedy. He is not afraid to face reality; he says "Yea" to life; he controls himself. There is as little harm as good in this use of the word, but we doubt whether the word is more than a shibboleth adopted in imitation of Nietzsche and for purposes of abusing those whom the author dislikes. It is used in a special secret sense which it is not in the power of his prose to communicate. The word is dead, like the rest of his writing, the mere pedantry of a servile and arrogant Nietzschean. Mr. Kennedy degrades a number of good words so as to make them rough synonyms: classicist, aristocrat, artist, Catholic, on the one hand; romantic, liberal, democratic, Puritan, on the other. In one place he seems inclined to add "Celtic" to the bunch, for he says:—

> The Celt has all the sympathetic feelings for humanity which we usually find developed by the Roman Catholic Church, although he may not possess them in so great a degree as his French, Spanish, or Italian brethren of the faith.

Here this classicist may be seen doing as naive a conjuring trick as any romantic. He does not explain. Your classicist will not explain in addressing the herd; he will advocate his ideas "like a priest of the Church of Rome, who would merely have to give a word of command to an obedient flock," which is a "noble and aristocratic fashion." Mr. Kennedy calls Crackanthorpe's realism "inartistic," and applies the same epithet to Eugenics as a remedy for decay. The real artist in his view is one who

> will have no early artistic struggles to endure, for, as the result of artistic tradition on both sides of his family, he will be born with all the requisite artistic instincts, which will then only require purely natural development.

He omits to mention on which side of the grave and of reality this state of things is expected and desired. He pities men "who endeavour to act as artists without having been born with this artistic tradition." In his jargon it is natural to contend that Dickens "never attempted to write a work of art in his life," and to say of the books of Mr. Wells that "we may, if we like, . . . describe them as the works of a self-made artist," and to label Darwin and Herbert Spencer as Puritans and "these people." He turns from Mr. Wells to Gissing with relief as to one who was "acquainted with art."

If a man cannot use language in such a way that each word helps every other and is necessary to every other, he must explain himself at some length. Mr. Kennedy cannot so use language, and therefore speaks in vain when, for example, he pronounces that "Mr. Wells's books show an ingenious use of the scientific faculty, but little artistic imagination." We can have only a vague notion of what is meant by these groups of words. We cannot expect Mr. Arthur Symons to take it as a compliment that Mr. Kennedy says he can only compare his book on Blake to Lionel Johnson's "Art of Thomas Hardy." He cannot expect us to set any value on his random statement that Beardsley was of the "ruler-artist" type because he played fast and loose with Wilde in illustrating "Salome."

Mr. Kennedy seldom confesses to liking anything, but he admires Lionel Johnson and Mr. Max Beerbohm, and asks us to share his admiration for the use of "bleed" in this sentence by Mr. Beerbohm: "If anyone were so sanguine, a glance at the faces of our Conscript Fathers along the benches would soon bleed him." But this is merely a half-serious Paterism, and not English at all. He also admires Dowson's "Cynara," of which he says—surely not in classic style—that it is "as

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

immortal as Catullus in his happiest moments, and not to be compared with anything but a few of the finest efforts of the Latin poet." Nor is he more classic in sneering, as when he makes Mr. Shaw call himself a "feverish little clod of ailments and grievances"—which he never did—or when he writes:—

> That Mr. Shaw, the ardent reformer, revolutionary Socialist, and would-be artist, should have had a short play produced on the boards of a music-hall is, to my mind, something distinctly ironical.

But Mr. Kennedy will have to do even more than digest his Nietzsche and swallow his conceit before he can write about literature.

Post-Prandial Essays

All Manner of Folk. By HOLBROOK JACKSON. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a book with an infallible appeal to all those who love what Shaftesbury so aptly described as "the ingenious way of miscellaneous writing." It is as difficult to define as it is impossible to resist the charm of these essays. They make no great parade of scholarship. They can hardly—any of them—be regarded as ultimate contributions to the subjects of which they treat. They are discursive—colloquial almost. They have all the qualities of good magazine writing. But they leave a pleasant flavour behind them. They entertain. And, after all, to entertain is—or should be—one of the chief functions of the essayist.

Mr. Holbrook Jackson has always the air of being delightfully at home with his subject. He strikes you as being a specialist in everything, and of communicating as much information as he thinks will amuse you—no more. He stops short on the popular side of erudition. He passes lightly over a hundred subjects, lingers lovingly on others, agrees to dismiss some altogether. He has his preferences, of course. In every successful book of essays the personal equation must count for much. Mr. Jackson is frankly a man of his time. He is imbued with the modern spirit, has absorbed Nietzsche, and welcomes with a shout of triumph the advent of the Superman. He is always on the side of the new arrival. Hence such writers as John M. Synge and Max Beerbohm are secure of a generous meed of recognition. His admiration for Poe is not easily distinguishable from idolatry. At times, however, he dips his pen in acid rather than in ink. There is a sharp double-edge about such appreciation as the following. Mr. Jackson is writing of Thoreau and the Walden experiment:—

> The experiment, in spite of its remoteness from comfortable habits, was not remote from the only sort of social life which appealed to the philosopher; it was performed before the only people who would then have understood his aim, the intellectual coteries of Concord; and the loneliness which was mitigated for him by reason of his knowledge that our planet was in the Milky Way, was further mitigated by the fact of Thoreau's kinship with the members of the Concord coterie, who were his frequent visitors.

Equally penetrating is his appreciation of J. M. Synge, the Irish dramatist, who has not yet come into his own:—

> Synge stands for a national, as distinct from a class, drama; a drama which interprets character rather than analyses it, which reveals rather than proves; a drama of humour rather than of wit, and a drama which above all things nourishes the imagination instead of sacrificing everything to the intellect.

Indeed, everything that Mr. Jackson has to say in this volume about the drama and its modern developments is well worth reading.

Mr. Jackson is, as a rule, so scrupulously accurate that one takes a malicious joy in finding him tripping. And trip he does—quite amusingly—on page 151, where he refers to the "devotional writer, Anthony Trahearne." He means, of course, Thomas Traherne. Anthony Treherne is, if we remember rightly, the name of a London publisher. A mere *lapsus memoriæ*, however, cannot be counted to Mr. Jackson as a defect, and the book is so full of good things that we should be ready to pardon many such mistakes. "All Manner of Folk" is one of the most interesting books of the season, and the reader will return to it again and again.

Poets at Prayer

The Poet's Chantry. By KATHERINE BREGY. (Herbert and Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE author of this volume has deliberately narrowed her selection. All the poets dealt with here are religious poets, and their purely religious work, and that alone, is considered. Furthermore, they are all Roman Catholics. Much of the finest and most exalted spiritual poetry which our English literature has produced falls outside the purview of Miss Brégy. She can find no place for such singers as Herbert, or Quarles, or Traherne, or Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, or Keble, or Christina Rossetti, or Dora Greenwell. The consequence is that one gets a rather one-sided impression of religion in English poetry.

On the other hand, Miss Brégy will have rendered an important service if she helps the reader to realise the immense influence which Roman Catholicism has exerted over our English devotional verse. Southwell and Crashaw and Francis Thompson—these are names which shine like stars with an undimmed lustre in the splendid firmament of song. There is, indeed, one link that binds together most, if not perhaps all, of these singers to whom Miss Brégy introduces us. It is the link of sorrow. Of such poets as Southwell and Gerard Hopkins and Coventry Patmore it may be said, with the fullest realisation of the meaning of the phrase, that they

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

learnt in suffering what they taught in song. Mysterious are the ways of Providence! Southwell, who opens Miss Brégy's list, was a propagandist by profession, a poet by accident. Flung into a noisome gaol, his spirit returned upon itself, and he wrote that immortal lyric, "Burning-Babe," to claim which Ben Jonson would have willingly destroyed more than one of his own poems. The life of Gerard Hopkins was one long, slow martyrdom. Yet he poured out his soul in pæans of thankfulness, and, while toiling at an uncongenial task among the slums of Liverpool, he had a vision of the world charged with the grandeur of God. Scarcely Francis Thompson himself had a deeper realisation of the nearness of the Divine to the human than this man whose work is known only to the readers of a few casual anthologies. One cannot resist the temptation of quoting here that perfect poem, "Barn-floor and Winepress." There may be a few readers of THE ACADEMY to whom it is even yet unknown, and, as Miss Brégy justly says, "it ought to have the recognition due to a devotional classic":—

> Thou who on Sin's wages starvest,
> Behold, we have the Joy of Harvest;
> For us was gathered the First-fruits,
> For us was lifted from the roots,
> Sheaved in cruel bands, bruised sore,
> Scourged upon the threshing-floor;
> Where the upper millstone roofed His Head,
> At morn we found the Heavenly Bread;
> And on a thousand altars laid,
> Christ our Sacrifice is made.
>
> Thou, whose dry plot for moisture gapes,
> We shout with them that tread the grapes;
> For us the Vine was fenced with thorn,
> Five ways the precious branches torn.
> Terrible fruit was on the tree
> In the acre of Gethsemane:
> For us by Calvary's distress
> The wine was racked from the press;
> Now, in our altar-vessels stored,
> Lo, the sweet vintage of the Lord!

It is a standing reproach to English criticism that the author of these lines has hitherto received so small a meed of recognition, and it is little less than incredible that no collected edition of the poems of Hopkins has ever been published.

Francis Thompson needs no introduction to any reader of this journal, or to any lover of poetry. He has already taken his position as a classic, and we may confidently anticipate that the judgment of posterity will but confirm the verdict of his contemporaries. Since the days when the unknown sixteenth-century singer entranced our ears and satisfied our souls with such melody as—

> Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
> The flood of life doth flow;
> Upon whose banks on every side
> The wood of Life doth grow,

no poet has succeeded in making a surer appeal to the deepest and divinest instincts in man.

Miss Brégy is a safe guide. The dainty, amorous fantasies of William Habington—a lesser Herrick—the pure, white ecstasy of Crashaw, the calm contemplativeness of Aubrey de Vere, the mysticism of Coventry Patmore, the music of Lionel Johnson and of Alice Meynell—all receive adequate recognition in these pages. There will be many readers who will gladly turn aside from the allurements of the world to kneel for a short space in this quiet chantry where the air is sweet with incense and the altar decked with flowers of a wondrous beauty and fragrance.

A Guilty Record

Cameos of Indian Crime. By H. HERVEY. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE crimes of a nation, or of a continent like India—which comprises many peoples but is not a nation—are not exactly pleasant reading, but they afford materials for an interesting book. The whole subject of crime in India has been fully exposed lately, in the Report of the Indian Police Commission of 1902-3, in Sir Edmund Cox's book on the Indian Police, in "Oriental Crime," and now in the present work, which gives instances of the crimes most prevalent, with such references to the police and their methods of detection as are necessary. It is worth while, even for people who lead the most immaculate lives, to know something of the crime and criminal classes among which they live. Such knowledge should put them on their guard and afford them protection in many of the common transactions of life.

The reader must beware of forming an impression that the whole population of India is criminal. When a writer sets himself to ransack the criminal records of 315 millions over thirty-five years of his residence there he can have no difficulty in collecting a number of startling cases, to exemplify every form of crime and rascality; but Mr. Hervey rightly points out that, while it has been his business to deal with the seamy side of the Indian native's character, he could also have testified to many noble qualities. He knows the Indian peoples, having spent his life among them, and it is sad to read his final conclusion: "The one insurmountable rock on which they split is a universal disregard for truth, a failing to which the very best of them are prone." Until their tendency to untruthfulness can be cured by themselves, through a general elevation of the moral tone, their religions, education, and political advancement will never produce satisfactory results.

There is nothing that strikes the European in India so forcibly as the inaccuracy of Indian thought and expression; Oriental hyperbole has become notorious. Mr. Hervey says bluntly, "One individual out of a thousand has not any conception of or respect for the truth," meaning, of course, that not one in a thousand has any such conception. But, after all, mendacity is not crime in the same sense as murder, house-robbery, theft, or other offences known to the Penal Code are. Nor do such

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

headings as Beggars and Beggar-faking, Impostors, Disloyalty, Superstition, Anonymous Letters, to which the author devotes separate chapters, connote, as they stand, what are usually regarded as crimes. They would come rather under a general classification of immoralities than of crime or criminal offences. Mr. Hervey might easily have distinguished logically the acts which the Penal Law has scheduled as crimes from conduct and actions which civil society reprobates without attaching to them the punishment authorised by that law.

He has not devoted, by name or designation, a chapter to Cheating, or attempts to cheat, a very common class of offence in India, though sundry of the malpractices which he describes might be regarded as falling under that category. Mr. Hervey is neither a logical writer nor a scholar. He only quotes old Latin tags, but he generally gives them wrong, such as Terence's saying on the tenth page, the words "Flagranti delicto" thrice repeated, and the old catch, "Tempora mutantur et nos," etc., etc. The merit of the book is that the author writes, in a light and easy style, of cases of Indian crime which have come within his own cognisance, or for the authenticity of which he can vouch. He has thus recorded many circumstances in which the native character has appeared in, to say the least, an unfavourable light, and there is nothing so important to the administrator or to the public as to be prepared for the recurrence of possible developments of a similar kind. Religious persons will be shocked to read, what Mr. Hervey truly says, that "in India, religion—or, rather, the pretence thereof—especially if of a fanatical character, is generally the guise under which disaffected natives manifest their disloyalty towards the British Government, and their hatred for the white Christian from the West."

Jewellery of All Ages

Chats on Old Jewellery and Trinkets. By MACIVER PERCIVAL. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

COLLECTORS of old jewellery—and there are many other collections which are far more difficult to justify—will find in the present volume one which should serve them in good stead in equipping themselves for the pursuit of their own particular hobby. Of course, no expert can obtain his lore from book-learning alone; he must always depend on practical experience, but experience alone is insufficient to form the perfect expert. There is other knowledge which should be ancillary to practical experience, whose function it is to supply the polish to it. For this purpose, and as an introduction to the study of old jewellery, no volume could be more useful than that of Mr. Percival.

Mr. Fisher Unwin's series of "Chats" is by now too familiar to require any special introduction or explanation, or even eulogy. Their position in the favour of collectors is assured. The predecessors in the series, taken together, serve as a standard by which additions to it may be judged. Applying this standard to the present volume, one must decide that this, the latest of them, is full worthy to take its place among its predecessors.

Now to the book in itself. The scheme adopted by Mr. Percival has been first to give a general historical sketch of the development of the art of jewellery-making, as illustrated by the specimens which have survived from the earliest times, those of Egypt, Greece, Etruria, and Rome, until last century. Then come chapters devoted to provincial or peasant jewellery, and Oriental (Indian, Burmese, Chinese, and Japanese) jewellery. After these follow chapters which deal specially with brooches, rings, shoe-buckles, painters and goldsmiths, precious stones, cameos and intaglios, paste and other substitutes for diamonds, and pinchbeck or imitation jewellery. The last chapter consists of a brief bibliography of the subjects treated in the volume. There is, moreover, a compendious glossary, a very necessary adjunct to a volume of this description, and, above all, the text is plentifully embellished with photographs of many of the objects described, a feature which of itself renders Mr. Percival's work an object of desire. Among such a multitude of beautiful things it is difficult to express decided preferences, but from the point of view of beauty, if on no other ground, the palm should be awarded to some of the photographs of the jewellery of the Renaissance.

Jewellery in the modern economy, apart from items of utility, such as brooches, pins, etc., or others with sentimental connections, such as finger-rings, serves but one purpose—that of beautifying or decoration. In earlier days its use was more extensive. Among the ancients objects of jewellery were worn as amulets to bring good fortune or to ward off ill. Others signified the rank of the wearer, or had some religious connection. All, however, whatever their original meaning, tended to become decorative also, and gradually degenerated into mere ornaments. In the motive for wearing jewellery the most highly civilised is, after all, not very different from the savage. Both *au fond* strive to attract attention, the former by means of precious stones and priceless jewels, the latter by glittering or jingling objects. To the naked savage, his or her ornament of tinkling metal is as precious as the tiara of a duchess is to its wearer. Human nature, it seems, undergoes practically no appreciable change, even in the course of ages. The truth of this lesson is emphasised on almost every one of the earlier pages of this book. Another lesson is that, despite all the boasted progress of the present age, in the art of jewellery-making practically no advance has been made on the ancients. The only progress has been the recovery of the ground lost early in the present era. Among the objects found in ancient Egyptian tombs are articles which, in workmanship, not only could not be surpassed at the present day, but have rarely been equalled, even in the periods when goldsmiths' work was the craft in which the leading artistic minds found expression. "The ancient Egyptians carried the art of inlaying pieces of glass and stone into cells of gold to the utmost pitch

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of perfection, fitting the fragments of materials exactly to the contours of their appointed places with the utmost skill . . . nowadays none but the cleverest workman could hope to equal the workmanship of these pieces." Delicate filagree work has never reached the same degree of perfection of craftsmanship and design as that attained by the Greeks. The works of that race and of the Etruscans, which very rarely come into the market, not only possess extreme antiquarian interest, but are also perfect examples of exquisite craftsmanship.

Indian Aborigines

The Mundas and Their Country. By SARAT CHANDRA ROY, M.A., B.L. With an Introduction by E. A. GAIT, I.C.S. Illustrated. (The City Book Society, Calcutta. 9s. 6d.)

THE publication of this book will serve two useful purposes: it will enable the civil administrator to know better the people whom he has to govern, and it will add to the stock of folk-lore, which is a favourite study of many scientific people. It is satisfactory to note that it is the work of a practising Indian lawyer resident among the Mundas, and it is creditable to him to have produced such a book while following his arduous profession. The notes, as well as the text, display erudition and wide reading. The Introduction by Mr. Gait, the present census officer of all India, himself the author of a "History of Assam," bears testimony to the writer's acquaintance with his subject.

The Mundas are the most numerous of the so-called aboriginal Kolarian tribes—though the propriety of the name Kolarian is disputed—inhabiting the uplands of the Chota Nagpur Division of the new Province of Bihar and Orissa. They number, roughly speaking, half a million souls, of whom about three-fifths are in the Ranchi district. They are regarded as aborigines, because no previous occupants of the tracts they inhabit are known; but the author records at length the traditions—and much early Indian history has no firmer basis than tradition—which tell of the Mundas having migrated from North-Western India, retreating before the Aryan invaders. The route of the Mundas from their ancient home to their present location has been suggested, but it depends chiefly upon conjecture. Munda means, in Sanskrit, the head of a village; it became the name of the tribe. In physical type there is much similarity between the Mundari race and other speakers of Dravidian languages, so that Mundas and other Dravidians may be considered to be racially connected, but the Dravidian have no connection with the Munda languages. Colonel E. T. Dalton, in his "Descriptive Ethnology of Bengal," classified Mundas as Kolarians, not Dravidians. Dr. A. C. Haddon considers they may belong to the primitive Indo-nesian races.

The Munda characteristics are a broad nose, a long head, plentiful and sometimes curly, but not woolly hair, a black or nearly black skin, and short stature. The people present an interesting subject for the ethnographist, to whom the book will be a valuable contribution on their social life, customs, ceremonies, songs, beliefs, and organisation. Their authentic history begins with the British acquisition of Chota Nagpur as part of Bihar in 1765. Their country has been at times the scene of disturbances directed against alien landlords, who oppressed the aboriginals by depriving them of their rights, real and alleged. So late as 1895, Birsa, a partly-educated Munda, proclaimed a new religion, and himself as Bhagwan, or the Deity. Rendering himself amenable to the law, he was imprisoned. In 1900 his second outbreak assumed a political character, in which murders were committed. Troops and police were called out to quell the revolt. Birsa died in jail, while awaiting trial; his followers were appropriately punished.

The success of the various Christian missions at Ranchi, especially the Roman Catholic Mission, is remarkable. It has made nearly 100,000 converts in the Ranchi district alone, among whom Mundas exceed 30,000. The Mission employs over 50 European priests, over 500 aboriginal catechists, and more than 200 schoolmasters; they have 15 solid brick-built churches and over 400 chapels. There is still plenty of scope for their energies, for the Munda continues to take oaths on the cow's tail, on copper and certain leaves—practices borrowed from the Hindus. Swearing on the tiger's skin, he will say: "May tigers devour me if I am guilty." In other respects, their education, though rapidly advancing, is far from complete. Though Mr. Roy's book may not find many readers in England, it will bring him honour in India, where it will be properly appreciated.

Shorter Reviews

The Mystery of Francis Bacon. By WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY. (Robert Banks and Son. 5s. net.)

MR. SMEDLEY has spared neither research nor ingenuity in the preparation of this comparatively slender volume. An ardent Baconian, fully convinced that the great Elizabethan philosopher sunk his own individuality, or rather presented it under the name of Shakespeare, the author seeks for the logical cause of this change of nomenclature. According to Mr. Smedley, Bacon's concealment of his own name and his adoption of that of Shakespeare formed part of a set and deeply-considered plan. The author lays stress on Bacon's conception of the Divine Being, which is made obvious in the preface to the "Advancement of learning" and elsewhere:—"For of the knowledges which contemplate the works of Nature, the holy Philosopher hath said expressly; *that the glory of God is to conceal a thing, but the glory of the king is to find it out*; as if the Divine Nature, according to the innocent and sweet play of children, which hide themselves to the end they may be found;

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

took delight to hide his works, to the end they might be found out; and of his indulgence and goodness to mankind, had chosen the soul of man to be his play-fellow in this game."

Here, says the author, we have the key to the mystery in which Francis Bacon enveloped his work. In divine playfulness he hid its source, being convinced that in the end his own personality, glowing through the text, would become revealed to the world at large. The arguments produced to this end are certainly ingenious, and the evidence of deep study is apparent throughout the book.

There is no space to follow Mr. Smedley's further arguments here, since he has gleaned much, and has brought a wealth of amazingly interesting grist to his historical mill. If we cannot share his conviction in all respects, more especially with regard to the alleged cryptographical fragment which occurs in an annotation, there are doubtless very many readers who will follow him with enthusiasm throughout. In any case the interest of this work is great, and its value should not be underrated.

Creative Revelation: Four Lectures on the Miraculous Christ. By J. G. SIMPSON, D.D., Canon of St. Paul's. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. net.)

WE strongly commend these excellent lectures on the Miraculous Christ. Their subject is the problem of miracles, and the Virgin-Birth and Resurrection of Christ. Dr. Simpson admirably criticises the curious and unsatisfactory position of those who combine an attachment to Christianity with disbelief in miracles, and shows how destructive of real spiritual faith is the so-called "Modernity" of to-day. At the same time his work is constructive in itself, and not merely negative criticism. For he ably presents a mode of belief most valuable for thinking minds likely to be influenced by the dogmatic assumptions of "modern criticism."

For example, the Resurrection may appear to one man as an interruption of the laws of nature wrought by the mere will of the all-powerful God. Another may regard it as an example of higher law. Another may be convinced that some day the Resurrection will be explained by science: while yet another may view it as arising from the control of natural forces by spiritual personality. For just as the attempt to define miracles is futile, so also is any attempt to explain the Resurrection, but the "main point on which we must insist is that for Christians the Resurrection is the triumph that leads death captive, just as the faith which receives it is the victory that overcomes the world." Again, "the ground upon which the Resurrection is believed lies deeper than mere documents." Hence the fallacy of such a book as "When it was Dark." Nor could we expect the existence of any documents which "would satisfy the requirements of a modern scientific society." It must not be forgotten that there will always be those "who see only a partial universe, because they can make no venture of faith."

The essay on the Virgin-Birth is very good, especially in its contention that there is no real analogy between the belief in our Lord's Virgin-Birth and the legends of pagan mythology. The only fault we find with this little book is that it is all too short, and we hope that some day it may be expanded further. Dr. Simpson writes with strong conviction allied to a deep and broad sympathy with honest doubts and fears. His book is one for clergy and laity alike, and should find its way into the hands of all who are perplexed by the spirit of modern criticism; and we especially recommend it to the younger clergy and students at theological colleges. It can hardly fail to give some real help to those who read it with understanding, as an antidote to some aspects of "modernity."

A History of Preston in Amoundderness. By H. W. CLEMESHA, M.A. With Maps. (Sherratt and Hughes. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS interesting book is a useful addition to the increasing volume of the local history of English towns, on which so much light is being thrown by the publication of the Calendar of Patent Rolls, and other State Papers. Mr. Clemesha has also drawn his information from the Lancashire Pipe Rolls and Chartulary, the records of the Court Leat and other original sources. There are valuable chapters on the Gild Merchant, and on Government and Town Life in the Middle Ages. But though the writer's aim is to treat of the "conditions of life in mediæval Preston," more than two-thirds of a lengthy book are concerned with its history subsequent to the year 1500, while quite half is comparatively modern. With the exception of incidental references, there is nothing continuous told of the Ecclesiastical History before the Reformation, a rather serious omission.

At the same time, the growth and development of the agricultural community into a trading town, and the transition from manor to borough, are carefully traced. Preston, the "tun" or township of priests (Skeat) is first mentioned in Domesday Book, but the Hundred of Amounderness, or Agemundreness occurs in earlier history. The name is Danish and is equivalent to "the promontory of Agmundr." Roger of Poitou, son of Roger, Earl of Shrewsbury, was lord of Preston (temp. Wm. I), and granted the customs of Breteuil to Preston, which were later embodied in the Preston Custumal, probably 14th century. This Custumal, of which a most interesting transcript is given, still exists in the original MS. in the municipal archives. It defines the rights of the burgesses, privileges, tolls, taxes, laws of debt, of buying and selling, etc. It is amusing to notice that if any man slander or libel a married woman, "he shall pay three shillings, take himself by the nose, and say that he has lied, and there shall be concord."

The story of Preston during the fifteenth century is meagre, but Mr. Clemesha laments lack of records. The Stuart period is fuller; and from the middle of the seventeenth century to the present day there is abun-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

dance of material, of which the author has made ample yet discriminating use.

Local histories of this kind are valuable for reference to students of historical law and of the development of municipal life in England.

Love's Victories. By M. M. LEE. (The Happy Publishing Co. 1s. net.)

IN an accompanying letter we are told that "Love's Victories" is the first book issued by the Happy Publishing Company, and that it is "written, printed, and published by women." It must not by this be understood that it is a book dealing in the slightest degree with suffragettes, militant or otherwise. It consists rather of a series of short stories from the pen of Mrs. M. M. Lee. In a brief preface the author tells us that she asked her great friend Betsey to write an introduction, but that she refused, as she could not "string a dozen words together." However, the whole of the preface is taken up with a conversation between Mrs. Lee and Betsey, from which we are able to gather that Betsey has a very good opinion of her friend's efforts. And with that opinion we entirely agree. The stories are slight in form, but each one possesses a charm and merit of its own. Poverty and love form the theme of most of them, and, although pathos has a large share in their composition, the sentiment is never sickly, nor has it the appearance of being put on with a very large instrument. It is not easy to choose one as being the best in the book, but the appeal of the poor neglected little waif, who had lost her mother, to the rich woman as she weeps over her child's grave is very human in its touch. "I know who's down there," says the little ragged one with the elfin face. "It's the boy what had petticoats like a girl! Say, now, when he went away, did he take all his things, every one of 'em, the very oldest an' all?" While Mrs. Lee writes as she does in "Love's Victories" we shall be glad to see more of her work.

Fiction

Marriage. By H. G. WELLS. (Macmillan & Co. 6s.)

WE believe that in this book Mr. Wells has come nearer than he has yet done to writing a great novel. He has long ago justified a claim to stand among the foremost story-writers of our time: his gifts of imagination are unquestioned—though he shares them with Miss Corelli and Mr. Hall Caine: he has usually a story to tell, but so have many others. He is susceptible beyond the average to ideas floating in the air, but one fatal defect marks all his work—he has not cared to learn the art of writing. No one would ever imagine from reading his books that English prose, properly written, is among the most musical of any in the world, or dream of giving him a place in the long chain of great writers in whose books immortal thought is linked indissolubly with sweeping rhythm and mighty-sounding music. Page after page of harshly-constructed sentences fatigue the ear with persistent creakings which, unlike that funeral car of the Mikado, of which we have just read, never attain even to the dignity of a rhythm of their own. Did ever any writer of Mr. Wells's experience allow such an ungainly sentence as this—which we take leave to divide into bars for ease in reading—stand at the beginning of a book: "An extrémely pretty gírl | occupied a sécond-class compártment | in one of those tráins | which pércolate | throúgh the rúral tranqúillities | of míddle England | from Gánford in Óxfordshire | to Rúmbold Júnction in Ként."

We can well believe, after meeting with this sentence, that Mr. Wells does not hold that reading aloud is any test of the value of prose. The first bar, with its sequence of gradually-shortening words, is a full close; the ear expects a period at "girl"—Mr. Wells uses it as an introduction. The short, clipped words of the third bar strike the ear, by this time attuned to some sort of polysyllabic effect, most disagreeably; "through the rural" is plainly impossible to any but the most slovenly and careless of pens; and "from Ganford in Oxfordshire" is more perverse still, since the author has quite needlessly invented the name of Ganford. It is not, we hope, unfair to select this opening sentence of the book as a specimen of the style; but hardly a page occurs without similar faults of composition. And, forced as we are to deny him any claim to higher powers of writing English than a moderately-successful transcript of the language of ordinary conversation, we are still more forced to deny him that "poetic gift, the gift of the creative and illuminating phrase which alone justifies writing," according to Mr. Wells himself. It is true that he has the gift of summing up the opinions current in certain circles in a neat and effective phrase or epithet—this book has many examples of his powers—but this power is not creative: there is no touch of the maker, the poet, about it. It is one of the great advantages of an incursion into sentimental Socialism for a literary man that he learns to see familiar institutions from a fresh angle, and no one, least of all such a man as Mr. Wells, could come into close association with Mr. Shaw, either as a friend or as an opponent, without catching some of his disconcerting clearness of vision. Fortunately, we do not read Mr. Wells either for his style or his views, but for the tale he has to tell and for the part of himself he puts into what he writes; we can afford to wait for the better while enjoying the good. For the fact remains that we do read Mr. Wells, and will continue to do so even if he never learns—which the gods forbid—to respect the instrument he wields so clumsily.

The story before us reaches, we believe, the high-water mark of his achievement. It is superior to "Tono-Bungay" in subject and treatment; it is altogether free from the malodorous salacity of "Ann Veronica," and from the hardly-disguised personalities of "The New Machiavelli." We shall not this time be bored by quid-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

nuncs anxious to tell us who it was that kissed Mrs. Blank's servant on the stairs, or how Mr. X behaved very well in shielding Mr. Y. Mr. Wells gives us the story of the married life of two educated people; of an exceptional man in whom the pursuit of knowledge is an unconscious religion, and of a woman able to form some conception of his aims, but far below his spiritual and mental level. He sacrifices his true career to the claims of wife and society, attains success, and finds it a Dead Sea apple in his mouth. The whole institution of modern marriage from top to bottom is discussed in this tale without a single unpleasant reference to the problems of sex. Marjorie is the woman of to-day—she has "come out of being a slave, yet isn't an equal." She is in many respects charming—Rosamond Vincey with a difference—though we fancy she would be less highly estimated by a jury of matrons than by the author. Trafford's mother is an amazingly fine woman, and Mr. Pope—Marjorie's father—is an excellent character-sketch of the domestic tyrant not yet extinct among the leisured class.

Mr. Wells proposes no solution for the problems that arise in the course of the story, and indeed no solution of them is or has ever been possible. He pleads for an interval of quiet thought on many problems of fundamental importance, which are too much pushed into the background to-day, as well as on others thrust before us for an immediate answer. Change is in the air; change in the relations between men and women, parents and children, master and servant; and unless the men who are to direct its stages are animated by full knowledge of what is needed and a spirit of religion in its highest sense, nothing but anarchy can result. It is a serious thesis for a novel, but treated as Mr. Wells has done it, in a quiet, thoughtful, experimental mood, it raises the whole story to a nobler plane. Let us hope that his next book will have all its good qualities, and, in addition, that charm of expression and style which is needed to give the author the place among writers we all wish to see him occupy.

Devoted Sparkes. By W. PETT RIDGE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

MR. PETT RIDGE'S titles are often rather cryptic; no one would suspect, for instance, that "Sparkes" was a pleasant servant-girl whose Christian name was Hetty. Her mistress, "Miss G.," to whom she is devoted, appears vaguely here and there in the course of the story; more prominent are the friends and fellow-servants of Hetty. From their quarrels, their sarcasms, their courtships, and their villainies plenty of good entertainment is to be gained by the reader who knows his author's peculiar ways. We look for one unvaried style of writing from Mr. Pett Ridge, and although to read two or three books of his consecutively would prove perhaps too much of a good thing, once in a while, as a thorough change, they are very welcome. In the portrayal of characters in a different class of life he is less successful; a page or two in the present volume, describing a society gathering, illustrates the danger of transferring the conversational lapses of the eastern suburbs to the lips of the aristocracy. On the whole, however, "Devoted Sparkes" keeps us pleasantly amused, and at times becomes almost exciting.

The Permanent Uncle. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

YIELDING to the temptation to adopt Mr. Goldring's phraseology, we confess that his book intrigues us to no small degree, though at times the slovenly proof-correcting is more than a little irritating. The permanent uncle, as Joanna remarks on the penultimate page, never did anything to speak of—he just *was*, and, in spite of his inactivity, we are made to realise his value, and to take leave of him with regret. Joanna herself is an admirable study, and Mr. Goldring has a way of chronicling odd and wonderful moments in human lives—little things so arresting that we know they must have happened—a way which gives reality to his story and make us feel that these people lived.

It would not be fair, although the plot is not nearly all the book, to give that plot away. It is to some extent a good comedy of errors, and of such a depth and character that we want all things to come right at the end, and are not disappointed. The necessary touch of pathos is supplied by Norma Murgatroyd, and, further back, there is a clever chapter or so describing how Joanna leaves her childhood and puts her hair up. We confess to very slight sympathy with Mary, the suspicious wife whose lack of confidence in Tim causes all the trouble. Still, we owe her a debt of gratitude, for, had there been no Mary, there had been no "permanent uncle" for us to read of and, in these days of many bad novels, one witty, clever book like this is unquestionably a matter for gratitude on the part of its readers.

Blinds Down. By H. A. VACHELL. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

FROM simple, everyday people, and their commonplace surroundings, Mr. Vachell has evolved a notable story, and driven home a great moral lesson with the force that comes of implication rather than of expression. Rosetta's life is wrecked by her two half-sisters, kindly, prim souls who are worshipped by Charminster, treated delicately and gently, and assisted in keeping their "blinds down" to the disagreeable things of life. When Rosetta, having married Lord Brough, runs off with the man she had loved from boyhood, her little daughter Rose is kept at home with the sisters for training and upbringing in the dower-house. Here one side of the house looks out on the slums of Charminster, and the blinds are kept down for Rose, to shut out the sight of the slums, as they had been for Rosetta. As the moral blinds of life are kept down for the girl, she comes very near following in the way her mother went; how this

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

is averted is told by Mr. Vachell with great delicacy and skill, yet at the same time with convincing force.

The book suffers a little from the transference of interest from mother to daughter, but when the half-way mark is passed Rose becomes just as engrossing a character as Rosetta. The prim, platitudinous sisters who spoilt Rosetta's life are excellently drawn; the life of Charminster and its people is rendered with fine restraint, and we get an intimate personal knowledge of every character introduced. "Blinds Down" is fine, arresting work, a book to read and remember.

A Daughter of Fate. By EDGAR LEIGH. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

CONRAD'S "Western Eyes" gave us a more than usually realistic presentment of the Russian temperament, and here, though in a less measure, we are faced with a similar study. The story is much shorter, but the result is achieved as Conrad achieved his, by a multiplicity of implications, a maze of things half-seen, out of which the Russian character, so different from that of Western Europe, is clearly realised.

The book, though short, is not easy to read. Even in dealing with the English Embassy in Japan, the author views things from a Russian standpoint and gives us half scenes, leaving us to guess their meaning. In Russia itself, and in dealing with Olga, his heroine, he manages to convey the constant plotting and intrigue which make up the life of half Russia with admirable clearness, and without a suspicion of melodrama or unreality. We are impressed by three warily-moving conspirators; we sympathise with Olga, who is an interesting and skilfully-drawn character; the actors in the plot are real people, swayed by real emotions and actuated by real impulses. The tragedy in which the book ends is lightened by a suggestion of what may happen beyond the last printed page, and the story itself is presented to the reader with sufficient force for him to wish that the hopes of Olga and Alexis may be realised. It is a work of originality, though the subject is familiar; it is also a work of much promise.

The Cup and the Lip. By STEPHEN KNOTT. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

THE girl is, of course, the cup, and—equally of course—the man is the lip. Julia, as the other girl, provokes the slips which are bound to occur, but the lip and cup, personified in Martin Conory and Beryl, his cousin, come together in satisfactory fashion at the end of the story. The author has treated a rather commonplace phase of psychological development in a very adequate way. We realise Martin Conory and Julia, the daughter of the narrow-minded, obtuse country parson, as two live, recognisable personalities, skilfully and sympathetically drawn. We are deeply interested in the curious—yet not uncommon—form of attraction which actuates them both, a species of physical passion in which their higher attributes are lost for the time. Were they to marry, we feel that they would lower rather than raise each other, and yet matters are brought to such a pass that we see no way out of the marriage. The author might easily have made of this a very ugly story, but it is good, clean craftsmanship throughout, so far as the principals are concerned, though there are amateurish touches about some of the minor characters which render them a trifle unconvincing.

We quarrel, heatedly, with Mr. Knott for solving his problem in the way he does—namely, by killing Julia at exactly the right moment for the convenience of Martin and Beryl. Up to that point, the story, as a whole, is lifelike enough, but from thence—near the end, luckily—it fails. The Fates are not so kind to misguided mortals as Mr. Knott would have us believe, and by abandoning probability for bare possibility he has detracted seriously from the final effect.

The Theatre

"Everywoman" at Drury Lane Theatre

IN the vocabulary of Mr. Arthur Collins there is no such word as failure. Ever since the far-off days of Sir Augustus Harris I never remember an autumn play that was not spoken of as a tremendous success. But I fancy that "Everywoman, Her Pilgrimage in Quest of Love," must have tried the tradition considerably. For it suggests that the producer must effect the latest scientific miracle and make life from nothing. The late Mr. Walter Browne, no doubt, had some very definite plan in view, some morality play which should be as modern and topical as were the fifteenth century moral works in their own day. But by reason of an unfortunate circumstance or two the idea does not get over the footlights, the altruistic undertaking falls to pieces, and lies dead and flat upon the stage. In the crude and unbeautiful writing of the piece we look in vain for the signs of revision by Mr. Stephen Phillips—perhaps it is there, hidden with consummate art. Surely the lines in the book, which one buys in the theatre, are not edited by the musical and profound singer discovered by Mr. Le Gallienne somewhere in the far-off nineties of the last century. However that may be, Mr. Collins has done his best with the "book" before him. Miss Alexandra Carlisle as "Everywoman" sustains her allegorical rôle with constant industry, and is convincing and beautiful in the most worldly part of her career. At the beginning of the "Quest," when she is still the close and idle companion of "Beauty," Miss Gladys Cooper, of "Youth," Miss Patricia Collinge, of "Modesty," Miss Jessie Winter, and the victim of "Flattery," Mr. Austin Melford, Miss Carlisle is rather too intentional, a trifle artificial. But when the lines of the play permit her to be human, she makes the most of her chances. Her companions are quite charming

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

in a vague, light manner, each representing her type with perfect grace, and speaking her halting lines with as much intelligence and meaning as the elusive nature of her stage character will permit. One cannot help feeling, however, that Miss Cooper will be glad to get back, a little later in the evening, to her extremely modern and concrete part in "Milestones."

As "Nobody," Mr. H. B. Irving does much to rob the play of its painfully amorphous tendency, and to endow his difficult part with dignity and a definite note of distinction. The lines he speaks sound fifty times better than they read. The whole "Morality" owes him no small debt, although, after the first dozen times the word "Nobody" has been used, one begins to grow a little impatient of the humour. He begs us—

> Remember! Everywoman in her Youth
> Early was tempted and beguiled from Truth,
> And Nobody will know the bitter ruth.
> If then this play offend or please, I dare
> Make you this promise, Nobody will care.

Notwithstanding Mr. Irving's skill, I fancy very few will be greatly pleased or vastly offended—some may be bored by "Everywoman's" quest for "King Love the First"—that is the worst that can happen. The archtype of womanhood as a star of the stage, and "Stuff," Mr. Denny, "Bluff," Mr. Wenman, theatrical managers, and "Puff," Mr. Tresahar, a Press agent, are by way of entertaining us, so that this part of the play may prove rather more than boring, but the act passes, and there is not much that is new or harmful in it, only a crudity that seems a little unworthy.

One should note that Miss Kate Rorke gives a sincere air to "Truth," that Miss Wilda Bennett sings engagingly as "Conscience," that the "Self" of Miss Vera Beringer is full of character, and the "Vice" and "Vanity" of Miss Beck and Miss Fabian respectively are fair to look upon. Notwithstanding many happy touches, some good stage setting and a general heartfelt effort to make the best of it, the "Morality" is not a work of art that will live. It is rather an essay in a difficult form of stage representation which interests only in a mild degree. It does not require a very accomplished musician to realise that Mr. George W. Chadwick's music is only of a medium class of work, or that, generally speaking, much has been attempted and little accomplished. Yet on the first night the mighty theatre at Drury Lane rang with applause. A queer commentary on the taste of the public—or its generosity. Perhaps, however, we are not catholic enough in our taste, and "Everywoman" may prove a play for all. For it contains shreds and patches of every sort of stage piece. There is something of the fancy of "The Palace of Truth," there is more than a touch of the ordinary "Lane" melodrama, there are stage scenes something like those of the Follies, there is much in the style of musical comedy, there is sentiment in abundance and vulgar cynicism and to spare. There are life and death and spring and winter, but there is no reality, no grip, no truth, no literature, poetry, or beauty. The general effect is as if a stonemason should try to make a butterfly, or an electrical engineer attempt to outshine Shelley or re-awake the rich echoes of the harp of Keats.

"Art and Opportunity" at the Prince of Wales' Theatre

JUST at the zenith of their theatrical vogue, I suppose it would be impolite to hint that we are getting just a little too familiar with the rather small managing woman who always gets her own clever way and appears to delight the whole world *en route*. In everyday life the type is recognised as a sort of person before whom all men flee. But things are so different on the stage. And then Mr. Harold Chaplin presents a peculiar form of the small managing woman, and Miss Marie Tempest plays the part, so all's well with the theatrical world. The character of Mrs. Cheverelle is not new or true, but it is a pleasant variant on a well-known pattern. In her desire to improve her position as a young widow, rich in requirements but poor of purse, she links to herself the youngest of the great Gossamore family. These excellent people are dukes and earls and all that sort of thing, but they are not quite so clever as the real people of that class, and they are very hasty about falling in love, or, at least, in desiring to marry Mrs. Cheverelle. The Duke of Keels as played by Mr. Graham Browne is a figure of farce dating back far into the past. Mr. Charles V. France as the Earl of Worplesdon is as convincing as possible, and Mr. Edmond Breon as the earl's son is as much so as the author will permit him to be.

Occasionally one feels a touch of Meredith in the drawing of the various figures which form the set upon which Mrs. Cheverelle at first wished to force herself, and later felt she would like to sway through Mr. Henry Bently, M.P., the duke's secretary. This gentleman became sometimes straightforward and unaffected, and sometimes theatrical in the hands of Mr. Norman Trevor, who looked splendidly capable in either case. Of course, all audiences like to see Miss Marie Tempest score heavily against any other characters who happen to be on the stage at the Prince of Wales', but Mr. Chaplin makes all this very, very simple for her, and the comedy loses its grip and that note of *vraisemblance* without which the cleverest dialogue, the neatest situations, the most elaborate setting, grow to be but of small account. And yet "Art and Opportunity" is full of cleverly-arranged moments and turns of phrase which provoke a fair amount of laughter; irony that might, perhaps, be a little less obvious with advantage, and a general lightness and brightness which must always prove attractive in a dull age.

Of course, Miss Tempest carries the success or failure of the play in the hollow of her little hand. Without her Mrs. Cheverelle constantly

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

in view, without her quick turns of voice, her brave glances, her gaiety, her sadness and her tenderness, I fear that Mr. Chaplin's play would be little more than a trivial, amusing sketch. But with the aid of our most accomplished comedy actresses the play runs brilliantly for a couple of hours, and laughter is heard in all parts of the house. We have not spoken of Miss Serjeantson, for her part of Lady O'Hoyle—the aunt of dukes and earls—is not worthy of her skill. It may be remembered that "The Honeymoon" was greeted but coldly by the world, and that its fine comedy qualities soon won upon the public, and Mr. Arnold Bennett's play was, I believe, an immense success. I should not be surprised if this order of things were changed in regard to "Art and Opportunity." It would be a pity, for the clever author only needs a touch or two of sincerity to achieve a real victory. EGAN MEW.

Music at Prague

THE ardent lover of opera who cannot find his joy in London, who despises the art of Paris, has a difficulty in buying seats for the really first-rate performances in Berlin, and is irked by the Anglo-Americanism of Dresden, might do worse than establish himself for a season at Prague, among the extremely musical Bohemians. There he will find two opera-houses, both of them, like Mr. Gashleigh's silver bread-basket, very rich and handsome. In one of these theatres, operas are given in German; in the other, the Czech language, except in the case of a "guest" singer who does not know it, is supreme. On a recent Sunday evening we might have heard the famous Winkelmann as John of Leyden in "The Prophet," had we not preferred the attractions of an opera by Dvorâk, of which we were entirely ignorant. At first it does not seem easy to patronise the National Opera House, for its advertisements are in the national language, and for the ordinary stranger they might as well be in Persian. But if the said stranger will walk into the music shop of the Frères Urbanek, next door to the Opera House, he will there meet with a civility and kindness for which he will not easily be too grateful. One of these gentlemen, who speaks English, will readily interpret the *affiches;* nor does his eagerness to oblige the foreigner stop there, for he will accompany him to the box-office and procure whatever tickets are wanted. Such courtesy as this adds greatly to the pleasure of a visit to the Czech opera, and the traveller will find that it is by no means an isolated instance. Except in Spain, we have never met with such unvarying politeness from the inhabitants, high and low, of any country.

We must be in our seats at seven o'clock, and it is as well to know that, if we leave them to smoke a cigarette in the street between the acts, we are expected to return before the curtain goes up again, for no one is allowed to disturb the audience by pressing to his seat while the music is going on. But it is one of those comfortable theatres which are very easy to get in and out of; and this is specially an advantage, because, while the intervals between the acts are unusually short, the attractions of a visit to the street are very great. No one wants to go out of Covent Garden into Bow Street between the acts. But one steps out from the National Theatre at Prague into the midst of beauty and of history. At once you are standing, in the evening light, looking upon one of the fairest scenes that any European city can boast, challenging Buda-Pesth, competing with Edinburgh, out-classing Dresden. Prague shows you its River Ultava, that ancient river Ultava—we do not call it the Moldau any longer—crossed by the famous bridge of Charles IV, whence John of Nepomuk was thrown into the waters; and, rising on the farther bank, are wooded slopes crowned by the Hardcany Castle, the Capitol of Prague. Mozart has looked upon that view, you reflect, as you leave it to listen to another act of "Don Juan"; and the repertoire of this National Theatre is so varied that you would not be surprised were "La Clemenza di Tito" to be presently announced—the opera which brought Mozart on his last journey to Prague, just before his death.

Much is said in these days about the great advantage to the hearers when an opera is sung in the vernacular. We must confess that we do not share the desire that all our operas should be sung to us in English. We have heard a great many in the vulgar tongue; but, had we not known the opera already, or been provided with its libretto, it might almost as well have been in any other language. We would rather have an opera in the language to which the composer set his music, and take the little trouble required to acquaint ourselves sufficiently with the libretto to understand what is going on. It was a very interesting experience to hear a performance, in an entirely strange tongue, of a work previously unknown to us. The programme gave us a long story of the plot; but, as it was in Czech, this was no good to us; we did not even know at the time what the title of Dvorâk's opera, "Cert a Kàca," might mean; but now, since an obliging native has done his best to explain something of the story, in French, for us, we are a little wiser. The title signifies "The Devil and Katharine." The first act showed us a village *festa*, and the lively dance tunes and the emphatic rhythms needed no explanation. When a well-looking stranger arrived and danced with a lady whom no one else had invited, the music could hardly be expected to certify to us that this was Lucifer in person; but when a trapdoor opened, from which flames burst up, and the pair descended into the abyss, there was no mistaking the identity of the gallant. The apparent indifference of the company to the catastrophe was rather mystifying, nor could we tell why a young man, the tenor of the piece, should presently jump after the Devil and Katharine. We had, however, been quite well entertained by the bright music and the unfailing cleverness of the orchestration. The second act passes in hell, where many devils, horned and tailed, but without cloven feet, danced and joked, and Katharine

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and the two other protagonists acted in various mysterious ways, eventually quitting the infernal regions and leaving the devils alone.

Next we were introduced to the most sumptuous of *baroque* palaces, and to an aged Princess, to whom entered servants and peasants and the original Devil and Katharine. What they might be doing was dark, till at the close of the performance it was explained to us that the young man, a shepherd, had exclaimed he would rather go to the Devil than go back to his master; that Katharine, neglected by the swains, had vowed that she would dance with the Devil rather than not dance at all, and that his Infernal Majesty, taking them at their word, had sent a trusty agent to see if they were really fit for hell, and incidentally to try and drag down the Princess; that, when the devils get Katharine, they were anxious to get rid of so unattractive a recruit, and that the Shepherd managed somehow to save the Princess. It was not, as will be seen, the best of opera-books, and, in spite of the liveliness and skill of the music, we cannot recommend "Cert a Kàca" to the syndicate of Covent Garden, interesting as it was to see once.

Another evening we witnessed a ballet-pantomime called "Pohadka o Konzovi," the music by Oskar Nedbal. This told the story of two bumptious brothers and a third who was reckoned very little of by them, but who found favour with the King of the Fairies and was enabled to save the life of the beautiful Princess about to be devoured by a dragon. This was a very pretty ballet, of a rather old-fashioned type; the music unfailingly pleasant, in a manner not unlike that of Humperdinck, but with an unmistakable Slav character. It seemed as though good use were being made of real Bohemian tunes. At this performance, which was certainly a very well-executed one, the theatre was filled with children, as if it had been Drury Lane at Christmas time. No doubt it formed a very suitable entertainment for them, and they looked as if they enjoyed the dancing as much as the dragon, and the tournament in which the despised brother fought and conquered the bumptious ones. They are trained thus early in Prague to become connoisseurs of the ballet, a fortune that will not, we suppose, be the lot of British children as long as "Thamar" and "Scheherazade" form part of Covent Garden evening entertainments. For children are apt to insist on knowing "what it is all about," and it might tax the ingenuity of their elders to explain those remarkable stories.

A third performance at the Czech Opera House was of that loveliest of operas, Gluck's "Orfeo," the Orfeo being a Miss "Theo Drill-Orridgeora." We were told that she was English. We have our doubts. She may have been an American. Well do we remember a charming contralto whose name was Orridge, but she passed too soon from the scene of her successes. From whatever country the prima donna of Prague had come, she sang her part in Italian, as did Amor, and the rest of the artists sang in Czech. The opera was beautifully mounted, and the orchestra, as it was on the other occasions that we heard it, played admirably. The singers were not, perhaps, very good. But, in spite of this, all the three performances that we heard were very pleasant, and we much regretted that we could not remain to hear Swetana's "Dalibor." Conscientiously, then, we can recommend the beautiful city of Prague to the unsatisfied lover of opera. The seats in the theatre are cheap, comfortable, and, if musical variety be sought, there are many delightful public gardens and parks, and islands in the river where excellent regimental bands are often to be heard playing their gay tunes. Only one disappointment waited for us at Prague. We had hoped surely to be able to buy there a long-desired copy of the famous "Battle of Prague," which we used to play in our extreme youth, and would dearly like to play again. Carlyle knew it—"the battle which sounded throughout all the world, and used to deafen us in drawing-rooms within man's memory." And the immortal history of the Sedleys and the Osbornes might conceivably have been different, had not the Sisters Osborne played it in Russell Square when Miss Schwartz was of the company, and found Amelia's name on "Fleury du Tagy," or was it upon the copy of "that sweet thing from 'The Cabinet'"?

C. W. JAMES.

The Hereford Festival—Leoncavallo

THE Hereford Festival took place last week, and it was about the hundred-and-eightieth meeting of the Three Choirs. It may be mentioned as a thing characteristically and beautifully British that "The Messiah" has been part of the programme every time since 1747, except once, in 1875. Indeed, the whole Festivals are thoroughly typical of our British way of starting out to do something and doing in the end something totally different. What the Festivals pretend to do is to aid the fund for the widows and orphans of the clergy of the three dioceses: what they really do—and do remarkably well, all things considered—is to foster the cause of music in districts which are, otherwise, artistic wildernesses. The *modus operandi* is curiously roundabout. The Festivals could not take place if the stewards did not guarantee substantial sums, and the guarantors are always called upon. There are collections at the doors for the Fund, and these collections are not used for making up the deficits on the Festivals. If it were not for the Festivals, there would be no Fund, or at any rate, the Fund would suffer considerably: if it were not for the Fund there would be no Festival—or at any rate it would be even harder than it is to get together the necessary guarantees. This interdependence of music and charity, as though people needed a charity as an excuse to themselves and in the eyes of the world for the support they give to music—where, except in the United Kingdom, could one find it? Further, it is probably only here that one would find cathedral organists willing to undertake the enormous labour of preparing and conducting such Festivals with-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

out any hope of reward other than the applause of their consciences. All honour to them. These things are worth considering, and they are set out here in no carping spirit, but rather by way of friendly warning; for it is obvious that the Festivals rest on a foundation wholly artificial and insecure, and it would be tragic if they could not be made safe against accidents or the caprices of patrons.

The fact that the Festival just concluded—the eighth conducted by Dr. Sinclair—has by common consent been among the best of recent times gives additional force to these reflections. The performances of the St. Matthew Passion of Bach, of the Good Friday music of the Grail Scene from "Parsifal," and of Brahms' "Requiem" were on a high level. The human warmth and the welcome absence of sensational trickery which distinguished the Bach performance were specially welcome. The Festival, further, had two personal features of special interest. The first was the return of Miss Muriel Foster, with her powers unimpaired, and, from the interpretative point of view, perhaps even more widely developed than of old. The second was the successful first appearance as a Festival singer of Miss Ruth Vincent, who did great credit not only to herself but to Mme. Albani, who had put the finishing touches to her training and was present to witness her pupil's prowess.

There were several new works produced which were interesting without perhaps adding much to their respective composers' reputations. Sir Hubert Parry's setting of William Dunbar's naively primitive "Hymn on the Nativity" is very Parry-ish. It is full of manly vigour, expressed in easily moving contrapuntal figures, and has the British open-air feeling which we associate with the composer's best work. Dr. Vaughan Williams' "Fantasia on Christmas Carols" is very lively and very charming, but very slight. Though it hardly carries guns enough for a Festival, it is sure to be popular all over the country. The "Serenade for Strings" of Granville Bantock is pleasant to listen to, and the last movement is a fine study in the possibilities of varied tone-colour with limited means. He, too, has used folk songs: but the original intermezzo has the greatest intrinsic musical value. The origin of the Serenade dates back to 1895, but it has probably had the finishing touches put to it recently. Sir Edward Elgar contributed two quasi-novelties—one an orchestral version, which is brilliantly able, of his two songs, "The Torch" and "The River," and the other a suite made up of the incidental music to "The Crown of India." It is more effective thus heard by itself than it was in the theatre, and the use of Eastern colour is delightful in its fastidious avoidance of excess.

It is not often that London is chosen as the birthplace of a new opera by a composer of cosmopolitan fame. The last opera first produced here was Massenet's "La Navarraise," about eighteen years ago, though if all had gone well, "The Girl of the Golden West" would first have faced the footlights at Covent Garden. The first performance of Leoncavallo's "Zingari" is therefore an event worth chronicling. Its value is, however, small. The libretto, derived from a story of Poushkin, is inconclusive and, though it deals with tremendous issues of passion, bloodless, and the music is curiously childlike. There is no kind of organic growth about it, no sense of proportion or climax. It ambles on, sensuous and crudely blatant in turn, without any evidence discernible at one hearing of general design or unity. It is very reminiscent of "Pagliacci" and Puccini. It has two or three flowing tunes of rather obvious but distinctly taking sentiment, which will no doubt travel speedily round the civilised world. The enthusiasm of their reception at the Hippodrome on Monday was quite wonderful: the like of it has surely never been seen or heard in London. What its precise significance was is not quite easy to determine. One could not help wondering, too, whether the work, as a whole, would not have made a deeper impression if sung in English by native artists. The interpreters—Signora Pavoni and Signor Caronna and Signor Cunega—were adequate, but Destinn Sammarco and Caruso could not have had a greater triumph. The chorus and orchestra were rough, but Signor Leoncavallo, who conducted, was so placed that his baton must have been all but invisible from both orchestra and stage, for he was in the dark. Metaphorically, the performers seemed more than once in the dark as to his precise intentions.

ALFRED KALISCH.

A Cornish Sketch

THE Cleave and the Beach, which a few seconds before had seemed to be given over either to sleep or silent meditation, suddenly electrified into life.

The men on the lugger had been too oppressed by the heat and scarcity of fish to do aught but smoke, and very occasionally give vent to forcible exclamations of annoyance when a fly or "apple-drone" disturbed them. The question of National Insurance, usually so violently discussed, has had no interest whatever for them to-day.

The younger men were lazily curled up under the shade of the boats, half asleep. One would, every now and then, rouse himself sufficiently to hurl a fierce execration at the children who seemed irresistibly tempted to drop stones and sand on the recumbent figures. It was too hot even for the women to stand at the corner and gossip.

Overhead is a cloudless sky and a blazing sun, the heat of which is reflected relentlessly from white and grey plastered houses and red-tiled roofs: the sea is calm and blue, no breath of wind ruffles its oily surface.

"Mack-ur-rel."

The long-drawn-out cry of the "huer," from the cliff above, instantly dispels this scene of quiet and repose. He has been lying half hidden in the bracken which fringes the lofty rocks, apparently gazing idly into the sea. But there is *no* idleness; he has been very wide

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

awake indeed, and his roving eyes have incessantly and closely observed every shadow and shade on the unruffled face of the bay beneath him, and his telescope has been in constant requisition. He notes a dark spot a quarter of a mile away and instantly his whole attention is concentrated upon it. It grows and grows like the circles made by a stone cast into a mill pond; the deep indigo shadow surrounded by lighter shades of blue is now speckled with flashes of silver, and over it hover a flock of discordant gulls. Springing from his ferny bed the "huer" sends his stentorian voice through the still air.

"Mack-ur-rel."

The occupants of the lugger rise in haste; the youths spring up from their shingly beds; sleep is banished in a moment, each one is ready for the task before him. The women run from their houses, heat and sunstroke are ignored.

"Mack-ur-rel."

The crew of the seine boat hastily jump into a punt near at hand, regardless of danger from over-crowding, and row to where the long, graceful boat, with the brown net stored in the stern, is moored off the shore.

A hasty glance is cast towards the place where the "huer" stands with outstretched arm, signalling the direction in which the school of mackerel has last played, and away the boats go.

The shouts of men, the creaking of the oars, and the splashing of water, follow. First comes the grey seine boat with her crew of six oarsmen, the helmsman, and the man who helps him cast the net. Age, in a white jumper, unites with youth, in a blue guernsey, for a man can scarcely be too old or a boy too young to go "mackur-reling." The man at the tiller gazes steadily before him, in order that he may get the first sight of the fish when they play up again. One hand rests almost lovingly on the hard meshes of the net, for, besides being the means of providing food, clothing, and rent for many a family, with beer and baccy for the men, the value is considerable, and eighty pounds would barely purchase that brown heap of string, cork, and lead.

Close behind comes the "vollower" with its store of pebbles, and the big stone drilled through the middle, through which a cord is fastened. The rear is brought up by the little "larker" propelled by three laughing boys.

Then the men in the leading boat stop rowing, and she drifts some distance with the impetus they have got on her. All stand up and gaze about. It is most imperative that they should, if possible, see the school themselves rather than wait for the call of the "huer," for there are two other boats racing up behind, and every second is of the utmost importance.

"Mack-ur-rel."

Quite close the fish play up this time, their silver bodies rising out of the azure sea, churning it into a miniature purple maelstrom.

The voice of the helmsman rings out; very forcible and quite unparliamentary in his speech. The oarsmen give way in response with renewed energy, each one putting his utmost strength into the stroke, and the heavy boat flies in a circle, well outside the spot where the mackerel are. The two men in the stern throw out the net, which floats away behind, the ring of bobbing corks show where it has sunk below the surface. The perspiration pours off their faces, which have suddenly become aged and haggard. Immediately the "vollower" comes up, and whilst one man catches the floating cord at the end of the net, two others throw the pebbles with which the boat has been provided, into the centre of the enclosed space, in order to frighten the fish, and make them sink so that they may not jump over the net. Again and again is the heavy drilled stone thrown out for the same purpose, and pulled back each time by the cord strung through it. At length the whole seine has been shot, the huge circle completed. The boys in the "larker" take the anchor of the largest boat, row away with it, and throw it into the sea at a distance: there will now be something to resist the weight of the net when it is slowly hauled in. The shower of pebbles and the incessant plash of the corded stones continue.

The men don their oilskin aprons, and prepare for the heavy work in store for them. The helmsman is still gasping and wiping his brow; it was no light job casting out the seine.

Still the fish are splashing, though every minute their frantic efforts to escape from the trap which encloses them become more subdued, until at length they sink sullenly out of sight; even now they may find a way out of the net which is rapidly forming into the shape of a purse. Very slowly, for the weight is great, the circle contracts, and under the compulsion of those strong arms it becomes an ellipse, and finally only a shapeless mass of string and cork and floating weed. Anxiously the men peer into the clear water. Have their efforts been in vain, and have the fish after all escaped from the toils? A glimmer of silver shines through the dark meshes, and the forms of many victims can be seen. Then the "vollower" takes up a position on the other side; gradually, in a great bag, the seine is lifted between the two boats, and the harvest of the sea is reaped. Silver mackerel, drab-coloured dabs, a couple of speckled plaice, and a flabby dead-white ray, intermingled with shreds of many shades of green sea weed, are poured out in a shining flapping heap. At once the business of re-arranging the seine takes place. Another school may play up at any minute and there is no time for rest yet. One man, more self-indulgent than his fellows, raises the heavy stone jar to his lips. Two others throw the fish from the seine boat into the "larker," counting them by threes as they do so, forty-two of which go to the hundred. This is the first catch for some days, and the quicker to market the greater the gain. As soon as the tally is told, thirty-four hundred, two boys seize the oars and row off to the neighbouring town.

"A decentish catch," the helmsman mutters as he arranges the net, and his thoughts wander to the pos-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

sible price and what he will realise. The proceeds will be divided into shares; so many for the men, so many for the boys, the boat, and the seine. He is owner of the boat and part owner of the seine, and he will, in addition to all this, receive an extra share for casting the net.

They catch no more mackerel to-day; once again they shoot but only to tear their nets on some rocky ground. The wind has gone into the east whilst they have been out, and the short wash, which always accompanies it, is now setting on the shore.

With much laughter and shouting they bring the remaining boats to land. It is a wet performance and more than one of the men drops into the water as he jumps over the bow, to avoid the waves which splash over the stern. Wives, daughters, sisters, and the few occupants of the lugger greet them with eager inquiries.

The day's task is done, and they wend their respective ways; some of the men homewards, with one child on shoulder and leading another by hand, others to the public-house where the tale of the "shoot," and the result, is told and retold over and over again. Then back to sleep or meditation on the lugger, and the beach, until "Mack-ur-rel" is called again.

HAROLD WINTLE.

"Babu" English

BY GEORGE CECIL

IN the early days of the European occupation of India there was scarcely any need for a native to speak English. The Dutch settlers were settlers in the fullest sense of the term, and during the years which lapsed between their arrival and departure—or demise—they took the trouble to master Hindostani, generally addressing the coloured man in that easily-acquired—and not particularly interesting—language. But as the decades rolled by, the "unchanging East" came within measurable distance of belying its name. To a certain extent the old order made way for the new, the first signs of the times being that the ambitious, far-seeing Mahometan official—though cursing the European in his beard for employing so difficult a lingo—set about learning English, in order that he might further his own ends. The wide-awake Hindu merchant—for the same excellent reason—wrestled with the irritating intricacies of English spelling and pronunciation; and, later on, all natives who hankered after well-paid, pensionary service under the Government, or with a European firm, found themselves compelled to follow the pioneer's shining example. To-day there is not an educated "babu"—as the Indian clerk is termed—who cannot speak, read, and write the perplexing language of his conquerors, the colleges turning them out by the hundred every session. In fact, the question is, what to do with them? There are not enough suitable positions to go round; and when manual labour is suggested the proud graduate's inherent and inordinate self-esteem is up in arms at the thought of anything so *infra dig.*

The willing native is taught English in much the same manner as that prevailing in England. There is, however, a difference, for, being instructed by a teacher of his own nationality, he is seldom encouraged to overcome the difficulties of pronunciation—difficulties which are as terrifying to the pedagogue as to the mystified pupil. And the obstinate Aryan, for some reason best known to himself, goes out of his way to devise odd innovations, and to give himself the trouble of over-emphasising a letter. Thus, he pronounces the article "the" "thee," and he loves to prefix words commencing with the letters "s" "t" with the syllable "iss," to which he imparts a peculiar hissing sound. Another of his linguistic idiosyncrasies is that he invariably sounds the terminal "y" like double "e," a peculiarity which is as marked as any. "Funny," for instance, is transformed into "funnee," "lovely" into "lovelee," and "o" is occasionally changed to "a." "Babu, have you drawn a horse in the Calcutta lottery?" inquires the genial European jute merchant of his sporting typist, who has expended three months' savings upon a ticket. "Unfortunatelee, my luckee star was far from being in thee desired ascendant," replies the black scribe, adding: "So I am completelee in thee dumps and doldrums, as well as overwhelmed by thee thunder clouds of misfartune. No-a, I am unaccountablee unluckee." It will be perceived that the verbose fellow does not express himself simply—that he claps on full sail. But of this more anon.

The above-mentioned variations on the customary pronunciation of English words are part and parcel of the "babu's" very creditable attempts to make headway with a singularly puzzling tongue. Unconsciously governed by his own language, he cannot, for the life of him, escape its fell influence. The formation of his palate also presents an obstacle which can only be overcome by reconstruction of the organ. For the rest, the speaker of "babu" English adopts a curious, undulating method of pitching his "tenorish" voice, which, while defying description, can never be forgotten by those who have experienced its effect. In moments of anger the tone suggests the wind whistling round the chimney-tops, while there are many occasions when it is reminiscent of the scratchy sound made by the wavelets as they recede from the shingle. In reading verse the accent is placed on the wrong syllable, and undue prominence is given to certain words. Nothing, however, will induce the "babu" to render it otherwise. The proper manner of reciting poetry may be dinned into the pupil, who—parrot-like—repeats the lines correctly; but the moment he is left to his own devices the teacher's injunctions are speedily forgotten. The sing-song intonation, by the way, is partly owing to the Oriental's method of study. Unable to sit at a table, the student needs must squat on his heels, swaying his body—redolent of cocoa-nut oil—backwards and forwards as he commits the lesson to a singularly retentive memory. It also should be remembered that every word is repeated

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

in a carrying voice, which, though audible at a distance of fifty yards, does not disturb the rest of the class.

Shakespeare has been called the "babu's bible"—and not without reason. The moment the enterprising student embarks upon a course of "English as she is spoke" a veneration for the bard is inculcated in him; and when he reaches the pot-hook and hanger stage Shakespearean metaphor slips glibly from his "beetul"-stained lips. Indeed, where the Elizabethan dramatist is concerned, the native's ability to memorise is positively wonderful; he will reel off phrase after phrase and line after line without once repeating himself. But his method is more or less parrot-like; the "babu" who spouts "He jests at scars who never felt a wound" probably would be hard put to it to tell a scar from a wound. For the rest, an acquaintance with Shakespeare's works is the *alpha* and *omega* of his knowledge of English. If at a loss for an expression, the voracious scholar dips into "Henry V," "Macbeth," "Coriolanus," or some other play; and should he happen upon something which—in his view—suits the occasion, he does not hesitate to make use of the newly-acquired information. The clerk also garnishes his conversation with random Shakespearean quotations. "I have lost my penknife—and I have my suspicions," thunders the stern "Sahib" to the guilty one. "Sir, dost smell a rat?" is the thief's placid comment.

The "babu's" letters—in which little use is made of periods—are spiced with a wealth of words borrowed haphazard from the same source. The subjoined example, for instance, is typical of his efforts in this direction:—

100, Dhurumtollah,
Calcutta
June 20th 1910.

Honourable Sir There being a vacant post in your Honour's firmament which your Honour has a difficulty in filling owing to few proper candidates presenting themselves I say begone dull care. For I am a suitable one for the post being grave and reverend and well versed in learning and of reasoning mind like Portia. Your Honour wants his pound of flesh no doubt in return for the salary offered. Substitute brains for flesh and measure for measure is yours and if I prove myself incapable of affording satisfaction your Honour may write me down an ass. Ever praying for your Honour's prosperity and happiness now and in the great hereafter I am ever your Honour's humblest petitioner.

The writer of the above effusion, it may be remarked, obtained the coveted position owing to the amusement afforded by his application.

Although "babu" English has been responsible for countless epistles couched in the most remarkable language ever penned, it is generally admitted by European residents in India that the following specimen, which was written by an ailing ledger-keeper, who craved leave of absence to enable him to consult the doctor, has no equal:—

Sir
I most respectfully solicits your esteemed permission to absent myself this morning from your place of business because I have boils as per margin.
Your faithful ledger clerk.

Within a carefully-ruled margin the ingenious sufferer had laboriously inscribed six circles of varying sizes, thus illustrating the painful malady which had overtaken him. Extraordinary though the foregoing is, it must be admitted that the written application for employment which is herewith reproduced, for originality, mixed metaphor, and ornate language, could not be beaten:—

Civil Lines Lucknow
May 6/09.
Munificent Sir
I entrust to your nobleness of character this my most miserable petition. It has come to this crawling worm's knowledge that your greatness has a vacancy for a merely fundamental post as dispatching clerk in order department of your old-established wine business which I am credibly informed maketh glad the heart of man. O enlightened and pitying Sir if you gifted with some bowel of compassion kindly be merciful to me a sinner, for which act of clemency I will never cease to pray unless prevented by cholera or plague. Fill my cup of sparkling happiness by giving me the job, and by hook or by crook I will make thee glorious by my pen. N.B. Of quite catholic religious tastes I can become Christian if desired. P.S. All my relations being non est I need no leave of absence for attending to obsequies of the defunct ones.
Your grateful (in advance)
—— ——— ———."

If the "babu" undoubtedly writes the oddest English ever known, a slavish devotion to the dictionary keeps him from misspelling words. In fact, so great is the pleasure which the seeker after information derives from consulting the indispensable work of reference, that on ferreting out the object of his search he will verify—what he believes to be—its appropriateness by consulting the Scriptures, Johnson's dictionary, and the daily papers. And if, in his search, the diligent creature happens upon some word with which he is not already familiar it will be ear-marked for future reference. That is no doubt why the present scribe, on quitting India, was favoured with the valedictory note which is herewith reproduced:—

Bombay
Friday
Dear Sir and fleeting friend
And so it came to pass you visited our land of Goshen. And, moreover, you now depart from amongst us. Icabod! the glory, like yourself, is departed. Peradventure, you will return, or, peradventure, you will not. But "remember, remember."
Your truly and affectionately
— —— ———

It will be perceived that the writer of this letter, unlike the other educated natives whose epistles have been reproduced, has spared no expense in punctuation. But he took his B.A. at Calcutta University—or, rather, he says he did.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

REGULATION tours are, of course, very delightful in their way: indeed, what the average traveller would do without them it is difficult to conceive. At the same time there is plenty of room left, even in this populous Europe of ours, for individual enterprise on the part of those who are possessed of a fitting amount of initiative and imagination. The possibilities in this direction have recently been illustrated by a friend of mine. It may seem somewhat of a feat for a man already verging on advanced middle age to proceed in an open boat from the Port of London to the Black Sea. Yet this friend of mine achieved all this, and, moreover, he appears to have revelled not a little in every moment that this achievement occupied. It was a trip which would have warmed the heart of a marine gipsy, did such a creature exist—and it is possible that he may, although it has never been my lot to meet him. In this instance the traveller remained the captain of his own small craft from start to finish: it is true that in no case would there have been room for many skippers, since the *Araminta* was a mere dinghy. His movements were his own, entirely unconnected with railway whistles and steamship hootings, a method of progress that is sufficiently rare in these days. It is needless to say that the production of a book followed the completion of the trip. This was justified by the adventure. But the work was printed for private circulation only, which was modest and abnormal.

. . . . . .

From Limehouse Pier to the Black Sea by dinghy sounds a far cry. It is necessary to explain how this was effected. As a matter of fact, the salt-water part of the voyage was confined to the crossing between Dover and Calais, since the Thames and a judicious employment of creeks and canals had assisted in the passage to the English coast. But it is not everyone who cares to pull across the Channel in a dinghy. Once in France, the open sea was done with until the waters of the Black Sea hove in sight. The route lay, as a matter of fact, through the various canals and rivers which lead through Belgium and Holland by way of Ghyvelde, Bruges, and Terneuzen, until the Rhine proper was entered at Dordrecht. After this the voyage becomes a ridiculously simple one—on paper! It was merely necessary to run up the waters of the Rhine and to pass thence into those of the Maine, from which, in turn, the Ludwigs Canal gives access to the upper stream of the Danube. After this a leisurely procession past Vienna and Buda-Pesth, then through the wilds of Hungary, Servia, Rumania, and Bulgaria, until the dinghy floated safely on the waters of the Black Sea at Sulina. There is no space here to enter into the fascination of the journey, which is obvious, nor into the strange wealth of historical country through which it led. An enterprise such as this is not everybody's trip. Its enjoyment is reserved for those who possess the requisite pluck, energy, and, incidentally, leisure. And not a few similar—if rather less ambitious—voyages of the kind still remain to be achieved in Europe.

. . . . . .

As we have started on the water, we may as well remain there, for this week at all events. The subject of quite small boats on very broad waters is a fascinating one, and calls to mind the really amazing feats which have been achieved in this respect on the open ocean. To cross the Atlantic in a half-decked boat, or to stagger giddily beneath the Line and from one ocean to another, as did the *Falcon* in her famous cruise, is an achievement which places its author well outside the common run of humanity, yet these amazing feats are nothing new. Throughout the ages the world can produce others to rival them. The gallant skin-clad barbarian of Europe who went out to sea in his first coracle was braving a totally unfamiliar, and therefore doubly terrifying, force. The vikings who sailed past the ice to Newfoundland must have had hearts stouter than the planks of their frail boats, while the smallest vessels of even the later ocean-going Portuguese and Spanish explorers could have been piled on the deck of a fifth-rate modern tramp without inconvenience. Even I, in my own small way, have ventured, and learned respect for the untried. Did I not embark on a quaint structure, the work of a crank—a hull-less thing, all wire stays and floats, with a bicycle seat perched aloft, from which the navigator worked the treadles, which in turn caused a screw to revolve? And was I not spilt into the very centre of the muddy stream for my pains? I have every respect for the pioneer.

. . . . . .

Forsaking this levity, there is a class of mariner who still undertakes voyages as perilous as any of those of a former age. He does this, moreover, for no glory and little profit, in the ordinary course of the occupation which gains him his livelihood. If you have travelled at all widely, you cannot fail to have noticed the number of English-built launches and tugs which serve the various ports and rivers in every one of the five continents. It is unlikely, nevertheless, that you have given a thought to the manner of their arrival, even at the most remote of these places. An astonishing number travel to their destination under their own steam. Once or twice in the course of a lifetime you may chance to meet with one of them in mid-ocean, and from the dry and roomy deck may watch the progress of the flea on the water. It is a wild enough career, this, as the tiny thing leaps and falls over a moderate ocean swell. At her wheel is a man seldom free from anxiety, his mind ceaselessly speculating concerning the coal capacity of his miniature bunkers, his eye continually on the watch for a change in the weather. There have been times, to my knowledge, when the mental strain has proved too much for the humble commander. Then, water-worn after days and weeks of buffeting, the little craft has arrived, to put on shore a vacant-eyed wreck of a man. The sea still holds some grim romance in the course of the ordinary day's work. The difference between the present and the past is that in these days it is wont to fall to the lot of the minority of mariners.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

An Oxford Letter

OXFORD is in the throes of the American invasion. Not that this would matter to anyone, save, perhaps, the few savants who still linger at their task, if we could predict with confidence a hurried evacuation upon the approach of the first skirmishers that herald the return of the undergraduate host. On the contrary, we could extend our congratulations to the race of touts who thrive at their expense, no less than to the hotel proprietors, and to that antiquary shop which sells "Old bottles for ale, from the cellars of Lincoln College," which find a market, as the shopman will obligingly tell you, "chiefly amongst American visitors, sir." Nay, more; even the savants aforesaid, if pressed, would own to a preference for the American horde as compared with the undergraduate pest. For this last nuisance, in their eyes, alone mars the perfection of Oxford. Therefore, we would owe our Transatlantic friends no grudge for their vacation inrush if they would but confine their attentions to out of business hours. Unfortunately they are no longer so tactful.

The Americans are a great nation—almost as great as they will tell you that they are—and Cecil Rhodes was a great man; but whatever debt of gratitude his American scholars may owe to him, is not Oxford even more indebted? For they come to teach, not to learn. They have done with their schooling before they come to us. What has Oxford to give them? But they are generous, and only too willing to impart to us the *cachet* of Harvard and Yale. It is inspiring to watch their efforts to help us, and give old Oxford a wrinkle or two from more modern institutions. You see we are very young and hopelessly lacking in that seriousness of purpose which is writ large all over them. If a sense of humour is not conspicuous among them is it not more than compensated for, since its absence allows them to throw off on every impossible occasion some of those priceless moralisings which, rising as they do almost to the height of the finest platitude, do so much to check frivolous speech? Some foolish youth, for example, will give utterance to the following profound philosophy of life: "I make a point of never paying my tradesmen." Should any American be present there comes the prompt rejoinder, "Wall, across the water we think it dishonourable to live at the expense of our tradesfolk." Any sentiments prefaced by those inspiring words, "across the water we think," may be relied upon to express the most unimpeachable morality. It is, of course, a great blessing for us to be taught the fundamentals of honour and right conduct.

Since these supermen came to Oxford we cannot fail for want of example, for the American Rhodes scholar is not only chosen, as might be supposed, for seriousness of purpose, but rather for a combination of all those qualities, physical, intellectual, moral, which went to make up the Greek ideal. And then, what intuition, what insight into affairs! The young gentleman above quoted expresses his intention: "Now that training is over I shall get 'blind' every night for a week." Should your American chance to see this young hopeful that same night in a somewhat exhilarated state, endeavouring by dint of much noise and effort to appear hopelessly intoxicated, the verdict goes back to the States that among the upper classes in England, far from being held a disgrace to get drunk it is looked upon as something of an achievement! Oxford is, of course, the scene of many a first plunge into the "strong waters" of inebriation, and from this the Transatlantic deduces the marvellous conclusion that English society is rotted to the core by a craving for alcohol.

Similarly, from the telling of a "smoking-room" story is inferred a lack of respect for women in England! A Rhodes scholar once told me that he thought London was the most immoral city in the world. On being questioned it appeared that he had seen so many couples "walking out"—that conspicuous feature among the most respectable of our lower classes—and had assumed that all these ladies belonged to that class known as unfortunate!

The fact is, we have no use for the American at Oxford. He comes to us with his character already formed and his opinions fixed. He does not understand us, and takes away a false impression. The very best type America gives us bears the stamp of ineradicable Puritanism—an excellent birthmark perhaps, but it is an excellence that is exasperating. If a young American is not a Puritan, then he is to be pitied, for he is usually rather despicable. They do not know how to —shall we say—vary the monotony of virtue in a manner that is at all pleasant to behold.

It may be said that they have helped us, at all events, in the realm of athletics. If that is so we would prefer to stand on our own merits and give no handle to captious criticism from our rivals. No, the best we can say of the invaders is that they bring with them from "across the water" some capital "rag-times," for which we are duly grateful.

YOUNG OXFORD.

Mind, a Myth

By SIR CHARLES WALPOLE.

NOW that "the Faculty" have at last condescended to recognise as fact what is variously called Mesmerism, Animal Magnetism, and Hypnotism, instead of ignoring it as the fraudulent practice of impostors and showmen, we are on the threshold of increased knowledge in the Science of Psychology, and apart from any question of the utility or inutility of "suggestion"—as the exercise of certain natural laws is now called since it has put on the garb of respectability—the scientific study of these little-known phenomena, and the accumulation of facts from which to generalise, must largely add to our physical and psychical knowledge.

At the outset, however, there is one great pitfall which must be avoided, or the inquiry will stray from the main track and lose itself on by-roads. This pitfall is the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

tendency in human nature to personify an idea—the tendency which in religion is anthropomorphic, and which in politics spells "La République" with a big "R," and "the people" with a big "P."

The immediate pitfall to which I refer is the treating of what it is convenient to call "the Mind" as an actual entity. We speak of the Mind, the Intellect, the Will as an existing thing—something individual apart from, and differing from, the body and any part of it; as an existence of which the brain is merely the instrument, and which itself controls the body. We identify it with Self, the Ego, and I know not what beside. We speculate upon the action of mind on matter, the relation of mind to body and body to mind, and on how the one is associated with the other.

Now, what for convenience we call the Mind is none of these things. It has no existence either dependent on or independent of the body. It is neither more nor less than a state of consciousness: and a state of consciousness is the result of the human machine being in perfect working order. The body, including the infinitely complex nervous system, is a machine—a machine which requires constant stoking with food; and when the machine is adjusted, it is capable of receiving impressions, more or less perfect, according as it is well or ill adjusted. A state of consciousness is thus developed, more or less perfect as the adjustment is more or less perfect. How this comes about is another matter; perhaps we shall never solve the problem. Perhaps the reasonable study of Psychology will enable us to do so. But, a state of consciousness having supervened, the machine is enabled to register and co-ordinate its impressions. Hence come memory, discrimination, judgment, introspection, ratiocination. And these phenomena we call "Mind." But there is no entity there beyond the machine. There is only a conscious machine and its action.

If the machine gets out of gear, consciousness is weakened, so is "the Mind." If the machine temporarily stops working, consciousness temporarily ceases. If the machine is so injured, or worn out, that it ceases to work altogether, where is the "Mind"? The mind is absolutely dependent on consciousness, and consciousness depends on the machine being in working order; the machine may work without consciousness, but there can be no consciousness without the machine, and no mind without consciousness.

The quality of the phenomena of "Mind" depends on the quality and condition of the machine. If the machine is inferior, we have the weak "mind" of the idiot; if the machine is fatigued, we have the feeble "mind" of the tired man. Sleep, the result of fatigue, is a condition of the machine, where the phenomena of "mind" for the time being cease. The machine may indeed be open to some impressions, but it is only working at a quarter speed, and the phenomena of "Mind" are absent. The machine is roughly dealt with, and we have the man who has fainted or is stunned. The machine is abnormally stimulated, as where the brain is acted upon by the hypnotist, and we have the machine acting abnormally and producing abnormal phenomena. The machine again may be abnormally stimulated by what we call disease, or by alcohol, and then we have the machine producing the abnormal phenomena of lunacy or drunkenness. But these are all conditions of the machine in a state of more or less consciousness and more or less perfect adjustment. There is no independent entity which suffers, sleeps, wakes, or acts apart from the machine.

When the fœtus has breathed, it becomes finally adjusted, and a rudimentary consciousness develops. Consciousness entails self-recognition. Self-recognition invents the "Ego." And as day by day the conscious machine registers its experiences and recognises the inherited impressions stored in its 1,200,000,000 brain cells, consciousness expands and the phenomena of mind are developed. As day by day the machine is nourished, it gets stronger and more active. But some machines are good, some bad; some are strong, some are weak; some are intellectual giants, some are idiots. Again, the machines are unequal. In some the brain is strong, but the frame and constitution are weak; in others the brain is weak, but the frame and constitution are strong. Where both are strong, the machine is most perfectly adjusted, and the phenomena of mind are the most remarkable. The inequality is largely dependent on health or disease, inherited or otherwise.

It is probable that the phenomena of "Mind" co-exist in a greater or less degree with consciousness. It is unascertained how low in the scale of nature consciousness extends. Consciousness of an extremely rudimentary character probably exists in the lowest animal organisms. Even a jellyfish is probably conscious in some degree of the sensations of pleasure and pain, and whenever any animal organism deliberately acts, or acts not, it exercises an elementary form of discrimination which is in fact the exhibition of mental phenomena. The higher animals undeniably exhibit memory, reason, and judgment; but all such phenomena depend on the existence of consciousness, and consciousness on the machine being in perfect working order.

Another figment, which tends to the confusion of thought, is the conception of the "Mind" exercising its "Will," with a big "W." Ultimate action is the resultant of all the impulses concerned. These impulses are the outcome of heredity and environment, and the ultimate action follows the line of least resistance. The conscious machine, the so-called "Ego," has inherited various impulses from millions of ancestors, stereotyped by the environment of ages; these impulses are also affected by the present environment. The pressure of the strongest impulses, whether "good" or "bad," regard being had to the pressure of existing circumstances and the present environment, will equal the resultant, which will be "good" or "bad" accordingly; and the line of least resistance will be the course finally pursued. If we could know the value of all the factors or forces, we could invariably foretell the product or resultant.

The phenomenon of double and triple personality is instructive. A person's "character" is inherited from

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

his forbears. His personality is exhibited by his "character." After a shock, or under the stimulus of the hypnotist, he exhibits a totally different character, his past being perhaps obliterated. He has a new personality. Under a further stimulus yet a third character is presented, and he obtains yet another and different personality. This may be the result of some slight alteration, mechanical or chemical, in the brain cells under the influence of the stimulus, but it all points to the adjustment and readjustment of the machine, and the absence of any separate controlling entity.

What makes the machine work we do not know. It is convenient to call the motive power "Life"; but what life is, and what is its origin; whether it also is the result of an adjustment, or whether it is a force; or whether it is, like space, matter and energy, *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, and always has been, is, and will be inherent in the atom, or what not, our scientific men—including Professor Schäfer—have not yet told us. But whatever it is which makes the machine work, it is certainly not "the Mind," for the machine will work more or less when there is no "mind" at all—even when there is no consciousness.

Let us then beware in the study of mental phenomena of treating what it is convenient to call "the Mind" as a separate existing entity.

Notes and News

A new novel by Edith Kenyon, "The Wooing of Mifanwy," a Welsh love-story, is published by Holden and Hardingham. It should appeal especially to all who loved the late Allen Raine's beautiful Welsh stories.

We are requested by Messrs. Chapman and Hall to state that the publication of the Rev. Henry W. Clark's second volume of "The History of English Nonconformity" has been deferred until the early part of next year.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week "The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson," at 5s. net, with a portrait; and "Coke of Norfolk and his Friends," by A. M. W. Stirling, a new edition revised and enlarged, with sixteen illustrations, at 12s. 6d. net.

In the Art Gallery of Manchester, from this week until the end of October, an exhibition of works by four Lancashire artists—James Charles, George Sheffield, William Stott (of Oldham), and D. A. Williamson—will be held; and during November and December an exhibition of Dutch work will take its place.

Mr. Charles E. Pearce has entitled his new story, which Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. are publishing immediately, "A Star of the East." This book completes the triology of Mr. Pearce's novels of the Indian Mutiny, of which "Love Besieged" and "Red Revenge" were the first and second.

Messrs. John Long have just published an important novel, entitled "The Gate Openers," by K. L. Montgomery, author of "The Cardinal's Pawn," based upon that dramatic chapter of English history, the Rebecca Riots in South Wales in 1843. They will also issue almost immediately "The Two Rivers," a novel by Mr. E. I. E. Briggs, R.I., the well-known Scottish artist.

Messrs. Partridge and Co., Ltd., announce a new manual intended as a handbook for the would-be probationer. The author, who is the matron of the Westminster Hospital, deals with the preparation of the candidate before she enters upon her new duties, and the various appointments which are open to certificated nurses. The book, entitled "First Steps to Nursing," also warns prospective nurses of many pitfalls to be avoided, and it contains much necessary information in a popular form. It will be published at 1s. net.

The "Reminiscences, Impressions, and Anecdotes" by the late secretary of the Royal Philharmonic Society, Francesco Berger, to be published shortly by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., is to be dedicated by Royal permission to H.M. Queen Alexandra. The same publishing house has added Jane Austen's best work to "Masterpieces of Fiction," a series notable for its bold type, good paper, and handsome illustrations; and will shortly issue a volume entitled "Sketches by Randolph Caldecott." Henry Blackburn, a friend of the artist, and his biographer, selected the sketches and contributed an introduction.

Mr. Fifield publishes shortly "The Notebooks of Samuel Butler" (author of "Erewhon"), arranged and edited by Henry Festing Jones, at 6s. net, with photogravure portrait taken by Alfred Cathie in 1898, a biographical and bibliographical statement of principal dates, Butler's poems and sonnets, and an index; "Trystie's Quest," a fairy tale by Greville MacDonald, M.D., with cover and title-page design and thirty-one line illustrations by Arthur Hughes, 5s. net; and "The Nature of Woman" (3s. 6d. net), by J. Lionel Taylor, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., London University Extension and Tutorial Lecturer on Biology and Sociology.

Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd., are about to add "Things Seen in Russia" to their artistic "Things Seen" Series. The book is by W. Barnes Steveni, who was for many years professor of English in the College of Peter the Great, and English correspondent to the *Daily Chronicle*, and who has recently written on Russian matters for THE ACADEMY. There are numerous charming illustrations. Mr. H. Chapman Jones, President of the Photographic Society, has contributed an extremely interesting book, entitled "Photography of To-Day," to the same firm's "Science of To-Day" Series; the book contains numerous well-chosen illustrations and diagrams, and is thoroughly up to date.

Certain antiquarian, heraldic, and archæological authorities have been trying to pick holes in some of the stage accessories of "Drake," but so far with very small success. Plays such as that now running at His Majesty's Theatre are not produced without a great deal of research work, and so many have been the authorities consulted that it has been found possible to answer every objection which has so far been raised. We note that Mr. John Lane is publishing the text of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the play, with illustrations, at 2s. and 1s., and that Messrs. Partridge and Co. are issuing a novel by Mr. Morice Gerard, entitled "A Fair Prisoner," the main incidents of which are supplied by the exciting events enacted in the historical raid by Sir Francis Drake in the harbour of Cadiz.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

CHINA'S FINANCES.

A REAWAKENED interest in the affairs of China is apparent throughout the world, an interest which, if we mistake not, is likely to be sustained for some time to come. It is scarcely a year since Western opinion was divided as to who would prove the victors in the sanguinary struggle that was precipitated on the Yangtze—the supporters of the dynasty or the "Sons of Han"; and in some quarters international intervention was advocated as the only means of restoring tranquillity in a country where the great Powers held so much at stake. But the ring was scrupulously kept, and, in a fight to the finish, the Republicans demonstrated the capacity of their forces and the righteousness of their cause. Thus the new regime, although formal recognition is still withheld by foreign Governments, has been accepted by the world as a fact accomplished. To-day our concern is for the stability, not for the character, of the Administration that has been established. "We desire," stated Sir Edward Grey in a despatch to the British Minister at the time of the revolution, "to see a strong and united China under whatever form of government the Chinese people wish."

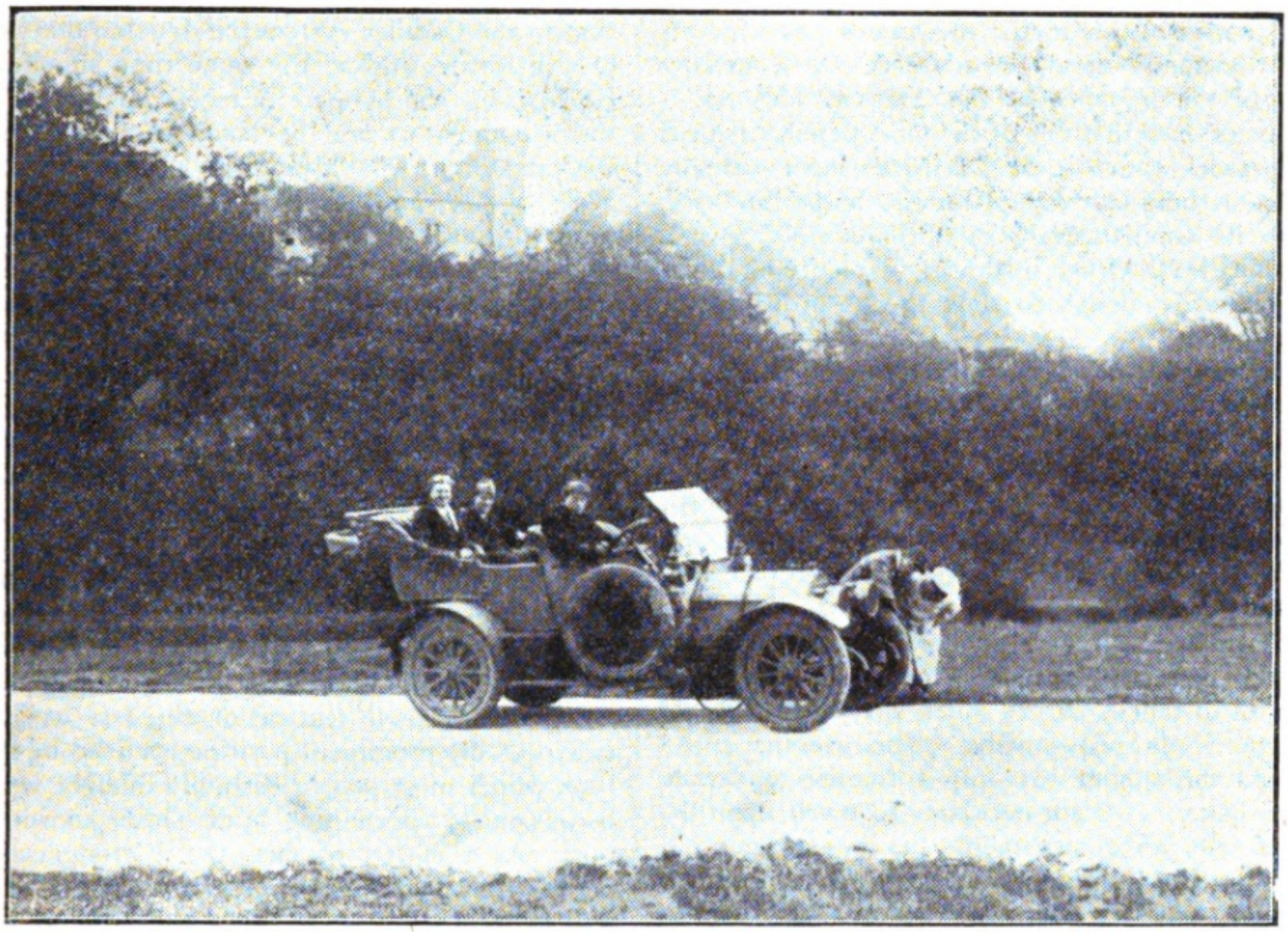
In spite of the opinion held by a certain section of the Press, we do not for one moment doubt the sincerity of this declaration, a declaration which interprets the earnest desire of the trading and commercial communities of the West, and, at the same time, supplies the keynote to British policy in China. But the more closely we examine the present situation, the more pleasing does it appear, and there are not wanting critics who, unjustifiably as we believe, bring the charge of inconsistency against Sir Edward Grey. Let us face the facts. A strong and united China can only be realised by the establishment of an efficient Administration able to enforce its will throughout the entire country. To achieve such an object it becomes essential that the central Government be in possession of a sufficiency of funds. These two axioms are conceded universally. To meet the requirements of the situation, the financial representatives of the six great Powers are prepared to advance money to China on certain conditions, not only involving the supervision of expenditure in regard to any loan contracted, but also in some measure stipulating the purposes to which such loan should be devoted. Hitherto the Peking Government has deemed these conditions irksome, inasmuch as, if they were accepted, they would prove embarrassing to the domestic policy and offensive to public susceptibilities.

In her dilemma China endeavoured to escape from the clutches of the diplomatically supported consortium and, through her Minister in London, to arrange a loan with an independent British group. A good deal of mystery surrounds the transaction, which, during the past few days, has been variously reported as having been frustrated by the intervention of Sir John Jordan, and carried to such a successful conclusion that the first instalment of the £10,000,000 involved—half a million sterling—has been transferred to the Chinese Government. Too much importance cannot be attached to this attempt to secure financial aid outside the powerful ring, the representatives of which are at present jealously watching the course of events in the Chinese capital; for it will constitute a test case by which all similar attempts will be judged and determined. Private enterprise in relation to Chinese finance may be said to be on its trial, for, although in the present instance it is not inconceivable that Sir Edward Grey may base a vigorous opposition to the transaction upon inner knowledge of a certain political factor, unsuspected by the public, but not perhaps unknown to the Russian Foreign Office, the whole circumstances of the case cannot fail to provide a convenient precedent on all subsequent occasions. In the event of the loan falling through, we may expect some definite pronouncement from the Foreign Secretary in response to the inevitable criticism that will arise when Parliament reassembles for the Autumn Session, until which time common-sense dictates that judgment be suspended.

Much as we may regret the fact, all indications go to prove the unassailable position of monopoly at present held by the six-Power group. Independent enterprise, as things stand at present, would seem to be doomed. Had Russia and Japan remained outside the consortium, there might have been some prospect of China securing relief in the open markets of the West, but the inclusion of these two nations has definitely made the question of Chinese finance dependent upon political considerations. The irony of the whole matter lies in the fact that, of all the Powers concerned, only three—Great Britain, France, and the United States—are really competent to lend financial support to the Republican Government. Indeed, Russia and Japan, both debtor nations, are obliged to go, directly or indirectly, to the three countries named to borrow at low interest the very money it is proposed to advance to China at high interest. The case of Japan is particularly glaring. In the columns of THE ACADEMY I have repeatedly drawn attention to the precarious state of her finances, and shown that the excessive taxation of her people, rendered necessary by the service on her foreign debt and by the ambitious programme of armaments to which she is pledged, is proving a burden heavier than they can bear. And now the semi-official *Japan Times* itself has entered a vigorous protest against the resultant poverty and misery which characterise the conditions of the masses.

"The cost of living," states this journal, "keeps going up: no one seems to be able to reach out his hands

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



THE TEST TO DESTRUCTION OF VICTOR v. MICHELIN, DUNLOP AND CONTINENTAL TYRES.

A. R. Burton, of "The Daily Mail" (nearest figure to camera at back) acting as observer for the day. He endorsed the daily chart with: "Having completed 101 miles, Birmingham to Leicester via Coventry, I am absolutely convinced that there could not possibly be a more thorough test. I was particularly impressed by the filling of charts by road observers en route."

to bring the steadily ascending balloon to the ground; people helplessly watch its course and gasp. At the same time poverty walks about at large, and the miseries of life increase. Above all, the heads of families of the labouring class seem to have the worst allotment of miseries and tortures. Many of them are daily deserting their wives and families. The labouring men cannot support their families with the scanty wages they get. The little storekeepers find it impossible to balance their ledgers with the credit ahead of the debit, and are universally discouraged by dull business. At home their wives need money, and their children are simply crying aloud from starvation. The hard-pressed and miserable husbands go out in the morning to search for work, and many of them never return again at night. Daily the charity lodging-houses are crowded by women and children begging a night's lodging, to drift away the next morning, to return again at night starving. Many of them are sick, husbandless and fatherless, penniless and homeless. Some of them follow the paths of their husbands to death."

A further perplexing feature of the situation arises from the knowledge that it is to the exploitation of China, political as well as commercial, that Japan looks for a means of recovering her financial stability. The question that remains for serious politicians in this country to consider is whether or not they will permit British policy to be made the catspaw of the aggressive designs of other Powers in the Far East.

MOTORING

THE report of the Government Committee appointed in December last to consider the question of the rating of motor cars for taxation purposes is embodied in a White Paper issued on Monday last. It recommends a graduated scale of taxation for motor cycles, which at present, irrespective of horse-power, pay a uniform tax of one pound per annum, but advises that no change be made in the existing method of taxing cars. This will be a great disappointment to many motorists, especially to those who own comparatively old cars, which develop nothing like the horse-power indicated by the Government (or R.A.C.) rating. The existing official formula upon which the car-owner has to pay his graduated tax is based upon cylinder diameter and number of cylinders only, the other factors—length of piston stroke, degree of compression, and potential engine speed—being entirely ignored. The effect of this system of rating is to make some motorists pay an altogether disproportionate tax, and it is difficult to see what possible defence can be put up for it.

It may be assumed that degree of horse-power is a fair basis of differentiation for taxation purposes, as, generally speaking, the greater the power of the car the greater the capacity of its owner to pay, and the greater the damage done to the roads by its use. But surely some more rational and equitable means of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

estimating power than the present method—which no practical authority on motor mechanics has ever attempted to defend—should be adopted. As a striking instance of the injustice of the Treasury formula, it may be mentioned that one of the most popular models of the season—the "10-12" Belsize—must actually develop something like 30 h.p. on the brake, and yet, owing to its comparatively small bore, only pays a three-guinea tax. Other instances in plenty might be cited, but this is enough to show the absurdity of the existing system.

At the present time there seems to be something like an epidemic of record breaking by motor cars, and it is gratifying to note that the new figures are being put up by cars of British manufacture. Last week we had to chronicle in this column the securing of the world's 50 miles' record by a 30 h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam, and two further world's records have since been placed to the credit of a car of the same make.

On Tuesday last the 15-9 h.p. Sunbeam lowered the world's figures for both four hours and five hours, with distances of 319 miles 242 yards and 391 miles 429 yards respectively. The average speed maintained throughout was only a fraction under 80 miles an hour. It is not necessary to dwell upon the merits of such an achievement, but one cannot but wonder what the Continental manufacturers, who had the advantage of a ten years' start in automobile construction, think of the present position.

It will be remembered that a few weeks ago there was a successful trial under R.A.C. supervision of the Cadillac self-starting device, and it is worth noting that the Club now proposes to hold a further exhaustive trial of the Cadillac electrical outfit. The test is to begin on the 23rd inst., and will last for twelve days, during which 2,000 miles will be covered over the Club's standard routes. On this occasion the features of the outfit to be tested will be the lamps and the ignition. The former will be kept alight the whole time the car is running, except during the intervals for the passengers' refreshments, so that the total number of hours during which they will be alight will be equivalent to an average season's use by an ordinary private motorist. The consumption of current will be carefully recorded under the supervision of the R.A.C. observer. With regard to the ignition, it may be pointed out that in the Cadillac system the dynamo takes the place of a magneto, and at the same time supplies current for lighting the lamps. A record of the condition of the accumulators will be taken each morning before the car starts. The trial as a whole, consisting as it does of an authoritative and exhaustive test of electricity as a means of starting and illuminating, as well as supplying the ignition for the car, is one of exceptional interest for the motorist, and the present writer, who has accepted an invitation for a day's run on the test car during the trial, will be pleased to record his impressions of the efficiency of the Cadillac system in a future issue.

References to tests, trials, and records would be incomplete if mention were not made of the tyre "test to destruction"—Victor versus Michelin, Dunlop, and Continental—which has now been in progress for five or six weeks, and continues to excite a quite extraordinary amount of attention on the part of motorists, distinguished and otherwise, all over the country. So far the remarkable feature of the test has been the unexpectedly prominent position attained by the Victor tyre, which most people certainly thought would soon be put out of the running by its better known competitors. As a matter of fact, the Victor, according to private information received, appears at the time of writing almost certain to prove the absolute winner of the first round—the battle of the steel-studded non-skids. Two of its competitors have now gone, leaving only the Dunlop and the Victor to fight for supremacy.

R. B. H.

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."

"Champion" Motor Oil

is the best for all types of Cars.

If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to

S. BOWLEY & SON,

DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT,

"Express" and "Bomo" Brands.

Wellington Works,

BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.

Established 1744.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

STOCKBROKERS complain that they have no business. But they exaggerate their poverty. A Jew will boast of everything except his wealth. Hundreds of years of persecution have taught him that such bragging is dangerous. Therefore when the City says that it is idle, I smile. As a matter of fact most people are busy, and as a result markets are firm. There is no boom anywhere, and the promoter is strangely silent. Indeed, no one but the great Dr. Dvorkowitz has had the effrontery to ask for money. He and his friends capitalise a concession in the Island of Sakhalin at £350,000—a concession that has been hawked round for many months and has found no willing purchaser. Even to-day no work has been done on the property and only opinions as to its prospective value are given. Paris is preparing many schemes, for she is full of money, but London lies low and appears afraid of the money market.

Money will be dear. This we must expect, for there are large crops to be moved all over the world, and large crops mean big advances. Canada will give us a huge wheat harvest, but the quality will be poor. The Argentine is preparing for a big crop. The Southern States of America

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

have a bounteous cotton picking. Egypt will beat all records. Russia, Hungary, and the Roumanian plain will supply grain for the world. This spells prosperity and dear money. There is a chance that if we get much speculation we shall see a Five per cent. Bank Rate in Berlin and possibly here also.

FOREIGNERS are not largely dealt in on the London Exchange. But we are quick to follow the changes of Paris and Brussels. These Bourses are steady. Therefore peace looks secure. Italy and Turkey will make terms. This has long been settled. It is said that Turkey will get an indemnity. It is always the vanquished that gains in these modern wars. Witness Japan and Russia. Tintos are hard on the splendid position of copper. They must rise, but as they are a great gambling counter each rise is sharp and short. Anaconda is another sound copper share that must go up. Perus have been pushed ahead by those who think they know everything—the story that the Debentures will be paid off and a Debenture at a lower rate of interest substituted is now believed to be true and holders of Preference are talking their stock to par. As the company is badly managed to-day any change will be welcome. But to those who bought low down I say take your profit, for no one knows exactly what will happen. Hungarian Rentes are low, presumably because Hungary wants money, and the money-lender desires to get the best terms he can. They are worth buying to-day. The yield is high for so powerful and rich a State. Bulgaria is in the market for a new loan. Paris will find the money. The enterprising Londoners who made the last issue are not in the market: they found that *la haute* finance was not exactly in their line.

HOME RAILS are quite neglected for the gamble in Metropolitans, which are talked to par. The latest tale is that the Great Western propose to take over the line and guarantee the ordinary stockholders a definite dividend, say, 3½ per cent. No doubt the Great Western must have Westbourne Park Station, and no doubt, sooner or later, they must electrify right through to Maidenhead. The Great Western and the Midland are the most progressive lines in England, and they are also ambitious. But the Great Western should have electrified years ago, before the trams went to Uxbridge. They say that Speyers are bidding for control also; if this be true, which I doubt, then indeed shall we see some fun. People are at last recognising that the Great Central is to be one of the big trunk lines of England, and the Junior Preference shares are now being bought. I have never wavered in my opinion that Great Central Prefs. are the cheapest thing on the Stock Exchange. The new docks at Immingham and the new coalfield at Doncaster must give this railway a splendid and profitable traffic, and as its local trade grows so will its passenger and goods traffic increase. It is not often that people are given the chance of buying preference shares in an English railway at rubbish prices. North Easterns must benefit by the boom in shipping on the east coast, and all the Scotch lines are doing a splendid trade. They are worth picking up. We run about after five per cent. securities in the wilds of Central America and neglect a sound gilt-edged security that can be picked up at our very doors.

YANKEES would appear to be waiting for dear money. They do not move. Yet no one in the United States has any doubt that most of the railway stocks are cheap. Unions are exceptionally low in price, and once again I would point out that the Four per cent. Convertible Bonds are the soundest and cheapest way of speculation. Atchison is another road that must improve in value. The common stock is quoted in Paris, and as the quotation cost a huge sum we may be sure that one day an attempt will be made to get this money back. This company has still to place some big lines of convertible stock, and when the offer is made I advise my readers to apply. Unions, Atchisons, New York Centrals and Pennsylvanias are as good an investment as any man could wish. The trouble on the Wisconsin Railway has made holders of Chicago Great Western nervous. But I am assured that the coupons will be bought, if not met. However, we shall see. This and the Kansas and Orient trouble will make people afraid of second-rate railway securities. The Denver figures show that the line earned about 2½ on its preferred stock. No one quite knows what will be done here, and many holders are very sore with a well-known newspaper that wrote up the Preferred Stock just before the news came that the road was unable to meet its preference dividend. The wretched purchasers will hardly follow that newspaper again. To what a sad end does the optimist come!

RUBBER shares are not now in favour. The dealers found that the public were all sellers, and as the shops are also sellers the little boomlet died down. Port Dickson report was very bad—the cost of production was prodigiously high and the sale price exceptionally low. Apparently there was a great deal too big a proportion of scrap rubber in the harvest. Tenasserim was also bad; indeed, none of the reports over this week is good. Inch Kenneth is nothing out of the common. The cost of production all over the East is rising in a very disagreeable manner, and the sale price does not improve. The public is now educated in rubber, and will not buy unless it sees a clear ten per cent. on its money. I think the public quite right.

OIL. We are promised a rise in Red Sea, the new Shell company will shortly issue its shares in exchange for the property, and as the Red Sea will not liquidate, but use its cash to buy other oil properties, the shareholders will get share for share and also have a gambling chance in the future. The Premier Oil and Pipe dividend put heart into this market, which has been dull for some weeks. Roumanian Consolidated are also promised a rise in the autumn, but the North Caucasian gamble hangs fire, mainly because McGarvey does not bring in his promised new wells. Shells are said to be going to 7. This is an inside tip of the great Sir Marcus Samuel himself. But can we believe in Shell tips? They are an astute crowd.

Mines are deadly dull. Perhaps the magnates find that the public in mines like the public in rubber have more shares to sell than anyone imagines. In spite of good reports prices do not move. Goertz are trying to push up Geduld. But on the whole the magnates are letting the market take care of itself. This is the wrong policy, and they will regret it. They are all, however, crushing much above the value of the reserves, and we may expect much bigger profits for the next few months. The Village Deep game has been exposed in the *Stockbroker,* and now the mine is making normal returns. When even the best houses are not above ordering their managers to crush the poor ore, I despair of the Rand.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are all strong; 5,000 Beheras changed hands last week, and the Lord St. Davids group were large buyers. I think that we shall see a great revival in Egyptian shares this autumn, for the crop is good and the country quite recovered from the slump. Shipping shares are steady, and West Hartlepool Prefs. are still rising; this share, and that of the Indo-China S.S. Co., are good to buy as a lock-up gamble. Marconis are weak. It is said that the Irish priests are telling all their parishioners to buy Marconis. This is rash, as the share at present prices is only a gamble.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

ROUMANIAN CONSOLIDATED OILFIELDS.

The extensive use to which oil is now being put for raising steam at sea, on railways, and in various industrial undertakings is causing its price to rise steadily; and this, taken with the fact that the Government has lately appointed an influential Commission, with Admiral Lord Fisher at its head, to study the question of oil fuel supply for our Navy, shows that the era of oil has now dawned

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

in real earnest. This is naturally directing renewed attention on the part of buyers to the more substantial and reliable of the oil-producing companies, whose shares, in the near future, are bound to be regarded in the same light as those of the coal companies are at the present time, that is to say fit to be held by the most careful investors. The Roumanian Consolidated Oilfields, an amalgamation of six concerns, occupies a prominent position in this connection, owning as it does no less than 7,000 acres of land in the rich and highly productive oil-fields of Roumania. The Company's wells are now yielding oil at the rate of about 6,000 tons per month; they are fully equipped with storage accommodation, and connected by pipe-line with their own refinery. Moreover, the Company, which is capitalised at £1,750,000, has at its command over £300,000 of working capital, with which additional wells are being drilled with all possible rapidity, the intention being to increase the rate of production as much as possible. The Roumanian Consolidated Oilfields is one of the principal British concerns of its kind, and by far the most important of those working in Roumania at the present day. Its assets have lately been valued at fully £4,200,000, and its prospects are most encouraging. When the report of Lord Fisher's Commission on the supply of oil fuel for the Navy is published, the oil share market is bound to come into greatly increased prominence, and then, if not before, Roumanian Consolidated Shares will unquestionably rise to a substantial premium, and should prove in the meanwhile a most attractive purchase.

CORRESPONDENCE

NEED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—M. Bernon said, in his former letter, "To my mind, in the expression, 'I need not have troubled myself,' the verb need is in reality in the present infinitive." He now says, in reply to my criticism, that in "I did not need" "need" is in the infinitive mood. How his present statement can be looked on as a reply to criticism of his former one, he does not explain.

Mr. Allen says, "English is very irregular in the matter of such words as 'need' and 'ought.'" If he means that English people are very slovenly in their way of using "need," I quite agree with him. The compiler of the Oxford Dictionary, for example, as quoted by Mr. Mayhew, seems to see something irregular in the fact that the verb "need," when used as an auxiliary, conforms to auxiliary usage: to my mind, the irregularity would lie in its not doing so. Both in English and in German the two distinguishing characteristics of auxiliaries are (1) that the third person singular has the same form as the first person, (2) that the "to" before the following infinitive is dropped. Ordinary verbs used as auxiliaries tend to follow auxiliary usage in both respects: the "s" disappears from the third person and the following "to" is left out: he need not go, he dare not go. "It don't matter" is more correct than "It does not matter," inasmuch as the compliance with auxiliary usage is more complete: so "He dare not go" is more correct than "He dares not go," and, I should think, far more usual. As regards the past tenses which Mr. Allen seems to hanker after, "need" and "ought" are not at all in the same boat. Our object in saying "I knew that I need not do it" is probably to avoid the harshness of "needed." "Oughted" is impossible, for the excellent reason that "ought" is a past tense already. It is typical of the professional grammarian's way of handling these subjects that even Dr. Morris, in dealing with "ought" and "must," makes no mention of the fact that, being imperfect subjunctives, they have naturally taken on a present meaning: cf. "ich müsste"—I mean the real "müsste," not the misprint which appeared in Mr. Powell's letter last week.

I am grateful to Mr. Cobb for putting me on to the track of Mr. Moon and his works, and shall look out for a chance of still further diminishing my ignorance. Men of mature age, who have formulated for themselves some definite ideas on these subjects, can read grammatical works certainly with interest, possibly with amusement, probably without danger. Those who are still at the impressible stage of development would, I think, do well to follow my example, and remain as ignorant as possible of grammarians and their works. The study of language develops a man's mental capacity as probably nothing else can: the reading of what other people have said about language is far more likely to do harm than good. There are quite enough people in the world already to whom a theory is as good as a fact: they have begun by learning grammar out of a book, and they end in too many cases by becoming Socialists, Christian Scientists, followers of Mr. Norman Angell. How far grammarians are responsible for this may seem, to some, an open question; there can be little doubt of their responsibility for the curious fallacy, in symptoms of which this correspondence has been rich. I mean the assumption that one can take a language as one can a lump of clay and mould it into any shape one likes. M. Bernon tells us in his letter on the word "talented" that in quite recent times educated men have thought it worth while to discuss the question whether it is allowable to use such words as "talented" and "gifted"! Would it make the faintest difference whether they said yes or no? Others among your correspondents have suggested that we should do this, that, or the other, by way of simplifying or improving the language. Has it never occurred to these gentlemen what a splendid thing it would be to make our rose trees produce rubber? Why don't we do it? I am, Sir, etc.,

T. G. MARTIN.

Bradford, September 15th, 1912.

MR. WRIGHT AND A CRITIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Many a man before now has exclaimed: "Save me from my friends!" The current number of THE ACADEMY contains "An Intimate Appreciation" of John Payne and his work, by Mr. T. Wright of Olney. The only portion of the article which does not invite, and deserve, severe critical castigation is that portion consisting of biographical data. Mr. Payne has done yeoman's service as a translator. I have no quarrel with Mr. Payne; but when Mr. T. Wright of Olney presents us with the following, and declares it to be "a delightful presentment of Heine at his sweetest," in the interests of poetry, in the interests of Heine, and in the interests of Mr. Payne, I quarrel with Mr. Wright of Olney. I quote three of the five verses over which this gentleman pours the fulsome tide of his adulation:—

"Doubting Thomas, I, in Heaven
I believe not, for our home.
Promised by the Churches Seven
Of Jerusalem and Rome.

"But for angels, of their being,
In good sooth I doubted ne'er;
Light shapes faultless, for our seeing
Still upon the earth they fare.

"Only wings I, gracious lady,
To these beings must deny:
Marry, there are wingless angels
As full often seen have I." Etc.

This is not only not poetry, it is not even decent verse. The defects are flagrant. Yet Mr. T. Wright solemnly

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

assures your readers, "none but Payne could have given it" (this translation—save the mark!) "rondure and iridescence and have set it sailing in our sweet English air." Of "rondure and iridescence" those unfortunate verses have nothing; and, far from sailing in sweet air, their main distinction is an uncomfortable waddle on very common earth. In his selection of the original and "remarkable" poem, "Drunk or Sober," Mr. Wright is no more fortunate. He quotes it with unction; yet it has the some crude inversions, the same want of poetic subtlety and sense of fitness. It is a species of bastard sonnet which, in an awkward attempt to fly, conspicuously and ungracefully flops. Mr. Payne well deserves a more discriminating appraiser. Several of our younger poets, and critics of poetry, are already sufficiently confounded; any mature assistance to confusion can be well spared. THE ACADEMY and the "Saturday Review" are perhaps the only London weeklies whose printed verse never makes them ridiculous. I claim this as my excuse for writing in regard to the above. Very truly yours,

Cottingley, Yorks. JAMES A. MACKERETH.

"THE RIKS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I have seen the letter dated August 13, from the author of "The Riks," to you, on the subject of the review of his book which appeared in your No. 2,095 of June 29, but I see no reason to withdraw a single word of the review. He has not attempted to make clearer the "discoveries" he claims to have made.

My quotations from his book establish, I repeat, my two main points, viz.—"He has, indeed, produced a strange jumble of mythology, geology, chemistry, and Sanskrit, which may suit the Hindu intellect and imagination, but it was hardly fair of him to attribute his 'discoveries' to Western learning"; and "It is inconceivable that the authors of the Rigveda, thousands of years ago, embodied therein the geological and chemical meanings which Mr. Iyer educes from the poems."

The author quotes some complimentary letters he has received from some eminent scholars. He fails to see that the letters are, on their face value, mere kindly non-committal expressions of encouragement: one would like to cross-examine the writers.

When scholars and scientists accept his "discoveries" (whatever they are), it will be time for others who, like myself, are not Vedic scholars or geologists to accept them. It is open to anyone to compare the book, my review, and the author's letter. I am confident what their present conclusion would be.

September, 1912. YOUR REVIEWER.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Hans Sachs and Goethe: A Study in Meter. By Mary Cacy Burchinal, Ph.D. (Vandenhoed and Ruprecht, Göttingen. 1 mark 80.)

Die wirtschaftlichen Grundlagen des modernen Kunstgewerbes in London. By Dr. Bruno Ranecker. (G. Himmer, Munich.)

France et Belgique. Alpes et Pyrénées. By Victor Hugo. With Coloured Frontispiece. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)

Le Voyage de M. Perrichon. By Eugène Labiche and Edouard Martin. With Coloured Frontispiece. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)

The Position of Landscape in Art. By Cosmos. (George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Through Dante's Land: Impressions in Tuscany. By Mrs. Colquhon Grant. Illustrated. (John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

Through Holland in the "Vivette." The Cruise of a 4-Tonner from the Solent to the Zuyder Zee, through the Dutch Waterways. By E. Keble Chatterton. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 6s. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

The Battle of Life: A Retrospect of Sixty Years. By T. E. Kebbel. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

George Borrow: The Man and His Books. By Edward Thomas. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes. By Edgcumbe Staley. Illustrated. (John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

King Charles I. A Study by Walter Phelps Dodge. With Frontispiece. (John Long. 1s. 6d. net.)

The Lushei Kuki Clans. By Lt.-Colonel J. Shakespear. With Coloured Frontispiece, Map, and other Illustrations. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

From the Black Mountain to Waziristan. By Colonel H. C. Wylly, C.B. With an Introduction by Lieut.-Gen. Sir Horace L. Smith Dorrien, K.C.B., D.S.O., and Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Viceroys of Ireland: The Story of the Long Line of Noblemen and Their Wives Who have Ruled Ireland and Irish Society for Over Seven Hundred Years. By Charles O'Mahony. Illustrated. (John Long. 16s. net.)

FICTION.

The Trustee. By Harold Bindloss. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

The Irresistible Mrs. Ferrers. By Arabella Kenealy. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Captain Hawks: Master Mariner. By Oswald Kendall. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Darneley Place. By Richard Bagot. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

The Holiday Round. By A. A. Milne. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Told by the Ayah. By Advena Hearle. (J. Baker and Son, Clifton. 1s. net.)

Our Nance: A Story of Whitechapel. By W. Braunston Jones. (John Ousley. 6s.)

L'Homme qui Rit. By Victor Hugo. Two Vols., with Coloured Frontispieces. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net each.)

PERIODICALS.

Rajput Herald; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Hindustan Review, Allahabad; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; United Empire; Garden Cities and Town Planning; L'Action Nationale; St. George's Magazine; Bookseller; Literary Digest, N.Y.; University Correspondent; Publishers' Circular.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK IN POWDER FORM.

Its value is based not alone on chemical qualities, but also on the possession of certain physical attributes, *e.g.*, palatability, solubility, ease of digestion and assimilation, etc., qualities moreover which cannot be ignored in the discussion of dietetic values. It is also true that the record of our product as a nutrient, for almost thirty years, bears irrefutable testimony to the genuineness of its physiological worth, and its general excellence as a food product.

Trial size free by post on application to

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

TO

SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.

WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.

Vià the SUEZ CANAL:

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.

(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE

PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the

MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC

by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

. . . Ports of Call . . .

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.

(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

Throughout the Year, according to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, 102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg

"Arcadian" Cruises.

MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.
Lisbon, Madeira, WEST INDIES.	From £1 a day.	62.	December 3.	Southampton.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,

London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & CO., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	395
Dans les Bois	396
The Imitation Critic ...	396
Reviews:	
Songs of Sort	397
A Teller of Stories ...	398
Mr. Stephen Phillips' New Play	399
Poetry and Perversity ...	400
Jerusalem: Ancient, Medieval, and Modern	401
Savage Indian Tribes ...	402
Shorter Reviews	403
Fiction:	
A Degenerate	405
Shorter Notices	407
Music: Two Concerts ...	408
The Theatre: "The Great John Ganton" at the Aldwych Theatre	408
LITERARY SUPPLEMENT ...	409
"The Winter's Tale" at the Savoy Theatre ...	417
The Coliseum	418
British Government in East Africa	418
The Literary Traveller ...	420
Foreign Reviews	421
Indian Journals	421
General Nogi...	422
Notes and News	424
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	425
Motoring	426
In the Temple of Mammon	427
Correspondence	428
Books Received	430

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

AN event of primary importance for Australia, which few papers have noted, took place last week. The first sod was cut at Port Augusta, in South Australia, of a railway destined in three years' time to unite West Australia with the older and more populous States of the eastern portion of the island-continent. The line will be carried through the heart of the great desert, will be some 1,200 miles in length, and is estimated to cost at least £5,000,000; construction is to be begun at both ends. This route will be of strategic value, as by it troops could be despatched in twenty-four hours from Melbourne or Adelaide to Perth, the nearest port to India. It is also worthy of notice that the Commonwealth, having taken over the administration of the vast Northern Territory, which is at present very scantily inhabited, is making every effort to attract settlers to that region, and from reports furnished by the High Commissioner it appears that all kinds of semi-tropical produce can be grown there successfully. Population is steadily increasing in all the Australian States, and Western Australia, which until lately was the Cinderella of the Colonies, has more immigrants than any other State of the Commonwealth. Our readers interested in education will be glad to know that the new University at Perth has been formally opened, and Sir John Winthrop Hackett, K.C., has been elected Chancellor.

There are many nuisances to the suppression of which the Chief Commissioner of Police might have turned his attention before he issued his ultimatum upon the street distribution of the handbill, which, after all, can be disregarded if we wish. The loafers in the public parks, who accost any genial-looking person and suit their tale to the occasion, might be taken in hand with good results; malodorous house-refuse in byways not far from the City is collected at hours which we thought were illegal; and other small matters *pro bono publico* will occur to any observer. If it is true, as is stated, that £50,000 a year is spent in Greater London on handbills and their distribution, it seems as though one of our minor, unconsidered industries will suffer extinction.

According to an article which appeared in a daily contemporary last Wednesday, and which we read with feelings of awe, the American golfer must be constructed on a different plan from merely English humanity. It seems that he rises at six, and after several baths drinks a large glassful of iced water, partakes of half a melon, oatmeal porridge, bacon and eggs, baked potato, tea or coffee, more iced water, and "marmalade with toast and sweet cakes" to finish. This takes him safely to lunch-time without any violent pangs of hunger, and, having concluded his business in the city, he returns to the club to play golf; first, however, he must stay his cravings. "Soup, some meat, salad, blueberry pie, iced water, a glass of cold tea with a lump of ice in it and a piece of lemon, a large supply of ice-cream, and a big cigar"—thus internally propped and buttressed, he sallies forth to the game. Afterwards, more baths, a cigar, and then "a long American dinner, with vegetables very fancily done" (*sic*), corn cobs, sweet salads, plenty of iced water, ice-creams, ginger ale with lemon and ice, "and so forth." What Englishman could stand it for three days in succession, Even a quiet hour at marbles would seem too much to expect of him on a diet so severe!

It makes us think rather contemptuously of the intelligence of our fellows when we read the list of articles left in trains; who could possibly forget a bunch of 212 keys or a lamp-shade? Both of these were found in the Central London Tube, and are unclaimed. In this connection we note that the German railway officials have compiled a volume which might be termed a "luggage portrait album," containing photographs of every imaginable type of box, bag, basket, and trunk; so that the traveller who arrives minus a part of his equipment will only have to scan its pages to describe accurately the shape, complexion, and decorative scheme of the missing article. This sounds pleasant, and may save time; but it seems to leave a loophole for the expert railway thief; and what compensation awaits the Englishman ignorant of German who receives, after the catalogue number has been telegraphed, a bag the same shape and size as his own, containing, instead of the spare clothing for a holiday, a set, let us say, of burglar's tools? How will he escape, if we may not go yachting in German waters without suspicion?

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Dans Les Bois

J'ENTENDS là les mille voix
Dont la nature est pleine
Non sans soupirer parfois
Et me remplir de peine.

Pareils à nos hirondelles,
Ces sons harmonieux,
Ont-ils peut-être des ailes
Pour s'envoler aux cieux?

Oui! ces échos fugitifs
Sont adieux à la vie
Que disent des cœurs captifs
Rendus à leur patrie.

J'écoute, l'âme tremblante,
Amour saint, éternel!
Heureuse la voix qui chante
Ton hymne solennel.

GWENDOLEN TALBOT.

The Imitation Critic

THOUGH it is true, within limits, to say that the poet is "born, not made," the real critic may be anything but a critic by birth. He may be of a retiring, contemplative disposition, hating discussion and disagreement, yet compelled by his sense of justice to display before the eyes of other men the knowledge gained in his solitary years, to stick pins into inflated mediocrity, even to wield a vigorous sword in the tourneys of controversy. There is another type of critic, however, in whom, almost as soon as he can walk, flourishes an art of detraction often mistaken for criticism; the genuine critic, *bien entendu*, dealing as much with approval as with censure.

This imitation critic, as we may term him, possesses in an uncommon degree the happy knack of forming a definite opinion about everything, from the spectrum of Sirius to the latest novel; which would not matter very much, if only he would keep his opinion to himself; by the nature of his mental economy, however, he must orate upon his discoveries. Occasionally, therefore, he wins a fleeting fame in a restricted circle by the sheer weight of his didacticism; he is referred to by superficial observers as one who "knows a thing or two" about most subjects, the fact being that he is like the vagrant sparrow—fat with the crumbs from other people's meals, an expert at nothing but the pompous phrase and the impertinent platitude.

He is sometimes, we must admit, quite a wonderful mannikin, as he leans from his little home-made Olympus and dispenses the spurious ambrosia to the neophytes that twitter round his feet; he apes a divine discontent with the world, has the airs and graces—and often, unfortunately, the eloquence—of Hortensius; and nothing can disturb his belief in himself. For invariably the imitation critic is an egoist of the bluest Patterne blood, delighting in the reverberations of his own voice, bearing charitably with those who are misguided enough to hold opinions differing from his own; and as an egoist, it is a pure pleasure—or a pathetic experience, according to your point of view—to watch him when confronted and tackled by a man of mark. He will argue a professor into silence, if the professor happens to be modest and of an equable temper: for if it be music, he can talk the language of the schools, and by murmuring of "tone-colour," "light and shade," or "balance," reduce you, who are not a professor, to a state of resentful admiration; if it be art, he has all the studio-phrases handy, and will speak familiarly of "values," and perhaps spring upon you a word such as "architectonics," a veritable boulder of a word, when, of course, there is nothing more to be said. But, given an irascible and thoroughly equipped opponent, his contortions make an edifying spectacle and a warning to the unwary. Keep him to the point, and it impales him at once.

As a rule, however, he is ignored by professors, scholars, and the critics genuine; he makes so much noise that they shy at his approach like a restive horse at the sudden squawk of a motor-horn; thus he is generally left to his own spell-bound circle. Here, like the frog of Æsop, he can sit and puff himself out complacently, sure of the hum of applause, sure of the timid question which he will answer so beautifully, sure of being a hero. For to worship is a necessity of humanity, and young humanity in especial has phases when the imitation critic serves as a passable, if transitory, object on whose brow the laurel-wreath may rest. If in a short time the disciple wakes to his prophet's frailty and sees the laurels slipping, so that a slightly intoxicated appearance imperils the aforetime dignity, what matters? Youth easily transfers its adoration—there remain other heroes yet untried; and the kindergarten of the imitation critic, depleted of one member, gains another novice in due course.

By his very agility—his rapidity of fire, if we may so put it—he sometimes manages to hit the target, just as a poor marksman free with his ammunition must find an occasional chance bull's-eye to his credit; and then his friends hear about it until they wish that a beneficent Mother Nature had provided them with earflaps as well as eyelids. Disagreeable sights can be avoided; unpleasant sounds must be borne; and, unless we are sternly resolved to note only the comedy of manners—unless, in short, we are cynico-philosophic by training—the self-satisfied quacking of the imitation critic is a very unpleasant sound indeed. In time, however, it dies down; and in the grateful interval we have leisure to wonder what, if his eyes were opened to the patchwork garment which he takes so contentedly to be cloth of gold, he would find to say about himself.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

Songs of Sorts

Songs of a Syrian Lover. By CLINTON SCOLLARD. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
Poems. By CLIFFORD KING. (Kegan Paul and Co. 5s. net.)
Vale: A Book of Verse. By LEONARD INKSTER. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)
The Listeners, and Other Poems. By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Constable and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)
Songs of the Open Air. By GEORGE A. GREENE. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)
Songs of the Prairie. By ROBERT J. C. STEAD. (Gay and Hancock. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE Syrian lover, *vice* Mr. Clinton Scollard, is a very consistent and very insistent young man. Not to put too fine a point on it, he harps too much on one string. A genius, no doubt, would find endless melodic opportunity in the one string, and this Eastern serenader tinkles very prettily so far, but he scarcely commands the requisite capital. Mr. Scollard's indubitable skill has not sufficient solid material to work on, in spite of all the lovely verbal aid the Syrian fiction lends. Nard, musk, minaret, muezzin, bulbul, djinn, Ras-el-Ain, Trebizond—they all sound well in the rhythmic cadences of verse, though even then Mr. Scollard has a lingering affection for certain Western words and phrases of his own, such as "wraith" and "shut of twilight." But fifty lyrics, averaging eight lines each, trying fruitless comparisons with pretty much the same monotonous triumph for the unique She—well, one is pretty, three is enough, and fifty is satiety. We are convinced, however, that when Mr. Scollard can feel deeply and sincerely enough he has not only lyrical facility but lyric power.

It would be quite just to credit Mr. Clifford King with considerable information, a certain play of imagination, and good intentions—but he evidently has no idea as to what poetry is. He seems to think that as long as his tide of eloquence breaks up into so many "feet," and periodically, by good fortune, a couple of words strike an approximate similarity of sound that does duty for rhyme, the result is poetry, whereas it is really vanity and vexation of spirit. We have found in these pages nearly all the prosodical vices of the beginner: the any-port-in-a-storm leap for a rhyme, the stretch-me-out-and-I'll-just-do-it line endings, the clumsy elisions, awkward inversions and paddings. Here is a brief example of his craft:—

> Yea, all the night is loveliness itself
> And shines with beauties, earthly, heavenly,
> Which charms in luxury the liquid gulf
> Spread like ten thousand mirrors of the sky.
> Oh, God, the glory is most wondrous in
> Its hallowed majesty! It dazes the
> Rude eye of man—so drunken by the scene—
> That views the whole, multi-divinity!
> Could we but now . . . .

Need we go on any further? As dramatist he is coincidental, bathetic, rife with the tragic "Ha-ha!" As satirist he is pathetic; as sonneteer more than liberal—red radical; as a writer of album verses he comes into his own.

We should like to think that Mr. Inkster's neat little book is misnamed also. There is an air of experiment about it and some promise of issue. His gift is not best adapted, perhaps, to the restricted forms. A number of sonnets, while technically fairly true, are something lacking in conclusiveness, a little inclined to incoherence, while a couple of villanelles scarcely ripple along with that even runlet-music which one expects in a villanelle. A single rondeau is by far the most successful of the experiments in these forms. But the residue of the book contains the best things, as "The Journalist's Chant," a repudiation of Wilde's sneer at the mercenary of the pen, which reveals considerable power; "To My Walls," sub-titled "A Backwater in London," which has a refreshing individuality; and, best of all, the section inscribed "For Sweethearts." We should like to quote from one of his group, called "Portraits," as evidence of Mr. Inkster's felicity when his muse is unconstrained; but space will not permit.

Mr. De La Mare's poems should be read in some haunt of ancient peace, some leafy arbour just within sight of the mellow, creeper-clad brick of an old manor. Yet perhaps we are wrong. If he can call up that association and hold us spellbound in the *blasé* surroundings proper to modern life his place is emphatically there, and we owe him grateful thanks. In the even, musical flow of his verse, so delightfully innocent of artificiality, so limpid and sure, he recalls the charm now of Wordsworth, now, in some elusive way, of the Vaughans, now of Herrick. He has the gift in a remarkable degree of drawing lyric portraits, such as the lovely little thing of "Rachel" or that of "The Tailor," or this of "poor Miss Loo":—

> Her tabby cat, her cage of birds,
> Her nose, her hair—her muffled words,
> And how she'd open her green eyes,
> As if in some immense surprise,
> Whenever as we sat at tea
> She made some small remark to me.

And presently:—

> . . . . with gaze of vacancy,
> And large hands folded on the tray,
> Musing the afternoon away;
> Her satin bosom heaving slow
> With sighs that softly ebb and flow,
> And her plain face in such dismay,
> It seems unkind to look her way.

Charming he is, too, when he touches the borderland of enchantment, as in "The Witch," "Never-To-Be," "The Dark Château," and "The Listeners." All of these poems are short, but their brevity is full of delicate suggestion. They are like the chaste, translucent thoughts of one who himself looks out on the world with eyes that are clear and soft with the tender simplicity of a child's dreams.

Mr. Greene's songs are pleasant enough, but scarcely

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

confess that breeziness and spaciousness that we are wont to associate with the open air. The greater part are fairly good exercises of a careful pupil of the Muse, but they lack the sufficient personal quality which would make them of the living stuff of poetry. Here and there, however, Mr. Greene seems to respond to a breath of the genuine air, and the pulse of his song is correspondingly heightened. We would instance "Inisfail" (which surely betrays Mr. Greene a son of Erin?), "Ad Canem," "A Mood," and "Snowbell," a musical little poem.

The twin deities of colonial poets seem to be Mr. Kipling and Mr. Geo. R. Sims. We do not presume to quarrel with the election; we simply state it as a curious fact, and bring forward Mr. Stead's volume as the latest example. He rattles along merrily to the measure of a seven-foot or eight-foot line, and is a practised hand at the camp-fire yarn kind of thing:—

> Ned M'Cann owned the Double Star 'way back in the early days;
> He had come out here with a sickly wife and a kid he hoped to raise . . . .

There you have style the first, and for the alternative:—

> He is brand-new out of England, and he thinks he knows it all—
> (There's a bloomin' bit o' goggle in his eye) . . .

Much more worthy of a serious reading is "The Mothering," in which Mr. Stead expresses the call of the virgin land to be loved of its adopted sons. We should like to give it whole, but have space only for two of the concluding stanzas:—

> Then I gave him hopes he could not define and fears that he could not flee;
> And he heard my cry in the long, still night,
> In my spirit-thrall I held him tight,
> And his blind soul-eyes craved for the light;
> But the light he could not see.
>
> So I held my peace till I saw him sit with children at his knee;
> And I sent them the sun, the wind and the rain,
> And the ferny slope and the flowery plain,
> And the wet night-smell of the growing grain;
> And their love they gave to me.

If we could have a little more of that and a little less of the Kipling-cum-Sims decoction we should begin to listen with quickened interest to the voices that sound from the prairie.

A Teller of Stories

May I Tell You a Story? By HELEN MAR. (J. and J. Bennett, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

"MAY I tell you a story?" The familiar words will awaken many memories—memories of drawing-room entertainments, charity concerts, or comfortable evenings at the theatre. To the present writer they recall, with a quite wonderful vividness, a certain dinner in a central London hotel. The Royal toasts have been duly honoured. The cigars have been lit, the port has gone round. There is a general feeling of post-prandial contentment, and the murmur of many voices rises to the ceiling like an incantation. Suddenly a door at the back of the dining-hall is thrown open. A tall, graceful woman in evening dress appears. She faces the company.

"May I tell you a story?"

There is an instant pause in the conversation. The appeal is frankly irresistible. The lady has the air of one having inadvertently broken in upon some important business. There is a semi-apologetic note in the request so shyly proffered, a note which is somehow emphasised by that frankly American accent which Helen Mar, despite her long residence in this country, has never succeeded in discarding. Heads are turned in the direction of the speaker. There is a moment's pause. Then Miss Mar proceeds to tell us a story. She tells us, indeed, not one story, but many. Ripples of merriment go round the room. At length—but all too soon—the last story is told. With a charming curtsy she descends the platform—vanishes—and leaves us all mightily pleased with ourselves, and still more pleased with our entertainer.

It may be doubted whether Miss Mar has done wisely in entrusting her stories to the unsympathetic medium of print. Told, they are inimitable; read, they are merely funny. They have no force of personality behind them. One misses the delicate inflections of voice, the characteristic gestures, the indescribable smile. Once Miss Mar's peculiar property, they are now the world's. She has relinquished her hold upon them. . . . But perhaps she thinks they have served their turn? Perhaps she intends to delight us with a new répertoire?

The book itself is delightfully feminine. It is one of those chatty, colloquial, inconsequential, discursive volumes that only a woman could write, and that, unfortunately, so few women do write. Professedly an autobiography, it is in reality a series of disjointed impressions. But there is a frankness and a naïvete about it that will ensure for it a hearty welcome from all those who value sincerity in autobiography rather than pretentiousness.

Miss Mar began her professional life as a reciter—a fatal mistake, as she was afterwards to discover. For the world—or, at any rate, that part of it which is willing to pay for its entertainments—does not love recitations. And, incidentally, the world is quite right. Miss Mar learnt wisdom, some years ago, at Prince's Galleries, in Piccadilly. She had been "booked" for a recitation, and she happened to overhear a lady say: "For Heaven's sake, let's make our escape; someone is going to recite." Not very encouraging; but it set Miss Mar thinking. Her mind was quickly made up. Brevity, it has been said, is the soul of wit. She determined that she would try its effect upon her audiences. In the future, not recitations—but stories! And, as she was an American, they should be American stories. "And that," she tells us, "is how I began to tell 'A few American stories.'"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Since that day Miss Mar has established a reputation as the most popular of living story-tellers. She has amused princes and paupers, has assisted at society functions and at humbler entertainments in the East-end, where she is always secure of a welcome. She has some interesting things to tell us about her audiences. Oddly enough, she prefers clergymen. "If I were able to choose those whom I am called upon to try and amuse," she writes, "I should always make sure that clergymen were present. They make absolutely the very best audiences one could have. Broad-minded, enthusiastic, and with a keen sense of humour—which last is, indeed, the saving grace." Here is an unexpected tribute to "the cloth."

Turning to the stories themselves, it seems a little invidious to select any particular one for special praise. Readers will naturally choose their own favourites. But the following deserves—nay, demands—quotation:—

> A very rich American came to London, and met an Englishman, who—strangely enough— liked him and asked him to his house.
>
> The Englishman was a great collector of antiques, curiosities, etc., and showed the American, among other things, a table and a chair and, pointing to them, said: "That table and that chair once belonged to Milton."
>
> "Really," said the American, and kneeled down and reverently kissed both table and chair.
>
> "And," continued the Englishman, "that table was the very one on which that immortal classic, 'Paradise Lost,' was written."
>
> "What was written?" questioned the guest.
>
> "'Paradise Lost,'" was the reply.
>
> "Who wrote it?" again questioned the A——.
>
> "Milton," replied the host.
>
> "Who did you say *owned* that table?"
>
> "Milton," again answered the host.
>
> "Gosh!" ejaculated the rich one, in a tone of disgust. "I thought you said *Lipton*!"

One more—and only one more:—

> A man went up to a friend and said, "Did you know that Jones was going to run away with your wife?"
>
> "Why run?"

There are some dozens of others. Thank you, Miss Mar, for a very pleasant entertainment!

Mr. Stephen Phillips' New Play

The King: A Tragedy in a Continuous Series of Scenes. By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. (Stephen Swift and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

IT is chastening to reflect on the way Mr. Phillips' work has fallen from esteem. A matter of a few years ago, he was spoken of in terms that seemed to hail him as a brother to Shakespeare; now there are none so poor to do him reverence. It is a characteristic of the way journalistic reviewers, having no just standards of appreciation, are always eager to whet their appetites by seeking new loves. For if "The King" be compared with "Olysses," there will not be found a vast difference in their conception and execution. The conception in both is rather theatrical than dramatic; even as the execution has none of that wondrous flexibility that one associates inevitably with great dramatic work. With the exception of "Herod," his work has always seemed to us, from the earliest days, rather workmanlike than passionate, rather preconceived than inevitable. Had reviewers treated his early work with care and discriminating examination, rather than with the merely stupid blame or stupid praise with which they always greet newcomers, a different tale might have been told. As it is, in reading "The King" one has the feeling of an artistic tragedy.

In his Note to "The King" Mr. Phillips tells us that it "is constructed after the Greek and not the Shakespearian model, and is divided into a series of scenes, not acts." In point of fact, in its mobility of scene it is more Shakespearian than Greek. It is not at all desirable that we should nurse these time-worn labels, that more often confuse than elucidate. Moreover, it is questionable if more than half of modern dogmas concerning the construction of Greek Drama are not the result of our ignorance of the conditions under which Athenian Drama was presented. Yet in so far as they mean anything, and in so far as they connote anything, the fundamental distinction between Shakespearian and Greek drama is one of a variety of scene. And when Mr. Phillips divides his play into five scenes, he might just as well have divided it into five acts without affecting anything more than the nomenclature.

When we spoke of his drama as being more theatrical than dramatic, we touched on what has always seemed to us the fundamental weakness of his whole work: and it is very marked in "The King." The story in the present tragedy is that of a king whose son has won great glory for himself, and for whom his father chooses a worthy match with the Princess of Portugal. But that son is in love with one of the ladies of the court; with whom, indeed, he is more deeply pledged than he thinks. For on his return from the great wars he learns from her that she expects a child. So he declares to his father that it is she he loves, and that he can wed no other. Then his father tells him that the girl is no other than his half-sister. At this terrible news the two die together; and the father, who has abdicated in favour of his son, has to resume the throne.

If simplicity of phrase and manner could give conviction to a play, "The King" would convince. But there is no drama where there is no vitality of characterisation; and it is just this that Mr. Phillips lacks. Neither the King, nor Don Carlos, nor Donna Christina, live and move and have their being before us. They are persons of whom something is told. Consequently, to get movement and the hint of vitality into them, Mr. Phillips must employ the uses of the theatre to stuff them with the semblance of life. For example, at the conclusion of the first scene, when the prince has learnt his father's intentions for him, and asks for a delay

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ere he decide, the dialogue states the situation in a calm economy of words, stirring nothing of the vividness of the situation in us. It closes in an entire lack of conviction. Then, what his characters could not give, Mr. Phillips must needs give us, from without and as the stage-manager of his people. We are told in a stage direction that "the Prince passes his hand over his brow in a gesture of doubt and terror."

To say that this is a fault of versification is to state what is obvious. And yet it is not true to say that a merely accomplished versification could give us great drama. Nevertheless, without a subtlety of line there can clearly not be a subtlety of character; and without a terror of line there cannot be a terror of scene. How well Shakespeare knew this can be seen in many and many a passage where the power of vivid metaphor is made to awaken a power of passion. But Mr. Phillips' verse is stiff, unornate, and static; and these are not qualities that can very well express drama, which is nothing if it is not chiefly subtle, coloured, and passionate. Whatever might and passion are contained in this play proceed outside the borders of the verse, and are to be found in stage directions. The reason simply is that the verse is not of such a quality that it can contain it. Consequently we are irked by a misfit somewhere; and the play falls broken in our hands.

"The King" is slight in proportion; yet in its carefulness of workmanship, and its even melody of phrase, it is, within its limits, an interesting piece of work. There is a depreciation in it from Mr. Phillips' early work; but there is by no manner of means a difference sufficient to account for the present falling away of attention. It lacks inspiration, that strange indefinable thing; but its chief lesson is that it proves that drama cannot be written without passion.

Poetry and Perversity

The Clouds. By CHARLES M. DOUGHTY. (Duckworth and Co. 5s. net.)

ANY poetry that the reader rebels at should be a challenge to what his conception of poetry is. His conception may pass the challenge, or it may fall before it; in either case, the result is surely healthy if the inquiry be candid. The substantial fact is that the challenge has been made; and that it was right to make it. For no poet delivers his substance to his fellow men without at least the semblance of a worthy and noble motive—and from the word poetry one exempts satires or trivialities in verse. Ambition is not an infirmity, but some kind of an attestation of worth: which may turn awry or may be sound, but which claims the right of an equal tourney in the lists.

To say, therefore, that we do not like, that we can scarcely read with patience, Mr. Doughty's poetry, is to say nothing of moment. Nor does it materially affect the question that our feelings with regard to his work are not confined to the above volume, but no less to the six volumes of the "Dawn in Britain," to "Adam Cast Out," and to "The Cliffs." Of these, "Adam Cast Out," by its stern elimination of all that is not in the severest sense germane to the matter, wins a chastened and rigorous beauty despite much uncouthness, and should have a place among certain individual poems destined to memory. The "Dawn in Britain," despite some passages of beauty, seems to have overawed a certain number of shallow critics chiefly by its length and its perplexity. But in the present volume the whole problem his work raises is put in its simplest form. For "The Clouds" is patriotic poetry of deliberate intention, and for some reason that is not very hard to discover patriotic poetry is a severe test to any poet's performance. In it he abjures the high fountains of poetic inspiration, and has to come down to the ways of declamation; he has to deny the very essence of poetry in denying the unity and brotherhood of Man, and deny it not by neglecting it, but by attacking it. Moreover, he has to deny other things. He may be even called upon to deny a possibly higher worth in another race of men—a more distinguished morality, a stricter and purer loveliness of personal and civic life. Therefore, being without the inevitable aid of inspiration, he will have to rest more securely on his tricks of style, his mannerisms, and methods.

Turning, then, to "The Clouds," what is the element that most strikes the reader as he journeys through the book? Take, for example, the following passage from the "Proeme":—

> A Land of Sighing! shall be vast lament:
> Yet less were all than able to express,
> In Her souls anguish, Britains last distress.
> What marvel if Isle Britains soil once more
> Invaded were, wherein so manifest scars
> Of wounds received in many former wars
> Remain? Where is not of the Invaders foot;
> Reaving, manslaying, burning as he went,
> Some token in Britains earth? What English march
> Is there; whereas some hill-top is not crowned,
> With old fossed rampires of invader armies?
> Mounds of war-slain bear witness everywhere.

There are many passages in the book that are almost laughably grotesque; but to quote such passages is obviously mischievous; and the above, in its consecutive meaning, is a very fair example of the ordinary tenour of Mr. Doughty's style. It is free of the anterior beauty that poetry endeavours to see and express: therefore its method has to stand by itself. And what is that method? There are hints throughout his work (more than hints indeed) that he is seeking to write English poetry deliberately in Arabic syntax. Whether this be so or not, one can but judge from the result; and that result is an insecurity of rhythm (so insecure that it requires to be helped out by accents), and a steadfast habit of inversion that not only inverts the grammatical sequence of a sentence, which is no great matter, but which bears no relation to an emotional sequence of idea. In other words, it is a mannerism deliberately employed to a certain end. One may grow inured to it

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

after reading a number of pages; but that is a different thing from winning the secret of a spontaneous manner.

What, then, is the end to be gained? It would be ridiculous to say that the poetry of the future must merely be bound by the poetry of the past, though it is worth recollecting that beauty is not two things, but one, and that poetry is not its invention so much as its expression. Yet it is a fact that scarcely any great poet has ever sung but has expressed the thing that burned in him in the way of metaphor and imagery. It is not very difficult to see the reason of this. For poetry, avoiding the way of direct statement, expresses itself in a ritual of the imagination, a ritual that is full of significance to the soul. The result is that the expression of great poetry is never obvious; its approach is always incalculable. Now the same quality of indirect approach is characteristic of the passage we have quoted, and of the major portion of Mr. Doughty's work. But how different the two methods are! One floods the mind with a mental excitement almost impossible to bear. The other does not strike on the imagination, but only irritates the intellect.

To say of "The Clouds" that there are moments in it of a quality quite pure and simple is, as doubtless Mr. Doughty would himself be the first to admit, neither here nor there. Such moments must always appear in a continued body of poetry. But that they have a distinct quality of their own only confirms our opinion that he has more or less deliberately adopted the puzzled manner and syntax of the overwhelming portion of the book, not perhaps as an attempt to baffle understanding (no man truly does this), but certainly from a desire to escape the obvious manner, the direct statement, and the lack of an imaginative ritual that marks the thing that is prose from the thing that is poetry. It is, in fact, an attempt to set up another kind of ritual. But to excite the imagination to moods that mean more than words can envisage is quite a different thing from bewraying the intellect by involving the syntax of a sentence.

In the present volume it is characteristic that the poem "The Muses' Garden" is most marked by the spirit of poetry. If one may be suffered to speak in the twisted language of the professional philosopher, in that poem he draws on the poetic content without expressing it in its own high ritual. But the fact remains that he does draw on the poetic content—which is more than one can say of the bulk of the poems in the book. Mr. Doughty's patriotic intention has snared his feet in strange ways. For example, to find working men of the Eastern Counties discussing the foreign invasion in a dialogue constructed on the principles of syntax that prevail in other portions of the book is rather apt to make one think that war has had an unhappy and untoward effect upon them. It is not many carpenters that soliloquise thus:—

Rain miserably again falling, towards the day,
Helped quench vast dying flames; whose bitter breath
Yet covered the cold stars; and borne was forth,
On the immense bosom of the wakening wind.
Parents still wandered, seeking children lost!
Was battle looked for, shortly to be joined.

Nor are we inclined to be particularly lenient towards the one who does.

Yet, apart from the particular faults that attend on the poet who mounts the platform, the underlying fault of Mr. Doughty's work is a much deeper matter. It is that he has put it into an impossible, and sometimes laughably grotesque, mould, and violated the spirit of poetry in so doing.

Jerusalem: Ancient, Medieval, and Modern

The Story of Jerusalem. By COLONEL SIR C. M. WATSON. Illustrated by Genevieve Watson. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.)

Palestine Exploration Fund Annual, 1911. (Published by Order of the Committee.)

MESSRS. DENT and SONS' "Medieval Towns" series has already obtained so secure a position in the favour of connoisseurs that it is hardly possible for any new volume to enhance its reputation. If, however, these books still require a favourable introduction in any quarter to which they have not yet penetrated it is certain that none other of them will the more readily open the portals of favour than that on Jerusalem, one of the most recently issued. Apart from the perennial and entrancing interest which the subject of the monograph wields throughout the civilised world, Christian, Mohammedan, and Jewish, an author has been chosen for the present volume who is without question the one best qualified of all living who use the English language as a medium. Sir Charles Watson, as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, is in an unrivalled position to become acquainted with and to estimate at their true value even the minutiæ of the discoveries which are being made almost weekly by the Fund and kindred organisations, whereby the interstices of Palestinian history are gradually being filled. In the hands of some this extensive knowledge would prove unwieldy and render an intelligent account within moderate compass impossible; Sir Charles Watson, however, adds to his extensive knowledge of his subject an exceptional power of co-ordination and selection. The facts which he selects with unerring instinct from his abounding wealth he binds together by means of a literary style both easy and pleasing, and as a result he has produced a book that fascinates and holds the attention enchained from the first page to the last.

"The Story of Jerusalem" is in reality far more than that which the general title of the series suggests. The author recognises that the story of Medieval Jerusalem cannot adequately be told unless that of Ancient Jerusalem is offered as a preface; and when he finds his narrative passing out of the Middle Ages it is impossible

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

for him to stop until he has reached almost the present day. Thus the history opens in very early Biblical times, and is continued to the close of the nineteenth century, and the comment of the reader will be one of regret that this story of Jerusalem has come to an end. Under the reverent pen of Sir Charles Watson the perennially interesting Bible narrative is revivified, the romantic history of the most romantic of cities is re-told, and the most interesting of all histories is placed at the disposal of all readers. To the visitor to the Holy City this volume will prove invaluable; to the much larger public to which the Holy Land can be no more than a dream this book should occupy a secure and always accessible place on the book-shelf.

A source of annoyance to the intelligent visitor to Jerusalem is always the numerous identifications—generally in duplicate, as each Christian denomination is always eager to possess all that is desirable in this respect—of the sacred sites, most of which are of course absurdly distant from the truth. It is not surprising that Sir Charles Watson discards practically all the identifications, and is extremely restrained and conservative with regard to those to which he gives consideration. He might, however, have shown much more hesitation before accepting as authentic (p. 99) the passage in Josephus which refers to Jesus. This is now almost universally admitted to be a relatively late and fraudulent interpolation in the text. In his last chapter also, devoted to "Relics of the Past," the author is a little too sweeping in his assertion (p. 309) that there is no evidence that any kings were buried in the "Tombs of the Kings." This is true in regard to the Kings mentioned in the Bible, but, on the other hand, there is no reason to doubt that Queen Helena and King Izates of Adiabene, who embraced Judaism in the first century of the present era and settled in Jerusalem, were buried there. It is unnecessary to comment on the style in which Messrs. Dent and Sons produce these volumes, for that is already well and favourably known; the illustrations by which Miss Watson embellishes the text alone render the volume a bargain.

The Palestine Exploration Fund Annual for 1911, a new departure, is a work of a different description. It consists of accounts of three definite pieces of work of Palestine exploration performed on behalf of the Fund during the year to which the Annual relates. Dr. Duncan Mackenzie describes an expedition to Rabbath Ammon across the Jordan for the examination of the Megalithic Monuments there. He finds many points of resemblance to the similar remains in Sardinia. The same author, who is in charge of the excavations at Ain Shems, in the country of Samson, describes the progress of his work there. Dr. Gustaf Dalman contributes an account of the measurement of the Khazneh at Petra, which he suggests is the mausoleum of one of the latest Nabataean kings. These subjects may seem somewhat technical to the general reader, but the manner in which they are treated renders them of interest to all into whose hands the annual may come.

Savage Indian Tribes

The Fly on the Wheel, or How I Helped to Govern India. By LIEUT.-COL. T. H. LEWIN. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

So little is heard nowadays of the Eastern Frontier of India that the dangers of life and service there, which had to be endured forty or fifty years ago, are hardly remembered. But the recent expedition against the untamed Abors to the north of Assam sufficed to remind the Government and the public of the possibility of trouble with savage frontier tribes. Official and private reports of these disagreeable neighbours have occasionally appeared. This volume is a reproduction of a book written thirty years ago, after his retirement from India, by Lieut.-Colonel Thomas Herbert Lewin, one of the bravest and most successful officers who ever laboured in the Chittagong hill tracts which constitute the Eastern Frontier. He did more than his share in taming the wild men with whom he had to deal, and in bringing them under the influence of British civilisation.

The story is so full of life that it seems to preserve its original freshness unimpaired. Lewin did not enter on frontier work without the preparation which he describes. From Addiscombe he was plunged into the Indian Mutiny of 1857, served with British and Indian troops at Cawnpore, in Oudh, and in Central India, and was constantly engaged with the rebels, gaining the experience of actual fighting and military movements. To avoid, if possible, going back to regimental duty, he got himself transferred to a battalion of military police, with whom he enjoyed much varied sport in the intervals of relaxation from duty. When the regular civil police were instituted, he gained further experience of the native character as District Superintendent of police in several Bengal stations until he reached Chittagong. In November, 1865, he voluntarily made an expedition to a frontier tribe, the Shendus. Though the particular project failed, Lewin established a reputation, and soon became the official Superintendent of the tribes on the Chittagong frontier. When the Lushai tribes continued their marauding attacks on British subjects, and measures were required to check their aggressiveness, a regular expedition, consisting of two well-equipped columns, was dispatched against them, and Lewin was obviously the political officer to accompany the southern column under General (now Field-Marshal Sir Charles) Brownlow. The force completely effected all that had been expected of it, mainly through the capacity of the political officer, his "strong personal influence over these tribes, his knowledge of their language and habits, added to his patience and sagacity in dealing with them." From his General he received words of kindness and approbation, but "these pleasant words of praise were my sole reward."

No frontier can ever be permanently pacified, and subsequent attacks have occurred, but the system inaugurated by Lewin has been continued and developed. Instead of the aloofness which had always failed on the North-Western Frontier with the Pathan tribes, Lewin cultivated a policy of direct relations with the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

border chiefs; to the headmen and to all-comers he was equally accessible; he learnt their speech and visited them, mixing freely among them, though his life was constantly in danger, for he was fearless and ready to take unusual risks. He did not neglect to employ force or deceit when it suited his purpose. Personal influence he found to be the only way of dealing with the simple people, force being reserved for those made of sterner stuff. He studied the natives closely, to understand their point of view.

> The native opinion of Englishmen has been thus summarised. They regard us as an unclean people who eat cow and pig, and whose common beverages are intoxicants; as a species of curious devil, gifted with much brute courage and some human perceptions of an elementary nature, such as the love of justice, the power of making money, and the like—creatures not altogether evil, but most unaccountable, whose presence in India must be endured as an ordinance of Providence or a scourge of Fate.

Lewin found a village-headman named Twekam Tongloyn, and claimed to have the same name and to be of the same clan, making out his own to be Urbut Tongloyn (Herbert Tom Lewin)—he is still remembered on the frontier as Thangliene. This headman recounted to him the native view of the Creation, concluding, "It is a pity that God sleeps so much; for otherwise we should live much longer." In accepting native hospitality, Lewin observed local customs and ate strange viands, but he had to draw the line somewhere and declined to eat dog. On another occasion, he had to take some horrid stuff into his mouth, some tobacco water, the lees of a hookah, "a most unpleasant custom," but he "could not stick at trifles; so with inward loathings and a smiling face I conformed to the requirements of politeness." Though this is an autobiographical work, it is free from egotism or conceit. Frontier officers will learn much from the methods of Colonel Lewin's success with border tribes, and the general reader will find plenty to interest and amuse in his vivid narrative and anecdotes.

Shorter Reviews

Sensations of Paris. By ROWLAND STRONG. Illustrated. (John Long. 10s. 6d. net.)

VEIL after veil is descending on the beautiful Paris of the olden days, till soon she will only appear here and there in some unspoiled corner, some unrenovated café, some historic building too notable to be pulled down or Americanised; and yet, through all the superficial changes, the spirit of Paris and its people remains. In this pleasantly written book Mr. Rowland Strong strives to picture the "city of light" as it is at the present day; by clever contrast he brings the characteristics of Paris and London into proximity, showing the one against the other, and gaining often by this little device an uncommonly clear conception of both. A short quotation will illustrate this point:—

> When it rains in Paris, the effect is no greater than that of a child's burst of tears. The aspect of Paris is for a brief space as hideous as that of the child; but the fit is soon over and the tears are dried, and smiles and gay equanimity return. The persistent weeping of the London streets has the quality and the high seriousness of the gloomiest Scandinavian tragedy. London weeps as one imagines Mrs. Siddons to have wept for fifty consecutive performances in the rôle of "The Mourning Bride," *en grande artiste,* making a presentment of utter woe which has the abiding dignity, the harmonious atmosphere, and the colour *ragoût,* of a great painting.

At description the author is exceptionally good; there are many passages which we should like to quote, such as those in the chapter detailing the different colour-effects of the provinces of France, and a lengthy paragraph in "The Panorama of Paris," where, again using London as a background, he pictures the city at night or at sunset. There is a rather laboured essay on the odours of Paris, but, on the whole, the book is excellent and astonishingly true to life. One small point we may make: Mr. Strong should have given his readers credit for knowing at least a little French; he need not have troubled to translate every trifling sentence so particularly.

The illustrations are good and often amusing, and the chapters devoted to the life of the people, such as "A Parisian Marriage" and "A French Soldier's Mother," form portions of the book which other writers of less experience might well study. "Vanishing Paris, 1910," is rather a sad section, with which those who regret the disappearance of old London landmarks will sympathise; but the one conviction which is evident on almost every page is that, however much Paris may apparently change, she is still the same gay, heartening, vivacious city that she has ever been.

A Chronicle of Friendships. By LUTHER MUNDAY. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. MUNDAY trawls with a very wide net through the deeps and shallows of the past. These friendships of his, of which he tells in so amusing a fashion, are infinitely greater in number and more varied in scope than those which fall to the lot of the ordinary man. The main feature of the volume is the Lyric Club—of which the author was the leading spirit and untiring guardian—and the many notable and talented men and women who were associated with this enterprising institution. But the scope of the personalities introduced into this chronicle of friendships by no means ends here. We have records of society folk, politicians, artists in the comprehensive sense of the word, soldiers, sailors—from Wagner to Arthur Roberts, from Nelson to Buffalo Bill, from Sandow to Browning and Whistler, and from the scions of Royalty to the inmates of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Piccadilly cabmen's shelter. As a *pot pourri*, what more could be desired? Mr. Munday, moreover, has a light touch, and his book positively teems with anecdotes of the humorous order, stiffened here and there by philosophical comments on the world as he knew it. The author does not always intend himself to be taken seriously. Here is a record from Ceylon which throws a vivid light on the meetings of the Planters' Association in the days when coffee was still the staple product of the island:—

> There was then a sort of improvised levée, and I became popular in a day, by means of a frock-coat which I brought out from home. It was a huge success! Imitating "Fregoli," I changed behind a screen, and so, in turn, did sixteen planters, who walked past the chair in my coat and bowed to the Governor. It was also worn by four bridegrooms, and paraded mournfully at two funerals. Its end was sad! One day I found it, buoyed up with microbic life, taking a walk by itself, so I shot it—the only thing I ever killed with a gun.

Perhaps, notwithstanding its joyous note, it is not fair to cull this single extract as a specimen of Mr. Munday's work. Unfortunately there is no space available for more. If there were, the difficulty would still present itself concerning which to choose. For the author has given an amazing wealth of anecdote here, and with mingled frankness and good-nature has dealt with quite an unusual galaxy of prominent humanity. Indeed, so kaleidoscopic and rapid are the changes of scene and names which Mr. Munday conjures up that it is just possible that the reader may suffer from a touch of giddiness—but giddiness of a pleasant order.

La Meilleure Part. By EMILE POITEAU. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

M. POITEAU is a convinced adherent of the popular "régionaliste" or "Barrèsiste" school; at least, for these two are not quite the same thing, he stands for the ideas common to both and for some of the particular theories of each. He is a Catholic, a moralist, an aristocrat, and a provincial. He has produced a tract rather than a novel, but it is a good tract, well written, and dedicated neither to the converted nor to the "dead in sin," but to all those who stand at a "croisée des chemins." The hero, Jacques Morval, is introduced to us at the moment of the completion of his medical studies. He is to be the successor of his father, who, having inherited in his turn a country practice from his father, is about to pay with his life his debt to overwork. Jacques is naturally anxious to establish himself by marriage, and he is at once confronted with a choice between two *partis*, a dazzling heiress and a penniless saint. The conflict is too one-sided. Jacques is surrounded by good counsellors, and the heiress, though she is described to us as "une intrigante, une charmeuse, une ensorceleuse," plays her cards singularly badly. It is not untrue as psychology, but in real life we think the debate would have been more subtle and the issue more open. The bad angel is, moreover, handicapped by belonging to a family of very unpleasant parvenus; and she sighs for Paris, while all the numerous nice people of the book have a real affection for their native "clocher." We will conclude with a quotation from the noble testament of the elder doctor to his son:—

> Quand tu ne pourras rien au point de vue scientifique n'oublie jamais de faire l'aumône de ton cœur. . . . . Ne considère pas la médecine comme une industrie, mais comme un apostolat.

The Romance of Sandro Botticelli woven from his Paintings. By A. J. ANDERSON. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

JUDGING from its title, the majority of readers will doubtless suppose this book to be a biographical work of the accepted order, in which case, however, they will be mistaken. Mr. Anderson has set out on a more daring expedition than a quest of plain or doubtful fact. As he explains in a note: "The word romance is used in the sense of a fictitious narrative in prose, with imaginary conversations and fictitious incidents, and not in the modern sense of a love-story. Thus the title might be read: 'The story of Sandro Botticelli, reconstructed from his paintings.'"

As it is, the author has given us some very pretty romance, and has told the story, as his imagination pictured it, of the events, loves, disappointments, and triumphs of which the canvases stood as the centre as they became imbued little by little with life and colour. But surely this practice—however successful may be its results in the way of drama and popular interest—is a dangerous one. In this case, the work is interspersed with some really invaluable criticisms and sidelights on those pictures from which the author has drawn his creative inspirations. But the peril remains. Were this method to become common, how many modern artists would go in fear and trembling lest some self-elected benefactor of the dim future should endeavour to reconstruct their lives from some specimen of their art once hung on the walls of the Royal Academy! They would probably have reason for their dread. But even this, speaking generally, does not justify this new departure in the way of romantic biography.

Carteggio di Alessandro Manzoni. A cura di Giovanni Sforza e Giuseppe Gallavresi. Parte prima: 1803-1821. (Hoepli, Milan. L.6.50.)

THIS volume contains nearly three hundred letters from, to, or concerning Manzoni. A large number of them, notably the abundant correspondence of the poet-novelist with Claude Fauriel, are in French. They chiefly bear a very intimate character; the stupendous events that were contemporaneous with them are hardly hinted at. The only public subject that seems to have interested Manzoni during these years is the state of religion in France. Even literary matters are in the background, except towards the end of the volume,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

where he comes within the orbit of some of the great European men of letters, and where the Marquis Ermes Visconti, for instance, draws him into some sort of a literary discussion. The personal note is, however, pleasing, whether it is concerned with his love-affairs, his successful first marriage, the conversion of his wife to the Roman Church, or the death of his friend, Count Luigi Arese. Manzoni is not very hopeful of the Italian language; we know that "I Promessi Sposi" was written in two different dialects, and we find him debating in a letter to Fauriel the question, "What is the true Italian tongue?" In another place he says, "Per nostra sventura, lo stato dell' Italia divisa in frammenti, la pigrizia e l'ignoranza quasi generale hanno posto tanta distanza tra la lingua parlata et la scritta, che questa può dirsi quasi lingua morta." The volume is well supplied with portraits.

Outfit and Equipment. By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON and Others. Edited by EUSTACE REYNOLDS-BALL. (Reynolds-Ball's Guides. 2s. 6d.)

In Camp and Kitchen: A Handy Guide for Emigrants and Settlers. By LUCY H. YATES. (Andrew Melrose. 1s. net.)

BOTH of these small volumes contain a number of useful hints relative to the safety, health, and comfort of the traveller. The first of them is a compilation, including chapters by such eminent authorities as Sir Harry Johnston, Harry de Windt, and F. C. Selous, and contains many suggestions as to the appropriate outfit to be used for travel in the Far East, the tropics, and the Arctic regions, the best sporting outfit for various purposes, a great number of observations upon the care of health under the most trying circumstances: in a word, it furnishes just that sort of advice which makes all the difference between comfort and misery. There is scarcely a journey of any extent which will not be rendered the more enjoyable by the possession of the practical wisdom imparted in these 140 pages.

The second of the two volumes before us deals almost wholly with the problem of cooking food effectively without the use of any save the most rudimentary apparatus. Here the would-be colonist, the traveller, and the explorer will find an exposition of the mysteries of flapjacks, cornmeal pones, dampers, johnny cakes, chupatties, and other delicacies which emanate from the camp kitchen. There is also an exceedingly useful collection of practical hints in the last chapter.

Fiction

A Degenerate

The Confession of a Fool. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. Translated by ELLIE SCHLEUSSNER. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

THERE is a form of naïve conceit, such as that displayed by Pepys and Benvenuto Cellini, that makes delightful reading; but there is also an egotism, so diseased and so persistently sexual, that it repels and disgusts us to the uttermost. Such an egotism is to be found in the late August Strindberg. A better title for this autobiographical novel would have been "The Confession of a Degenerate." It should have been read in manuscript by a brain specialist, destroyed immediately after perusal, and the author put under such restraint as would prevent him from writing another book on similar lines. Do not let the reader of this review imagine that we are adopting a narrow and prejudiced point of view in dealing with a work of this kind. We have made due allowance for the artistic temperament that is popularly supposed to cover a multitude of sins. We have taken into consideration Strindberg's irreligious outlook and the many bitter reverses with which he had to contend. When, however, a man sits down to reveal sordid and perverse secrets associated with the passions, when his photographic realism is entirely pornographic, he is simply producing filth, taking obscene photos from behind his veil of disordered and distorted egotism that no clean-minded person could look at, much less associate with literature.

We gather from the prefatory remarks that a German version of this book was published in 1893, "but it was mutilated, abbreviated, corrupted, and falsified to such an extent that the Attorney-General, misled by the revolting language, blamed the author for the misdeeds of the translator and prohibited the sale of the book." We are unable to judge of the German edition, but in the present version there is more than sufficient material to ban its publication in this country. Strindberg himself has called it "a terrible book," and regretted that he ever wrote it—his one sane and wholesome confession.

These autobiographical pages are concerned with the passion of Axel for the Baroness (Marie). At first sight, indeed for a considerable time, Marie appears to her lover as a pure and splendid type of womanhood, a being altogether too cold and chaste to be capable of anything like an intimate love. Axel pictures her as a virgin mother, and not infrequently compares her with the Madonna. We find, in references of this kind, an old and very despicable trick of the pornographic writer; this building up of an image of womanly chastity simply for the purpose of dragging it down in the mud and producing a striking, if sordid, contrast. In the early pages we read much about platonic friendship and soul union. Axel, after looking through a volume containing illustrations of famous sculptures, comes to the conclusion that Marie does not resemble the "full-bosomed and broad-hipped" Venus, nor Juno, "the fertile mother," nor Minerva, "the blue-stocking, the old maid, who hides her flat bosom under a coat of mail," rather Diana in species, but not in genus. The Madonna theory is on the wane, and soul union conversations cease to exist.

Axel's passion expresses itself without the least restraint. He has a *liaison* with Marie, to the complete indifference of the Baron, who is making violent and very improper love to his cousin. Passing over many unpleasant incidents, we eventually find the lovers married, and the remainder of the book is devoted to a portrayal of the depraved and utterly worthless Marie. There

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

are innumerable quarrels, innumerable leave-takings, but always Axel returns under the spell of her horrible magic. No matter how stormy the scene, how bitter the words, a glimpse of Marie's stockinged legs is sufficient to make amends for the past. Though Axel's manliness is crushed under the small foot of his wife, he never forgets that it is a pretty foot, with pink toes and exquisitely formed nails. We are expected to sympathise with Axel's mental and spiritual tortures; but we cannot sympathise with a madman who, driven by the power of Karma, returns again and again to a woman who is not only a prostitute, but is also capable of a perverse form of sexuality with her own sex. It is this Lesbian element that particularly revolts us, and has forced us to take a rigid stand in condemning the book as grossly immoral. There is only one unintentionally humorous passage in the volume, and that is probably due to the translator. On page 137 we find: "The Baroness opened the folding doors and secretly kissed me between the wings." Marie could never have kissed an angel. Strindberg writes: "Don't you know that I am the devil incarnate?" After reading these filthy "Confessions" we have no difficulty in taking the author at his word.

Rogues in Arcady. By SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY, BART. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

LOVERS of detective stories always desire, above all, to be puzzled, and far prefer to be mystified over the solution of the plot, never resenting wild-goose chases after false scents, than to have the solution of the mystery made obvious from the beginning. Readers such as these will hardly be satisfied with Sir William Magnay's latest novel, for one needs to enter but a short distance into the book in order to discover the solution of whatever mystery exists. To be fair, it must be admitted that the author makes no attempt to leave his readers in any doubt, but takes them into his confidence without hesitation. Thus the interest of the reader is confined to the manner in which the author in the course of over three hundred pages attains to rough justice. In the first essential of a detective story the present book therefore falls short, and it cannot be said that it recoups in any other respect its failure in this one. The author does not show himself in any manner a master of characterisation. The *personæ* are crudely and clumsily drawn. They are obviously artificial and altogether lacking in conviction. Not for a moment does the reader, even in the most critical passages, imagine that he is dealing with human beings or living episodes. The strings by which the figures are pulled and the consequential imperfections lie open, unconcealed, on every page. Not once is the reader moved. He feels like a father who has taken his children to a pantomime, in which he himself is not bored so much as untouched by the performance. The best that can be said of this story is quite negative. It is harmless, and may serve to rest a jaded mind, but it will not invigorate it.

Our Nance: A Story of Whitechapel. By W. BRAUNSTON JONES. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

WE had hoped, when we saw the title of this book, that we were going to enjoy a real romance of the slums; but although Nance is a thorough little Cockney, and her brother a costermonger, the West plays quite as important a part as does the East in this drama. And between the two extremes the story filters down until the characters appear very much like middle-class people using the language of Whitechapel; and surely sometimes Nance's excruciating accent and total lack of grammar must have got on the nerves of her artist lover, yet there is no suggestion of any steps being taken to set these deficiencies right, even after they are married. The two men who wish to gain possession of the girl because they admire her physical beauty seem irrelevant and merely introduced for melodramatic effect. If Mr. Jones had confined himself to developing further the characters with whom Nance is first acquainted, we think a much more interesting book would have been the result.

Saïmi Tervola. By HILMA PYLKKANEN. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

THE combinations of this story are not very new; it is one of the variations of the problem sketched in those twelve lines of which the first two are:—

"Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Das hat einen Andern erwählt."

It is true that Heine does not introduce the complication of a son born of the marriage of the two real principals, nor does the element of patriotism or nationality enter into his synopsis, but both of these additions are familiar and do not essentially alter the problem. What marks the story as a product of the North is the fact that Saïmi is first estranged from her first husband and lover not by the latter's libertinism but by his occasional, if violent, lapses from sobriety. The parting of these two is told with admirable skill and pathos, and our sympathies are called forth strongly for the erring but wronged husband. His successor is never very sympathetic; it may be that he would exercise a greater fascination for the purists of Finnish patriotism, but to the undiscerning foreigner his rival's generous revolt against Russian oppression seems at least as meritorious, and more unselfish. The Finnish background is full of charm, and the characterisation is good: Saïmi is a little too *détraquée*, a little too ancient and modern, to be wholly attractive, but the poignancy of her situation, with three passions at strife within her—love of country, child, and of lover—make her at least interesting. We could wish she had been kinder to her first husband.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Shorter Notices

POSSIBLY Mr. Leslie Mortimer intended to make a "shocker" of "The Sin of Youth" (John Long. 6s.), but, granted such an intention, the stilted and ultra-melodramatic phrasing, and the *clichés* occurring on almost every page, mar even that effect. The plot is a tangle which we feel sure—and rightly—will be unravelled on the last page, where those who have survived poison mysteries, hunting tragedies, broken engagements, and the passionate love of southern—not very southern—temperaments, are made ecstatically happy with the assistance of a pile of buried treasure, valued at one million sterling, and not confiscated by the Government of the country in which it was hidden. All these properties of the melodrama, and many more, are introduced here, but minus the touch of realism which makes such things effective. The characters do not live; we feel in reading that they are mere puppets, jerked hither and thither at the author's fancy, and we close the book with relief. We credit the author with the ability to turn a neat phrase once in a while, but would suggest an attempt on his part to draw consistent portraits before adventuring further in the fiction market.

It is as a study in Scotch temperaments that "A Diana of Quebec" (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.) is mainly to be commended. Mary Simpson, the "Diana" who won the susceptible heart of Captain Nelson, of the *Albemarle* frigate, and, after he had gone, captured the Scotch Major Mathews, is an admirable specimen of sympathetic portraiture. Mathews himself, precise and methodical, hard and shrewd on the surface, yet tender and deceived even by himself in reality, forms another finely-drawn character. Miss McIlwraith's style is a trifle stodgy at times; Quebec itself is described rather too minutely, and at some points the action is slower than necessary. Still, this is an old-fashioned story of old-fashioned people, bearing a distinct atmosphere of the time and place with which it is concerned; its people are real and lifelike, and on the whole the book is to be welcomed as a fresh, clean story, not dealing overmuch in phychological analysis, but rather showing us a man and a woman—with the inevitable end.

"Sheila Vedder" (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.) is the story of young Jan Vedder, son of the original Jan, and of how he wooed and won Sheila Jarrow at Lerwick, in the Shetlands, before tourists descended on the islands to intone guide-book paragraphs in a sort of Yankee litany. Lest the course of true love should run too smoothly, Sheila's brother Donald makes some slight trouble between the lovers for a time by causing his sister to conceal certain things from Jan, but this is so slight a matter as to lead us to suspect that it was merely introduced in order to spin out the story to a reasonable length. Nevertheless, Miss Barr's book is not one to pass by unread, for it tells of a people concerning whom few records remain, and introduces us to a simple life more desirable than that of hygiene and bacteriological extermination.

The characters in "The Shoreless Sea" (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.) might have been chosen from nearly any newspaper serial. Beatrice, the divorced wife of Armiger, the hero; Cynthia, the woman who married him in ignorance of his past history; Evan Fane, the man who ruined Beatrice's life; and even Armiger himself, are all well-known and well-worn types. Yet there is a quality about this book, a certain richness of expression, marred though it is by a *bourgeois* stamp on the story, apart from its characters, which lifts it to the level of good fiction. Evan Fane, the villain of the piece, is a somewhat hazy character; we do not see him clearly, and are unable to judge whether Miss Lethbridge intended to make him bad all through or bad with streaks of goodness. Cynthia is a pale and unconvincing character, atoned for by the force and clearness with which Frances, her self-righteous sister, is drawn. Notwithstanding some very evident faults, this is an attractive and—in some moods—a fascinating book. It possesses the fine quality of inevitableness, and the authoress, having written a book of such interest, may yet do great work if she will only find her own characters and work from life.

Adam, "Eve's Second Husband" (Constable and Co. 6s.), is shown to us in such a way that we can well understand how it was that Eve helped him to hide, went with him through the garden of youth and out into the prosaic world of middle age, loving and forgiving always. He makes his entry to the book as purchaser of the *Booneville Banner*, which the inconspicuous, over-virtuous first husband edited up to the day of his death. Having annexed the paper, Adam annexes the widow, and proceeds to make his way to Congress and the governorship of Tennessee. He accomplishes these aims, mainly by boundless belief in himself and a capacity for bluffing others into a like belief. In telling this story of a second husband Miss Harris has told the story of the wife, and told it well; and, since the book is written in the first person, the very clever—sometimes too clever—epigrams are all of Eve's making, but we feel that they do not belong to her, and are alien from her character. This, however, by no means spoils the book, which is a crisp, forceful, and wholly enjoyable piece of work.

The story which Mr. Upton Sinclair has to tell in "Love's Pilgrimage" (W. Heinemann. 6s.) is a rather commonplace one, for most young authors have trials and disappointments, and many know the bitterness of hack-writing at the expense of creative work. The chief trouble here is that Mr. Sinclair has chosen to imagine his author as a genius with a very large G, and, furthermore, has striven to invest commonplace happenings with tragic significance from page 1 to page 438. The "pilgrimage" does not reveal itself to us as we read, but rather are we conducted along that way by Mr. Sinclair, who, after the fashion of a tourist's guide, pauses at intervals that he may declaim stridently on the wonders of the journey. We are never allowed to forget the presence of our guide, or to judge for ourselves, for this is a "personally-conducted" tour, and the guide is bent on making himself conspicuous. Mr. Sinclair has treated

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the evils that beset the path of Genius in the States as he treated the Chicago canning businesses in "The Jungle," but literature is not pork-packing, and "Love's Pilgrimage" is not likely to bring a boycott down upon American publishers, nor to modify the inevitable drawbacks attendant on literature and journalism as careers. Again, in matters of sex, the very commonplace relations between the hero and his wife are shouted to us as if they bore an abnormal significance, whereas they embody a lesson which every married couple have learnt and—in spite of Mr. Sinclair—will go on learning for themselves.

Music

Two Concerts

THE music of the week has been unimportant. At the Promenade Concerts we have had one new composition of no special value, but of undoubted cleverness in workmanship. It is a Suite of Intermezzi Goldoniani for strings by Enrico Bossi, who has something to say in twentieth-century idiom better deserving attention than studies in the language of the eighteenth. Queen's Hall is one of the most serious places in London, and the incursion of Mr. Pelissier with his infinite jest gained additional piquancy from the solemnity of the place. Indeed, more than half the public would not believe, till forced to laugh in spite of themselves at Mr. Pelissier's wit and fanciful humour, that the Queen's Hall and the Queen's Hall orchestra could be enlisted in the service of Comedy. The fooling is very ingenius, and never oversteps the limits of good taste. Moreover, it is of the kind possible only to people with an ample store of solid knowledge and a good supply of brains, and that lifts it out of the category of mere flippancy, and makes it worth listening to for the greater part of an afternoon. There is quite a sound artistic moral to be drawn from the bulky frame and vast complexity of the Follyphone and the tiny sounds that proceed from its cavernous depths.

The Theatre

"The Great John Ganton" at the Aldwych Theatre

IT will never be believed, I suppose, but I am sure the London public would love to welcome American plays if only the Fates who rule this sort of thing would permit. "The Great John Ganton," by Mr. Hartley J. Manners—founded on Mr. Eddy's novel—is one more popular success in the States which, with the best will in the world, we are unable thoroughly to enjoy. An American dramatist who has had great successes here was telling me of a new play of his, the other day, and I wanted to know which management would produce it in London. He told me he wrote it for America, and not for Europe. And there lies the heart of the matter. There are certain plays for the New and certain plays for the Old World, and just a very few that are for all countries and almost all time. "John Ganton" is not in the last class, I fear; it is possible that "Milestones" is such an one, for it is written by two cosmopolitans, one of whom is by birth an American, one an Englishman, and wherever it has been produced it has given delight. But if "John Ganton" is of America for the Americans, at least we can appreciate the consistent efforts of Mr. George Fawcett to make something of the title-rôle. It is no easy task to transform an old, self-satisfied pork-packer of Chicago, who eventually becomes sentimental, into an interesting stage figure; but Mr. Fawcett gets near it now and then—far nearer than any other actor we know could do.

The story with its details of stocks that are rigged, and stockyards that are made successful on lines of graft and craft, is not amusing. The Will Ganton of Mr. Eric Maturin is clearly and well played, yet it does not convince. His love affair with the May Kating of Miss Laura Cowie is a convention of the stage, and that lady's outburst in the office of old John Ganton is a trick of the theatre which loses all point by Miss Cowie's violent attempt to make it dramatic. Alas, that such beautiful eyes should hold so little expression just at the moment when it is most needed. Miss Mabel Trevor is able to give a quite realistic performance of Mrs. Wilton, a well-worn type of the worldly wife of a business man, who means to enjoy the days of her vanity while she may. Miss Hemingway's simple and beautiful Hester Ganton, the much-tried daughter of the great and inconsiderate John, was the truest and most pleasant part of the long four acts—but then one does not see very much of her, nor does she really help forward the action of the play or affect its issues. Here and there the dialogue is finely written. The scene between the elder and younger Ganton, in which Will tells of his unfortunate speculation on 'Change, and the father offers to pay his debts if the son gives up his love—of course, the father hates the idea of the marriage because it is a play—is compact and true. But, generally speaking, the conversations of the people of the play are affected and rather dull. In any case, we are grateful to Mr. Louis Meyer and Sir Joseph Beecham for showing us once more just the sort of thing the Americans like, and for allowing us to see Mr. George Fawcett in a part which he handles so boldly and has mastered in every detail.

EGAN MEW.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LITERARY RETROSPECT

TO

THE ACADEMY

CONSISTING OF

NOTABLE ARTICLES, REVIEWS, Etc.,

WHICH HAVE APPEARED FROM TIME TO TIME IN "THE ACADEMY" AND "LITERATURE" SINCE THEIR INCEPTION.

The Paradox of Literature

By ARTHUR MACHEN.

(LITERATURE, AUG. 27, 1898.)

IT seems sad, but I fear there can be no doubt but that Carlyle, whom our fathers regarded as an inspired seer, was, if a prophet, then a prophet of Baal. For many years we have been waiting for that once tremendous reputation to recover the ground it had lost, to emerge, shining again, from the dark cloud of all those squalid, unnecessary revelations, from the effects of a biography written by a friend of "ter-ewth." One thought that those histories of indigestion, heavy bread, and cross Mrs. Carlyle would fade away like the nightmares they were, and that the great figure of the 'fifties would enter finally on the literary life that is perdurable and immortal. But, alas! people have not only forgotten how Carlyle was dyspeptic and how his wife showed temper; they have forgotten all else as well, so that of the primeval seer nothing remains except perhaps a dark and threatening shadow—a fetish to which men no longer give sacrifice. It is sad, and yet no lover of literature can say that the fate is wholly undeserved. The man who said that Keats possessed nothing but a "maudlin, weak-eyed sensibility," the critic who admired the whisky-and-sentiment vein of Burns, who went through the Waverley Novels and found all (nearly) barren, because there was nothing "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for edification," is surely condemned out of his own mouth. But Carlyle was not content with these minor aberrations; he enunciated the major heresy that genius consists of an infinite capacity for taking pains—perhaps one of the untruest things that have ever been said.

For this, it seems to me, is the paradox of literature—of all art, it may be said, but of literature in a more singular degree—that neither genius nor the result of genius has any relation to effort, to the process of taking pains. Some months ago I endeavoured to show in these pages that the finest charms of the finest books were unconsciously created, and from the theorem thus stated one may deduce the corollary—that conscious effort, taking pains, in fact, never results in the finest work. I am using the superlative deliberately, not for merely rhetorical purposes. "Marius the Epicurean," "The New Arabian Nights," most of Stevenson's books, indeed, may fairly be classed under the heading of fine literature; but one is confident that neither Pater nor Stevenson will ever be accounted by competent critics as makers of the finest literature. Both these men may stand as examples of the summit to which conscious purpose and effort in literature may attain; their achievement is high and fine, but not of the highest nor the finest. We have heard of Pater's long-enduring patient labours, of the fevers and the chills which he suffered in the writing of his masterpiece, of the elaborate system of notes and memoranda, of the manuscript copied and recopied, interlined and altered year after year. Stevenson told us frankly how from his youth upward he toiled in his vocation; how he sought by all means to learn to write, setting himself in the class of the masters. And yet, with all this infinite taking pains, neither the one nor the other accomplished anything beyond the second-rate. We know how a certain player, with a smattering of general information and more general literature, took the old creaking dramas, the chronicles, and the story-books in hand, and hacked and slashed and scribbled away for a livelihood, relishing the work heartily, no doubt, but wholly unaware of the dignity of his task. But Shakespeare's taskwork turned out to be the finest literature in the world. Sir Walter Scott, again, wrote his romances partly, it would seem, for the fun of it, partly that he might build a dubious Gothic palace and buy moors and woods. He wrote faster, and still faster, and the less the pains the better the result. The "bow-wow style" was his phrase for his work, which will live while any romance is left in the world. Then there was an Anabaptist tinker—a fanatical, illiterate, and probably most unpleasant person—who tried to write a tract, and succeeding in inventing one of the best *picaros* in literature. It is said that Defoe had the infinitely tedious design of making an allegory about somebody's state of mind—I forget whether it was Defoe himself or a friend of his, who refused to speak to his family for twenty-eight years—but the symbol of "Robinson Crusoe" has happily entirely overshadowed the thing signified.

This, then, is the paradox of literature, that its highest

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

rewards are not bestowed on earnest effort and patient endeavour, but on the elect alone, on those who have "taken the trouble" to be born geniuses. In letters patience and perseverance count, it seems, either for nothing or for very little, or, strangely enough, guide the writer by paths which he had never dreamed of, which he may probably have abhorred, to a goal entirely beyond his conception or desire. Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress" is a rare *picaro*, as I have said, but how shocked Anabaptist Bunyan would have been if he could have understood the manner of his success. And the principle, which undoubtedly applies to the highest achievements, is not without its application in the lower walks, in the region of the literature of endeavour and studied calculation. For it seems to me that one of the greatest mistakes that a writer can commit is to "read up" a subject with a view to writing about it, to "cram" history for the especial purpose of writing an historical novel, to deliberately make a journey in pursuit of "local colour." This is a dreadful method of writing dull books, the infallible mark which points out the hopeless author. They tell us of persons who spend a fortnight at Paris, and at the end of their visit understand the whole life and humour of the Quartier Latin, and by their works we know them! Burne-Jones, we have heard, drew the inspiration of his pictures from half-forgotten poems, and so must the material of imaginative literature be unconsciously gathered, given to forgetfulness, it may be, for many years, and at last drawn out into the light, having lost and gained somewhat in the darkness. Many of our modern writers, those chiefly of the advertising kind, whom frequent paragraphs proclaim as "studying the cuneiform with a view to writing a romance of early Assyria" or "spending the winter in Barataria in order to investigate the reign of Sancho Panza in the state papers of the period with a view, etc., etc.," are like vintners who bring us their crude new wine, rough from the vat; it is but rarely that we taste the authentic juice, refined and purged by a long sojourn in forgotten darkness.

There can be no question as to the truth of all this; the propositions that the highest art is unconscious, that taking pains does not make for supreme excellence, that even the materials for imagination to work on should be gathered unawares, sublimely secretly, as it were, from the gross substance of life and the world—these are axioms that may be proved by the plainest and most illustrious examples. But the "reason why" might present more difficulty to the inquirer, who acknowledging the fact might very conceivably be puzzled as to the cause. To me it seems that these "irrational" phenomena are to be explained by the very nature and origin of literature, which, in common with all the arts, is so profoundly irrational. Of course, "science," with calm and dignified ineptitude, has "explained" the origin of literature as of everything else; men, it informs us, were tired after their day's work, and felt the need of play; and "plays" were accordingly invented. The explanation is "scientific" certainly, but on the principle of *entia non sunt multiplicanda præter necessitatem*, it seems a pity that our old friends the early dream and the indefatigable ancestral ghost were not made to account for art as for religion. The truth of the matter is, of course, far otherwise, and though we shall probably never clearly understand the origin of literature, it seems evident that it with all the arts arose from that primordial and universal sense of mystery, from the original ecstasy which separates the man from the brute. Mysterious in its origin it has remained a mystery all through the ages; we can only admire and adore its beauty, and wonder at its work, forced to believe in a miracle which we cannot understand, for which that all-pervading, all-pretending science can furnish no formula. Literature is the key to life, the reflection in a shining and glorious mirror of our imperfect and cloudy actions. And if Carlyle is fast gliding down into the vale of the forgotten it is because, with all his wisdom, he did not perceive the essential things of life, and he was ignorant of life because he was ignorant of literature. Literature is, indeed, a paradox, but it is a paradox that must be most steadfastly believed.

Walter Savage Landor

By E. D. MORSHEAD.

(September 3, 1881.)

NONE of Mr. Morley's excellent series of "English Men of Letters" has greater claim to be considered indispensable than this volume. It is, perhaps, not above several others in literary merit, though assuredly it is not far below any. But it is, in a special sense, *called for*. Landor, as Prof. Colvin says with truth and force, "has, of all celebrated authors, hitherto been one of the least popular." Those to whom it has not been given to wade through Mr. Forster's cumbrous work possess, for the most part, little idea of Landor except as a man of obscure learning, who wrote "Imaginary Conversations," quarrelled with his wife, wrote Ithyphallics which even Byron found too strong, and closed a long career by practical exile on account of a disreputable libel case at Bath. Recently, no doubt, the homage paid to Landor by Mr. Swinburne and other writers has revived a sense of curiosity as to its object. But even now Prof. Colvin has to allow that "true Landorians may be counted on the fingers," and to define how much has to be done "to extend to wider circles the knowledge of so illustrious a master."

It is this that makes Prof. Colvin's work so well-timed. In little over 200 pages he has told the story of a life which reached its eighty-ninth year, and a literary career which may be regarded as about the longest on record. Landor's first work was published in 1795, his last in 1863; he "was twenty-five when Cowper died, and . . . . he survived to receive the homage of Mr. Swinburne." Nor was this patriarchal life quiet and uneventful. He fought as a volunteer in Spain in 1808; he was in the heart of France during "the Hundred Days"; he claimed to have seen

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Napoleon during his final flight from Paris to the West coast after Waterloo. He had relations, either of friendship or enmity, with almost all the great writers of his time. He had sat at the feet of that curious Gamaliel, Dr. Parr; he lived out his last years under the fostering care, if not in the actual presence, of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Of all their claims, many as they are, to the gratitude and admiration of posterity, none is more memorable than their kindly and watchful care for the old dying lion, of whom it may be said, with bitterly literal truth, that, in his eighty-fifth year, he came unto his own and his own received him not. Such a career Prof. Colvin has endeavoured to narrate within the limits indicated above—limits which have also to include a critical estimate of Landor's multifarious writings and obscure "bibliography."

It may be that the interest of the task, and a sense of its extreme difficulty, predispose to a favourable estimate; but the impression left upon the present writer's mind by Prof. Colvin's book is almost completely pleasurable. He uses throughout the language of discriminating praise. Of the permanent worth of Landor's works he entertains no doubt; yet he is not blind to the causes of their comparative unpopularity, any more than he is to the fatal flaws of character (or rather of temper—for of vices Landor seems to have had none) which make the biographical part of the book such melancholy reading. "He had a genius," says Prof. Colvin, with great felicity, "for the injudicious virtues, and those which recoil against their possessor." There is humour and sympathy, too, in the account of his Welsh troubles; it is hard not to smile at the man who avenged himself in Latin verses for the severity of a barrister's cross-examination. Quaintest and most laughable of all is the story illustrative of Landor's passionate dealings with his fellow-men, and his gentle sympathy with inanimate things. He is said to have thrown his cook out of the window into the garden, and a moment after to have looked out in agonised alarm, exclaiming, "Good God! I forgot the violets."

The whole history of his domestic life is full of sadness. Proud, hasty, irritable, yet full of generosity, courtesy, and affection, Landor was neither born to be alone nor incapable of yielding to judicious and loving guidance. *Dis aliter visum.* On all this part of his subject Prof. Colvin has dwelt briefly, tenderly, yet justly, "nothing extenuating, nor aught setting down in malice," to either party. In one thing, at least, Landor was happy beyond the common lot—in the devotion of his friends. From his lifelong friend Southey, who died murmuring, "Landor, ay, Landor," down to Mr. Browning and Mr. E. Twisleton, who comforted his forlorn old age, he seems never to have met a noble soul who did not love him and was not loved by him.

Speaking with deference, I should be inclined to say that, while full justice is done to Landor's critical power and the noble gravity and majesty of his prose style, something less than their full meed is given to his poetry and his humour. That the former is sometimes bald, and the latter stiff, may be true. But I should be curious to know if the select band of "Landorians who may be counted on the fingers" agree with Prof. Colvin in his disparagement of "The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare." Lamb's estimate, that only Shakespeare himself and Landor could have written it, was very likely a genial exaggeration; but that it was uttered "with little meaning" seems improbable. The portrait of Shakespeare himself is no doubt slight, and not very effective, but the worthy Sir Thomas Lucy is beyond all praise. Nowhere outside Scott's best novels shall we find more admirable secondary characters than Sir Silas Gough, the rather carnal chaplain; Joseph Carnaby and Euseby Treen, the bumpkin informers against the youthful Willy; nowhere a more demure piece of audacity than Willy's reproduction of the university sermon. It seems as if the sketchiness of the most illustrious character in this dialogue had somewhat deterred Prof. Colvin from recognising the high merit of the others. Nor does he seem to dwell adequately on the admirable prose-poetry of such passages as the description of Acciaioli's retreat at Amalfi, and his death and funeral at the Certosa.

In dealing with a writer so little generally known as Landor, more extracts would have been gratefully welcomed; though no fault can be found with those actually selected. Few will read unmoved the exquisite analysis of the scene between Dante, Francesca, and Paolo—whom Prof. Colvin, for some reason, calls Piero. Nor, perhaps, will Mr. Freeman's most vigorous diatribe move any mind so strongly against the form of slaughter called sport as this touching extract:—

> Let men do these things if they will. Perhaps there is no harm in it; perhaps it makes them no crueller than they would be otherwise. But it is hard to take away what we cannot give, and life is a pleasant thing—at least to birds. No doubt the young ones say tender things to one another, and even the old ones do not dream of death.

As a specimen of the best classical poetry, "The Death of Artemidora" is selected, and who could wish it away? Yet one would fain see "Iphigeneia," saddest and sweetest page of English poetry, or part of "Pan and Pitys," set by its side. And of Landor's epigrammatic power we have hardly anything given us except the severe, but rather ponderous, verses on Melville. Some readers of THE ACADEMY may, perhaps, not resent being reminded of another epigram in quite another tone. It is No. 69 in the "Miscellaneous Poems," and may be fairly conjectured to have been addressed to that Ianthe of whom Prof. Colvin says that hers was the strongest influence of any during Landor's long life:—

> "Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
> Four not exempt from pride some future day,
> Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
> Over my open volume, you will say
> 'This man loved *me*'—then rise and trip away."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

It is little less than a calamity that neither a careful anthology nor an easily accessible and portable edition of Landor's works is obtainable. There is no better corrective of the "snip-snap style" of Macaulay, nor of more tawdry or more fanciful modern literature, than Landor, one of the very few writers who can be grave without being dull, eloquent without being flashy, pathetic without being lachrymose, and poetical without being effusive.

Morality in Book Collecting

By W. ROBERTS.

(LITERATURE, October 8, 1898.)

THE average bookseller will tell you that he has met with an honest book collector or two, but not many; whilst the collector is quite as likely to retort that the only upright bibliopoles of his acquaintance are those ignorant of their trade.

I do not say that morality is a positive hindrance in successful book collecting, but I fear that "trimming" is a quality much more likely to prove satisfactory. Here is an illustration: A few years ago a certain little booklet of Charles Dickens was considered to have survived in only three or four copies. It realised about £20 when it occurred in the sale room, and the whereabouts of all were known. An unrecorded example occurred in the catalogue of a second-hand bookseller at a very moderate price; it was purchased by a collector who had a copy already. The next catalogue included another copy, and the collector began to think. He bearded the bookseller in his den, and then discovered to his dismay that a whole batch of nearly fifty copies had been unearthed at an old warehouse of the printer and that they had been secured by the bookseller. Here was a dilemma. The collector asked himself: Shall I allow every one of my book-hunting rivals to possess a copy at a fifth of the price I originally paid, or shall I purchase the entire remainder? It is almost needless to say that he not only bought the whole, but that, with three or four exceptions, he consigned his purchase to the flames!

It may be urged that a book collector is not obliged to teach a bookseller his business, and certainly the knowledge of rare books is only acquired after long and often costly experience. A certain Holborn bookseller once gained some valuable information in a curious manner. In one of his catalogues he entered a quite unpretentious little booklet as follows, or to this effect:

Hornem (Horace), The Waltz, 5s.

When folding the catalogues for the post one afternoon, a customer happened to come in and take up one of the new lists; in going through he paused at the Hornem entry, and blandly asked to see the book; after a momentary glance he planked down the full catalogue price and carried it home. The catalogues for the London district reached their destinations by the last post the same evening, and, curiously enough, this Hornem article attracted the attention of more than one bookman. As the bookseller lived off the premises, nothing could be done until the morrow. At six o'clock the next morning an enthusiast from the northern heights of London started for town in the full confidence of bringing home the rarity. He arrived at the bookshop at seven o'clock, and, consoling himself with a pipe, took his seat confidently on the doorstep. By eight o'clock two other bookmen had arrived. When the bookseller came to open his shop he was rather astounded at the eagerness of the small crowd. These worthy hunters all wanted the same book, which had, however, gone beyond recall, so to speak, several hours previously! I will not dwell on a description of what their feelings might have been, or what their language certainly was, when they discovered that the book was gone. The bookseller, however, learnt that the little quarto which he sold for 5s. was one of Byron's rarest pieces and worth quite £80.

The legal mind is curiously complex. A distinguished Q.C. had the good luck to purchase a bundle of pamphlets at Hodgson's in Chancery Lane for three shillings and sixpence against a whole room-full of booksellers. Now that little parcel included a first edition of Gray's "Elegy in a Churchyard," worth perhaps £70 or £80. Ever since then the Q.C. has been more or less unhappy—find the rightful owner he cannot; pay the auctioneer commission on the higher amount he will not. To me this unrest is altogether inexplicable, and, to ease the Q.C.'s conscience, I suggested that he should hand the little rarity over to me. I could live quite comfortably with it; but this suggestion he firmly declines. This half-repentant sinner still goes on his way. I mention this little anecdote partly because it is the only recorded instance in which a book collector has half-repented a good bargain, and partly in the hope that so eminent a jurist will one day come to the conclusion that repentance is only good for the soul when it is full and unequivocal.

Book collectors are all pretty much of the same type. For many years Macaulay hunted high and low for a little volume which was known to contain information on a minor problem of historic interest. He had all but given up the quest as a very bad job, but one day he happened to mention the name of the book to a then well-known old bookseller who shook his head and said that he had never heard of the book, and, should it occur, the inquirer would certainly have to pay a stiff price. Now, outside this old man's shop there was a box of what may be described as "malcontents"—odd volumes and despised books generally, offered at a uniform price of about sixpence each. Macaulay turned over a few volumes, and, to his unspeakable joy, discovered the very book which he had so long sought in vain. He rescued it, and, after paying for it, allowed the old bibliopole to see it. What the vendor's thoughts were, there is, as the coroner's jury would say, "nothing to show." Neither is there anything to prove that Macaulay paid more than the stipulated price. Indeed, the art of book collecting may be said to resolve itself

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

into a matter of knowing what you want and buying it "on the nail" when the opportunity occurs. A book collector once saw on a miscellaneous stall in Leather Lane a volume of seventeenth-century plays priced at sixpence. Being uncertain in his dates, and not wishing to risk so large a sum on an uncertainty, he rushed off to the British Museum and discovered that the plays were of the right edition and very rare. Returning to purchase he discovered that in the short interval another man had come along and carried the volume off!

Whatever the morality of book collecting, he who undertakes it should remember the answer of an old bookseller to the man who had purchased his business as a going concern, and who complained, after he had been in it a few months, that the takings had greatly fallen off: "Sir, I sold you my business—not my brains."

Marius the Epicurean

BY J. M. GRAY.

(March 21, 1885.)

ONE is strongly reminded in this book of Mr. Pater's—the most important and sustained work that he has yet offered to the public—of an earlier fragment, of "The Child in the House," which he contributed some six years ago to *Macmillan's Magazine*, and which has not yet been republished. In "The Child in the House," in the young "Florian Deleal," we find the initial sketch—truly a "finished" one—for this portrait of "Marius the Epicurean." The sketch, as is the way with artists, is altered, expanded, traced in fuller detail in the picture; yet, substantially, the personality portrayed is the same, though changed in aspect, by this or that new disposition of light or shadow, by this or the other new environment of time and circumstance, which, in our "each and all" of things, modifies and alters the subject. Florian was an English child. The career of his soul was followed no further than the period of early youth. The things that moulded him were, of course, no formal philosophies—nothing in the remotest degree doctrinal—but only the unconsciously-received impressions of external things, impinging, moment by moment, upon his original and sensitive nature—these and the instructions of his elders, which also were received in a childlike and so unconscious way. The career of Marius, on the other hand, is detailed in fullest circumstance from childhood to death in early manhood, and the record deals not only with the influences received passively by the open mind of childhood, and their effects, but also with the conscious acceptance and consequent operation of various systems of belief—of one and the other accepted form of philosophy. . . .

With comparatively little action, with hardly any display of the more ordinary human emotions—with, for instance, scarcely a reference in it to sexual love—the book never fails of interest. It is attractive through the author's vivid sense of beauty, through his constant mode of throwing even the processes of thought into a concrete and pictured form. Its personalities seem not quite the historical Stoic Aurelius, hardly the possibly historical Epicurean Marius: they are raised a little, refined on a little, set on a somewhat higher plane than that of mere actuality. They come to us with a certain sense of strangeness: homely touches, here or there, make us recognise their human nearness; yet their treatment is as far removed as it could well be from the crude realism that is so commonly substituted for delicate artistry, and the cry for which is one of the most unreasoning of the cants of our time.

The exposition of Epicureanism which these "sensations and ideas" of Marius present is more complete than any the author has hitherto given; fuller, also, of "gentleness and sweet reasonableness," more fairly perceptive of the difficulties and weaknesses of a philosophy which manifestly is a scheme of things that possesses the strongest personal attractions for the writer, and the most serious claims, in his view, to be considered as a guide towards a right practice of life. He admits that a career ordered with the aim of making each moment rich, many-coloured and full of exquisite experiences, is open to the constant dread, to the final certainty, that the last of all these moments may come, must come; and surely it can be no perfect philosophy which leaves its followers liable to be startled by each possible chance of every day, by every falling stone that grazes their heel, and which permits their whole life to be shadowed with the terror of its certain end. We have no due prominence given to the fact that this delicate Epicureanism is possible only to the few, and that even they at any moment may be prevented by disease or mischance from participation in it; nor does the author lay sufficient stress upon the dangers that beset such a life: the temptation to seclude one's self in some lovely "palace of art," regardless of surrounding misery—a danger from which Marius was saved mainly by the exceptionally sweet admixture in him of the original constituents of his nature. Again, the favourite doctrines of the book—that the means, not the end, is the main thing, that life should be a jealous calculation of loss and gain, so that each moment may yield its utmost, its most refined, product—do these not smite on the very face the highest life of man? Can all this preoccupation with self have any absorbing place in a right human life? Is it not in quite another fashion that the chosen spirits of the race have lived, with a fine unconsciousness which hungered and thirsted after righteousness itself, and not after any exquisite moments that righteousness might bring either now or in the future? And surely an absorption in some high and impersonal aim, the kindling of a man's whole soul and effort towards it, delivers him, as nothing else in the world can, from the fear of death, so that, as Lord Bacon says, when his end comes, he is like one smitten down "in hot blood," in the fervour of battle; he falls, yet feels no wound.

No, the Epicureanism which finds such calm and delicate exposition in the book can be no permanent dwelling-place of the human spirit. It may, indeed, afford a healthful corrective to many crude and unlovely tendencies of modern thought. In a mood of wise

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

eclecticism we may receive much from it, may linger for a while in its charmed and golden, though enervating air; but if we would preserve our spiritual health we must press onwards, and breathe the more bracing atmosphere of sterner upland places.

As we should expect from the philosophy of the book, which is so constantly occupied with the concrete, the visible, the tangible, its descriptions of men, of landscape, are especially varied and beautiful. For instance of this we may turn to the chapter which describes the feast given in honour of Apuleius: a very Tadema in its perfection of finish, in its legitimate and artist-like use of archæological knowledge for the purposes of mere present beauty; a Tadema, too, in its delighted preoccupation with the lovely details of precious objects of still-life, with the "togas of altogether lost hue and texture," the "crystal cups darkened with old wine," and the "dusky fires of the rare twelve-petalled roses."

As an example of the pregnant brevity with which Mr. Pater can reproduce a landscape, we may take the following—a view from the house of Cecilia, the Christian widow of Rome:—

> "The orchard or meadow through which their path lay, was already grey in the dewy twilight, though the western sky, in which the greater stars were visible, was still afloat with ruddy splendour, *seeming to repress by contrast the colouring of all earthly things, yet with the sense of a great richness lingering in their shadows.*"

And the landscape is always linked—as nature, to be intimate and touching, must ever be—with humanity. The passage continues:—

> "Just then the voices of the singers, a 'voice of joy and health,' concentrated themselves, with a solemn antistrophic movement, into an evening, or 'candle' hymn—*the hymn of the kindling lamp*. It was like the evening itself, its hopes and fears, and the stars shining in the midst of it, made audible."

Before closing a word should be said as to the style of the book—a style of perfectly-finished beauty, full of an exquisite restraint, and, after all, only the fitting and adequate expression of the exactest thinking. The author's style is like that of his own Fronto, in whose lectures, he says, "subtle unexpected meanings were brought out by familiar words." It is so easy and apparently unlaboured in its flow that it seems like mere spontaneous talk—only become strangely select as though ordered by some happy chance with uncommon sweetness. The wise labour that has been spent upon the book has effaced all marks of labour; but, undoubtedly, each sentence has been often touched by the file which, to use an expression that the author is fond of repeating, adds more than value for each particle of gold which it removes. As we read the pages characterised by such unfailing fitness of phrase, finished from their first to their final line with a flawless perfection which one demands in the brief lyric of a master, but hardly looks for in a prose work of extended length, we find far more than the justification of the author's long cessation from slighter literary efforts—a continued silence which has been felt, at least by some lovers of sweet and sifted English, as nothing less than a real personal loss.

Two Sonnets after Bion

(March 28, 1885.)

I.

IN dreams great Kupris to my side did bring
The baby Love, who earthward bowed his head;
Her fair hand held the boy; the while she said:
"Dear shepherd, take and teach Love how to sing!"
She spoke, then vanished. Each poor pastoral thing,
Fond wretch, as though Love fain would learn, I taught;
How Pan the pipe, the flute Athena brought,
Hermes the harp, the lyre Apollo King.
These lessons I taught well. No heed he paid,
But sang me love-songs with his voice so fine,
Teaching the passions both of gods and men,
And all his mother's arts and deeds divine;
Till I forgot what I taught Love, but made
My own love-songs that Love taught me then.

II.

Though Love be wild, deem not the Muses fear him!
Nay, from their hearts they dote upon the boy,
Following after his winged feet with joy!
If one loves not, yet sings, they will not hear him,
Nor teach him any songs, nor venture near him:
But should a man, soul-tossed by love, employ
His hours with singing, they're no longer coy;
Nay, all the sisters run in haste to cheer him.
Take me as witness to the truth thereof!
Whene'er I sang of any other man,
Or of some other mid the gods above,
Stammered my tongue, I spake not as I can;
But when I sang of Lycidas and Love,
Then through my lips the song with rapture ran.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

Sonnet: Light and Love

(January 26, 1884.)

If light should strike through every darkened place,
How many a deed of darkness and of shame
Would cease, arrested by its gentle grace,
And striving virtue rise, unscathed by blame!
The prisoner in his cell new hopes would frame,
The miner catch the metal's lurking trace,
The sage would grasp the ills that harm our race,
And unknown heroes leap to sudden fame.
If love but one short hour had perfect sway,
How many a rankling sore its touch would heal,
How many a misconception pass away,
And hearts long hardened learn at last to feel;
What sympathies would wake, what feuds decay,
If perfect love might reign but one short day!

WALTER W. SKEAT.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

George Eliot's Poetry

By J. A. NOBLE.

(September 5, 1885.)

George Eliot's Poetry, and Other Studies. By ROSE CLEVELAND.

A VOLUME coming from the White House is, in the United States, sure to have the same kind of success which has been achieved in England by certain volumes issued from royal palaces. It is, of course, a factitious success, but it owes its existence to natural and universal human impulses, and only those people who are troubled with the superficial cynicism of youth will think it worth while to indulge in the cheap sneer which is too easy to be tempting. True criticism seldom indulges in sneers, cheap or otherwise; but then, on the other hand, it takes no heed of either White Houses or palaces, and judges work according to its quality, not according to its origin. An estimate of these essays, formed in this disinterested fashion, is hardly likely to be a very high one. Every page in this volume bears witness to the fact that the sister of President Cleveland is an intelligent, cultivated, and well-informed woman; but no page bears witness to anything more, and the book accordingly fails in the impressiveness which belongs either to striking thought or memorable expression. This failure, like most failures of the same kind, is owing to defects partly of matter, partly of manner. A critic who has not space for illustrative quotations shrinks from hard sayings which he cannot justify by evidence; but, in spite of his shrinking, he feels bound to tell what seems to him the truth, and what seems to me the truth concerning Miss Cleveland's matter is this—that it is, for the most part, either obvious or extravagant.

Take the first essay which gives a title to the book, and to which, therefore, one may fairly suppose the writer attaches special importance. It is devoted to a proof of the utterly sterile proposition that George Eliot as a poet ranks below Mrs. Browning—a proposition which it may safely be affirmed is doubted by no sane reader. It is, unfortunately, difficult to discover whether Miss Cleveland absolutely denies that George Eliot is a poet at all. Such a denial would reopen an interesting controversy concerning the *differentia* of poetry, in which I, for one, should join issue with the critic; but, as her depreciation is not positive, but comparative, there is really nothing to discuss. Nothing, that is, in her conclusions; the grounds on which those conclusions are arrived at are debateable enough, or rather they would be debateable did they not consist of unproved and really unproveable assertions. Poetry of the highest kind is produced without effort; George Eliot's poetry is characterised by continuous effort: therefore George Eliot's poetry is not of the highest kind. Such is the syllogism to the expansion of which the first part of Miss Cleveland's essay is devoted. Here we have a major and a minor premiss, both of which are in the highest degree disputable; and, as Miss Cleveland makes no real attempt to establish either of them, what becomes of her conclusion? I do not say that within certain limitations it may not be sound. Miss Cleveland is, as I have said, undoubtedly right in awarding supremacy to Mrs. Browning; but the question she raises has nothing to do with mere degrees of rank, but with the essential nature of poetry; and that the best poetry is effortless would be denied by every great poet who ever lived. It may *seem* effortless, but that is a very different thing, and Miss Cleveland constantly vitiates her argument by confounding seeming with being.

But the critic has more to say than this. Passing from form to substance, she goes on to declare that George Eliot could not be a great poet because she was an Agnostic thinker; for the essence of true poetry is what the writer chooses to call the "antipode of Agnosticism." Miss Cleveland writes very rhetorically, and I cannot always be quite certain that I catch her exact meaning; but what I understand her to say is this—that poetry may be the expression either of firm belief or unhesitating denial, but cannot be the expression of oscillation, dubiety, or suspense. If this were true, it could only affect the subjective poetry, which gives scope to affirmation or denial, and of such poetry George Eliot gives us comparatively little, so it is difficult to see the application of the proposition to the main body of her work. But is it true? That is the "previous question," which must be answered, and, if it be answered in the affirmative, the result will be the setting aside of some of the most widely accepted verdicts of the world. Competent judges, for example, have long ago decided that Arthur Clough is a true poet, that Mr. Matthew Arnold is a great poet, that Shakespeare is a supreme poet; but Clough is always a questioning spirit, many of Mr. Arnold's most characteristic poems are poems of doubt, and what is probably the most popular passage in Shakespeare, the "to be or not to be" soliloquy, is, like the character in whose mouth it is put, an embodiment of the most absolute scepticism. It will not do. I write without the smallest leaning towards the Agnostic position; but it is clear to me, as it is to most other people, that poetry is not conditioned by belief or disbelief or doubt, but by the possession of something which is independent of all three—imaginative vision and the power of rendering it.

The Hack

(LITERATURE, September 3, 1898.)

HE began his career as a reporter—by the merest chance. On the train that carried him from the country to New York he met the editor of a New York paper, who good-naturedly offered him a place on the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

city staff. He was quick-witted and intelligent, and, after he learned to punctuate, he began to show ability.

One day he surprised the city editor by writing up a commonplace assignment in the form of a drama in three acts in which he burlesqued the foibles of several public men whom the paper habitually abused. The city editor happened to be one of those rare task-masters who believe that a man with originality is better than a machine; so he encouraged the youngster to do other articles in a similar vein. After a few months readers asked who did those very clever things, and the fame of the writer spread through "Newspaper Row." He began to think that newspapers weren't good enough for him and to long for the fame and the wealth won by successful writers of books. For years, however, he remained in newspaper work. Meanwhile, he married.

But marriage proved to be far more expensive than he had supposed. Several children came, his wife was sick half the time, and the horribly high rate of rent in New York and the cost of servants helped further to eat up his salary. He wished he had never married, and he looked back miserably to the days when he expected to have a literary carreer. Then the newspaper which had employed him for fifteen years changed ownership and the whole staff was discharged. He asked for a position on two other papers, and though his work was well known, he found that editors did not want it. Then he realised that his vein had been worked out. He went home, sick at the thought that he must tell his wife. When he did tell her, the sight of her eyes filling with tears and the consciousness of the resentment against him in her manner drove him out of the room. He locked himself in his study, and thought of shooting himself; but he quickly felt ashamed of this cowardice. After walking up and down the room for an hour, he decided that he would take three months to write a book and see whether he could do anything in literature. If he failed, he'd go back to hack work; he could sell enough stuff to the newspapers and periodicals to keep the family going.

When he told his wife of this scheme her face hardened and she put a few terribly practical questions to him. He replied that he was determined to carry the thing through, even if they did get deeper into debt. The next day he began work on the novel that he had had in mind for years; it made him feel as if he were trying to dig up his youth. For several days he wrote steadily; then his inspiration seemed to give out, and, though he sat at his desk for hours each day, he could not go on. His wife used to question him, and her manner was so hostile that he was driven to lying, to saying that the book was coming on finely. She had no respect for his work, and she would interrupt him and allow the children to interrupt him, so that at times he became almost frenzied. At last, when in a whole week he had written only a half-dozen pages, he decided to give up the task and to try shorter things. During the rest of the day he finished three sketches. They seemed so good that he had an impulse to read them to his wife; then he realised that this would betray to her that he had abandoned the novel. As the sketches were too good for a newspaper he sent them to the periodicals, and the next day he wrote others. They were easy work after that depressing and endless novel. When his wife referred to the book he had not courage enough to acknowledge his failure. After a time, however, he suspected that she knew he had given it up, just as she always knew when he had accomplished nothing at his desk. There was something about her intuition that terrified him; it seemed to accuse him of being a fraud. He saw that she was pleased at the abandonment of the novel, and this gave him a bitter feeling, as if she had been the cause of his failure, and, indeed, of all his troubles. It also made him resolve to finish the book if it killed him, but secretly, so that, in case it should prove hopeless, she should not know that he had been beaten again. In a short time several of his articles came back, but many were accepted. Those that were returned he succeeded in selling elsewhere, sometimes in better periodicals. After two months he had earned considerably more than he had received on the newspaper, and he said to himself that, though he'd probably be a hack all his life, he'd keep his neck out of the halter of desk work. Editors gave him commissions, and he frequently sold his articles before they were written.

He began to make the acquaintance of men who were doing work somewhat similar to his own, and he was amused by the seriousness with which they took themselves as "literary" men. So he was a literary man, too, but he felt too old and too tired to be puffed up by the discovery; such pleasure as it gave him was wholly cynical. Then he envied the others their self-esteem. If he had it he'd probably be able to go on with that novel of his. But he would go on if only to prove to his wife that she had underrated him, so, in the intervals of his hack work, he toiled at the novel, taking pains to keep the sheets locked in his desk. More than two years passed before he finished it. Then he had it typewritten, and he sent it to the editor of a weekly paper that often published his articles. It came back with a polite note of regret. As he read the letter, hardened and experienced though he was, tears came to his eyes. That very day he resolutely sent it to another publishing house, the first of seven publishing houses that refused it. By this time, of course, his wife, who received the mail and was an expert in postmarks and handwriting, knew all about it, and discussed the rejections in a loud voice before the children. When it was published, the few newspapers whose opinions were of value criticised it severely; the others gave it perfunctory praise. At the end of the year the author received twenty-seven dollars in royalties, his first and last payment.

He never inquired why he did not receive more, and he now devotes himself wholly to hack work, much to the satisfaction of his wife, who has frequently explained to him that she always knew he couldn't write a book.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"The Winter's Tale" at the Savoy Theatre

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER'S production, or, as one would say, reproduction, of "The Winter's Tale" is a perplexing matter to speak upon. There is so much in it that some of us have been working toward, and hoping for; and yet so much that cannot do other than crush out the very being of drama. It is not easy always to distinguish them. Certainly it would be fatally easy to lose sight of what was good in what seemed bad.

Let us put it in this way. Without hesitation we say that one of the most considerable evils that the dramatist has now to face is the intrusion of the artist in the theatre. A dramatist, in so far as he is a dramatist, does not write to make pictures: he writes to create beings whose opposition shall awake emotions of terror, of joy, of laughter, that the brain shall scarcely bear. And when the artist comes in and uses such great material as the basis for his pictures, the situation is scarcely tolerable. When, in addition to this, the artist has fallen on a day when he has forsworn creation from the central stuff of beauty for barbaric and fantastic decoration, as the case is now in pictorial art, the evil of the intrusion is aggravated. Is it conceivable, for example, that the great-souled Lear, or sensitive Hamlet, or tempestuous Othello, would be able to ring conviction from the supreme words that build them into being, in silver boots on a white floor? The eye all the while would be catching the decorative effect and the ear would be missing the splendid emotion. And indeed, to make his intrusion even less conceivable, the artist himself recognises the position: for, in the person of Mr. Gordon Craig, he has declared that in the end he will turn out the dramatist and reign supreme with his moving pictures.

If Lear would not abide the decorative treatment, why, then, should Leontes be asked to? Shakespeare did not mean him, or Hermione, or Camillo, or Florizel, or Perdita, or the Shepherd, or the Clown, as lay figures for decorative purposes. He meant them to be tremendous with Life. "The poet-dramatist," says Mr. Barker, "has the advantage of being able to clothe his characters in great verbal beauty." Is it not, then, somewhat of an impertinence to that great verbal beauty to encrust it so with decorative prettiness, or daintiness, that it shall be hidden away and lost?

On Saturday this was what happened. A beautiful play by our greatest of dramatists was given; and Mr. Granville Barker, as producer, undertook the simple courage of presenting it under conditions as approximate to those for which it was written as the Savoy Theatre would allow. We have contended more than once that for a certain type of play—and that by no manner of means the worst type of play—the proscenium should be carried out into the auditorium in the form of a fore-stage, and that scenic conditions should be abolished. And by scenic conditions we mean not only the vain attempt to give realistic scenery, but the whole question of cutting up the numerous movements of such a play into a number of separate scenes with long waits between them while the scenery was being shifted. Both these things were given us on Saturday, and given admirably. The fore-stage had entrances each side, and across the proscenium hung a heavy curtain dividing it from the inner stage. On the fore-stage Camillo and Archidamus came and spoke. No one bothered to ask the stupid question where they were supposed to be: there they were on the fore-stage. Then, when they had concluded, the curtain swung up, and Leontes, Hermione, and Polixenes entered to the inner stage. It was perfectly simple; it was perfectly natural—far more natural than the painted reproduction of a palace, or sunset, or what not—and proved that the Elizabethans knew their stage business exceeding well.

Naturally the fore-stage needed no background: the curtain across the proscenium was its background. Yet the inner stage needed some setting; and this was achieved by running a passage along the back of it, to which a tier of steps mounted, and surrounding it by a number of simple pillars that rose from stage to roof. A couple of couches or so, and a central ornament, completed the necessities. It was simple and effective; and with such conditions it would practically be possible to play the whole of the "Tale," cottage scene and all.

But then one comes to the artist, and everything is at once marred. For example, why should not the stage, out and inner, pillars and all, be coloured some neutral tint, or a combination of neutral tints? Would not that be a simpler and more sympathetic background for the characters to strike life against than a glaring white? It would indeed: but then Mr. Albert Rothenstein's fantastic costumes have to be thought of, and these clearly demand a white background. So the dramatist has to stand aside for the artist-decorator. It is another case of the auxiliary, and not the most necessary of auxiliaries, usurping the centre of the picture by reason of the invention of the new thing called the producer. The dramatist has to be the *corpus vile* for the artist to work his experiments upon, because the artist has lost the ability to work conviction on canvas.

In fact, Mr. Rothenstein condemned himself as an auxiliary by one fatal admission. There was one supremely effective costume in the play, and that was worn by Hermione during her mock trial. Unlike all the others, which were fantastic and *baroque*, it was perfectly simple and dignified. Obviously: because fantastic inventions on that figure of simple dignity standing forth in matronly appeal would have been too ridiculous for words. The dramatist for once claimed his own in the spite of the artist; which really is a kind of parable. The other characters, too, would have been more convincing and more dignified if they had been able to throw away the fantasticalities with which they were decked, and live out their urgent lives in simple earnestness. Leontes' jealousy, difficult at the best to understand, was bizarre and remote in his strange attire; the more so inasmuch as he was, in the person of Mr. Henry Ainley, forgivably conscious of it. We always thought we liked Antigonus until we saw

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

him walking about with four huge hearse-plumes nodding disastrously on his head—although Mr. Guy Rathbone did his best to give the forthright and moving simplicity of the man. Mr. Stanley Drewitt as Camillo had a better opportunity, inasmuch as his attire was simpler, and he made the most of it.

Apart from the decoration, it might be possible to say the production was admirable, except that the decoration, with its self-conscious fantasticality, stultified the rest. No doubt, however, the average theatre-goer will be a great deal keener on the decoration than on the play; and so good audiences will be drawn. That is the irony the dramatist has to face.

One cannot say much upon the Morris and Country dances. Probably they will be better as time goes on; but on Saturday they were very bad. The tune went one way, and the dance went another, and to cover the misfit everybody made a great deal of noise. One would not think that a rough-and-tumble of that kind needed a great deal of teaching. Moreover, on its own merits, even supposing they were justly rendered, we do not think the best dances were chosen; and we are very sure that the Satyrs' dance was quite wrongly done. The Satyrs' masks should be fastened on to their faces, not held in their hands—it is impossible to render the rhythm of a dance with a hand held to the face—and they should not so much intersperse among the villagers as pass through them—which is quite a different thing, and one that accords with the origin of the dance.

Among the actors, Miss Esmé Beringer as Pauline seemed to us to be most in the spirit of Shakespearean characterisation, which should be the chief thing in a Shakespearean production. Lillah McCarthy as Hermione was a grave and dignified figure, and, although she did not quite get the rich music of them, spoke the lines in the trial scene with a sense of their simple majesty. Mr. Arthur Whitby was scarcely irresponsible enough for Autolycus; nevertheless, he filled him with humour. As Perdita, Miss Cathleen Nesbitt was not gracious and dignified enough: she was less the memory of a princess than a happy village girl. And Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry was altogether too dandyish as Florizel, who is a brave and good fellow. Nevertheless, despite the fact that the hand of the artist made impertinent intrusions on the proper business of the dramatist, the production was an excellent one, and, in the courage of some of its departures, we venture to say that it will be a memorable one. DARRELL FIGGIS.

The Coliseum

THE principal attraction at the Coliseum this week, as well as that for last week and the next four weeks, is deservedly the appearance of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt in the various rôles in which she has made so great a name for herself. In the famous Borgia Poison Scene she shows that she still possesses those great powers of persuasion and cajolery that brought her fame in the past and retain for her the admiration of both English and French audiences. On this occasion she was well aided by M. Lou Tellegen, whose calm yet severe attitude as the Duke of Ferrara was all the more intensified by the slight lapses he allowed himself when Lucrèce Borgia appealed so beautifully and pathetically for the life of her son in the language whose variant tones no one knows better how to use than Mme. Sarah. The great enthusiasm of the audience and the eager crowd at the stage door as they wait to catch a glimpse of the favourite speak well for the continued success of the "turn" and of the good feeling between the two nations. In connection with this year's visit to the Coliseum, Mr. Oswald Stoll is producing a souvenir volume entitled "The Bernhardt Birthday Book," at the price of 2s. 6d. net. This volume contains a copy of the address which it is proposed to present to Mme. Bernhardt on the occasion of her birthday on October 23, together with a quotation for each day in the year taken from the chief plays of this actress's repertoire and other works. The proceeds of the sale are to be given to the French Hospital in Shaftesbury Avenue.

It is typical now of these large places of amusement that they do not rely solely upon one attraction, however great, for their evening's entertainment, and at the Coliseum on Monday evening there were many excellent items on the programme. The condensed version of Signor Leoncavallo's "I Pagliacci" alone was worth hearing from its restful and satisfying music. Mention must also be made of an excellent little sketch entitled "The Broken Mirror," which is one of the best short plays we have seen for some time. There is also a comic little duologue between a suffragette and her long-suffering husband. This was received with enthusiastic good humour by everyone except one young man in the stalls, who looked very angry indeed, and was unkind—if not rude—enough to shout "Rot!"

British Government in East Africa

By MAJOR PIERS W. NORTH.

THE latest white man's country opened up by Great Britain, if white man's country it is to be, is an interesting study at the present time.

The protest of the white settlers against the appointment of Mr. Belfield as Governor of the British East Africa Protectorate, has received less attention at home than might have been expected; it points, however, to one of the problems that must be dealt with in the future, that problem being the almost universal feeling among the white settlers against Indian government methods, Indian emigrants, the Indian code of law, and anything and everything Indian. The protest was a protest against the appointment of what was considered to be an Indian official—although the distinguished Civil Servant in question came really from the Malay States—and not against Mr. Belfield personally.

The writer, who has only recently returned from a trip in British East Africa, where he mixed with all sorts and conditions of men, from the highest officials

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

to the wildest savage hunters in the great forest, hopes that his impressions may be of interest to the wide circle of readers of THE ACADEMY.

Among the white settlers the criticism of the Government is exceptionally severe, even for white inhabitants of a Crown Colony; or, rather, their criticism of governmental methods prior to the appointment of Sir Percy Girouard, the retiring Governor, the praise of whom is as high as the abuse of all that preceded him is unqualified. The settlers usually added that they did not suppose that even his Excellency could do the good to the country he might otherwise, as he would be overruled by the home authorities.

The white settlers are mainly of British and Boer descent. The latter, of whom more presently, always have had a dislike to Colonial Office methods, especially with regard to protecting the natives. Although they are at present numerically less than the British settlers, it is to be remembered that their natural rate of increase is far more rapid. The average Briton is by nature rather a grumbler, but it seems strange that he does not in East Africa realise the great skill and success with which the native problem has been handled in the country. This is the more strange as amongst the settlers of British descent is a large proportion who have come from South Africa, and these should remember the long series of costly and unsatisfactory native wars of the last century in the various States of what is now the Union. Even across the border to the south the native difficulties of their German neighbours are an indirect testimony to the skilful native administration of the British Colony.

Why, then, is there such feeling amongst white settlers against the Government? Discontent undoubtedly does exist; for examples in the past one has only to remember the Nairobi flogging case, the incidents connected with the trial and deportation of Mr. Cole, and, further back still, the demonstration outside Government House under Colonel Hayes-Saddler's administration, when the leading white settlers, including a peer of the realm and member of the Council of Colony, assembled in front of the Governor's residence, with rifles in their hands, and shouted out "Resign, resign!"

It seems to the writer that the great British Empire requires administrators of two different kinds—those to govern black men and those to govern white ones; the very qualities which make a man successful in dealing with a black-man country may make him unsuccessful in dealing with a white-man country, and of all black men administrators the worst kind for dealing with a young white community is perhaps the Indian Civil Servant. An apt example comes to mind in the case of Sir Owen Lanyon's disastrous administration of the Transvaal prior to the first Boer War.

Comparing our East African Colonies with the German possessions in that part of Africa, one finds that the progress and development of the highlands compare as favourably with the corresponding district in our neighbour's country as our coast province compares unfavourably with theirs. Our policy in the past has clearly been to make a success of white-man's East Africa, by which term may be described the districts where European women and children can live and thrive, whilst rather neglecting the tropical districts, or at any rate those near the coast. A wise policy, too; but still, if the same method were followed in dealing with the coast province as was recently applied to Uganda—*e.g.*, separating it from the rest of the Protectorate, and placing it under some expert ruler of tropical districts, with a free hand and some money to spend on it—the result, judging from the German plantations to the south, would be astonishing. There is no doubt that there are great possibilities in the coast province, and that it has been long neglected for the important up-country districts. The fact that so able a man as Mr. C. W. Hobley, C.M.G., the senior Provincial Commissioner of the whole Protectorate, has recently been moved from the headquarters at Nairobi to the coast province is perhaps a sign that some such change is contemplated.

To turn to the white population. A very considerable proportion of them come from South Africa. Whether of British or Boer origin, they have ingrained in them the idea of treating natives with severity, to say the least of it, and there is this to be said for their view, that the East African native's idea of the proper punishment for a fault is a beating. The flogging of a native by his employer is against the law. None the less it is a fact, though a sad one, that the white man who was thought by his native employees to be afraid to flog, if need be, would lose their respect.

The British South Africans usually say that they had to leave their former country when the Home Government "gave it to the Boers"; none the less, they remain British at heart. As to the Boers—the writer is an interpreter in their language, and was for several years the only one in the British Army—they are largely irreconcilables, who, after the war, trekked north into German East Africa rather than be under the British flag. There they wished to found an independent Republic of their own. The consequent trouble with the German authorities led to their making a further move to the north into British East Africa. Their experiences in the late South African War have given them a high opinion of their own military value, and there is no need to add what are their political views. Everything depends on the officials who have to deal with them; and they are easily dealt with, given the right man. These people have brought their women with them; the men marry young, and large families are the rule among them.

Last, but certainly not least, come the settlers from the Mother Country. Many of them are young men of good family, but, unfortunately for the country, not young married men with large families. Let us hope, however, that the future may see there, in the heart of Africa, on the healthy uplands opened up by British enterprise and British gold, another young nation of British race to be a further glory to the British Empire.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

THE caravan is now an accepted institution. You may meet with it—at fairly long intervals, it is true—pacing sedately along the high road, or brought to rest in some leafy land-harbour, its attendant steed champing at the grass of a field or at the turf of the roadside. It is a sedate progress, this of caravanning, placid, restful, and amazingly instructive in the ways of nature and of mankind in the less trodden haunts of the British Isles. It constitutes an inland voyage, as it were, and serves admirably in the breeding of an independence which bans such prosaic traders as butchers, bakers, and shoeblacks. Yet it seems to be that caravanning has not gone with the times. Perhaps, from the mere nature of the occupation, it was never meant to. Judged by the true ethics of the pastime, a motor caravan would partake of the nature of a horse-marine or of boiling ice. One could, in fact, as soon imagine Homer dodging a London General omnibus. But all this affords no reason why the motor-car should not be slept in. The vehicle certainly affords greater facilities for this purpose than the sheeted Thames punt, or the few cubic feet of shelter with which the owner of the smaller type of half-decked boat has to content himself.

* * *

Yet I know of no type of car in ordinary use which is designed for any such purposes. This may be due to ignorance alone; but if cars of this nature exist, I have never had the opportunity of setting eyes on one. Of course, men have slept in their automobiles many a time. But such occasions have, I think, always been special, notably in the case of lengthy pioneer journeys in comparatively strange lands. Certainly in the history of road vehicles none has ever before offered such opportunities in the way of a home on wheels. A moderate degree of ingenuity and a rather larger amount of imagination could easily bring into being something as terrestrially comprehensive and magnificent as is the houseboat on the waters—a creation before which Jules Verne's automatic iron travelling elephant would pale! Really and truly, the more it is considered, the more fascinating does the prospect become. An absolute command of Great Britain could be achieved at, comparatively speaking, a minimum cost. One could breakfast in London, and spend the night on the moors of Devon or Yorkshire. Actually on the moors, moreover: not in some hired furnished house that gave a distant view from one or two favoured windows. In the fashion of a squatter, one could beard the Scottish and Welsh mountains, or settle down for the night at just that distance from a burn at which the music of its waters would sound the most soothing. One might even come to anchor amid bracken, the perfume of which would drown the final reek of the petrol. It is impossible to give free rein to a subject such as this. It would lead for many miles—and pages. But surely it would be worth putting the thing to the test!

* * *

It is, perhaps, poetic justice that has now at such short notice flung back many hotel-keepers on to a pinnacle of power as lofty as their predecessors enjoyed in the days of the stage-coach. There is no need to dilate on the results to the buildings themselves; these are obvious to all in the porticos, balconies, and stucco erections which now shine out so brazenly in many a rural district. The cold beef and cheese remain, it is true, but only as an adjunct to a meal dignified and vouched for by a printed menu. And I fear that in many instances the landlord has grown proud. There are many places where, should one arrive at a crowded coffee-room, one may count on a reception similar to that meted out to the foolish virgins. Prosperity does not seem to have endowed the rural hotel-keeper with elasticity either of temperament or of method. This is one of the few remaining things which they undoubtedly do better in France. There the landlord of a full house is most notably free from any taint of superciliousness. His regrets for the unfortunate state of affairs are almost tearful in their intensity, and his suggestions for the visitors' comfort during the interval of hunger which must elapse before a specially prepared meal are feverish in their eloquence. After all, it is the Frenchman who is wise; for it is by means such as this that he doubles the numbers of his clientèle. The Englishman is either too easily satisfied or too honest, and neither of these attributes seems to be permanently profitable in this world!

* * *

This topic, of course, leads to hotels—if for no other reason than that the suggested mode of travelling does nothing of the kind. It is this very independence which constitutes the chief charm of an "outfit" which serves for the night as well as for the day. Independence, moreover, is a luxury which has during the past few years been too much on the side of the hotel-keeper. There are comparatively few adults who cannot remember the antemotorian days of the country inn and minor hotel. The tide of the stage-coach, long receded, had left these hostelries stranded on a peculiarly arid and stony beach. A few cyclists and commercial travellers would carve the cold beef and nibble at the cheese, which together made up the meal—a repast as inevitable and unalterable as a modern income-tax paper. Indeed, a rural hotel without its round of beef and block of Cheddar cheese would have been as incongruous as a sportsman who went out to wait for grouse with no cartridge in his gun. It is not to be wondered at that the host of half a generation ago was an unimaginative person. His côterie was strictly local, and addicted to very little beyond beer. The advent of a travelling stranger was thus somewhat of an event in his life, and he welcomed him none the less cordially for the knowledge that the visit was almost invariably due to necessity rather than choice.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

IN the September number, "Stephana Schwertner," by dint of a forced march, reaches the end of her first part, and will rest till January. Herr Richard Fester has an essay on Goethe's standpoint towards the French Revolution, and on those of his works that show its influence on his mind. Monsignor Count Vay von Vaya und zu Luskod contributes a most interesting description of Tripoli. Herr Max Zimmermann concludes his study of foreign painters in Italy in the times of Rubens; the present contribution is largely devoted to the influence of the Italian landscape on the visitors, especially Claude and Poussin. The correspondence of Gentz and Metternich is concluded. The former exhibits great shrewdness in foreseeing the fall of Napoleon, and in advocating a policy of masterly inactivity.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

August 16.—M. Risal contributes a most interesting article on the Turkish people, who have been consistently sacrified to their rulers and neighbours. The various proposed solutions of the Turkish problem have awakened no echo in the national breast. The democratic solution means destruction by assimilation, and Panislamism is no cure for the particular disease. The "Yeni Hayat" is an interesting movement that seems to offer some chance of awakening a Turkish soul. M. Labitte concludes his study of "L'Intelligence chez les Insectes"; the present article is very good, and gives good reason for rejecting the conception of instinct. "On a toujours l'orgueil des vices que l'on vous prête," says Jean Lorrain, in M. Marc Brésil's article on him; certainly the speaker was in a position to judge of the truth of his pronouncement. M. Davray summarises, among other notices on Andrew Lang, Mr. Steele's appreciation in THE ACADEMY.

September 1.—M. René Descharmes discusses "Les Connaissances médicales de Flaubert," who, it appears, was never a doctor, but borrowed largely from the accounts of the wreck of the Medusa for his picture of human suffering, called "Le Défilé de la Hache" in "Salâmmbo." M. Paul Louis talks of diplomatic anarchy and the dangers of war; Europe is dislocated, conscience is dead, and every domestic brawl means a foreign or colonial adventure. "En d'autres temps, la Turquie jeune ou vieille n'eût pas été abandonnée à son sort." M. Jules de Gaultier, *à propos* the pictures of M. Poitelin, discusses the psychology of landscape painting; M. Henri Malo writes an appreciation of M. Pirenne as the national historian of Belgium, and the interminable debate on Casanova and "les Plombs" is continued by M. Adnesse.

LA REVUE.

August 15.—In the last number M. Gaston Riou expounded the "laïque" French ideal; here M. Julien de Narfon answers him from the Catholic point of view. Disowning Ultramontanism, M. de Narfon considers that Catholicism is fully compatible with all French aspirations—democracy, patriotism, science, and "le rêve français." Dr. de Neuville, under the heading of "Comment on découvre les Crimes," gives a series of true detective stories. Of "Marie de Sainte-Heureuse" M. Faguet says that it is "sous un petit volume une des grandes œuvres de ce temps." His reasons for admiring it are not so convincing; its originality seems to us at least questionable. M. de Banzemont gives a "Drame populaire au Japon" in skeleton, with extracts. M. Léon Charpentier tells of Chinese mythology, an accretion chiefly of Taoism. The history of the "dieu des charcutiers" is amusing and illuminating. "Brada" describes Hamburg before the war of 1870.

September 1.—M. Magne's "Ninon de Lenclos" quivers in the serpentine embrace of M. Faguet's irony. General Chérif Pacha denounces the "Committee of Union and Progress" in no measured terms; it continues, he says, the tyranny of Abdul Hamid. M. Chuquet is very interesting on Tchernychev, "l'éternel postillon," who carried messages between the Czar, Napoleon, and others. He saw the French Emperor in all his aspects, and heard him assert that "la question"—of maritime supremacy, as a corollary of Continental supremacy—"se décidera sur les chantiers d'Anvers." M. Tibal criticises German methods in regard to negroes; M. Mondain is amusing on the subject of Madagascar women, and Dr. Rodiet shows how a large measure of liberty, with opportunities for work and mutual supervision, solves the problem of the mentally deficient in two institutions in France.

Indian Journals

IN the six numbers of the *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) from July 3 to August 7 there would be much to notice, if space permitted. The editor will do some good by his reprobation of the *nautch* as a method of entertainment. The sooner it becomes obsolete the better. It was never edifying or amusing, and is always fraught with unpleasant associations. The conditions accepted for the permanence of British rule in India are clearly stated, equal treatment of every part of the Empire, religious toleration—greatly appreciated by the Indians—and just administration; the treatment of British Indians in the South African colonies is not forgotten. The rise in prices in India is attributed to the substitution of non-food crops for food crops. The Trans-Persian railway scheme receives the editor's support; he also advocates the construction of cheap railway lines, though he can know nothing of the question of the cost of construction. But it is on this very ground, want of knowledge of India, that the appointment of Lord Islington to preside over the Public Services Commission is unfavourably criticised. The suggestion recently made for a Royal Viceroy of India, with an official *Diwan*, is not favourably entertained.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

But the idea that English ministers should travel in India to gain information is warmly welcomed. The difficulty of the religious question in England is mentioned as calculated to convince those who are so eager to introduce religious instruction in Indian schools of the almost insuperable obstacles in their way. When an Indian editor comments on English politics, he must fail to satisfy English readers. His views can hardly be original, and may easily be worthless. A writer has been spending a month with the Gaekwar of Baroda, and describes his reforms and views on marriage. The latter must be edifying, presuming that he has studied the question by the light of experience.

The *Journal of the Anthropological Society* of Bombay, for 1911, is belated, but the delay is unimportant. "The cult of the bath" is an exhaustive study of the Oriental practice of ablution, in which, it is stated, a section of the Jain community does not share, with very disagreeable results. "Superstition about unlucky days and objects" is readable, but the whole subject of omens and superstitions has been rather overdone lately. The "list of papers read during the last 25 years" affords evidence of the literary energy of the members of this society.

The *Collegian* (Calcutta), for June and July, records the splendid donation of property worth seven lakhs by an Indian barrister to the Calcutta University for founding Chairs in Chemistry and Physics, and for the establishment of a University Laboratory: the Chairs are "always to be filled by Indians." Primary education in the advanced State, Mysore, is being extended, and compulsory education has been proposed. A Bengali professor suggests the study of Sańskrit "in the method in which we acquire our mother tongue." If Sanskrit were a living, spoken language, there would be something in the suggestion, but it is not. The find of a portrait statue of Kanishka, the great king, near Muttra, is worthy of record. In Bombay the Government has received very gracious promises of support towards the establishment of a Government College of Commerce. The Government of India have pressed upon Indian students the desirability of providing themselves, before leaving India, with certificates of identity, signed by district officers. The intention is good, but is incomplete. The students should be required, on returning to India, to produce certificates of good conduct in England, to render them eligible for any appointment in India. The Government of India have made handsome grants of money to the Universities of Bombay and Madras. The supporters of the Hindu University project are busy in collecting subscriptions, to amount to the stipulated minimum of 50 lakhs before legislation is undertaken. Year after year, students are flocking to the American Universities to prosecute their studies. The literary and scientific papers in this journal are varied and always worthy of perusal.

The *Hindustan Review*, for July, 1912, opens with a remarkable article on the difficulties of Indian Historiography by Dr. S. V. Ketkar, the author of two thoughtful volumes on Caste and Hinduism. He advocates the speaking of truth in history, not only as honourable, but also as expedient. He concurs with the action of Government in suppressing the book on "the Indian war of independence," attributed to Mr. Savarkar; a book written in highly inflammatory language, intended to make the Indian reader hate the English. Dr. Ketkar considers it necessary to write in English, so long as there is no Indian language universally accepted. English is likely to prevail. There is freshness in the paper on "the law regulating relations between Muslims and non-Muslims," by a Muhammadan judge of a High Court; the subject is judicially treated, and it would be an advantage if the conclusions were clearly formulated. An Indian writer describes "some peculiar jobs in America," some of which might easily be adopted in India, and provide openings for the industrious. Among the various forms of business are "bottled smoke," "cock-roach shooer," "saint maker," "second-hand tombstones," "professional mourner," "corporation psychologist." It is a revelation to find "Buddhist ideas in Shakespeare" discussed by an Italian; and a Parsee professor writing on "Aristotle on the origin of the State." The review of Sir Marc Stein's "Ruins of Desert Cathay," by Dr. Coomaraswamy, is one of the best we have seen: and the paper on Robert Browning, as the Man and the Poet, is a valuable study of his works. The article on "Hafiz; how he lived and thought," will appeal to Oriental scholars. The notices of books on Indian subjects are many, various, and good: they are, perhaps, too generally laudatory. The contents of this Review fully justify the flattering remarks set out on the outside cover.

General Nogi

By E. ASHMEAD-BARTLETT.

IT is hard to believe that the man who twice captured Port Arthur and who turned the left wing of Kouropatkin's army at Mukden is no more. But now that I look back on the days that I spent with the General before Port Arthur, when I came to know him very intimately, his suicide does not altogether take me by surprise. In the first place, it was freely rumoured throughout the besieging army at the time, and the rumour seems to be confirmed by the final tragedy—if one can call it such—that after the failure of the second general assault on Port Arthur on October 30, 1904, Nogi wrote to the Emperor a personal letter requesting to be relieved of his command, and also asking the Imperial permission to take his own life. He felt very deeply his failure to capture Port Arthur by a *coup de main* as he had confidently expected; doubtless basing his confidence on his brilliant feat of arms which had enabled him to capture it from the Chinese in a single day's fighting ten years before. He knew

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

that the services of his army were urgently needed in the north, and, had he succeeded in rushing the fortress in August, the presence of his victorious troops at Liao-yang would almost certainly have led to the surrounding and defeat of Kouropatkin's whole army, and have ended the war summarily. Thus, when his second assault failed, involving as it did a fearful loss of life, he felt that the whole responsibility for this misplaced confidence and for the failure rested on his shoulders.

But the Emperor and his advisers took a very different view. Instead of being recalled, superseded and disgraced, as so many commanders would have been by their Governments, the Emperor wrote him a personal letter, thanking him for his services and encouraging him to persevere with his terrible task. From the time of the receipt of that letter General Nogi banished all thoughts of resignation or suicide until his work was done. In the latter stages of the siege his character and demeanour underwent a complete change. He was no longer the smiling, cheerful man whom we had known early in August. He grew to look years older; his hair turned grey, and he went about more like the embodiment of some grim fate determined to fulfil a task, not heeding the cost. The strain on him must have been frightful, yet, except for these changes I have noted, he remained outwardly calm, and probably none, except those in his immediate entourage, knew how much he suffered.

The climax was reached at the end of the failure of the third general assault on the fortress on November 26, which caused a loss of over twenty thousand men killed and wounded. The position now seemed desperate. It was known that the Baltic Fleet was on its way to the Far East; no one knew for certain the state of the squadron shut up in Port Arthur, but the junction of the two fleets might spell disaster to Japan. Somehow or other that squadron in Port Arthur had to be destroyed. A single aeroplane or even a dirigible would have solved the whole complex problem, for the discovery would at once have been made that none of the warships were in a position ever to put to sea again, that the crews had been sent ashore, and that many of the guns had been placed in the forts. But in 1904 no aeroplane had flown, and but little was known of dirigibles, and the information could only be obtained by a further sacrifice of thousands of lives. It was at this stage that General Nogi showed the inflexibility of his character. In spite of the crushing nature of his defeat on November 26 and the general discouragement throughout his army, Nogi never lost heart or hesitated for a single instant. On the very next day, November 27, he rode eighteen miles to the extreme west of his line and gave orders for that series of desperate attacks on 203 Metre Hill which ended in its capture on December 5, after ten thousand Japanese soldiers had fallen on its bloodstained slopes. Thus he was able to retrieve his defeat in the east by his victory in the west. The capture of 203 Metre Hill laid bare the secrets of the inner harbour of Port Arthur, and from that hour the fire of the besiegers' batteries could be directed on to the Russian warships. Once they were sunk, the surrender of the fortress became of secondary importance.

During the operations which led to the capture of 203 Metre Hill, Nogi lost his second son, his only other son having fallen earlier in the war at Nanshan. I saw the General a very few days after this occurrence, and, although the blow was a crushing one, ending as it did the last of his line, he showed absolutely no trace of personal grief, and when we ventured to tender our sympathies he only replied: "One of my sons fell at Nanshan, the other at 203 Metre Hill, both in the service of their Emperor; I would not have it otherwise." The General did his duty nobly until the end of the war; his services to Japan cannot be overestimated; but all his hopes and happiness were shattered in that struggle. Afterwards a reaction must have set in. Not only had he to mourn the death of his two sons, but he felt deeply the loss of so many of his old comrades in arms who had marched to certain death at his orders. Like General Ichinohe, who openly expressed his desire to join his lost brigade in the great beyond, Nogi felt that his life no longer belonged to this world. His true friends and true interests lay beyond the mists of death. Yet as long as the Emperor, his old master, lived, he felt it his duty to serve him.

The last time I saw him was in the Hyde Park Hotel on the occasion of the Coronation of King George. He had just arrived, and his A.D.C. announced that he would see no visitors. I sent up my card, and the reply at once came back: "Tell him to come up, as it will be a great pleasure to see anyone who was with me all through the Siege of Port Arthur." I found the General sitting in an easy-chair, dressed in a frock-coat, looking quite lost in his unnatural surroundings, but otherwise not much changed. For nearly an hour I sat with him, and we discussed through an interpreter the chief events of the siege. He seemed delighted to dwell on the past and to go over the old ground. He told me in detail what all his leading generals had been doing since the war, and the positions they now occupied. He seemed to have regained all his old cheerfulness and good spirits, and I left under the impression that he had entirely recovered from his anxieties and personal loss. But I suppose that underneath this Oriental mask his sorrows still weighed heavily upon him. He certainly looked strangely out of place in European garb and in Western surroundings, and I am quite sure he was desperately anxious to get back to Japan and to his garden which he loved so well. Probably ever since the end of the war he had contemplated suicide, but as long as the Mikado lived he did not feel himself free to take his life. With the death of the Emperor his last link with old Japan snapped. His services would no longer be required; he had reached an age where only a lonely private life was left to him. He had no heir to train in the old Daimio spirit and to carry on his line and traditions. His thought moved towards his old comrades who had fallen in the war, towards his two sons who had given their lives for their country, and nothing probably appeared more natural to him than to follow his old

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

master beyond the great divide. Could he but know, he would probably be amazed to learn the sensation his death has created throughout the whole world.

The character of General Nogi hardly belonged to this age. Simplicity and a sense of duty were its key-notes. He would have served equally faithfully in a great or humble capacity. Whether he was really a great general is open to question. His reckless assaults on Port Arthur showed a remarkable ignorance of the changed conditions of modern warfare, but his strength of character triumphed over all obstacles in the end. He handled his troops in the most masterly manner in the operations round Mukden, and almost succeeded in cutting off the retreat of the Russian army; it is difficult, however, to say how much of the credit was due to him and how much to the orders of Oyama and the General Staff. But he will surely occupy a high place in the Valhalla of fame. Amongst the Japanese he will stand as one of the greatest heroes of all time, and the example of his life may prove of inestimable value to future generations of his countrymen.

Notes and News

Mr. Horace A. Vachell's comedy, "Jelf's," which was one of the successes of the spring at Wyndham's Theatre, is now being published by Mr. Murray in book form.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins will publish during the next few days a novel entitled "Bachelors' Buttons: The Candid Confessions of a Shy Bachelor," by Edward Burke, about whose identity some mystery exists.

Professor Schäfer's address (abridged), with report of the discussion on "The Origin of Life," at the British Association meetings, and comments by Sir Oliver Lodge, Dr. A. R. Wallace, and Rev. R. J. Campbell, has been published as a penny pamphlet by the *Christian Commonwealth*, Salisbury Square.

We understand that the pseudonym L. V. H. Witley (whose work, "Love from Beyond the Veil," is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. L. N. Fowler and Co.), is made use of by a man, acting, however, as the mouthpiece of a woman. Mr. Witley traverses Miss Corelli's affirmation in "The Life Everlasting" that there is no possibility of communication with the spirits of the dead.

So great is the popularity of "Drake" at His Majesty's Theatre that it has been found necessary to arrange for extra matinees on Thursdays. The first of these special matinees will be on October 10 and the second on October 17. In this way it is hoped that it will be in some small degree possible to accommodate those who have been disappointed at being unable to secure seats for other performances.

The *Era* has taken the very practical step of getting all the actors and actresses in Great Britain to give their votes on the burning question of the Sunday closing of theatres and music-halls. The result is both decisive and significant, as is shown by the following figures:—For theatres and music-halls to be shut, 2,834; for picture palaces to be shut, 2,265; for theatres and music-halls to be open, 128; for picture palaces to be open, 678.

Amongst the earliest books to be published by Mr. Murray in October will be the extraordinary narrative of an interesting journey made across Mesopotamia and Southern Kurdistan by Mr. E. B. Soane. The author, whose disguise was so perfect as to deceive the natives, was able to penetrate to parts not hitherto visited, and in his book he throws new light on the character of the Kurds, whose reputation has hitherto hardly been flattering to them. The book is entitled "To Mesopotamia and Kurdistan in Disguise."

Among the contents of the third number of *Bedrock* (published October 1) will be "Recent Discoveries of Ancient Human Remains and their Bearing on the Antiquity of Man," by A. Keith, M.D., F.R.C.S.; "Mistaken Identity," by Clifford Sully; "Modern Vitalism," by Hugh Elliott, dealing largely with the Bergson school of thought; and "Uncommon Sense as a Substitute for Investigation," by Sir Oliver Lodge. The current research notes are contributed by Dr. Buckmaster, and this number will also contain notes on new apparatus and a critical review of the work achieved by the recent Eugenics Congress, contributed by the acting editor.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. publish this week "An Australian Native's Standpoint," by Mr. Will. J. Sowden, editor of the *Register*, Adelaide, a volume of addresses on a variety of subjects, and a new book by the Right Hon. James Bryce, entitled "South America: Observations and Reflections." The volume is the product of a journey made by the author through this region, and records his impressions regarding scenery, social and economic phenomena, the people, and the prospects for the development of industry and commerce in Panama, Peru, Bolivia, Chili, Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil. Mr. Bryce has also something to say about the relics of prehistoric civilisation, the native Indian population, and the conditions of political life in the Republics.

Mr. Heinemann publishes this week the first five volumes of "The Loeb Classical Library," a series of Greek and Latin texts, with English translations on the opposite page. The series will be edited by T. E. Page, M.A., and W. H. D. Rouse, Litt.D., and will include examples not only of the authors of the classical periods of Greek and Latin, but also the early writers and the later. In fact, the series will cover twenty-five centuries of Greek and Latin Literature, from the time of Homer to the fall of Constantinople. It is hoped to publish, in all, twenty volumes before the end of this year. Two authors prominent in the discussions of the British Association will publish books with Mr. Heinemann during next month—Dr. Chalmers Mitchell, who has written on "The Childhood of Animals," and Mr. P. Amaury Talbot, of Nigerian fame, whose book is called "In the Shadow of the Bush." Mr. Heinemann will also publish Mr. George Moore's second instalment of his Irish recollections early in October, under the title of "Salve."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA.

THE mission of M. Sazonoff to England has a definite purpose—the amplification of the Anglo-Russian understanding. While affairs in all parts of the world are being discussed at the historic meeting between the Russian Foreign Secretary and Sir Edward Grey, it has rightly been surmised that the future of Persia will largely occupy the attention of the two statesmen. Not without significance is the circumstance that Lord Revelstoke, who represents the British financial interests in the Trans-Persian Railway project, accompanied M. Sazonoff to Balmoral. It is no secret that for long British policy in Persia has not been at all in harmony with that of Russia. That the existing understanding between the two countries has successfully withstood the strain thus imposed is evidence of the good sense that characterises their mutual relations no less than of the realisation, as strong in St. Petersburg as it is in London, that no selfish considerations must be allowed to interfere with the effectiveness of the Triple Entente as an instrument for maintaining the peace of Europe. It is thoroughly in keeping with the spirit of frankness animating Anglo-Russian co-operation that M. Sazonoff should visit England with the object of discussing exhaustively the differences that have arisen in regard to Persia, so that, once and for all, the two Powers who are responsible for the destiny of this afflicted land may bring their policies into line.

The condition of the country is to-day worse than ever it was. Two years have elapsed since Great Britain informed the Teheran Government that, unless the disorder in the Southern territory was speedily quelled, she would be compelled to intervene and herself undertake the task. Since then no semblance of an improvement has taken place. Brigandage of the worst kind, accompanied by murder and rapine, has been practised, with but few attempts at repression. Apart from the constant sacrifice of human life, trade has been paralysed. Our forbearance in face of these deplorable conditions has gone entirely unrewarded; indeed, it has spread to no small extent the belief that we are not sufficiently strong to enforce our warnings, and, as a consequence, our prestige is for the time being at a low ebb. In Northern Persia the circumstances are entirely different. Here it is not denied, even by the most captious critics of Russia's methods, that she has succeeded in establishing a certain measure of tranquillity. To accomplish her object she has, of course, been compelled to embark upon a limited military occupation of the territory, and has never hesitated, whenever occasion required, to suppress anarchy with a strong hand. Had she left the task of maintaining order to the Persian authorities, as we have done in the South, the general state of the country would doubtless have become so bad as to call for decisive action on the part of England and Russia long before now. As it is, the chaotic state of affairs in the capital, coupled with the reign of anarchy in the South, has not been without a seriously detrimental effect upon Russian interests.

Sentimental regard for the fate of Persia must not be allowed to obscure the plain and painful facts of the situation. The experiment of Constitutional Government has failed. To find the true reason for its failure may provide grounds for controversy. But that the Anglo-Russian understanding gave Persia any small chance she may have had to revive her fortunes cannot be gainsaid. It relieved the people of one form of tyranny: that of the ex-Shah and his Ministers. At the time no human being could foresee that another and perhaps, if anything, a worse form of tyranny would be substituted: that of anarchy thriving under a corrupt and incompetent administration wearing the cloak of Constitutional Government. At least, the Anglo-Russian understanding, with its guarantee that the integrity of Persia would be maintained, afforded her statesmen a breathing space in which to make an honest attempt to establish sound government. Had Russia been left to decide the problem alone, Persia would have long since vanished from the ranks of nations. After four years of anxious watchfulness there are signs that the patience of Russia with the British policy of restraint is exhausted. The subject, however, is one which, as I have already said, is being discussed frankly, and it will be found that the decision arrived at will tend to draw closer still the ties of amity that bind the two Powers.

CHINA'S NEW LOAN.

In regard to the new Chinese Loan we wrote last week that "too much importance cannot be attached to this attempt (on the part of China) to secure financial aid outside the powerful ring, the representatives of which are at present jealously watching the course of events in the Chinese capital; for it will constitute a test case by which all similar attempts will be judged and determined." Hitherto, by virtue of the diplomatic support accorded by the six Powers, the international group has enjoyed a potential monopoly in the State finance of the Republic, and the Peking Government have found themselves thwarted whenever they sought by indirect means to conclude arrangements with independent bankers who were willing to advance money on terms far less stringent than those demanded by the Consortium. It would seem, however, that at last the ring has been broken and a precedent established, whereby China is at liberty to come to the open markets of the West in order to obtain, on the adequate security which we feel sure she will be able to offer, much needed relief from her present financial embarrassments. For, during the past week, two important announcements have been made—the first, that when the Foreign Office was approached by the London group, although the latter were given to understand that a protest would be lodged in Peking, no intimation as to prohibition was made on behalf of the British Government; the second, that negotiations with the Six-Powers Group have been definitely terminated.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

At this stage it is not easy to foresee what action will be taken in regard to China's assertive policy of operating independently of the favoured Consortium; but if it is clearly shown that adequate security can be forthcoming for a loan which is the outcome of purely commercial enterprise, then it will be a difficult matter for Sir Edward Grey to justify anything in the nature of opposition to the completion of the transaction. From the beginning the position of the international group has been such as to warrant little in the way of admiration. To what extent its conduct as an aggregate has been shaped by the diplomatic pressure brought to bear upon certain of its components it is difficult to determine; but there can be slight doubt that, rightly or wrongly, it has earned for itself the reputation for harsh methods. Pampered by the Legations, the incumbents of which have been actuated by widely dissimilar motives, the Consortium unquestionably adopted an attitude which could not be otherwise than offensive to the Government and people of China. In other words, the terms demanded for any financial accommodation not only provided for the privilege of monopoly in the future, as far as the group was concerned, thus denying the nation those advantages of the open market so freely accorded Japan in the early days of the Restoration, but they imposed humiliating restrictions upon the expenditure of any monies advanced which, as we pointed out in THE ACADEMY months ago, could not fail to lead to a dangerous national reaction.

Then, when the Peking Government, rightly estimating the temper of the Provinces, refused to entertain these terms, and statements were made in the House of Commons to the effect that an unwilling China was having money forced upon her, the members of the Consortium piously protested their disinterestedness and proclaimed that it was China who was eager to borrow, not they to lend. Such lofty serenity, if it has been maintained, will enable them to bear with equanimity the events of the past week. We have never been able to understand how, when it came to the point, China could be coerced into dealing with the international group. Four, at least, of the six Powers concerned would refuse to adopt that extreme and only measure which *could* ensure compliance—the arbitrament of war.

MOTORING

MEMBERS of the A. A. and M. U. have received a letter from the Secretary informing them that for some time a special committee of the Association has had under consideration various proposals designed to secure for them a certain and cheap supply of petrol, and inviting them to fill up a postcard reading:

> In the event of the Association being in a position to secure a supply of petrol at a price not exceeding 1s. 2d. per gallon, including the present tax of 3d. per gallon, I am prepared to contract to purchase, through the Association, an average of ..... gallons annually for the next three years, irrespective of any competitive prices which may prevail.

It has not so far transpired how the Association proposes to secure the spirit at the price indicated; and in view of the frank declaration of one of the importing companies' delegates at the R. A. C. Conference, to the effect that no reduction whatever would be allowed to any association of private motorists no matter how large a contract might be offered, it is a matter of speculation as to what is in the minds of the committee. In any case there can be little doubt that the majority of the members of the Association will be quite willing to accept any chance of getting their petrol at 1s. 2d. per gallon, and to commit themselves to that price for the next three years. In the ordinary course of things there is no reason whatever to anticipate reductions in price during that time.

The last fortnight has been an eventful one for Sunbeams. On the 9th inst. one of the 30 h.p. six-cylinders beat the world's 50 miles' record. On the 17th inst. the four-cylinder 12.16 h.p. (15.9 R.A.C rating) Grand Prix model established fresh figures for 400 miles and four and five hours, and on Saturday last the same car, driven alternately by R. F. L. Crossman and Bario Resta, covered 910 miles 738 yards in 12 hours' consecutive running, thereby beating the previous world's record by 3 miles 203 yards. Incidentally, it may be mentioned that the record broken on Saturday by the 15.9 h.p. Sunbeam was previously held by the 30 h.p. six-cylinder model of the same make, which a short time ago deprived Mr. Edge of the honour secured by him on the 60 h.p. Napier as far back as 1907.

Within the next few days the R. A. C. will issue its certificate of performance in respect of a 2,000 miles' trial of the Stewart-Morris paraffin carburetter, which has just been carried out under official supervision, and in view of the existing position with regard to petrol the report will be perused with exceptional interest by motorists generally. Like all the R. A. C. trials, the test has been of a thorough nature, 1,000 miles having been run on the road under ordinary touring conditions, and the other 1,000 miles on the track at Brooklands at high speeds. At the conclusion of the

"EVERY DROP LUBRICATES."
"Champion" Motor Oil
is the best for all types of Cars.
If not already using "Champion" send for trial tin to
S. BOWLEY & SON,
DISTILLERS OF BOWLEY'S MOTOR SPIRIT,
"Express" and "Bomo" Brands.
Wellington Works,
BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W.
Established 1744.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

trial the engine was dismantled in order to ascertain the amount of carbon deposit on the cylinder heads, and the condition of the mechanism generally. Until the appearance of the official certificate no authoritative statement can of course be made as to the all-round behaviour of the new carburetter, but private advices are to the effect that the test has been of a very satisfactory nature.

The fifteenth edition of that popular handbook, the "Motor Manual," has just made its appearance. It follows the same general lines as its predecessors, commencing with an elementary description of the fundamental principles governing the internal combustion engine, and subsequently dealing in separate chapters with every feature of the car and with every phase of motoring. The chapter headed "How to Choose a Car" contains in itself sufficient information to prove instructive to the prospective buyer, and the hints regarding the purchase of second-hand cars are particularly useful and practical. The price of the book, which contains 270 pages and about as many illustrations, is, as usual, 1s. 6d. net, or 1s. 9d. post free from the publishers, the Temple Press, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.

The second official report of the tyre test has been issued this week. It states that up to the 21st inst. 5,006 miles had been covered since the test car started from Lipton's garage on July 22nd, the two tyres still running being the Dunlop and the Victor. By the time these lines appear the first section of the trial—that of the steel-studded non-skids—will doubtless have terminated, and probably the second section—that of the grooved-rubber type—will have commenced. As the Michelin firm does not market a grooved tyre, it will have to be represented by one with a plain tread. The third and last type will be the plain tyres of each make. R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

EVERYTHING hangs fire! There is one of those pauses in the City such as we have so often noticed before. Sometimes they foretell a break, sometimes they appear meaningless. I do not believe that the present pause portends a break, because there is no "bull" account. In Perus and Metropolitans some people may have over-bought, but in no other securities. Indeed, trade throughout England is so good that speculators of the more serious class are busy finding money for their own trades. They are not gambling in stocks and shares because they find that they can make money easily in their own business. The simple gamble in mines does not attract them; they seek an investment that will appreciate. That is all the fashion. The bargain-hunter is at large. He will get badly landed in a few instances, especially when he is unlucky enough to get in at the top, but in most cases he will not lose much. In any case he will, as in the case of rubber shares, obtain some interest on his money. No promoters have braved the City. Charles Birch Crisp has his Chinese Loan ready, but he has strong backing and will carry it through, even though the Hong Kong and Shanghai Bank rage furiously, and the Foreign Office give the Angel Court financier the cold shoulder. I hear of very few big loans on the tapis. The underwriter has not yet digested the spring feast, and is disinclined to feed a second time. But Crisp is insatiable. He, like the rest, will overdo the business, but to-day he is keen to make money.

MONEY is definitely hard. There are rumours that the Berlin rate must go up. Herr Gwinner has been warning the bankers not to plunge too heavily. We shall see a money squeeze in Germany before the end of the year. But Paris has all she needs, and as long as she is cautious we need have no fear. Wall Street appears to have arranged her finance—at the expense of the Germans. I hope we shall not see any further rise in rates, but I am not by any means certain.

FOREIGNERS are upset at this Balkan trouble, which I Berlin rate must go up. Herr Gwinner has been warnrate my Paris friends show no anxiety, and Paris is the one place that can appraise Foreign politics with accuracy. The Quai d'Orsay works with the consortium of Great Banks, and the managers of those concerns are entirely in the confidence of the Foreign Office. Therefore I take heed only of what Paris thinks and does. She is calm. The gamble in Perus continues and queer stories are afloat. Punters have now a huge profit, and I should advise them to take it. They say that Farquhar is no longer on friendly terms with the Banque de Paris et des Pays Bas. I wonder how this will affect his big Brazilian deals. But as long as he has Schroeder and Speyer at his back I don't think he will worry very much. Tintos look good and they are talked higher. Indeed, all copper shares must improve week by week, for the metal will not fall and profits to-day are huge in all the good mines.

HOME RAILS appear dullish. The Metropolitan gamble has not gone to the extreme limit promised us by those behind the scenes. The reaction is almost due. People cannot go on buying day after day unless they pay, and much of the buying was decidedly ragged. The returns of the Omnibus company mount up each week, and this means good business for the Underground Electric. The 6 per cent. Income Bonds seem sure to get their full dividend for the present half-year, and this will improve the position of the ordinary shares, which look like going to par within six months. As I told you all to buy them when they were 2¼, I feel quite satisfied. But I can see no money in the "A" shares, for I imagine that Underground Electric will be wound up long before they get any chance of any dividend. Clever people are buying Great Central, and they are wise, because the new coalfield and the new docks will improve traffics. There is still much annoyance in Scotland over the policy of the Scotch Railways. North British should acquire the Highland, but the chairman declined to make any sign of approval at the meeting. I think Scotch stocks should be bought.

YANKEES are steady. The crop will be good, but they say that cotton does not look so well. It is a late crop and may be hurt by frosts. If it falls away then the Southern and other lines that depend upon cotton will relapse. Southern Pacific are being talked up on good prospects, and St. Louis and San Francisco are also being picked up by those who believe that the line will benefit by the Panama Canal. All American Rails are safe to buy to-day, for Morgan is "bullish," and he rules Wall Street. In a manipulated market like Yankee Rails "tips" are the only things worth following, and the "tips" are Eries and Rocks.

RUBBER shares don't move. The Harrison and Crossfield report shows big profits, but the increase of the item

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

investments which is up over £130,000 is ominous. It is impossible to go on piling up paper which cannot be sold without creating a dangerous position. The fact that the firm has departed from its policy of holding all the ordinary in its own hands and will now offer £150,000 to the public is also ominous. They say that the shares will be offered at 32s. I confess that it leads me to suppose Lampard wants money very badly—or wants to make a market in the ordinary shares in order to get out. Either position is disquieting.

OIL does not cut much figure in the Stock Exchange to-day. Tweedy will try and carry through that Maikop Trust amalgamation and reconstruction, but the whole thing is hopeless, and I advise those who hold the shares to cut their loss and refrain from throwing good money after bad. The Goldfields get out best, for they exchange a bad debt for debentures which they may be able to sell for something. But the new money will be wasted, for none of the companies to be reconstructed have any good land or, indeed, any assets of value. The Standard of Mexico has leased eight of its plots to people who will drill and give the company a royalty. This is good news. The well sunk by this company was maliciously damaged, and probably a new well will have to be sunk. Mexico is looking up, and they say that Lord Cowdray has joined hands with Standard Oil and means to fight Shell in China. Hence the Chinese Birch Crisp Loan. This sounds pretty, but is it true?

MINES are dead idle. The Goldfields are selling all their share holdings on the Rand and propose quitting Africa for good. They have never had any first-class properties except Simmer and Jack. I wonder what price Central Mining paid for the blocks of shares they have bought. The Kaffir magnates are not making much of the promised boom, and I hear that they don't like the continual offering of shares that follows any rise. However, there is plenty of time before Christmas. In Rhodesia nothing is being done. The land boom hangs fire and the magnates are afraid of the public.

TIN affairs do not rise, but they say a further effort will be made to put up Anglos. If so, I should advise my readers to get out. All the men who come back from Nigeria speak badly of the mining prospects. The tin is so mixed with iron and other metals that big mistakes have been made in values. Rayfield appears to be the best. Naraguta and Naraguta Extended are also decent shares. But I fear that Nigeria will prove a sad disappointment. Pahangs are said to be going much higher. They have had a good rise, but as long as tin keeps strong they will continue to move up.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are sleepy. I went down last week to see the Kent coalfield. I came away satisfied with the coal but not with the finance, which I could not understand. Those who wish to take a hand may buy Snowdown Prefs., however, as this colliery will be upon the measures by next January, and should pay a dividend of ten per cent in 1914. As for the rest of the companies, their finance is too complex. Those who hold Highland Distillery shares should not sell to-day as a move is on to put up the price of the spirit. This will improve the price of the ordinary shares. RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE GREATEST SERVICE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The greatest Service of the Empire—what is it? which is it? Many will reply, "The Royal Navy"; some will say, "The Diplomatic Corps"; others, "The Army"; a few will assert that the Cabinet and Parliament are the most important Services of the Empire. But, great as these are, there remains one greater, because upon it depends not only the power to maintain all these so-called National Services, but the sustenance of the people and their industries.

Few persons realise the national importance of the British Mercantile Marine, few remember the great part that Service played in the building of their Empire; yet it was the pioneer in all climes where the British flag now flies. Upon that Service, in these days of rivalry between nations, depends the inviolability of British power. The day that sees the decline of the Merchant Service sees, also, the decline and fall of the Empire. Therefore, it is the greatest of the National Services, although not national in the sense of being official. It carries no honour other than pecuniary reward for those owners who by their enterprise initiate new trades, open out new markets, and thus add to the wealth of the nation. Though there are orders of merit in all of the National Services, in this there are no distinctions for those shipping magnates who have done so much to maintain its supremacy on every sea of the world. True, we often hear of some great shipowner receiving the honour of knighthood or a title of nobility, but these are invariably political. Nor does this Service receive any help from the nation; rather is it made to pay many charges and dues which rightly should be met by the nation. While other nations help their Mercantile Marine, we seem to devise methods to penalise and place at a disadvantage, so far as regards foreign competition, the shipping industry, with all its dependent interests. Nor does the nation recognise the men and officers, although they are engaged in a service equally necessary as that of the Royal Navy or Army. Countless are the gallant deeds they perform, deeds which, if done by men of the Navy or Army, would meet with immediate honourable recognition. And great is the toll of lives the sea claims; but for those left widowed and orphaned there is no pension, no comfort, other than that provided by the many charitable societies whose work and efforts cannot adequately deal with every case. Yet these men die in their country's service just as much as the man in the Royal Navy or the soldier in the Army; and who can say that they have not performed deeds as heroic as those of any naval battle or military operation? Could the story of the deeds of our Mercantile Marine be told, it would ring down the ages as proving the courage and prestige of the Saxon race.

Surely a service such as this, from colliery to liner, from fishing boat to stately yacht, with owners, officers and men, is worthy of national recognition. All engaged therein should be made to know that the nation looks upon its merchant service as the means of its existence, and as having possibilities of honour and glory as great as any of the official National Services. Then will British men be found ready to man British ships, and owners will reap the reward their enterprise merits, not only monetary gain, but the honour of the nation which they justly deserve. I am, yours etc., T. McL.

West Hartlepool.

INDIAN REVIEWS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In your issue of August 3, 1912, under the item "Indian Reviews," while noticing the *Collegian* June number, you have remarked, "The report of Calcutta Imperial Library shows difficulties in its working. The experiment of having an Indian as librarian was a fatal measure. On his death he was found to have 'borrowed' between 200 and 300 books, many of which must be regarded as lost." We take objection to this. Please state in reply where you found the above, and why have you put that under the heading *Collegian?* The report did not appear in June number. It is deplorable that sweeping indictments like above still appear in the English Press about things which the Press appear to know very little. This sort of unwarranted and uninformed criticisms that seek to undervalue the Indians

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

should not appear in a paper of your standing, THE ACADEMY.

We therefore request you to contradict the above remark, which appeared in your journal of the 3rd August issue, in the next number. We can assure you that (if your motive is impartial) you have been led by unreliable news or men to make such an assertion.

Thanking you in anticipation, we remain, yours truly,
N. N. D., Editor, *Collegian*.

Calcutta, August 29, 1912.

Sir,—My attention has been invited to the letter of August 29 from the editor of the *Collegian* (Calcutta) to your address. The words quoted by him were taken from the present librarian's official "Report of the Working of the Imperial Library for the period from January 1, 1911, to March 31, 1912," which was sent to me. The report contained the following passage:—"Considerable progress has been made in recovering the books borrowed by the late Mr. De. They numbered between two and three hundred. There are still some sixty or more to recover. I am afraid that many of them must be regarded as lost." The editor can doubtless obtain a copy of the report.

The words in the review were stated to have come from the report—not from the *Collegian*. As the Calcutta Imperial Library is a quasi-educational institution, the remarks found an appropriate place after comments on the *Collegian* (Calcutta), which deals with educational matters. The criticism was not based on unreliable news. The late librarian's acts, while in charge of the library, were well known to the reviewer. The criticism was not unwarranted or uninformed. It was directed as much against the authorities who appointed the late librarian as against the individual. It is inconceivable that an European librarian would have "borrowed" so many books, "many of which must be regarded as lost." Your reviewer made no "sweeping indictment" against natives of India. But if they are appointed experimentally to posts hitherto held by Europeans, the experiment fails if the Indians do not observe the ordinary canons of probity and proper conduct.—Yours faithfully,

YOUR REVIEWER.

NEED.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In order to be able to meet Mr. Martin's views, I beg to state that the expression, "I *need* not have troubled myself,"* relating to a past time, in Dean Alford's letter, is equivalent to I (*did*) not *need* to have troubled myself; and that, if I had to parse this sentence, I would use one of the following forms of parsing:—

(I *need* not, put for I *did* not *need*):—

(a) *did*—auxiliary verb to *do, did, done;* Indicative mood, imperfect tense, 1st person singular, agreeing in n. and p. with its n. case *I*.
need—regular-transitive verb to *need, needed, needed;* put in the *Infinitive mood* by the auxiliary *did,* and having the preposition *to* understood before it.

(b) *did need*—Regular-transitive verb to *need, needed, needed;* Indicative mood, *imperfect* tense, 1st person singular, agreeing in n. and p. with its n. case *I*.

(I *need* not, put for I *needed* not):—

(c) *needed*—Regular-transitive verb to *need, needed, needed;* Indicative mood, *imperfect* tense, 1st person singular, agreeing in n. and p. with its n. case *I*.

The following might help me to throw additional light on the question:—

Indicative mood, *present* tense:—

I *need*† not trouble myself. Je *n'ai pas* besoin de m'inquiéter.

* Je *n'avais* pas besoin de m'inquiéter.

† Or I (do) not *need* to trouble myself; in which case, *do* and *need* are to be parsed as in (a).

Parsing:—

need—Regular-transitive verb to *need, needed, needed;* Indicative mood, *present* tense, first person singular, agreeing in n. and p. with its n. case *I*.

Examples quoted from good authors:—

(a) You *need* not (= *needed* not or did not *need* to) have made any excuse to me for your solicitation. —The Earl of Chesterfield's letter to Dr. Swift, Dec. 15, 1730.	Vous *n'aviez* pas besoin de vous excuser auprès de moi pour votre sollicitation.
(b) I *did* not *need* your letter to satisfy me of your kindness. —Macaulay's letter, p. 341.	Je *n'avais* pas besoin de votre lettre pour me convaincre de votre amabilité (*or* de votre bienveillance, de votre bonté).
(c) . . . but the public approbation *needed* no prompter either then or thereafter. —Macaulay's letter, p. 426.	. . . mais l'approbation publique n'*avait* pas besoin de conseiller soit à ce moment, soit après.

Now I beg to repeat what I said on August 31 last:—The foregoing has led me to the conclusion that the elliptical form *need not,* and the expression *needed not* and *did not need,* are three of the legitimate forms of the *Imperfect tense* of the *Indicative mood* of the verb *need,* used negatively. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

MR. WRIGHT AND A CRITIC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Who said, "De gustibus non est disputandum"? To dispute—with good humour, of course—about matters of taste is what all of us are constantly doing, particularly in literary journals! Mr. Mackereth, therefore, must not expect that all will agree with him in his onslaught upon "Angels," Mr. John Payne's version from Heine. The poem struck at least one of your readers as a very graceful and charming lyric, and the charm and daintiness of it haunt him still. It is, of course, a trifle, a butterfly that should not be broken on the wheel. I gather that Mr. Mackereth censures the lines for "crude inversions" and "want of poetic subtlety and fitness." Now, occasional inversions are permissible, I should suppose, for the sake of emphasis, and Mr. Payne's appear to me to have been employed deliberately with that aim. As to Mr. Mackereth's other charges, he makes but does not attempt to substantiate them.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

H. C. MINCHIN.

Farnham, September 20, 1912.

AN ADMISSION!

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—In his criticism of my novel, "The Marble Aphrodite," your reviewer states that "scenes, one of them a visit to a night-club, are interpolated quite unnecessarily," and that the repetition of a certain passage concerning the statue is due to "careless proof-reading." Will you permit me to say that the scenes in question are introduced not arbitrarily, but to provide the requisite contrast between the idyll and its setting; and that the passage referred to is repeated intentionally?

ANTHONY KIRBY GILL.

Southcroft, Pope's Grove, Twickenham.
September 16, 1912.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you be kind enough to state in your next issue which of the two sentences quoted is grammatically correct:—(1) "I never knew such a coward as him." (2)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"I never knew such a coward as he." Please excuse my troubling you. Yours faithfully,

Raleigh Club, NEWMAN SMITH.
Regent Street, S.W. September 13.

[Many of these apparently puzzling sentences can be adjusted by supplying the verb: "I never knew such a coward as he (*is*)" Ed. ACADEMY.]

PHONETIC SPELLING.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to announce that I have prepared some illustrations of my (revised) system of Phonetic Spelling, and shall be happy to forward a copy to any of your readers who may care to apply, enclosing a penny stamp? I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Building of the Alps. By T. G. Bonney, Sc.D. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

From a Pedagogue's Sketch-Book. By Francis R. G. Duckworth. With a Preface by the Rev. W. C. Compton, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

Morituri. Three One-Act Plays: Teja—Fritzchen—The Eternal Masculine. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Archibald Alexander. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)

Roses. Four One-Act Plays: Streaks of Light—The Last Visit—Margot—The Far-Away Princess. By Hermann Sudermann. Translated from the German by Grace Frank. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)

Fox-Hunting in America. By Allen Potts. Illustrated. (Carnahan Press, Washington.)

The Democratic Mistake: Godkin Lectures of 1909, Delivered at Harvard University. By Arthur George Sedgwick. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1 net.)

Revelations. By Robert Bryant. (Stephen Swift and Co. 5s. net.)

The Consumer in Revolt. By Teresa Billington Greig. (Stephen Swift and Co. 1s. net.)

The Great Solution. By August Schvan. (Stephen Swift and Co. 1s. net.)

Psychology: A New System Based on the Study of the Fundamental Processes of the Human Mind. By Arthur Lynch, M.A. 2 vols. (Stephen Swift and Co. 21s. net.)

The Ethical and Religious Value of the Novel. By Ramsden Balmford. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

The Making of Poetry: A Critical Study of Its Nature and Value. By Arthur H. R. Fairchild, Ph.D. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

Les Embarras de l'Allemagne. By Georges Blondel. (Plon-Nourrit and Co. 3 fr. 50 c.)

Court-Hand Restored, or The Student's Assistant in Reading Old Deeds, Charters, Records, etc. By Andrew Wright. Tenth Edition, Corrected and Enlarged by C. T. Martin, B.A., F.S.A. With Plates. (Stevens and Sons. 21s. net.)

The Secret of Germany's Expansion. By "44." (David Nutt. 1s. net.)

South America: Observations and Impressions. By the Rt. Hon. James Bryce. With Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

Selected Writings of William Sharp. Vol IV.—Literary Geography and Travel-Sketches. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

Colour in the Home, With Notes on Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, and Upon Decoration and Good Taste. (George Allen and Co. 42s. net.)

Drake: A Pageant-Play in Three Acts. By Louis N. Parker. With Portrait Frontispiece. (John Lane. 2s. net.)

What Germany Wants. By W. N. Willis. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 2s. net.)

Instinct and Experience. By C. Lloyd Morgan. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

Jelf's: A Comedy in Four Acts. By Horace A. Vachell. (John Murray. 1s. 6d. net.)

Love and Ethics. By Ellen Key. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1s. net.)

In the Service of Art: A Plea for Simplicity in Music. By J. Joachim Nin. Translated by Mrs. Franz Liebich. (Wm. Reeves. 1s. net.)

Among Congo Cannibals. By John H. Weeks. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

The Romance of Submarine Engineering. By T. W. Corbin. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 5s.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

The Favourites of Louis XIV. By Le Petit Homme Rouge. Illustrated with Portraits. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

Secret Diplomacy. By George Eller. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Malta and the Mediterranean Race. By R. N. Bradley. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

Men and Manners of Modern China. By J. Macgowan. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

Hercules Brabazon Brabazon, 1821-1906: His Art and Life. By C. Lewis Hind. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 21s. net.)

Life in the Indian Police. By C. E. Gouldsbury. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

Recollections of a Sussex Parson. By the Late Rev. Edward Boys Ellman. Illustrated. (Skeffington and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)

Leading Figures in European Countries. By R. P. Dunn Pattison, M.A. (Rivingtons. 6s. net.)

A Book of Famous Wits. By Walter Jerrold. Illustrated. (Methuen and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Following the Drum. By Horace Wyndham. Illustrated (Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d.)

Legends: Autobiographical Sketches. By August Strindberg. (Andrew Melrose. 5s. net.)

Romances of the French Theatre. By Francis Gribble. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.)

Coke of Norfolk and His Friends. By A. M. W. Stirling. Illustrated. New Edition. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

The Promised Land. By Mary Antin. Illustrated. (Wm. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

Unseen Friends. By Mrs. Wm. O'Brien. Longmans, Green and Co. 6s. 6d. net.)

Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. Illustrated. (John Lane. 16s. net.)

VERSE.

The Poems of Adam Lindsay Gordon, Including Several never before Printed. Arranged by Douglas Sladen. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

Poems. By W. B. Yeats. With Portrait. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

John in Prison, and Other Poems. By E. J. Thompson. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Soul's Destiny. By William Avon. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

The Vigo Verse Anthology: Selections from Some of the Early Volumes of "The Vigo Cabinet Series." With a Preface. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

Huperourania. By W. Lyon. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO LEVASCO

The Only Way

TO OBTAIN
IMMEDIATE AND LASTING RELIEF FROM PAIN!

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, & Stiff Joints

Price 1/1½, 2/9, & 4/9 per bottle, post free.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres; drives the uric acid out of the system by natural channels, immediately relieving the pain.
No oil, grease, poison, or anything harmful in its composition, and it is pleasant to use.
Outward application, but no painful rubbing.

RELIEF MOST SURE!!

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes. For Stiff Joints it acts like magic—setting the blood racing and giving a most delightful glow.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

The Original Formula! Only from
Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

The Smell o' the Turf. Verses by Samuel S. McCurry. With an Introduction by Professor Dowden, LL.D. (Hodges, Figgis and Co., Dublin. 2s. net.)

The Plutus of Aristophanes. Translated into English Verse, with an Introduction and Notes, by the Rt. Hon. Sir William Rann Kennedy. Illustrated. (John Murray. 5s. net.)

Poems of Life and Form. By L. F. Wynne Ffoulkes. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson. With an Introduction by H. B. Marriott Watson and a Portrait Frontispiece. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

O Soul of Mine. By James Rhoades. (Chapman and Hall. 1s. net.)

THEOLOGY.

An Outline of The History of Christian Thought Since Kant. By Edward Caldwell Moore. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Les Derniers Jours de Pompéi. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. With Coloured Frontispiece. (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)

The Novels of Sir Walter Scott. 24 Volumes. Illustrated. (Henry Frowde, Oxford University Press. 1s. 6d. each.)

Mrs. Lancelot: A Comedy of Assumptions. By Maurice Hewlett. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

The Gate-Openers. By K. L. Montgomery. (John Long. 6s.)

The Two Rivers. By Ernest E. Briggs. (John Long. 6s.)

The Open Door. By Fred M. White. Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

Dagobert's Children. By L. J. Beeston. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

A Slice of Life. By Robert Halifax. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

My Love and I. By Martin Redfield. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

The Broad Walk. By Baroness Leonie Aminoff. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

Mary Pechell. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Barriers. By the Hon. Mrs. Julian Byng. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

Simon Brandin. By B. Paul Neuman. (John Murray. 6s.)

Glamour: A Tale of Modern Greece. By Bohun Lynch. (John Murray. 6s.)

The Lovers: A Romance. By Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

Things as They Are. By Mrs. E. K. Williamson. (John Long. 6s.)

Windyridge. By W. Riley. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

The Bad Lord Lockington. By Florence Warden. (John Long. 6s.)

The Illusions of Mr. and Mrs. Bressingham. By Gerard Bendall. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Adventures of Bobby Orde. By S. E. White. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

PERIODICALS.

Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; Mercure de France; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Collegian, Calcutta; Peru To-day; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Constitution Papers; Bookseller; La Revue; The Uganda Herald; Publishers' Circular; Amateur Photographer; Bodleian; Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

TO

SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA

WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST

Via the SUEZ CANAL:

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.

(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE

PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the

MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC

by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

. . . Ports of Call . . .

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.

(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

Throughout the Year, according to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, 102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

"Arcadian" Cruises.

MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.
Lisbon, Madeira, WEST INDIES.	From £1 a day.	62.	December 3.	Southampton.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,

London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	435
The Meeting of Parliament	436
A Viennese Spectacle ...	437
Major and Minor Poetry ...	438
Reviews:	
William Morris	439
The Seminar and the Cemetery	440
Shall England Blossom Like the Rose?	441
Oxford Elegiacs	442
Bayreuth and Wagner ...	443
Massenet's Souvenirs ...	443
German Literature ...	444
Shorter Reviews	445
Fiction	447
Shorter Notices	449
The Literary Traveller ...	450
The Theatre:	
"A Young Man's Fancy" at the Criterion Theatre	451
"The Little Café" at the Playhouse	451
The Empire	452
Foreign Reviews	452
British Government in East Africa	453
Notes and News	454
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	455
Motoring	456
The Stones of Waterloo Bridge	457
In the Temple of Mammon	458
Correspondence	459
Books Received	462

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE are delighted to see that a conference was held at Bradford, on Friday last, to form a National Society of Free Workers. We absolutely endorse the objects of the movement. Its main plank is:—to maintain the principle of personal liberty and personal responsibility; especially to protect by every means the rights of individual members to live and work in freedom so long as they do not interfere with the enjoyment of a like freedom by all others. For ourselves, we have long been engaged in discussions as to the manner in which this beneficent, just, and, in fact, indispensable departure could best be brought to fruition. Intimate touch with industrial workers in the Midlands and elsewhere long since led to the conviction that it is unjust to the worker to give him no protected alternative to work under a union. Many workers passionately detest a union and its methods, but all they have to offer is their labour, and the only quarter—as matters stand—in which they can offer it—with safety to life and limb—is the union. We do not depreciate the good work which unions have accomplished, and which we believe they are capable—within the law—of accomplishing in the future. When we say "within the law" we do not mean the law as altered to suit their varying views and aims. We mean the law which is no respecter of persons—which awards adequate punishment to offenders—trade unionists or otherwise. The case of the non-union labourer, because it is difficult, has been shirked until now. The Bradford conference inaugurates a system which will commend itself by its justice, and which will compel even a puppet Home Secretary to realise his duty of protecting labour, without the previous inquiry whether or not it is labour controlled by his political supporters. The proposal was mooted, and it is quite a good one, that legislation shall limit the number of pickets, and that they shall wear distinguishing badges; a provision such as this coupled with a strong magistracy and a non-interfering Home Secretary would prove very salutary. Other useful measures were outlined at Bradford, and we hope the movement so usefully begun will be powerfully supported and brought to a successful issue.

The temper of Mr. William Holloway, B.A., Oxon., according to a letter in the Press, does not seem to be ameliorated by the curative atmosphere of Westgate-on-Sea. What profession this gentleman follows when he is not holiday-making is unknown to us, but he appears to belong to the minority who are very much enamoured of the gentlemen who are commonly called Solicitors of the High Court. The President of the Incorporated Law Society has lately been repeating the well-worn platitude that the cost of litigation is largely referable to the exorbitant fees paid to certain members of the "higher branch" of the legal profession. Mr. Holloway's gorge rises, and he proceeds to get out of touch with facts. He says somewhat sententiously: "When a case reaches the Courts, one counsel is as good as another. No ingenuity can shake a legal principle." As regards the first sentence, it is a pity his clients—solicitors—are not at one with him, because, if they were, exorbitant fees to a few counsel would cease to be paid. As regards the second sentence, we strongly suspect that this gentleman possesses "Every Man his Own Lawyer," price 6s. 8d., and labours under the delusion that law is an exact science. It is well to remember that it is the silly season, and even a B.A., Oxon., must be allowed some latitude.

The "Letters of George Meredith" come to a conclusion in the current issue of *Scribner's Magazine*. They have once more proved—if proof were needed—the fine quality of the man, as considered apart from the writer; they are full of splendid humour, irony delicate but never cruel, modesty true and unaffected. "My work has hold of me, and a day lost is a dropping of blood," he wrote to Frederick Greenwood; and again, putting fellowship above all, "I thought it needless, when I sent the verses, to say that such tiny things were a gift, honoured by your acceptance. Do not, if you print me in future, pay me. We are not on the same sides in politics, but at heart we are one." The letters abound with happiness, which is only made the more clear by the few tiny stings of a resentment which hardly ever reaches bitterness at "the good English" who learned so late his real worth.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Meeting of Parliament—and After

THE House of Commons, when it meets next week, will have the opportunity of showing whether it is capable, under present conditions, of responding in a befitting manner to national questions of vital consequence. We hope that it will rise to the occasion, and so vindicate its own authority, and at least palliate violent methods by which it has arrogated to itself almost unchecked power.

We notice in a Radical journal a panegyric of Sir John Simon, and the judicious observer has no difficulty in joining in the appreciation. If we were asked in what temper the grave questions which will come before the House of Commons should be approached and discussed, we should be content to reply—in the manner of Sir John Simon. That confession of course implies no expectation of concurrence with the views which that eminent member of Parliament will probably advocate, but it is an aspiration that the dignity of Parliament, involved in the decency of its procedure, may in circumstances of great stringency prove triumphant.

If, as we must, we look mainly to the question of the grant of Home Rule to Ireland, it is obvious at once that neither passion nor blind partisanship can lay claim to statesmanlike discussion of a policy which is a new departure in the history of the world. No parallel can be found for an Imperial nation deliberately and of its own free-will, without overmastering external pressure, declining to keep a loyal nation within the sphere of its government. Something better in the way of defence of the policy will, we hope, be advanced than the untrue and discredited doctrine that Ireland is a homogeneous nation—one and indivisible. That is the ground on which Home Rule for Scotland might in principle be defended, but it can never be truthfully predicated of Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone, who, at all events, in his later years, was a sentimentalist and impressionist, advanced as a favourite argument in support of Home Rule for Ireland that it would lead to an "union of hearts," meaning, of course, such an union between the people of Ireland and the people of Great Britain. Surely, however, the condition precedent to that consummation would be an union of hearts between the two nations which combined constitute Ireland. No such union can be brought about by inflaming the embers of racial and religious incompatibility which were inactive, if not gradually dying out, under an equal and impartial administration.

John Bright was the author of a phrase which is not universally true, and which perhaps he only intended to be understood in a limited connection. It was a phrase which he applied—in his horror of coercion—to a former crisis in Irish affairs: "Force is no remedy." In its widest acceptance such a tenet would sound the knell of all law and order, and lead directly to chaos. But accepting for the moment the dictum in a limited sense, there is evidence that Mr. Bright had persuaded himself that the "village ruffians" of the days of the Land League were in reality pure patriots whom no repression would ever induce to indulge in rest until their high ideals had been realised. Sir Edward Carson, who was in closer touch with the situation, no doubt entertains a different opinion.

Mr. Bright's position—whether it was right or wrong—about the clients whom he had immediately in view, is unanswerable when applied to loyal Ulster. There can be no doubt that Protestant and prosperous Ulster abhors the idea of joining in communion with a Catholic majority, whose record shows nothing to engender confidence. It is all very well for an English political party in difficulties to proclaim that they have sponged the slate, that traditional tendencies no longer exist, that the age of miracles is not past, and that by effacing patent facts they cease to be existent.

That is a very comfortable attitude for all save Ulster. Ulster may be very unreasonable. Sir John Simon thinks she is, and challenges her to produce persecuted fellow-believers from the South and West of Ireland. Sir John Simon forgets the sponge we have referred to, and he also forgets how the lion lay down in all fraternity with the lamb on the eve of St. Bartholomew.

Assume, however, that Ulster is pig-headed, and cannot realise a truth which is obvious to all else. The fact is there. She refuses to be comforted; she declines to be cajoled. What alternative remains? Force—which is no remedy.

We say deliberately that, even if the electors of Great Britain, after a "formal appeal" had been made to them, voted for the suppression of Ulster's attachment to the Union as the safeguard of her religion and her liberties, the crime and the shame would indeed be shared by larger numbers, but the deliberate act of treachery would be emphasised when it could not be explained as the aberration of a few, but as the deliberate self-condemnation of a nation.

It now appears to be admitted by the mentors of the present administration that the question of Home Rule for Ireland was not before the constituencies as a primary issue at the latest General Election. That admission is, at all events, fatal to the passage of any such measure, until the constituencies have pronounced on it.

The honest method of referring the question would be as a single issue by means of the referendum. A reference such as that will not be adopted; the issue will be obscured in a whirlwind of passion coupled with appeals to greed and class-hatred. If truth emerges, it will not be because every means has not been adopted to misdirect the popular jurors.

For the moment the House of Commons occupies the stage. The ungenerous would desire to see that House display itself as unequal to its destinies and unfitted for its functions. Disclaiming a vestige of affection for the House as it exists, we still hope that we shall be surprised by a responsibility and dignity which antecedents afford little ground for expecting.

CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

A Viennese Spectacle

WHEN, on Sunday, September 15, the wonderful Procession of Princes which summed up the success of the Eucharistic Congress had disappeared into the inner courts of the Palace, the rain ceased to fall for a few hours. The next morning was fine and bright. This action on the part of the weather moved a graceless heretic to say that Catholicism had received a blow from which it would still be reeling when Macaulay's New Zealander should desert the broken arch of Westminster Bridge in order to moralise on the spot where once the magnificent city of Vienna stood. The heavens, he submitted, had unmistakably shown their displeasure at this twentieth-century attempt to proclaim the outward and visible splendour of the Church, and the memory of the failure could never be blotted out. We replied that he deserved burning at a slow fire for his impudence. With all the strength of our deepest conviction we affirm that in no sense was that historic procession a failure, for we consider the spectacular effect, which was, of course, considerably marred, as of no importance at all, when the true significance of the Procession is considered. Naturally we should have preferred fine weather, and the comfort and greater happiness of the hundred thousand poor villagers who had come to share in the wonders of the great day. But they seemed to bear their trials with uncomplaining fortitude. Had the clouds passed away that morning, their eyes would have been more dazzled, and they would have witnessed the awful sight of the Mass celebrated on the top of the Burg Thor. But what they did see was enough, if their hearts could feel it too; they saw the triumph of their Church, the State expending all its force of majesty and pomp to do it honour.

In England we have seen pageants of deep historic interest, Sovereigns, alive and dead, honoured by unprecedented glory of monarchical and civic respect. But we have not known any sight so extraordinary as the union of ecclesiastical with kingly splendour which Vienna now has seen—the Pope's Ambassador going forth from the Cathedral to the Palace, bearing the Sacred Host, amid an innumerable company of prelates and clergy and tens of thousands of the people, preceded by a train of Cardinals and followed by the Head of the House of Hapsburg—this was indeed a sight worth seeing. We confess that we forgot to think about the weather or the spectacle. It was the page of history unfolding before our eyes, with all that had led up to it and made it possible, that took us in its thrall. The Legate, what a dynasty did he not represent! And brave old Francis Joseph! We may have seen the Archbishop of Canterbury in a procession. He comes of an ancient line, too, but his name does not inevitably suggest the history of Europe for nineteen hundred years. And though we looked on the aged Queen Victoria with a veneration that was almost superstitious, we could not conjure up thoughts of the whirl of European history for sixty years, as the sight of Francis Joseph does. Let us put aside the religious side of the Vienna festival as one on which it does not behove us to intrude; the political aspect, also, shall be passed over. As an historic occasion only, we will declare that the Eucharistic Procession was the most moving pageant we have seen, or consider it likely we shall ever see.

Unless one can conceive such a festival taking place in the Place de la Concorde, or the Piazza di San Pietro, we know of no more splendid site for such a pageant than the great Outer Court of the Royal Burg of Vienna; it is on so spacious a scale, so proudly surrounded by great buildings which, though not antique, are of magnificent proportions. The crowd would, of course, have been greater had the weather been favourable, but from the first moment of our reaching our place our interest and admiration were caught by the groups of gaily costumed peasants, who defied the rain with immense umbrellas and never looked uncheerful. Scarce two groups were alike; but all the men had wondrous jackets of cunning and brilliant embroidery, and plumed or be-flowered hats. Some of the men's hats were larger than any decreed by the most extravagant feminine fashions. But most remarkable was the countless throng of Bishops, mitred Abbots, Monsignori, who, with their attendant priests carrying their pastoral staves, were formed up in a deep line at the sides of the central avenue through which the Procession was to pass. It was like the realisation of some ecclesiastical crowd in one of Gentile Bellini's pictures. The good prelates sheltered themselves as best they might under their faithful umbrellas. But after the first glance we did not see the umbrellas, for our eyes were taken up by the magnificence of the copes and the mitres, and our thoughts dwelt on the reason that had brought them there. Presently the Life Guards came into view, and, after them, an unending cavalcade of the Empire's noblest youth, the Court Chamberlains. A gallant troop, surely, as ever rode before its Sovereign—such men, such horses, such uniforms!

Now came the train of what Disraeli would have emphatically allowed to be the "Great Nobles," in their state coaches, many, very many of them wearing the chain of the Toison d'Or round their necks. The long defile was very stately. Only one magnate had put his servants into mackintoshes. The rest, especially the Hungarians, showed all the gorgeousness of their "turnout." Bearers of names made illustrious by the deeds of their ancestors, they swept along, the proudest aristocracy of Europe. And now they were followed by Princes who had not inherited and may not transmit their rank. In royal carriages and six came the Cardinals, and, when the last had entered, we saw the smoke of incense under the Burg Thor, and the spectators bending their knee. Eight horses drew the beautiful glass coach in which great Maria Theresa went to the Coronation. Now its occupants were the Legate and the Cardinal of Vienna, a monstrance containing the Sacred Host resting in front of them on a cushion of white velvet. Acolytes swinging their censers and priests bearing crosiers, surrounded the coach which

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

came up the Avenue in a solemn stillness, the people kneeling as it passed. But the silence was soon broken by shouts of "Hoch"; hats were being waved at the Burg Thor, and the Emperor, no one with him except Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne, advanced, attended by a splendid body of gentlemen-at-arms, and followed by all the archdukes. This was the supreme moment; the Great Sovereign following the representative of the Pope who bore the Symbol of the Monarch of all.

The procession turned to go round the Platz, and again came up the Avenue; this time the Legate held the monstrance in his hand and blessed the people with it. Had the rain allowed, the Cardinals were to have ascended to the top of the Thor, where an altar had been raised under a canopy, and there Mass would have been celebrated, and the Legate would have given the Pontifical blessing to all Vienna. This was not to be,and the Emperor, the Princes of the Church, the vast train of archdukes, and the nobles, vanished from sight into the inner Court. A noticeable absence of music was perhaps to be regretted. Military instruments sounded the Emperor's march; at one moment the crowd raised the beautiful Hymn of Hadyn, and once voices in the distance were believed to be chanting the Te Deum. But it was not till all was over that one had time to remember that stately music had not entered into the scheme. Its absence, like the presence of the rain, were matters too insignificant to be thought of at such a time. Of all that went before during the memorable week, the reception of the Legate, the daily Mass in the Cathedral, the Royal Communion in the Hofburg Chapel, the meetings attended by ten thousand persons every evening, the Communion of 6,000 children, we must not speak. But it would not be right to omit to praise the marvellous order and reverence so strikingly displayed at all times by the enormous crowds that filled Vienna. The visitors no doubt came to enjoy a holiday as well as to support by their presence the leaders of their Church. They proved that they deserved a holiday, and knew how to enjoy what was also a Holy Day.

C. W. JAMES.

Major and Minor Poetry

WE talk very glibly of minor poetry; and though "major poetry" is a less frequent phrase it is implied by the other. Nevertheless, I doubt whether many of us have a very precise idea as to what constitutes the difference between the two. Precise definitions are a danger rather than an aid in criticism; and those who too confidently make them are apt to find themselves overwhelmed with the exceptions to their own rules. Still, in avoiding dogma, one should keep clear of the absolutely vague. It is as well to have some sort of meaning to attach to the terms one uses.

The difference between major poetry and minor (instinct tells us) is not merely the difference between good and bad. Many a poem, bad enough in the result, has been very major in its conception. Much verse which is plainly minor is, within its limits, very good indeed. Besides, bad poetry is not poetry at all, and is no concern of the critics. Nor is the difference one of length. A little poem of Shelley, six lines long, a rescued fragment of Sappho, is something more than minor. The long minor poem is rarer, and often fails of effect, but Gresset's "Vert-Vert" and "The Rape of the Lock" are examples thereof.

We have been gaily labelling specific pieces with our terms, when the meaning of those terms is still to be stated. But the literary critic must needs be an empiric. It is simply on the comparison of a number of pieces which I *feel* to be major, with others which I *feel* to be minor, that I hazard my definition. Major poetry is that which inspires; minor poetry that which delights. Here we have one of those spiritual distinctions which alone can be applied to so spiritual a matter as art. A cloud cannot be cut with a knife, but it may be pierced by a sunbeam.

For example, there is nothing more delightful than "The Passionate Shepherd to His Love" or "The Night Piece to Julia":—

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee:
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then Julia let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me:
And when I shall meet
Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

This faëry charm is one of the peculiar glories of English poetry. Herrick's place among the immortals is as assured as Shakespeare's own. Nevertheless, he is a minor poet. He is not of the company of Shakespeare and Milton and Shelley, though, in his own limits, as perfect an artist as any of them. It is the limits which are significant. Herrick delights us: we love him. He does not inspire us; we do not stand in awe of him. He is no *sacer vates*. Compare the "Night Piece," not with such a tremendous utterance of the God-gifted organ voice as the sonnet on the Piedmont massacre, but with perhaps the most genial poem which Milton ever wrote:

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Help waste a sullen day, what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sowed nor spun.
What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well-touched, or artful voice
Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of these delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

Here is no portentous message for humanity, but the thoughts of a scholarly gentleman who loved to "mix good wine with chat." Yet I believe that if he had never seen another line of Milton, a sensitive reader would feel the power in reserve, would know himself the partaker of a great man's hour of ease. Solemnity and seriousness are not the same thing in art. Shakespeare did not cease to be a serious artist when he wrote comedy. Milton had an attitude towards life clearer and more masterful than that of lesser men. He believed in his own point of view, and every line he wrote was a challenge to the world to accept it. That is the way with great writers. They are passionate men who wish to create the world anew. Because we read and forget, or are lured away by the different vision of some other of the godlike, they may be said to fail. But they have a momentary success; and this success is capable of eternal repetition. It is repeated as often as their work is contemplated by a mind capable of appreciating greatness. Therefore they do not fail, but are kings eternally recrowned. "Les grands artistes," wrote Maupassant, "sont ceux qui imposent à l'humanité leur illusion particulière." He spoke the truth. You cannot admire the form of a work of art while disapproving of its contents. The artist, of serious intent, who does not convince—the conviction need only be for an hour—is a bore and a failure indeed. Without being a Christian one can enjoy the great strains of a cathedral organ; but only because, for the listening time, one is a fervent convert. Not only the poets themselves, but their readers also, "become what they sing": stoic or voluptuary, devil or god.

With the minor poet it is different. He does not breathe his passion into us; for he has no passion. He has a fancy more alert than ours, a swifter apprehension of the lights and shades and humours of the world. Where we see a daisy he sees a fairy; what is to us a pot of rouge may be to him a mocking imp crying "Vive la bagatelle!" and "Memento mori" in a breath. He makes us see these things as he sees them; but as pleasant embellishments, not as fundamental alterations of the world. For that is how he regards them. He is not a prophet, does not wish to impose on us a new scheme of things. That is his charm, and why he is sometimes a relief from his more serious brother. We speak of Herrick and others of his time as "of the tribe of Ben." The phrase may be given a double meaning. For the minor poet is the younger son of the Muses, and perhaps their favourite.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

REVIEWS

William Morris

William Morris: A Critical Study. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. net.)
The Life of William Morris. By J. W. MACKAIL. Two volumes. (Longmans, Green, and Co. 4s. net.)

IN his "Conclusion" to this excellent study of William Morris Mr. Drinkwater draws attention to the curious position that Morris has among English poets. As he elsewhere justly says, all poets work in an isolation that no literary derivation can adequately bridge; but in the case of Morris this isolation was peculiar. If it is possible to account for "The Earthly Paradise" by the fact that the "Canterbury Tales" had been written, and that Morris was a whole-hearted lover of Chaucer, whom he bravely hailed as his master, it is not so easy to account for "Sigurd the Volsung." It is a thing entirely by itself in our literature. Similarly, even as there is no satisfactory ancestry for Morris, he has left little, if any, trace in the work of his successors.

It is this, partly, that explains the undeniable fact that there are many who habitually omit to think of Morris as amongst the poets: this, and the thing behind it of which it stands as a symptom. There was only one other poet of his day who used the same large canvas; and that was Browning. After Mr. Drinkwater's protests against the contrast of poet with poet we feel diffident at contrasting the author of "The Ring and the Book" with the author of "The Earthly Paradise"; yet they illustrate an interesting difference of mental vision, the more so as each poet is now claiming his kingdom as never before. For even on his largest canvases Browning was ever intensive; whereas Morris was invariably extensive. In their varying degree and capacity other poets could be drunk on the wonderful wine that the gods might pour into a single superb line, or a single adventurous phrase; and the majority of those to whom poetry means the high sacrament of being are of the same inclination; but Morris turned aside from such wayside beauties—that are yet not by any means merely wayside—to work out a large workmanship that should be independent of the individual wonder of its parts. It was partly, we believe, owing to the speed at which he worked—partly, despite Mr. Drinkwater, a carelessness as to the inner spiritual significance of poetry; but the result was a poetry that looked on life rather from without than from within—that was spacious and mighty, but mighty rather in its ease than in its excitement, in the nobler meaning of both words.

Mr. Drinkwater himself sees this quite clearly. "Having no superficially subtle or complex statement to make," he says, "and keeping always before him the purpose to produce a memorable cumulative effect without striving at all for isolated felicities of phrasing, he is never forced to pause for the fitting word." It is one of the few sentences in which he permits himself to depart from the high standard he has set himself throughout

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

his book. Subtle or complex statements need not necessarily be superficial; and a memorable cumulative effect need not be deterred by the fitting word or an isolated felicity of phrasing—indeed, it is not inconceivable that it might be furthered thereby. We seem to notice a similar confusion somewhat earlier in the book, when we read that "The close of 'The Ode to the West Wind' crystallises a mental attitude of which Morris was temperamentally incapable. But it is, of course, a mistake to suppose that the beauty of his poetry suffers in consequence." The "of course," we should have thought, was quite the other way. Morris's incapability to one manner of beauty might well have opened his mind to another manner of beauty; but the loss of the first beauty remains a loss nevertheless. A third aspect of the same thing, and the somewhat difficult position Mr. Drinkwater's otherwise sane championship leads him into, is seen when he says still later in the book that "Morris in his poetry simplified his aim by steadily eliminating two things—inquiry into the unknown, and all endeavour to 'set the crooked straight'"; and then adds on the following page that Morris "in his poetry presupposes a life where the natural impulses of men are unfettered by all save eternal circumstance." But what is this "eternal circumstance" save an inquiry into the unknown; and what is the presupposition but a manner of setting the crooked straight?

These things are more closely connected than might appear. For the glory of sudden lines, the attitude of mind revealed in the close of "The Ode to the West Wind," and an adventure to inquire into the unknown, are nearly inevitably found together; and their united absence from Morris's poetry is just the cause of that curious isolation and misunderstanding he as a poet has had to meet. Those who read Mr. Drinkwater's chapters on the "Narrative Poems" and "Sigurd the Volsung" will have another excellency finely because sympathetically, and justly, because enthusiastically, arrayed before them; but Morris will always have against him the fact that he told his matter straight forth rather than made it a ritual of beauty. It is the curious case of his simplicity being an obstruction where the complexities of other men are an aid.

We have disagreed with Mr. Drinkwater on these incidental points with a feeling of considerable diffidence. For, apart from the fact that Morris has clearly sung in the centre of his soul—which is enough to arm any man against all-comers—this is one of the sanest and wisest books of criticism we have read for many days. It is not only that it, simply and unostentatiously, lays emphasis on just that which is necessary, letting the rest take its importance by implication, so effecting the rather rare beauty of a well-poised whole. This is itself not a thing easy to find. But its outlook on all that poetry is concerned with is so sane, clean and healthy. It is a book that is good to read for the health of one's soul—and that is another virtue none too widely distributed. To those who may think we speak excessively we can but recommend a careful perusal of the opening and closing chapters of the book. It often happens that by dealing with some question that may seem to have no particular reference to a man's work we may expound and illuminate that work best. Scientists may work from the particular to the general; with the result that they never arrive at the general. Wise men work from the general to the particular; with the result that the particular becomes charged with vital and intense importance. It is this that Mr. Drinkwater does in these chapters, and in other pages of his book; thereby expounding best to us what Morris means to him. And it is in his attitude toward these things that lie behind Morris's art, and all art, that he shows himself wise in the highest sense of being right.

Mr. Mackail's "Life" is, of course, indispensable to the student of Morris; and its publication in Messrs. Longman's well-known Pocket Library should introduce it to a wider public. Except for the elimination of some of the plates, it is the same in text and substance as the Library Edition at eight times the cost. That is enough to bespeak the value of these handy little books. In a biography Mr. Mackail wisely eschews critical details, and takes the reader, with possibly some excess of circumstance, through the busy days of a man who accomplished a stupendous amount of work. It is for the critical examination that one turns to Mr. Drinkwater. To say that his is the best book on Morris's work and poetry is to say something neither here nor there. It is written by an earnest self-respecting artist; and he will therefore understand us when we say that his book will be its own best service—it will lead as nothing yet has done to the proper understanding and appreciation of Morris, and so back again to itself. For ourselves, we have begun to re-read "Sigurd the Volsung."

The Seminar and the Cemetery

Luke Shepherd. Ein Satirendichter der englischen Reformationszeit. By DR. FRIEDRICH GERMANN. (Lampart. Augsburg.)

Adelaide Anne Procter. Ihr Leben und Ihre Werke. By FERDINAND JANKU. (Braumüller. Vienna and Leipzig. 4 marks 50.)

Arthur Hugh Clough. By PAULA LUTONSKY. (Braumüller. Vienna and Leipzig.)

ENGLISH Literature is a vast cemetery, where critics, historians, and monographers, mostly of foreign speech, dig up the graves of forgotten reputations, for any chance treasure they may conceal; or, not infrequently, we suspect, for the sheer joy of the digging, and for the exercise of the craft to which they have been apprenticed. We doubt, for instance, whether Dr. Germann can feel any very deep satisfaction, except, of course, from the high "Art for Art" standpoint, at the results of his conscientious investigations into the case of Luke Shepherd, Protestant satirist. He has used the opportunity, it is true, to give us a very good little historical sketch of Reformation satire; he has collected together all there was to be collected about his principal subject, and he has shown a considerable talent for ingenious conjecture.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Dr. Germann has no great enthusiasm for his immediate subject: at many points in his work he admits Luke Shepherd's limitations, but nowhere does he more completely damp any possible ardour of interest on the part of his readers than when he says, "Mangel an poetischem Empfinden ist geradezu ein Hauptkennzeichen seiner Dichtungen." It is not that Shepherd has anything to offer us in compensation for this prime defect. He has no style to speak of, and his matter is directly traceable to various German sources, especially to Manuel and Hans Sachs. Yet he showed some dramatic power in his least characteristic satire, "John Bon and Mast Person"; and he merits some attention, for he was, according to Dr. Germann, the most popular satirist, after Shelton, of the age. He eschewed coarseness, and he had an extraordinary knowledge of Reformation literature. Of his life and personality almost nothing is known; he is identified with Lucas Opilio, and appears to have been a physician. Possibly his Christian name has something to do with this conjecture. Internal and external evidence, cleverly handled by his present biographer, points to the years 1547-48 as the period when most of the poems were composed. The appendix contains some unpublished satires.

Adelaide Anne Procter resembles Shepherd through the fact that, this time according to Coventry Patmore, she was, for a moment, only second in popularity to one poet—Tennyson. In another respect she is the pole of Shepherd—she stood for Roman Catholicism, to which she was a convert, against the rationalised Anglicanism of the early Nineteenth Century. Her fame has been largely eclipsed, and it is doubtful whether the most universally known of her lyrics, the "Lost Chord," will avail against oblivion. The "Legend of Provence" may be enjoying a temporary revival through its association with the recent performance of the "Miracle." The "Legend of Bregenz" is to be heard from the lips of reciters, and there are many persons to be found not much past the middle age to whom Miss Procter's works were once a "livre de chevet." Dr. Janku justly considers that she has the advantage over the Preraphaelites in the matter of saneness; on the other hand, she was behind them in ardour and impulsiveness. Her unfortunate love affair and her resulting conviction that life is sacrifice, supply, in the judgment of our author, the key to her life and writings. She was always on the side of the poor or oppressed, and believed that personal devotion must bear its fruit.

Arthur Hugh Clough was almost her contemporary, and his life presents many striking resemblances to hers. He also died young; he was touched by the same doubts and sympathies; and his happiness also nearly suffered shipwreck in an early love affair. He acted as one, finely observes his biographer, "der nicht den Mut zum Glücke hat." But he belongs in other respects to another generation from that of Miss Procter's. He was of the doubting generation, of those who walked without hope, or with a hope they dared not define. But there was a fund of youthfulness in him that preserved him from the deeper hopelessness that pervades Matthew Arnold's poetry. Frau Lutonsky well indicates Clough's debt to German sources—a debt that he shared with his friends, Carlyle and Emerson; but we are a little puzzled by her suggesting a comparison with Ibsen. She hardly insists enough on the part that Oxford had in the formation of his character, his point of view, and his style. The "Bothie" is, in more ways than one, among the greatest of essentially Oxford poems. With these reservations, which are, after all, open to controversy, we have nothing but praise for this biography. It goes directly to the point, contains, besides the essential, many valuable reflections and intuitions, and is probably the best study that we have met among the later volumes of this series.

Shall England Blossom like the Rose?

Colour in the Home. By E. J. DUVEEN. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 42s. net.)

"BLUE is discordant in juxtaposition to green, and in a less degree so with purple," says our author. Well, ask the Japanese. So Mr. Duveen plunges into the tangle of Art, as do most writers, without any basic concept of the intention of Art, and by consequence his large and sumptuous volume is one large confusion of Art and Craftsmanship. But let that pass. He opens with the common assertion that "it is impossible to attain to a national taste in art and colour such as has been long characteristic of Continental nations." Now it so happens that the British genius not only has a fine national taste in art and colour, but that the genius of Turner created all that is most significant and of the supreme rank in modern Continental art, whilst the genius of Beardsley created and inspired the whole modern Continental endeavour in line! That a book founded on so false a foundation should be worth five minutes' consideration sounds impossible, yet the book is worth perusal.

Setting aside the fact that the English furniture craftsmen and the English architects of the eighteenth century were the purest and greatest in their age, and that the reputation of Britain is therefore amongst the highest, we are unfortunately led by Mr. Duveen to no new developments in the decoration of the Home; at the same time, though it is scarcely new ground, the examples of a bygone time are sound enough, and the deductions are sound enough. But Mr. Duveen, in spite of careful reading, will find it an impossible task to educate Taste—a still more impossible task to teach colour. Taste is latent and born in the bone. And the moment that a man tries to lay down laws as to what Black or Red or Pink arouses in our senses, he essays a pathetically hopeless task, from which emerges only the narrowness of his own perceptions. It is a painter's lifelong career to make colour-harmonies arouse impressions in our senses. Unfortunately few painters have this power. And Mr. Duveen shares the mistake which kills Art in the academic, for he does

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

not realise that old pictures are rarely to be seen in their original colour-vitality, but are seen by us embrowned and lowered, a ghost of their primal intentions. Therefore, to tune up a room to an old master is to sacrifice vitality of colour to the solemn and splendid pomp of death.

At the very moment that Mr. Duveen calls for taste in colour he means taste for dead colour. And as it is, for only too many of our municipal grocers and governors, the Union Jack ought to be chocolate and cream and mud-colour instead of the healthy and gorgeous red, white, and blue. Often, as I pass in the street, I see the house-painters priming a house-front with white, and the place becomes a revelation of fine colour and beauty of form—but I try to avoid the street thereafter, for I know that it will be made "cream-colour" or some more dingy shade. It is all left, presumably, to the family plumber—just in the same way a woman with a sallow skin prefers to wear sallow dresses! But none of this is inherent bad taste; it is "artiness"; and if your Britisher were only courageous enough not to give a tinker's trough for his neighbour's opinion, he would blossom forth like the rose. Mr. Duveen gives us elaborate scientific analysis of colours; but all such schooling, which is the A B C of an art-student's training, has never yet brought forth art, which is a subtle thing, and must be discovered by each one of us according to the degree in which the Great Designer has granted the revelation to us. The lines and forms of a past design help to inspire us; but if we would reach to a personal and national achievement of our own age, we must create our own design—and the icy hands of the dead masters grip us by the throat, and, for the most part, strangle us—as, I strongly suspect, they threaten to strangle the song in Mr. Duveen. The shadow of the National Gallery darkens more than Trafalgar Square.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Oxford Elegiacs

Charmides, and Other Poems, Chiefly Relating to Oxford. By GASCOIGNE MACKIE. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.)

Oxford Poems. By H. W. GARROD. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

OXFORD, burdened with years, haunted by the lost youth of many generations, heavy with the sadness of learning, offers an attractive setting to the elegiac poet. A visionary with a sufficiently mournful imagination might picture it very romantically as a city of the dead, its ghostly towers rising forlornly—by moonlight, of course—over the deserted streets and silent, grass-grown quadrangles. Neither of these gentlemen, be it said, demands quite such a *mise en scène*, but it is certainly curious that two independent poets should come forward at once with "Oxford" verse which is throughout characterised by an elegiac quality.

There is, however, a considerable difference in the spirit of the two volumes. Mr. Mackie's elegiac is sweetly sad, a web of cherished memories, unspoiled, if tinged with melancholy, by the grievous rapine of the years. The greater part of the book is occupied by a revised re-issue of the title-poem, first published fourteen years ago. This presents a rather remarkable memorial to a schoolboy friendship, and one not unworthy in point of art. It is cast in a sequence of short poems, of the uniform length of sixteen unrhymed pentameter lines, which, in spite of the liberal irregularity, are practically sonnets, marked by scholarly workmanship, purity of feeling and felicitous expression. Mr. Mackie's verse has an even flow which yet is innocent of commonplaceness, a finish which betrays little artificiality, and a pleasing variety of rhythm. His description has much grace, and his lute does not shirk the elusive moods of thought and feeling. This of the poet's imprisoned ecstasy in the presence of Spring impressed us as particularly happy:—

> . . . . all my heart
> Unutterably throbs—a sunlit heaven
> Of hidden stars—waiting for night to come.

Of the additional poems the most striking is a double sonnet on the occasion of the Milton Tercentenary. There are more echoes of Oxford that have a pleasantly pensive ring, and much pretty miniature-work, such as this:—

> The redbreast, eyeing where the gardener digs,
> Wears not a mantle from so rich a loom
> As yonder shrub, when her thick leafless twigs
> Are clothed in clustering cusps of crimson bloom.

> Here will the flowering almond waste away
> Almost before the thrush has learnt to sing,
> Here will the mulberry grudge to fickle May
> The last and loveliest of the leaves of Spring.

Mr. Garrod is elegiac with a deeper sadness. His are the accents of Faust in his Gothic chamber, the minor cadences of one who has been strangely unfitted to battle with boisterous life—still less fitted, perhaps, to face it from the enervating confines of the study. His verse is disillusioned; its recurrent refrain, *omnia vanitas*. Sometimes it grates a little, as when he plays the part of the corpse at a "Bump Supper," or when he consoles a youth who has lost a boat race, with a philosophy of heavier despair. More wistfully, more manfully, but still with a deep sadness, he addresses another, "ὦ πεπον, ἐι μεν γὰρ . . ."

> But now, since still with truceless eyes
> The bitter ghosts of troubled thought
> Wage on our dearest privacies
> Unceasing war, unseen, unsought—
>
> Why, better then with strengthless arm
> To speed an unavailing spear
> Than wait upon a hidden harm
> And die before a formless fear.

Once again, in "ακιὰς ὄναρ," a more virile note is sounded, but he is haunted perpetually by the "hidden

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

harms" and "formless fears," the phantom assailants of that unseen, unsought warfare. His familiar vision is of:

. . . . the fields without their dew
And the friends with altered eyes;

and his lament is of perished ideals and the mortality of high enthusiasms—as when he confesses, by way of deterrent, to "One who Desired a Fellowship":—

Once—we were once as other men:
We moved the world, we felt it shake:
Grandly we gave to joy and pain
Hearts that were great enough to break.

. . . . . .

To-day some god with voice of gold,
Or angel with a flaming sword,
Might come and, speaking, leave us cold,
Or, doing something, find us bored.

Yet there is an indubitable distinction of merit in these poems; a straightforwardness, a nicety of expression, a cleanness of chiselling, that triumphs in a singular simplicity and sameness of metrical form. With very few exceptions—about eight or ten short pieces—the iambic tetrameter line is solely employed. It is set with many a memorable, many a mordant phrase. There is trenchant art, to glance back at the verse last quoted, in that wonderfully expressive, *blasé* "doing something" as the description of the angelic errand. There is, after all, a poetry of disillusionment, and Mr. Garrod can write it.

Bayreuth and Wagner

Bayreuth and the Wagner Theatre. By ANNA BAHR-MILDENBURG and HERMANN BAHR. Translated by T. W. MAKEPEACE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE laws of copyright will have a great influence on Bayreuth by the end of 1913. What precisely the effect will be is a matter of doubt. Some say that when all the late works of Wagner are free Bayreuth will lose its magnetic power. Others argue that, on the contrary, the increase of Wagner performances elsewhere have but served to whet the appetite for Bayreuth. The most acute question is that of "Parsifal," which any manager with adequate resources will be able to produce after the 31st December, 1913. That this problem of resources limits the possible number of productions is not really to the point: it does not affect the question whether in principle it is right that the Bayreuth monopoly should be extended. It seems that, from the prosaic standpoint of the practical politician a German law for prolonged it is an impossibility; but none the less there are bold, chivalrous souls ready to fight for a "Lex-Parsifal," deaf alike to all arguments of the parliamentarian and to the suggestions from the plain man that Wagner in 1912 would probably not feel as he felt in 1882, when the prospects of an intelligent performance outside Bayreuth were remote. As it is, Paris and Vienna propose to play "Parsifal" in 1914, and it is not an exaggeration to say that we may expect in both places performances which will compare well with those of Bayreuth.

Among the protagonists of the "Parsifal" campaign the poet and playwright Hermann Bahr has a prominent place, and he has issued a confession of faith which makes good reading. Incidentally he gives away part of his case by confessing that there are shortcomings in Bayreuth and that it tends to do the very thing against which Wagner fought with his very life-blood—to suppress the individuality of the artist, to impose on him the laws of a rigid, unbending tradition—a tradition, moreover, which does not necessarily in all its details derive its sanction from the founder himself. On this point nothing is to be added to that which Weingartner said more than twenty years ago. None the less, that Bayreuth exercises an irresistible magic is true, and for this Herr Bahr pleads eloquently, with a real earnestness of conviction which cannot fail to attract, though we know that he is pleading a lost cause. His arguments are more effective than the unreasoning pæans of his wife, Frau Anna Bahr-von Mildenburg, the famous singer, who cannot see any human weakness in Frau Cosima or Siegfried, and asks us to bow the knee in worship at the wonderful spectacle of Siegfried eating a sandwich of bread made by human hands and beef and ham not heaven-born.

The translator of the book has not done his work badly, but shows a monumental carelessness in dealing with proper names. For instance, Frau Wagner's daughter is Isolde Beidler, not Beitler; there is no prima donna called Seffler-Burckhardt; her name is Leffler-Burckhardt. The famous *régisseur* is not Herr Kranicks, but Herr Kranich; and what fearful kind of wildfowl are "the Kräüse"? Moreover, to speak of "Bandmaster" Müller is surely very near to *lèse majesté*. Lastly, his habit of quoting German with its inflections is irritating, and usually wrong, as, for example: "There is never an empty spot, einen Leeren Flecken." Why an accusative case? The answer probably is, because in the German original we read, "Esgiebt Keinen leeren Flecken"; and, lastly, adjectives in German are not printed with capitals.

Massenet's Souvenirs

Mes Souvenirs, 1848-1912. By J. E. F. MASSENET. (Pierre Lafitte and Cie., Paris.)

THE death of Massenet is so recent that practically all that had to be said about him has been said. It was not generally known, however, that at the moment of his death he was correcting the last proofs of his Autobiography, which has just been published under the title of "Mes Souvenirs, 1848-1912," by MM. Pierre Lafitte and Cie. It has a very dithyrambic preface by his pupil Xavier Leroux, and by way of appendix a selection from his public orations. The volume is rather in the shape of an intimate *causerie* with his grandchildren than a systematic narrative, and will no doubt give a good deal of trouble to his official biographer, who has to pay strict attention to chronological accuracy. Its value is somewhat impaired by the fact that Massenet, always a diplo-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

matist and a courtier, did not change his rôle in writing these memoirs. Foreseeing that a good deal of what he had put down would probably be read by those whom it concerned, he seems careful not to say anything except smooth things about all the people he had to deal with in the course of his long career. A reading of the book makes much the same impression as listening to some of his music, with its never-ending flow of not always very significant sweetness; in this way it has an interest as a sort of complement to his operas. At the very beginning, however, there is one striking piece of self-revelation. He says that all through his life he was oppressed by a doubt whether he had really been meant for a musical career, for his great affection had always been for the exact sciences.

His progress was singularly free from the troubles and anxieties which have beset most musicians, and there are not many exciting incidents. Among other things he relates that his first appearance behind the scenes was on the occasion when Berlioz conducted the first performance of "The Childhood of Christ," when another young friend of the same age smuggled him in among the chorus. His lodging happened to be near the Cirque Napoléon; from its windows he could hear the Pasdeloup Concerts, and it was in this way that he made his first acquaintance with the orchestral masterpieces. He relates that one of the few dramatic incidents of his life was when he conducted the first performance of his oratorio "Eve." Thinking that his mother had been present, he went to her house, to find that she had died suddenly in the course of the evening, and his mourning was interrupted by a friend who announced to him his nomination to the Legion of Honour. A curious coincidence attended the publication of his first song, "Chanson d'Avril," which had been refused by several publishers. He was just carrying the twice-rejected manuscript upstairs to his attic, when a young man introduced himself, saying that he knew who Massenet was and that he was just starting a publishing business, and would be glad to enter into negotiations with him. The song made the fortune of Massenet and of the young publisher, Hartmann.

The history of "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" is interesting. On one occasion after a journey he came back to Egremont to find a large accumulation of correspondence; among the packets was a libretto. At first he was inclined to throw it aside, but after looking at a few pages he was very much attracted by it, and read it through, only to find that it was anonymous. He inquired from the porter of his house in Paris what was the origin of the mysterious parcel, and was told that the bearer had left his name and address with the porter, but had made him promise on his oath not to reveal his name to M. Massenet until he had decided to set the text to music. When the score was finished, the composer discovered that the author was an old friend of his boyhood, Maurice Léna. It will surprise those who think that Massenet had no difficulties in his later life with any of his works to hear that it was a long time before any theatre could be found bold enough to undertake the production of a work without a heroine. Another detail which may interest the curious is that the score was written at a table which had once belonged to Diderot.

There are not many of the *bon mots* which derive their charm from their malice in the work; but one may quote the saying that the music of Hiller is "so like that of Gade that it might have been written by Mendelssohn"; also the saying of Auber when Massenet got his first Prix de Rome, that ".this young man will go far when he has *less* experience." One other story is rather characteristic, and also may be quoted. A young lady, afterwards the well-known artist, Mme. Julia Guirardon, was very proud of having been applauded by Massenet when she competed for a prize at the Conservatoire. An envious rival said to her, "Massenet always applauds people who sing his own music"—but the music sung happened to be an air from Halévy's "La Juive."

German Literature

Outlines of the History of German Literature. By J. G. ROBERTSON. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

WE have often wondered how "Outlines of the History of" a national literature is written. Can the author have read all the thousand works—"tedious and unreadable" some of them, containing "over 18,000 verses," and written, more often than not, in a crabbed and archaic dialect—to which he so glibly refers? Can he have glanced at all the modern authorities? Or has he only "just heard of them," like the cultured and adhesive Scot in "Brugglesmith"? We suppose that the truth lies somewhere between these two extremes, though the latitude thus obtained is so enormous that we do not appear much nearer to a solution. There are no doubt traditional lines well marked out for the historian's guidance. Some names and some works are indispensable; some others must stand because they always have stood; their reputation has gone, their merits are forgotten, but they have become an essential part of history. A reputation can never die eternally when once it has received the baptism of history. Other reputations have still to be launched or confirmed, and here the historian's more impressive functions begin. But one basic fact remains; no critic can be so impartial and omniscient as to speak with the authority of knowledge about every period and every region in the sphere of his cognisance.

We are conscious that we are a little missing the point of such a work as this of Professor Robertson's. It is an abridgment of his larger work on the same subject, and claims immunity from the more searching tests of criticism through the modesty of its pretensions. It is plainly intended for school use, and we may safely say that it is in every way adequate to its purpose. The one lacuna that we have found to regret is the absence of the little tags that stimulate the imagination of the student, and that have made of Mr. Stopford Brooke's little introduction to English Literature so valuable and suggestive a work. Two lines of "Faust" or "Die

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Glocke" or "Wallenstein" leave more seed in the memory than pages of the soundest criticism.

It is possible that the number of names that occur in this volume is excessive, but the elementary student has the remedy in his own hands, and it helps to give value to the work as a book of reference. The chronological table, on the other hand, with its parallel incidents from English literary history, is an admirable feature. Professor Robertson has done well to insist on all the points of contact existing between the two literatures. The power of association finds its most certain outlet under this method.

The author rightly insists on the intimate connection between literary and political history. The old German Empire meant regionalism—if the word has come into English—Professor Robertson calls it "the spirit of place"; it was so at the beginning, and it was so on the eve of 1871. The modern German Empire means imperialism—that is the pursuit of formulæ that will cover many variations and discover an essential type. Every literary period corresponds to an historical period. Moreover, "absence of continuity is a distinguishing feature of Germany's literary as well as her political history." Revolution is, in her case, the elder sister of Evolution. And theory and practice do not always go hand in hand, as Professor Robertson, with admirable scepticism, points out in more than one place. The great Frederick, for instance, while trying to curse with the curse of Gallomania, could only bestow a most efficient blessing on a national German Literature. The Seventeenth Century is justly decried, but a compensation is implied in the golden age of the German hymn.

The thorny period of German Literature is undoubtedly the conflict between Classicism and Romanticism. Professor Robertson is as clear as anyone could hope to be on the subject, though we doubt if he would like to give concise definitions of the two movements in presence. But at least he has brought enthusiasm to the task, and, while he appears at times rather less than sympathetic towards the Classicism of the Great Period, he has said enough to justify the consistency of his bold pronouncement that "the supreme achievement of that century was neither England's material and political prosperity, nor France's great Revolution, but the humane classicism of Weimar." With the great men of that movement he has dealt generously; he even thinks —wrongly, we hold—an apology necessary for having given them so much space. It is still possible to believe with Carlyle that it is the great men that matter, or that the greater includes the less. With regard to Schiller, one of the poets who has been sometimes regarded, with some justice, as the prince of international bores, Professor Robertson sounds the right note. A great national poet is not always, and it is not always necessary that he should be, an international success. Your "article d'exportation" is to be mistrusted in literature. And Schiller was, and in a large sense still is, "pre-eminently the national poet of the German people."

Shorter Reviews

The Poets of Ireland. By D. J. O'DONOGHUE. (Hodges, Figgis and Co., Dublin. 21. net.)
A Guide to Books on Ireland. By S. J. BROWN, S.J. (Hodges, Figgis and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

IT is part of the awakening of Literature in Ireland that such books as these should be published. There was a need for them, however much, from the standpoint of the literary man in London, they may seem to be superfluous. Neither of these two books is more than a catalogue; yet catalogues may be, and should be, in the hands of the wise, guides to considerable riches. In order to be this, however, they need to be accurate and complete. Those who know Mr. O'Donoghue will not need to be assured of the accuracy of the work he takes in hand. We have checked this dictionary of "The Poets of Ireland" at all points, and in no case have we found him wanting. It even includes books published so lately as last year; and readers of THE ACADEMY will find several of its contributors, present as well as past, with the honour of mention within its pages. Moreover, Mr. O'Donoghue's research has placed to the credit of Ireland several names in English Literature, both among the Elizabethans and later writers. The difficulty of such a work, on lines where there was no previous book of any kind to help him, is obvious. There can be no question that in the future it will be of vast assistance in the study of a literature that seems as though it will develop to a position of commanding importance. It is, we note, the complete and definitive edition of a book that for some twenty years has issued in sheets from Mr. O'Donoghue's own residence.

The same accuracy and completeness cannot be claimed for "A Guide to Books on Ireland." For one thing, it is more unequally up to date. Some quite recent writers are included; others are omitted, and that always destroys one's feelings of trust in a book of reference. Moreover, the author does not seem to know very well who are and who are not Irish writers, once he gets outside what may be called the happy Dublin band. Then his comments on some of the books are distinctly parsonical. No compiler need hint to us that the Christian mysteries should not be treated as folk-lore. Yet we must not seem over-churlish, for we have already made constant and useful reference to its pages.

Masterpieces of Music. Edited by E. HATZFELD. Illustrated. *Beethoven.* By FRED CORDER, F.R.A.M. *Mendelssohn.* By Sir FREDERIC COWEN. *Mozart.* By Sir FREDERIC COWEN. *Schumann.* By LANDON RONALD. *Tschaikowsky.* By LANDON RONALD. *Wagner.* By FRED CORDER, F.R.A.M. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net per vol.)

THE new series of music books, just issued by Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack, are very commendable in every way, and will be greatly appreciated by those people who love music and are interested in the lives of the various composers. Six masters of music are separately

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

dealt with in the first six volumes, and include the names at the head of this note. It is a very good idea on the part of the publishers to engage competent musical authorities such as Sir Frederic Cowen, Mr. Landon Ronald, and Mr. Fred Corder to write the introductions; and as each musician's life is treated, attention is strictly confined to that part of it, and to that part only, which concerns his work and helps to mould his art. The method of treatment is very similar to that of a most enjoyable lecture we heard at the London Institution in February last, when Mr. Josiah Booth gave an address on "The Songs and Ballads of Sir Arthur Sullivan." Each volume contains about thirty pages of music selected from some of the best movements of the composer, and care has been taken to print this part of the book on better paper than that used for the letterpress. This is good foresight, as those who have the handling of music pages well know the dilapidated state in which old favourites very often get if the paper is not of a good quality.

The People's Books. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 6d. net per volume.)

WE have now received the third dozen volumes of this deservedly popular series, each one of which will serve at least as an admirable introduction to a more profound study of the subject with which it deals. At the present day we are all more or less bound to take an interest in aviation, which in the near future bids fair to revolutionise the course of our daily existence. Therefore "Aviation, its Principles, its Present and Future," by Sidney F. Walker, R.N., is a welcome volume and an excellent primer for the student of aerial navigation. In addition to an historical chapter, there are others dealing with the balloon and the dirigible, the glider and the aeroplane, with many explanatory illustrations. "Syndicalism," by J. H. Harley, M.A., is another volume dealing with a subject which is occupying many men's minds at the moment. "The Evolution of Living Organisms," by E. S. Goodrich, M.A., F.R.S., with illustrations, may be read in conjunction with "Embryology, the Beginnings of Life," by Professor Gerald Leighton, M.D., F.R.S.E.; and "Dietetics," by Alexander Bryce, M.D., D.P.H., is another volume on a somewhat kindred subject. Star-gazers will take an interest in "Practical Astronomy with the Unaided Eye," by H. Macpherson, jun., F.R.A.S., which contains many figures in the text; while those inclined to the occult will welcome "Theosophy," by Mrs. Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society, whose portrait is given as a frontispiece. There is a capital biography of "Oliver Cromwell," with portrait showing the warts, by Hilda Johnstone, M.A., assistant lecturer in history at Manchester University; and another biography is "Thomas Carlyle," also with portrait, by the Rev. L. Maclean Watt, M.A., which includes a chapter on the Sage of Chelsea's "Cromwell." The remaining volumes are "Aristotle," by Professor A. E. Taylor, F.B.A.; "Rudolf Eucken: A Philosophy of Life," by A. J. Jones, M.A., both with portraits; and "Insurance as a Means of Investment," by W. A. Robertson, F.F.A. The series is altogether an admirable one, it caters for all tastes, the volumes are well produced, and remarkably cheap at the price charged.

The Love-Seeker: A Guide to Marriage. By MAUD CHURTON BRABY. (Herbert Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE brightness and vivacity with which this book is written carry with them a certain amount of charm, although, if the authoress did not assure us that she pursued "a policy of splendid isolation," we should certainly have credited her with following in the wake of the "advanced" thinkers to whom the words honour and faith are anathema. There is very little that is fresh, and a great deal that is unconvincing—to say nothing of inconsistent—in Mrs. Braby's book. On page 80 we read: "The deepest of women's wrongs lies in these age-old traditions that men have decreed shall govern the different sexes, and which *will never be altered*"—the italics are ours—"by any political liberty nor honours of citizenship." On page 143 we have: "Some day the long-awaited feminist prophet will arise, bearing the golden gospel that is going to make a new heaven and a new earth." Not very reconcilable passages these. On page 43 she rejoices that men and women can now meet on equal grounds, while on page 112 a lament is raised because engaged couples have no opportunity except to act and sham all the way through the period immediately preceding their marriage. But we must cease to quote, for doubtless the book was written to amuse, and, if the authoress does not take herself seriously, why should we do so? Besides, it is really kind and good of her to approve of one "remark" in the Marriage Service. We would recommend that a chapter be read one week, another week taken to forget all about it, and the process repeated—in fact, the same way as we digest Enid's column in the *Referee*.

Pan's Garden. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

THE tender subtlety of Mr. Blackwood's work is now widely recognised. It has never been made more evident than in this curious and fragmentary collection which makes up the volume under review. Its pages are redolent of mystic woodland aisles and of the leaf-perfumed wind. But, although the author begins his volume with the characteristic study, "The Man Whom the Trees Loved," he has not confined himself to the breath of the forest alone. He has gone afield, and has brought in the sea and the snow as steeds to the mystic chariot of his art. Here, "The Sea-Fit" and "The Glamour of the Snows" represent in a sense companion pictures, and in its own fashion the one is as powerful as the other. For sheer lingering pathos, well shorn of its mawkish element, "The Attic" undoubtedly stands as one of the most notable achievements in the book.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Some readers might perhaps find fault with the predominance of a single note; but, admitted this, the failing detracts very little from the remarkable merit of the collection.

Fiction

A Daughter of the Morning. By HUGH DE SELINCOURT. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

WAS it mere coincidence that, after reading Mr. de Sélincourt's latest book, a certain poem which begins, "By this he knew she wept with waking eyes," haunted us with its sad, solemn organ-tones? We find in "A Daughter of the Morning," despite its charm of writing, and its pages of thoughtful and amusing dialogue, little but sadness; one would imagine that, instead of being a practised author and a competent critic, Mr. de Sélincourt was one of the crowd, anxious to shock the sensibilities, keen on finding a fresh situation of the weariful "problem" description. He has undoubtedly found it here, but frankly it is unpleasant—a man's mistress welcomed by his invalid wife for the sake of the possible child; and no amount of draping with roses will make it less so. This is a pity, after the delightful promise of "A Fair House," and it is not the only shadow on the book. That a woman so strictly and innocently brought up as was Constance to the age of twenty-eight should suddenly undergo a smart *volte-face* and virtually —not virtuously—ask another woman's husband to visit her is quite incredible. He failed her at the last, having reserves of strength which she did not suspect; he was "a coward," and this constituted her trial; "the knowledge seared and burnt her." Somehow the sense of proportion is lacking from this novel; and we are doubly sorry, for there are memorable pages, and some perfectly delightful characters, and certain metaphors and sentences that mark Mr. de Sélincourt as of the tribe of Henry James. Perhaps in his next work he will hark back from "Modern Love" to "Love in the Valley," and recapture the magic spell.

The Gathering of Brother Hilarius. By MICHAEL FAIRLESS. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

ONCE in a way an obscure writer steals quietly into the halls of Fame, unheralded by the strident trumpetings that make assault on expectation, and almost unassisted by any wiles of the adroit publisher. There is little to proclaim a prodigy save the rare intuition of a chance critic, until one day we discover with a mild shock of surprise that this is a book everybody is reading. It is something after this fashion that "Michael Fairless" has won her way to what is now almost certainly a classic vogue. It is only about ten years since "The Roadmender" appeared by instalments in a short-lived publication called *The Pilot*, and not more than five since Mr. Blatchford, in a tardy review, claimed for it an affinity with the "Imitatio" and the "Urn Burial." To-day Messrs. Duckworth issue a "Roadmender Series" with books dedicated to the author and her chief creation, and multiply editions of the original work from pocket volumes to *éditions de luxe.*

This issue of "The Gathering of Brother Hilarius" is in the "uniform" half-crown series. It is a book of a different order from "The Roadmender"—a little mediæval romance, in fact, wherein a young novice learns "to hunger and to love" amid the terrors of the Black Death, returns with the awesome knowledge to his monastery to become at length its Prior, and, happy in that knowledge, yields up his life for his fellows. Yet it is similar—similar in its wistful beauty, in its easy charm of melodious prose, and in the scheme of life which it traverses. To quote the fitting phrases of the little prefatory note, "Through this little book runs the road of life, the common road of men, the white highway that Hilarius watched from the monastery gate and Brother Ambrose saw nearing its end in the Jerusalem of his heart." The many who know "The Roadmender" will need no further recommendation. The few who do not will not regret coming to know, through this tasteful re-issue, that same white highway along which, for her brief span, Marjorie Fairless Barber toiled and dreamed and suffered, and suffering found difficult leisure to tell her dreams.

Her Majesty the Flapper. By A. E. JAMES. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

WE have all of us long been acquainted with His Majesty the Baby, and now Mr. A. E. James introduces us to "Her Majesty the Flapper," in whom we cannot fail to recognise a very near relation to our young friend the Tomboy; for, if a trifle sedate compared to the latter, she is, on the other hand, far more mischievous. Mr. James's Flapper "is very pretty and just fifteen" when we make her acquaintance, and she wears her hair in one of those long plaits which you can pull over your shoulder, and which have a tendency to flap about in a most uncontrollable manner—hence the name Flapper. As time goes on, the plait becomes a door-knocker.

> Now, the Door-knocker is included under the category of Flaps, because it consists, I understand, of the original Flap turned up double underneath and secured with a bow. But it marks the end of Flapperhood and heralds the approach of Full-Fledgedom.

This breezily entertaining book is made up of a series of highly amusing episodes during the adolescence, or Flapperhood, of this truly precocious young person, who rejoices in the names of Patricia Veronica Muriel, and is a very sharp thorn in the sides of all who have to do with her. They are partly related by herself and partly by her Cousin Bobbie, some twenty years her senior, whose occupation in life appears to be to get her out of her innumerable scrapes, many of which he more or less unconsciously helps her into. Mr. James writes

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

with a light touch, and his volume will provoke many a hearty laugh; but, as there is a slight sameness between several of the episodes, they will prove more enjoyable if read at intervals.

The Holiday Round. By A. A. MILNE. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

VERY many of our readers probably have turned each week to the particular page of *Punch* where Mr. Milne's humorous dialogues and fantasies are to be found; they will be glad to see these gathered into a second volume, companion to the "Day's Play," which appeared some time ago. The conversations and mishaps of a holiday, the making of a Christmas story, the expositions of various "Successful Lives," and many other themes provide Mr. Milne with opportunities for laughter, and for the inducement of laughter in others, of which he takes full avail. He disdains the ordinary "knock-about" fun of the farcical writer; his quips and jokes are delicate, requiring the dainty palate for their finest appreciation. More than this we need hardly say, save that, when in need of that laughter which is better than a doctor's bill, we shall take down the "Day's Play" and the "Holiday Round," settle cosily in our chair, and proceed to enjoy them once again.

The Naked Soul: Three Years in a Woman's Life. By LOUISE HEILGERS. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

IT is not fair to suggest that "The Naked Soul" is an imitation of Karin Michaelis's "Dangerous Age," but, with the exception that the former book is less morbid than the one Marcel Prévost sent on its way with such a fine piece of writing for introduction, there is a similarity in their style. Both are written in the form of a diary, and profess to reveal the inner workings of a woman's mind. There is nothing helpful, hopeful, or happy in these outpourings, and it seems to us a pity that anyone who can handle a pen as well as Miss Heilgers can handle one does not put her talents to a better and more healthful use. She has good powers of description, and might very well write a book dealing with mankind in all aspects instead of limiting herself to portray the warped and bilious outlook of a selfish and disappointed woman.

My Lord the Felon. By HEADON HILL. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

THERE are, of course, no psychological subtleties about this story; we do not expect them. When the long-lost heir to an earldom steps into the first chapter in order to burgle the safe in his father's library, psychology steps back. When, to continue the metaphor, that heir is reinstated by his father, and murders that father without any particularly pressing cause or inducement, psychology takes to its heels, for the aforesaid heir is neither a lunatic nor a consistent criminal of the type that Lombroso loved—he is simply an unreal, inconsistent absurdity. The other characters are not innocent of that tendency to exaggerated attribute beloved of melodrama writers, and the hero is kept too much in the shade to enable us to give him our sympathy to any great extent, while the love interest in the book is—to descend to paradox—uninteresting.

Mr. Headon Hill has overdone his mystery to an extent that renders it irritating; if he found it convenient to split an infinitive in order to express himself, he split the unoffending thing, presumably with an axe. The story, as a whole, is a slight variant on a very old theme, and its effect on the reader is that of playing both sides in a game of draughts—all the trouble of the game is there, and very little of the excitement. We may add that, although French maids and country policemen, revolvers and amateur detectives, and felonious actions on the part of two or three people are plentiful enough—as is proper to a story of this kind—there is not a solitary convicted felon in the book to justify its title. It is frank, unblushing melodrama, minus the saving grace of realism.

The Brothers Karamasov. A Novel in Four Parts and an Epilogue by FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY. Translated from the Russian by CONSTANCE GARNETT. (Wm. Heinemann. 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS volume is a wonderful production at the price. The story has been very ably translated by Constance Garnett, who has done much good work in rendering Tolstoy and other Russian novelists familiar to English readers. The author of this very long novel writes with an intimate acquaintance of Russian life and gives striking pictures of many of its phases. Aloysha, one of the chief characters, is a monk, and shows a very Christian disposition. His two brothers are wild characters brimming over with good impulses one minute and barbaric the next, almost like children in their want of control of their emotions. In fact, the general impression the book gives is that of thunderstorm and sunshine rapidly following each other.

The evolution of Russia and its peoples is shown in the conversations, some of great length, and the Russian judicial procedure in all its stages is exemplified by a trial for murder. The want of control produces in some of the characters something nearly approaching insanity, but on this account the book, although so long, is quite interesting and gives us real life and men and women with primitive passions on which they act, and not dolls. The translator has omitted nothing, and consequently in places the language is rather vulgar, but at the same time natural. As in all countries in which the religion is a superstitious one, the rebound carries the thinkers too far in the opposite direction, but in any case the people are thinking, and that is better than remaining in deadly ignorance. The preface should be carefully read, as it explains much.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Shorter Notices

In "The Sign" (Macmillan and Co. 6s.) a Breton *menhir*, whether by accident or design on the part of Mrs. Romilly Fledden we know not, stands out and survives thought of all the other characters—except, perhaps, the Beggars—who play their parts for our benefit. So far as the book is concerned, the *menhir* is greater than the cross, whose sufferings Monih sought in vain to bear, that she might expiate the sins of her people. Poor Monih! In spite of her purity, she was too human, too nearly akin to the *menhir* people, to accomplish her aim. It is impossible to give an idea of the plot of such a book as this, for what plot there is is entirely secondary to atmosphere. We are made to feel the presence of the world and the flesh—and of God; we are led to a sense of the pity that is akin to love for human frailty; we are impressed by the faint suggestions of Breton folk-lore strewn throughout the work, and, granted some slight knowledge of other lands outside England, are able to feel the slight yet compelling influence of these *landes* of Brittany, and to recognise that life there, by reason of this influence, is different from other life. We are conscious of these things while we read, and only in the pause for thought which comes at the end of a moving book are we conscious of the art which has effaced itself and left only such fine results—we realise, then, the skill with which minor characters, like a Greek *choros*, have played to us and on us to such purpose. The book is almost Greek in conception, quite Greek in execution. Save by the one chance in a thousand—which we sincerely wish may be its lot—it is too fine a work to appeal to the big public, but those whose tastes incline to literature rather than popular fiction will read, remember, and keep.

Mrs. Stanley Wrench is very unkind to her characters in "Pillars of Smoke" (John Long. 6s.). The scene is laid on an Oxfordshire farm, and rural, lower middle class life is realistically depicted. Jess, the heroine, is made to undergo trial upon trial, and finally renounces all idea of the marriage upon which she had set her heart, for the sake of keeping her brother sober—a rather unconvincing sacrifice. The book contains quite a number of other characters which are well but rather monotonously drawn, and a quantity of other incidents. The authoress has specialised in local colour to some purpose, and has given us an excellent reproduction of rural Oxfordshire. She has given us, also, an interesting story—but it is no more than that. Apparently she aimed at writing a big tragedy; if that is so, she has failed.

The plot of "The Trespasser" (Duckworth and Co. 6s.) is tawdry and commonplace; the treatment, on the other hand, is excellent, but it does not quite redeem the story. We are not asked to sympathise with the characters, but to stand and watch their dissection: thus we demand, perhaps unreasonably, that the operation shall be accomplished without the drawing down of the operator to the level of his material. We grant that Mr. D. H. Lawrence has given us a fine study of a somewhat abnormal woman in Helena, and just as good a study of a fairly normal man in his presentment of Siegmund, but we resent and dislike them both. We perceive from this book that the author has the power to fill a larger canvas with a much finer picture, for here a finished craftsman has devoted time and care to material unworthy of his skill.

In spite of rather uneven writing and a forbidding title, Mr. Alec Holmes, in "The Emporium" (George Allen and Co. 6s.), has written an excellent story. Mr. Philip Du Cane, who conceives the idea of the "emporium," interests us from the start, and convinces us of his reality in all things but that of his love for Cicely. There is the merit of the book; its characters live for us. From these same materials another writer might have fashioned an old-style melodrama, for in the wastrel Sir Guy, in Judith, and in the theatrical Vaurennan, financier, is ample scope for melodrama. This story, however, is marked throughout by restraint and delicately conveyed suggestions which have more force than assertions; if at times the style is a little too epigrammatic, it never falls short of being interesting.

Since Anthony Hope gave us stories of Zenda and young Rupert, those little imaginary kingdoms of the Near East have had much to answer for, and "Crowns," by Miss Winifred M. MacNab (Lynwood and Co. 6s.), is yet another Ruritanian romance, though this time it is "Winseigna" to which we are introduced. Equally with its setting, the plot argues imitative rather than creative talent. In spite of its threadbare subject, however, this book compels interest by reason of its minor characters. Father Benoit is an admirable study, and the North Country sea-captain is almost equal with the little priest in the matter of fine drawing. In the portrait of Gerald Morne, the hero, we are faced with a character who compels our sympathy, and from this one study we feel convinced that the authoress will yet accomplish work of an enduring kind, if she will leave Ruritanian history alone and come back to life.

In "Amor Vincit" (Duckworth and Co. 6s.) Mrs. R. S. Garnett works out a very simple plot: Richard Hollinscough, knowing, yet not believing, that Lizzie Lomas is in love with Big Jack Beresford, worries her into marriage, only to see her die of consumption. The ensuing feud between brooding, embittered Hollinscough and Beresford occupies the greater part of the book, until at the end, after Beresford's death, his half-sister steps in and—*amor vincit!* Such, in brief, is the plot, but it is worked out with unusual care and depth of insight. We are made to realise the strong weakness of Jack Beresford and the weak strength of his enemy—who won the fight. We feel the force of old Hannah's lifelong hatred for her master's enemy and her own; we realise the shallow nature of Lizzie Lomas even in the moments when she almost wins more than our pity; and, turning from the people to their surroundings, we see the stern, rugged country which produces characters like these. Even in its most sordid scenes there is redeeming strength in the work, which, as a whole, is worthy of a very high place in modern fiction.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

IT is a rather curious coincidence that, since the time when I described the voyage of a dinghy from London to the Black Sea, a couple of weeks ago, I have received details of an expedition of a widely different order, which intends to follow the same route. But this expedition does not mean to conclude its business at the shores of the Black Sea. It aspires to proceed directly over it, but without touching its waters, on its way to India. From this it will already have become evident that the proposed excursion is one by aeroplane. Those responsible for the idea consider that the journey, effected from England to India in this way, should occupy about twelve days. This estimate, in the case of an aeroplane, seems an essentially reasonable one. In a venture of this sort, however, there is no doubt that the time occupied in the mere flying constitutes one of the quite minor considerations. The questions affecting the various halts and the obtaining of the necessary supplies throughout the route are far more important. For this reason, even should no hitch attend the flight, it is clear that the allowance of twelve days is not so unduly liberal as it might appear on paper at the first glimpse. It has already been proved that the element of uncertainty enters more fully into flight than into any other method of progress.

* * *

The arrangements for this particular flight are, I believe, not yet finally completed; but it is to be hoped that nothing will be allowed to stand in the way of the attempt. As a test of the capabilities of the modern aeroplane—if the adjective be permissible—it will be supreme. As to the picturesque elements of this unique excursion, they are, of course, boundless. For, after leaving Europe by way of Constantinople, the route includes such stopping-places as Konieh, Aleppo, Bagdad, Bushire, and a winging to the north of the Persian Gulf. It is true that the Arabs of the Tripoli coast have become accustomed to the sight of the hostile Italian air vessels, and have even a captured one in their possession. But this is very different from a friendly flight through the heart of a country whose Sultans and Kadis have furnished romance for all the world. In a sense, of course, the thing is desecration. What right has an aeroplane—a creation of the very latest West—to fly over the soil where the camel caravans plod and the almond-eyed damsels lurk behind their veils in precisely the same fashion which they have done since the race first wandered into the country to take up its abode? Doubtless the question will be answered soon enough. When this happens, the stupefaction along the old caravan routes will alone be worth the journey—could one be there to witness it.

* * *

According to the majority of captains, pursers, and officers of liners, the average passenger is a being who occupies his time on board by asking endless questions and by suggesting innumerable impossibilities. In the frank opinion of many of these, he is a necessary evil—necessary, since he is profitable; evil, since he is brainless, helpless, and discontented. The condemnation is a little sweeping. There may be some cause for it; but, after all, the passenger is human, and grumbling, when all is said and done, is the natural recreation of those who are idle against their will. Hence, perhaps, this pessimism on the part of the mercantile marine officials. Certainly some complaints which a number of travellers are emitting just now would seem extraordinarily unreasonable. They concern the boat deck, which on many liners constitutes one of the most pleasant places in the entire vessel. Owing to the new life-saving precautions which entail the carriage of a largely increased number of boats, the amount of free space on these upper decks has become much diminished. There is no doubt that not a few of the more implacable travellers take this as a personal grievance. They fail to realise that the additional means of safety must necessarily be acquired at the cost of some of the coveted promenade space. I have on several recent occasions heard the theory vigorously expounded that the "company should sling the boats somewhere down below," in sublime disregard of the fact that storms still rage and the waters are still apt to sweep away the lesser craft injudiciously exposed to their force.

* * *

As a matter of fact, it seems to me that almost too much stress is being laid on deliverance by means of boats in the modern circumstances of shipping. In a matter such as this it is difficult to judge at what point complete safety is reached. Granted that sufficient accommodation is provided for every soul on board, there is still the possibility of an accident leaving the vessel with a list sufficiently acute to allow the lowering of the boats on only one side of the ship. In a case such as this, it follows that the accommodation is halved. Indeed, I cannot help thinking that the time will come when less reliance will be placed on boats for the purpose of saving an entire ship's company—so far, at all events, as the passenger liners are concerned. In these days of the Marconi apparatus, the long and perilous journeys in small craft towards the nearest land are no longer necessary. In time of trouble the wireless messages will turn the bows of a dozen ocean greyhounds to the spot of the calamity. Thus it is merely a question of waiting until assistance arrives. Surely for this purpose structures in the shape of rafts would be safer and more practical than the boats which in the best of circumstances have to perform such a giddy journey down the tall ship's side. Providing that no headway were necessary, as is now the case, it should be possible to construct rafts of a roomy type which would afford almost the same security as the deck of a steamship. This, I believe, is the method which will find favour in the future.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Theatre

"A Young Man's Fancy" at the Criterion Theatre

MR. H. V. ESMOND has written many plays in diverse manners; from the severe "Grierson's Way" even unto the charming and sentimental "One Summer's Day"; all have been clever, many successful. Thus we had high hopes for "A Young Man's Fancy," more especially as the cast contained many capable artists. But really they had nothing much to do. The play is a nice little old-fashioned one with a graceful trimming of geniality, a few slight, bright sketches of character, a dash of wit, and a great deal of stilted language, make-believe and artificiality. It may be liked, for there is no hint in it of things as they are, no bothering realities, no flesh and blood or psychic pain or victory, nor any uncomfortable affairs of that kind. It is merely a fairly well-contrived theatrical play, which helps no one, hurts no one, and interests but moderately.

It is one more case of clever players trying to galvanise a moribund piece of work into life, succeeding in parts, and failing as a whole. The "Hon. Gerald Porth" (Mr. Charles Maude) is the young man of family whose fancy slightly turns to thoughts of an American heiress—the "Ella Grant" of Miss Enid Bell; but for no better reason than because she is suggested as a suitable wife by his family he turns away from the path of millions and woos "Cora" (Miss Dora Barton), the daughter of the owner of a very smart flower shop. But "Cora" has managed to marry a peer who dresses in the 1830 manner with small whiskers, "Lord Pierton" (Mr. Roland Pertwee). Thus all soon comes right, and Gerald and his Ella are to be happy ever after.

This little story would hardly have held the audience in their seats but for the fact that Mr. C. M. Lowne was "Lord Porth," the father of Gerald, and Miss Lottie Venne was Gerald's aunt—the self-important and amusing "Lady Julia Ventermere." The acting of this last character makes the play. Lady Julia—like so many small ladies in modern plays—is always arranging everybody's business and managing things generally. Fortunately in this piece she is always on the wrong track, and her absurd desire to set right the affairs of others turns to laughter, in which she is quite unable to join. Although Miss Venne has been seen in a good number of parts she has never played one quite in this manner, and her delightful sense of character and comedy makes her rather impossible rôle a refreshment and delight. Without her, "A Young Man's Fancy" would prove one of the most pointless comedies of later days; but, with her as "Lady Julia," there is always a chance that the audience will be amused and interested. Another part, of small importance unfortunately, but equally admirable, is that of Lord Porth's valet, "Worgan." This is played by Mr. Thomas Weguelin with an amount of discreet truth which makes us regret his early retirement from the play. But, on the other hand, the quality of his method might have made the conventions of the others a little too obvious, and thus robbed us of the mild amusement that Mr. Esmond provides. As an essay in genial comedy, the piece is of interest, but the author still keeps us waiting for a complete and accomplished work on such agreeable lines.

"The Little Cafe" at the Playhouse

WHATEVER Mr. Cyril Maude does is very pleasant. If only the many other characters in "The Little Café" were as bright and jolly as that of Albert Loriflan, the waiter who inherits £32,000 and is almost cheated out of 200,000 francs, all would be well. As it is, the new farce by M. Tristan Bernard presents the always welcome Mr. Maude, who matters a great deal, and some fifty other people, who really do not seem to count in the very least. There are people who run cafés, motor-car agents, jewellers, colonels, extraordinary ladies, such as the Bianca Poggiapartico of Miss Maidie Hope and the Bérengère D'Acquitane of Miss Madeline Seymour, and the daughter of the Little Café, Yvonne, Miss Vera Coburn, and dozens of others in beautiful dresses; but there is a lack of objectivity in their actions and words which is unforgivable even in the lightest farce. The entertainment has been successful in Paris, and I hope there are thousands of people who will like it here. It would be a happiness to feel that the general public is so light-hearted and can be so easily amused. The three acts are taken at break-neck speed, and yet the emptiness and vagueness of the whole thing is not hidden for a moment. But this brings one back to the art of Mr. Cyril Maude, which enables the audience to appreciate the play as a whole.

Of course, he is not the least like an ordinary French waiter. Albert Loriflan is really Mr. Maude, looking younger and more lively than ever, with a gay little moustache, and a charming smile and a little note of sincerity and almost tears in regard to his love for the café lady, Yvonne. This young person, by the way, appears absolutely uninteresting and uninterested in Albert. But his money makes her mind go round, and in the end, after some of the wildest fooling ever seen, even on the English stage, they love and propose to be happy. The waiter at the "Little Café" is never anything like the character he represents, but he is something much more agreeable. He seems to the onlooker to be a clever, lively young gentleman—shall we say in the Guards?—who is awfully good at amateur theatricals, and is going to play the part of the French waiter for all it is worth—at the same time not drop his pleasant voice, his distinguished air, his rather crude sense of fun, and all that sort of thing. The result at the Playhouse is quite curious and attractive. It is new in a way, and, like all successes in art, unintentional, the unexpected gift of the gods. We do not mind that Miss Seymour, who looks most beautiful, sings an ineffective song; we do not care that the characters

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

are mere pantomime figures, and we hardly notice how splendidly the piece is put on the stage, and how gay and successful are the fancy costumes of Mr. Tom Heslewood. All we know, or care to know, is that Mr. Maude is at his gayest, and that there are three acts of animated, disconnected, far-fetched fun.

The Empire

THE charm of Mlle. Lydia Kyasht lends its meaning to the dance episode, "First Love," which delighted the audience the other night. At this theatre the interest of the public appears particularly difficult to hold. One noted that Mr. Barnold's dogs and monkeys could not make much headway. Mr. Johnson Clark, the ventriloquist, found it very hard work to make his slight jokes effective. He even tried the old-world comedian's trick of saying he would wait for his audience to laugh, or that they would see his joke by-and-by. It might be pointed out to all the old-fashioned music-hall performers who use this form of insult that it is not the audience who do not perceive their attempts at humour, but the feebleness of its quality which induces silence.

"First Love," which Mlle. Kyasht has invented, and for which music has been selected from the work of Glinka, for which, also, Mr. Cuthbert Clarke has written a gavotte, is a delightful relief after some of the turns of an older day. There is not quite the glamour of the Russians at Covent Garden, not quite the mystery and attraction of scene or the devilry of the dancing; but there are grace and charm, brightness and clearly expressed intention. Mlle. Kyasht translates the idea of first love into dancing steps, and she, with M. Alex Volinin, carry through their little scene of poetry and passion with delicious smoothness and skill. There is always perfection of grace, delicacy of movement, and the tip-toe convention of the tenderness and the exquisite pirouettes of ballet love-affairs. The whole effect is charming, and the crowds which come and go help the dancers by the beauty of their dresses and the soft cadence of their leisured movements. As Mlle. Kyasht and M. Volinin present "First Love," it seems a very easy and graceful affair. The successes are so effectively accomplished, the mistakes and worries do not last. It is all very pleasant; there is nothing half so cheap in life as love's young dream. There is only one point. Mlle. Kyasht and M. Volinin are very young, of course, yet they seem just a little accomplished and sophisticated for "First Love"; it has arrived, but it has come a little late.

The lively *revue*, "Everybody's Doing It," is even more amusing now than when first produced. Mr. Farren Soutar's "Sir Herbert Tree as Mr. George Grossmith" is one of the cleverest things in an entertainment which only needs cutting a little to be the most laughable satire in town.

EGAN MEW.

Foreign Reviews

LA REVUE BLEUE.

August 17.—M. Faguet contributes an amusing "Eloge de la Haine"—a historical and philosophical disquisition, in which the various aspects of this sentiment are shown to be "la personnalité qui se défend." He concludes wittily, "S'il faut absolument avoir une haine, me dit mon ami, je choisis la haine de la haine." Letters of Georges Halphen, a young officer of Faidherbe, are published; his mother, to whom many of the letters are addressed, must have been a "mother of the Gracchi"; we should have liked to see her replies. M. Louis Batcave writes of the theatricals of Auteuil in the eighteenth century. M. Alphonse Roux tells the Wertheresque love-story of Sergent the Conventionnel. M. Paul Mimande records the early days of Vichy, basing himself largely on the memoirs of Fléchier. A précis is given of a recent article in THE ACADEMY on Mr. Patterson's "Zola Dictionary."

August 24.—The Souvenirs of Amédée de Pastoret are concluded with the evacuation of Witebsk. M. Paul Louis passes on to another Socialism—the Italian, which appears to be in a critical state. M. Menant, by way of prelude to the story of Gérald Aungier, describes the transfer of Bombay to the English in 1665; interesting is the fulfilled prophecy of the Portuguese Viceroy, Mello de Castro. M. L. Villat writes of Mme. de Saint-Amour, an early faith-healer. M. Guérinot is excellent on the Hindu Nirvana.

August 31.—M. Menant, after a short account of President Oxenden, in the course of which he takes Anderson to task for belittling the pioneers of English domination in India, passes on to Gérald Aungier, one of the greatest of early administrators, the real founder of Bombay, and a crowning example of the folly of Louis XIV's religious policy. M. Lucien Maury has been taking a holiday, to some purpose, in Stockholm. M. Albalat finds new beauties in Molière, and sets us wondering when he remarks in parenthesis, "Molière n'a pas d'esprit." "Emile l'intarissable"—né Faguet—talks admirably of Charles Lamb. "Il n'y a pas de raison" he admits "d'en parler aujourd'hui plutôt qu'un autre jour. J'en parle aujourd'hui parce que je viens de le relire." Still Lamb is rather a favourite literary dish over the water.

L'ACTION NATIONALE.

In the August number General Lebas compares the situation of France with that of Germany with regard to the command of their respective armies in war. His analysis, which is to be continued, is unfavourable to the present French arrangement. M. Marius Richard pleads for more numerous and efficient canals. M. Gaston Jèse expounds, with implied approval, the Italian monopoly of life-insurance; M. Yves Guyot combats the system

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

from the old-fashioned Liberal point of view. M. Paix-Séailles reviews M. Lémonon's work on British foreign policy, which he seems to agree with the author in judging cynical and opportunist.

La Revue des Etudes Napoleoniennes.

In the September number M. Driault, continuing his "Souvenirs du Centenaire," brings the Grande Armée to Moscow and out again. The whole episode is admirably narrated; perhaps the most significant incident is the belated attempt of Napoleon to learn, at Moscow, something of the history and institutions of Russia. M. Albert Cassagne analyses the uneasy relations of Napoleon and Chateaubriand. M. Marcel Dunon, *à propos* of recent books, gives the history of Switzerland during the Napoleonic hegemony; the Swiss never quite made up their minds about Napoleon; their representative probably voiced their dominant thought to him when he spoke of "le voeu de rester dans notre petitesse." A feature of the present number is seventeen pages of "Bibliographie Napoléonienne de l'Année 1911."

La Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Litterature.

August 17.—M. Bloch has warm praise for Mr. Grierson's "Manual of the Kashmiri Language," and also approves of Mr. Endle's book on the Kacharis. The new Tübingen "Handbuch der Kirchengeschichte" is praised for its successful attempt at impartiality. M. Pfister analyses M. Gaston May's "La Lutte pour le Français en Lorraine avant 1870," in which the modern rôles are shown reversed. M. Bourciez criticises M. Dauzat's "Philosophie de Langage," disapproving the author's "égalitarien" ideas in philology.

August 24.—M. Maspero speaks of various Anglo-American books on Egyptology, including Mr. Wallis Budge's "Coptic Biblical Texts"; he also deals with M. Naville's "Papyrus Funéraires de la XXI^e^ Dynastie," and propounds a new theory for the transition from hieroglyphic to hieratic writing. M. Loisy also is well represented; his most interesting task is in connection with Herr Fiebig's works on the parables and miracles of Christ, viewed from the standpoint of rabbinical teaching.

August 31.—Another Maspero number. Among the books reviewed by the eminent Egyptologist are M. H. Gauthier's "Livre des Rois d'Egypte," Professor Petrie's annual account of the researches of the British School, and Herr Borchardt's monograph on the supposed portrait of Queen Tîyi, in the possession of Dr. James Simon, "l'œuvre capitale de la sculpture égyptienne sur bois," or "à peu près." M. Hauvette discusses Mr. R. T. Holbrook's work on the portraits of Dante. A number of official documents relating to the Revolution are noticed.

Varia.

In the May-June number of the *Journal de Psychologie Normale et Pathologique* M. Paul Verrier gives a shorter *exposé* of his theory, which he has developed at greater length elsewhere, and of which we may speak later, on "l'isochronisme en musique et en poésie." *Deutsche Lieder* is a bijou little publication, containing short poems, tiny reproductions of pictures, and amusing little "faits divers" connected with literature and art. The publisher is Hermann Kiehne of Nordhausen. M. Marinetti has launched one more manifesto, with a specimen page of literature for futurists: we must quote a few words—"savates mitrailleuses = galets + ressac + grenouilles cliquetis sacs fusils canons ferraille atmosphère = plomb + lave + 300 puanteurs + 50 parfums pavé matelas détritus crottin charognes flic-flac entassement chameaux bourricots tohubohu cloaque."

British Government in East Africa

By Major P. W. North.

IN a former article the writer dealt with the British East Africa Protectorate from the point of view of the white settler. Let us now look at the community as a whole.

There are many different races. On the coast the Swahili, a people of mixed Arab and Bantu blood, whose language has spread all over the country, and is to the various savage tribes of the interior what "Pidgin English" is to the Chinese from different parts of China—a means of communicating with those whose language they do not understand. A Cantonese, for instance, and a man from one of the northern provinces of China cannot understand each other's spoken language. Further north are many different tribes of savages, and everywhere along the railway, and everywhere where trade is to be done, is the native of India. As was pointed out in the previous article, the white settlers have a strong prejudice against anything and everything Indian. None the less, the Indian immigrant is an absolute necessity to the country. Without him, the trade of the country would almost come to a standstill, and, if he does cut out the white trader in many cases, he also opens up trade with natives in places where no white man would have a chance. In dealing with the Indian population, moreover, the administration have to consider the effect upon opinion in India itself. The indignation there at the treatment of Indians in South Africa will be fresh in the minds of our readers. How, then, are the different interests of white colonists, British Indians, and natives to be dealt with?

As was pointed out in The Academy of September 28, the British Empire seems to require two different kinds of administrators—those to govern white men and those to govern black ones—whilst the worst kind, perhaps, for dealing with a young white community is the Indian Civil Servant. But this is a country which requires a combination of both; where are men with the necessary qualifications to be found?

The Indian civilians rule our great Indian Empire. The great Dominions govern themselves. We have,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

however, besides Indian Civil Servants, and Civil Servants of the great Dominions, officials of various Colonies where there are important communities of both white, brown, and yellow, as well as black races, to be dealt with. In such countries, for instance, as Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula, especially the latter, we have problems to deal with somewhat similar to those of the different races in East Africa.

The late Governor of the British East Africa Protectorate had a wide knowledge of the great self-governing dominions, and had also been ruler of a black West African Colony. His successor has had a distinguished career in ruling over a mixed population in a country where the interests of British planters and merchants, Chinese bankers, merchants, and others, down to the poorest classes, natives of India, Malay potentates and their subjects, have harmonised well, and where material prosperity has increased of recent years by leaps and bounds. He has, moreover, the great advantage for a ruler of British East Africa of being a Colonial, and not an Indian official.

Notes and News

The Child, the new medico-educational monthly journal, edited by Dr. T. N. Kelynack and published by Messrs. Bale, Sons, and Danielsson, Ltd., begins with the October issue its third volume. The journal is devoted to all interests relating to child welfare, and has the influential support of leading doctors and educationists.

The International Council for the Study of the Sea, now assembled at Copenhagen, has cabled congratulations to Sir John Murray on the publication of his work, "The Depths of the Ocean," a book of great importance to the science of oceanography. The Council has succeeded, in co-operation with the United States, in extending its scheme of investigation to the American waters.

The inaugural meeting of the eighteenth session of the Library Assistants' Association will be held in the hall of the Worshipful Company of Stationers, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Hill, E.C., on Wednesday, October 16, at 7.30 p.m. The inaugural address will be delivered by the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, and the Worshipful Master of the Company. G. E. Briscoe Eyre, Esq., will preside.

During the lifetime of Queen Victoria, Lady Lyttelton, who had been Superintendent of the Roya Children, printed for private circulation a volume of her letters and memoirs during the days that she was attached to the Court. It attracted very deep interest amongst those who saw it, and there were many urgent requests that it should be published. As the difficulties which then lay in the way of publication have now been removed, Lady Lyttelton's family have consented to the appearance of the privately printed memoirs and the earlier letters of Lady Lyttelton which are of great interest. This volume will be published by Mr. Murray next week.

The Department of Engraving, Illustration, and Design of the Victoria and Albert Museum has recently acquired a large number of original studies by the late Frederick Shields for his illustrations to Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." They have been mounted with the wood engravings to which each group relates, and a selection of about ninety is now exhibited in Room 70. The same room also contains two original pen-drawings by the late E. A. Abbey, R.A., for "She Stoops to Conquer" (1885) and "The Quiet Life" (1889), given to the Museum by Mrs. Abbey; Mr. Stanhope Forbes, R.A., has given eleven etchings by the late Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, and there are many other interesting additions.

Forthcoming lectures at the London School of Economics, Clare Market, include "The Relations between Law and Political Science," by Professor Morgan, on Monday next, at 5.15, Sir Frederick Pollock in the chair; at 8.30, "Railway Progress in the United States," by Mr. Ivy Lee, Sir Charles Owens in the chair; on Tuesday, at 8.0, "State Promotion of Foreign Commerce," by Mr. Percy Ashley; on Wednesday, at 8, "Some Aspects of Medieval Economic and Social History," by Mr. Hall; on Thursday, "The Origin of Scenery," by Professor Garwood, at 5.30—the first of a course of six lectures; and on Monday, October 14, at 4.30, "Faith and Science: Their Related Values," by Dr. Lionel Tayler.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE BALKAN PERIL.

AT the moment of writing the issue of peace or war hangs in the balance. Pessimism in regard to the situation is universal; the newspapers inform us that five armies are preparing for conflict, and the Bourses throughout Europe are stricken with panic. Amid the general confusion it is no easy task to weigh calmly and judicially the various factors that have produced a crisis so grave as to threaten the peace of Europe. The rattle of the Balkan sword is no unfamiliar sound to our ears. Nevertheless, all well-informed people, while hoping against hope that the evil day would long be postponed, have not been blind to the inevitability of an upheaval in this region.

The question uppermost at present is whether or not the time has arrived when a settlement of outstanding problems by an appeal to arms cannot possibly be averted. As Count Berchtold has rightly observed, between the mobilisation of armies and the declaration of war a very serious decision has to be taken. We cannot forget, however, that it was Count Berchtold who first drew the attention of Europe to the extreme gravity of the situation in the Balkans. That this situation con-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

tains factors far more serious than any which produced Balkan crises in the past cannot be denied. For example, the grave significance of the circumstance that Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece have concluded what virtually amounts to an offensive alliance against Turkey is apparent on the surface; the simultaneous mobilisation of the armies of these four States is in itself convincing evidence of the nature of the compact that exists between them. We are informed that the Tsar of Bulgaria is sincere in his efforts to avert war, but that, unless he surrenders to the frantic clamour of the populace, he may conceivably be compelled to yield his throne. Similar assurances of a desire to maintain peace are forthcoming from his allies. No ray of true hope can be extracted from these and all such expressions of pious aim. The language of diplomacy is not infrequently that of hypocrisy. The facts of the situation speak plainly enough for themselves. The union of the Balkan States, with the exception of Rumania, and the simultaneous mobilisation of four armies, leave no room for doubt that Tsar Ferdinand and his allies have made up their minds that the moment is opportune for a settlement of accounts with Turkey. That they would like to achieve this end without resorting to war is natural, but that they are fully prepared in certain eventualities to draw the sword is transparent from the very nature of their bellicose actions.

The urgent peril of the situation lies in the danger that both Turkey and her enemies will doubtless rely, right up to the last moment, on the strong intervention of the great Powers, and that, with the object of compelling this measure in order to save their dignity, they will place themselves in such a position for war that nothing remains to precipitate it, save the shot of a rifle. When we learn that the great Powers are divided in the crisis, we may realise that not only the peace of the Balkans but the peace of Europe is trembling in the balance. Only the common action of Austria and Russia, supported by friendly Governments, could have prevented the menace of war. But the relations of these two Powers have never recovered from the shock of the annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. The recent proposals of Count Berchtold were received with not a little distrust in St. Petersburg. Russia, not, as in the past, anxious to be caught helpless, is carrying out a convenient test mobilisation, and there are reports that Austria is about to take important military measures.

Yet, amid these warlike preparations, one may detect certain factors that are making for peace. The time is rapidly approaching when the Balkan heights will be covered with snow; both Bulgaria and Servia have failed in their attempt to secure loans in Paris; and Turkey, in spite of the repeated declarations that a war would rally and rejuvenate the nation after the humiliations in Tripoli, is in desperate straits. Finally, the great Powers, however much they may be divided on principles of policy in the Balkans, are not as yet ready to face the consequences of the threatened war. In all the circumstances, the reaffirmation of Anglo-Russian concord could not have been more timely. It is devoutly to be hoped that, in face of the imminent peril that threatens Europe, the Powers will not permit petty jealousies to stifle prompt and vigorous initiative. To talk peace at the eleventh hour is futile; to command peace will alone save the situation. It is for Russia and Austria to lead the way.

THE CHINESE LOAN.

The friends of Republican China will naturally regret that the recent issue of five millions sterling did not meet with a more spontaneous reception from the investing public of this country. And yet, considering the odds against which Mr. Crisp had gone forth to battle, the response cannot in a general sense be said to reflect adversely upon the State credit of China. For it must be remembered that the ramifications of the Consortium are widespread, and that its influence extends to groups and houses not officially represented in Peking. Therefore, during the brief period over which the lists remained open, a subtle force was at work in opposition to the London promoters, a force that quite conceivably acted as a deterrent in the case of thousands of clients who otherwise would have subscribed to the loan.

In spite of the announcement recorded in these columns last week, that negotiations between the Peking Government and the Six-Powers Group had been definitely broken off, we reluctantly hold the opinion that China has by no means thrown off the shackles which for so long have held her in financial bondage. Simultaneously with the expression of pious hopes that in the expenditure of the London loan her statesmen will vindicate their reputation for sagacity and integrity, we read that certain Powers are already formulating demands which, if insisted upon, will swallow up the major portion of the money that is required by China for the purpose of carrying out administrative reforms. The outlook is, therefore, by no means promising. It is clear that independent operation in Paris and Berlin is out of the question, for the French and German Governments have it in their power to prevent the quotation of foreign bonds on the national bourses. The financial ring in the United States is so tightly drawn that China can hope for no relief in that direction without being once more precipitated into the arms of the very group which owes allegiance to the Consortium. There remains, then, only the chance of dealing direct with British financiers. The reception accorded to the new loan by the Press of this country was in the main remarkably sympathetic, and leading newspapers have not hesitated, not only to condemn the Six-Powers Group as a whole, but also to criticise severely the so-called British representation in that group. We confess that we would like to see this attitude develop into a vigorous campaign—a campaign that would put the case of China fairly before the British public, and so stimulate a general feeling of confidence in a country which, in spite of all that pessimists have to say on the contrary, is quite able to meet its obligations if helped over a temporary period of tribulation.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

MOTORING

THE recent meeting of the representatives of some twenty of the most important British motor manufacturing firms to consider what steps should be taken to stem the flowing tide of the American "invasion" furnished abundant evidence of the fact that the "invasion"—so long regarded with flippant incredulity—is now taken very seriously indeed. In truth, it is difficult to understand how it can be taken otherwise than seriously. On all the main roads of the country are to be seen—in extraordinary numbers, considering how short a time it is since the American car was a quite negligible quantity—the lightly built, narrow-tyred, and speedy runabouts which show all the characteristic indications of their Transatlantic origin. It is beyond question that these American cars are fulfilling a want, and that Europe, including this country, is at present utterly unable to compete with them in the particular market for which they are intended. The demand of the great bulk of potential car buyers, both in this country and on the Continent, is for the low-priced vehicle with plenty of power for hill-climbing on the higher speeds, and this demand the Americans alone seem to be able to satisfy. Whereas they are able to sell for £200 or under a fast and quite presentable vehicle of 20 h.p., fully equipped with all essential accessories, the average British and Continental maker requires approximately twice the price for a car of similar power and specification.

There is no mystery as to the methods which enable the Americans, in spite of the considerably higher prices they have to pay for labour, to produce cars and sell them so much cheaper than we can over here. The manufacturing of the principal component parts of the car in separate factories, and on an enormous scale, combined with the perfect organisation for which American industries are deservedly noted, constitutes a sufficient explanation. The question is—how is the British industry to protect itself? The idea of forming a £5,000,000 "combine," which has been mooted in certain quarters, is laughed at by the Americans, to whom such figures are ludicrously trifling, in view of the value of the market to be secured. They are threatening, no doubt in all seriousness, to organise an "invasion" for 1913, compared with which their operations up to date are mere child's play. To the ordinary outsider, who simply reasons from established facts, the only solution of the position seems to lie in the imposition of a protective tariff, and this also is the view of many of the leaders of the British industry. It does really seem absurd that we should allow the Americans to dump their surplus productions over here at prices with which our own manufacturers cannot possibly compete, when a simple tariff, similar to that that they themselves impose on our own cars, would effectively put a stop to the "invasion" and secure the British market for the British maker.

THE GREAT TYRE TEST

VICTOR versus THE REST

VICTOR WINNING ALL ALONG THE LINE.

Over 5,000 miles already done—
VICTOR STILL GOING STRONG.

Motorists are invited to apply to the CHALLENGE RUBBER MILLS, Eagle Wharf Road, London, N., for a free copy of the Official Report of the Trial.

Telephone 3497 NORTH (3 lines).

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Messrs. S. F. Edge, Ltd., send us particulars of their programme for the 1913 season. The Napier models for delivery from now onwards will consist of four types of the 15-h.p. four-cylinder—the ordinary touring, the Colonial, the extra strong Colonial, and the model de luxe—at chassis prices ranging from £365 to £395, the 30-h.p. six-cylinder at £595, the 45-h.p. six-cylinder at £850, and the 59.9-h.p. six-cylinder at £1,095. For 1913 all the models, with the single exception of the 15-h.p. "ordinary" at £365, will include Rudge-Whitworth detachable wire wheels and a spare wheel in the inclusive price of the chassis. Hitherto these wheels have been charged extra, and only supplied where ordered; but Mr. Edge, who first used them in his 24 hours' world's record drive in 1907, is so thoroughly convinced of their utility and tyre-saving qualities that he has now decided to fit them as a standard feature of the Napier models. Another important departure is with regard to the body-building. Up to the present there have been difficulties in securing absolute uniformity of quality with regard to the bodies, and to remedy this for the future Messrs. Edge have guaranteed to the Cunard Carriage Company a large amount of business per annum on the condition that the coachwork shall be of the very latest design and of the highest possible class, consistently up to the Napier standard. Apart from these innovations, there are no drastic departures from the usual Napier policy, which for several years has been one of continuous improvement in detail, whilst adhering to the main lines of design and construction which have established the reputation of the Napier car all over the world.

The latest news of the tyre test is to the effect that the Victor succumbed at 5,010 miles—an extraordinarily good mileage for a steel-studded non-skid in any circumstances, but more particularly considering the weight and age of the test car and the condition of the roads upon which it has been running. At the moment the position is that the Dunlop is the only one of the four competitors still left in the first round of the test, the Michelin, Continental, and Victor having gone in the order named. But the Dunlop has still 800 miles to go to equal the performance of the Victor, and, should it fail to do this, the last-named will have beaten all its competitors in this section of the trial. Interest is now attaching to the forthcoming test of the respective grooved rubber types, which will commence under similar conditions immediately at the conclusion of the steel-studded test.

R. B. H.

There was a very pretty display of illuminated aeroplanes at Hendon on Thursday evening, the 26th ult. The weather was calm, and a full moon added greatly to the enchantment of the scene. Crowds of spectators watched the ascent of the lighted machines as they flew round and over the course, while a searchlight of great power on Mr. Richard Gate's biplane flashed a message to Captain Playfair, who received it on *terra firma*.

The Stones of Waterloo Bridge.

THE town-going geologist, who daily crosses Waterloo Bridge on his way to business, has recently been in danger of losing one of the minor joys of life. Of what the pleasure consists may at once be stated. It is merely the character of the patterns on two or three of the numerous slabs of granite with which the footpath on the west side of the bridge is paved. And the ever-constant fear has been that the stones of this side-walk might be replaced by artificial material. This change has already been made on the opposite footway, but so far the treasured paving-stones on the west have been spared, except where small blocks of manufactured rock have been neatly let into the hollows worn by passing feet or fretted by the weather.

On damp mornings especially the eyes of the scientist are unconsciously directed twice or thrice towards the granite slabs, glistening under the film of moisture. To be more precise, the granite contains large crystals of creamy-white felspar, each extending an inch or more in length, and in a few spots these crystals are seen to have a somewhat definite "set" or orientation. One of the slabs thus distinguished may be noted about a third of the river's breadth from the Waterloo bank of the stream. Here the crystals lie north-west and south-east, the bridge itself heading about north-north-west. Some two score yards nearer Wellington Street is another block in which the crystals are oriented from north-east to south-west, the stone evidently lying reversed, as compared with the preceding specimen.

Now the geologist is not, like the man with the muck-rake, for ever attracted earthward. Like other lovers of beauty, he may pause to admire St. Paul's Cathedral from what is generally considered the finest viewpoint. Occasionally, too, he gives a moment's remembrance, not only to John Rennie, the designer of this noble bridge, but also to the builder, Sir Edward Banks, who, a century ago, worked as a common labourer on the old Merstham tramway, and who lies at rest in Chipstead churchyard, close by. Nevertheless, the felspar crystals often recur to the mind, and set the observer thinking.

Whence did these huge granite prisms come? The answer is a little uncertain. We know that the soot-begrimed balustrades came from the oldest of the Aberdeen granite quarries, nearly a hundred years back, and it may be that the original pavement was hewn in the same district. But the "flags" must have been renewed more than once, and the particular stones on which we now look probably came from Devon or Cornwall. Most of the granite of which London Bridge, for example, is composed came from Heytor, on Dartmoor, while Cornish grey granite was used in the construction of the bridges at Blackfriars and Westminster. Let us suppose, then, that our Waterloo pavement once formed part of one of those granite tors which rise to heights of 1,000 or 2,000 feet in the old kingdom of Damnonia in the West.

The story which geology tells of these huge bosses

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of rock is a strange one, for it is as nearly certain as sound deduction from clear facts can approach certainty that the granite tors were once molten and were cooled and solidified at great depths beneath the earth's crust. Nothing physically resembling granite can be found in the lava streams of active volcanoes, either before or after cooling. All the features indicate that granite is a deep-seated product. The fused material at first lay in a kind of subterranean reservoir, and though the upward forces drove the liquid into the surrounding and overlying strata in such a manner as to form veins and "sills," yet the contents of the cauldron did not reach the surface. As soon as the molten mixture began to cool, the component particles of the fiery fluid, still retaining freedom to move onward and to rotate, were attracted, like to like, by virtue of the mysterious laws of crystallisation.

Ruskin speaks rather poetically of the "caprice of crystals," yet it must not be supposed that the phenomena of crystallisation occur at haphazard. Granite, as most folk know, is an aggregate composed of three different minerals, quartz, felspar, and mica. These three minerals represent, as it were, the plums and other ingredients which make up the granite pudding. A little inspection of a splinter of granite shows that the minerals, individually considered, are imperfectly developed. We see abundant crystalline faces, but no complete crystals. There is the quartz, irregular, rough and glassy; there is the felspar, white or pinkish in colour, and pearly or dull in its lustre; while the mica is seen as tiny flakes, which may be either white or black. The separate mineral constituents lie side by side, or partially enclose one another, or they are confusedly scattered throughout the matrix. The incompleteness of the crystals is due to the great pressure under which the mass cooled.

It is a striking feature of these molten mixtures that the various minerals crystallise in due order, which, in general, is dependent on the temperature and the nature of the composition. In the special case of the granite of Waterloo Bridge it would seem that the felspar was the first mineral to consolidate. There must have been a gentle streaming movement in the material, and thus the axes of the crystals were able, in places, to assume a remarkable symmetry of position. Moreover, the crystallisation of the felspar determined the limits of the other minerals.

In due course the molten granite became solid, and gradually became covered by a great thickness of sediment. Ages afterwards a warping of the earth's crust upheaved the rocks of the district, and the denuding forces of Nature began to strip away the strata which concealed the "plutonic rock," and at last the granite showed bare at the earth's surface. Rain and frost and wind next attacked the granite, and carved it into the stacks and pillars of the moorland tor.

Of the three constituent minerals of the granite, felspar is the traitor that weakens the bonds. The silicates of soda and potash which it contains are acted upon by the carbonic acid contained in rain water, and gradually the rock, even on the Devonian heights, crumbles away, leaving behind the substance which is washed away to form the beds of China clay or kaolin. But on Waterloo Bridge it is the attrition caused by the feet of the ever-hurrying throng which does the greatest mischief and which produces those cavities that the road-menders skilfully re-fill. And, alas! this constant abrasion must lead in the end to the removal of the natural curiosities which have been described.

WALTER JOHNSON, F.G.S.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE City has had a shock, and as I write these lines on Tuesday night everything looks black. The telephones to Paris have been in the hands of the Government all day long, and even telegraphing has been hard. This has made the foreign markets uneasy and nervous; "bulls" have been getting rid of their shares in all markets. Actually no one knows whether peace in the Balkans will be kept. The Great Powers do not want a war, that is clear. But can they restrain the wild creatures that infest the Balkans? They are a race apart.

The Chinese loan did not go well. Sixty per cent. is a large amount for underwriters to have to take. Birch Crisp was too quick and too confident. The various banks who backed him should have been compelled to take their portion firm, then any of the public that came in would have got out the other underwriters. The Balkan trouble has made a good many sell out, and the discount of 1¼ looks bad. If peace is secured, we shall see a reaction. The group means to put the price to 97½, and then bring out the second portion of their loan. That is the policy, but whether it will be carried out depends not upon the group, but upon the position on the Continent.

The Rio Loan looks good, but it has not gone, for there are various other loans which appear to clash.

The Canadian Northern want another big slice of our money, and they offer Convertible Income Bonds. I cannot see that these Bonds are a strong security, for the Railway needs a great deal more money and it may have to borrow on 1st Mortgage Bonds, which will injure the Income Bonds. They are not protected as far as interest is concerned, for the present income only just suffices to pay the expected interest. Things in Canada are not good financially, and any severe slump will affect Canadian Northern seriously.

The Porco mine need not take up much space. I need only remark that Aramayo Francke know Bolivia inside out, and they would hardly let any good mine pass them.

The Stephen Smith preference shares are a good industrial security and they will be readily subscribed by the present shareholders. The Bonds of the Philadelphia Co. do not look cheap, and those who desire an investment in this company had better subscribe for the preference shares at 88.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

MONEY is plentiful, but no one quite knows how long it will be cheap. If these Balkan States begin to fight we shall see a Five per Cent. rate very soon. In any case, we must not expect any cheaper rates this side of the New Year.

FOREIGNERS look very sick indeed. We have grown so accustomed to peace that the very mention of war makes us shiver. Greeks and Bulgarians and Turks are very dull. The Greek market has been kept hard for many months past, and a slump here will hurt some people severely. The Bulgarian loans are dealt in on the Paris Bourse, and here few people have invested. But a good many investors have been attracted by the high yield in Hungarian Rentes and the really sound security of the Austrian Empire. If they fall much lower they will be worth picking up. A big "bull" account must have been built up in Tintos, for they fell heavily. Yet the copper position is splendid, and even with a war on hand copper should not be seriously affected, for a war eats up copper as nothing else in the world does.

HOME RAILS are not fashionable, but in the Southern lines there is a big "bull" account which must be shaken out. Why people should buy Little Chats and Dover A I cannot say. The talk of Kent Coal is mere moonshine. The traffics could not benefit even if all the collieries began to mine coal next week, and there is no chance of any coal being carried on the railways for at least twelve months, and it will be two years before any coal in quantity is sent over the lines. The gamble will soon die out. Traffics are good all over the country, and those who want an investment cannot do better than buy Great Western, North-Eastern, and London and North-Western.

YANKEES are good. But the market does not like the Chicago Great Western refusal to pay interest on the Bonds of its subsidiary companies. There is a strong feeling on the Stock Exchange and an agitation is on foot to ask the Committee to strike Chicago Great Western off the Official List. The Railway is doing badly. But the big lines are making money hand over fist, for the crops are good, and if the companies could only raise their rates they would make fortunes. Unions, Southern Pacifics and Southerns look well and may be bought. Lehigh Valley are also talked up. Eries should also rise. The gamblers buy Eries and Rocks, but sober-minded people put their money into Union Convertible Bonds and show their wisdom. On the whole I like the look of the Yankee market better than that of any other market in the Stock Exchange.

RUBBER shares are stupidly dull. The Straits Bertam report was a damper, and Sir West Ridgway had hard work to get the shareholders to pass the report. I have always warned my readers against this company, and I hope that they have kept out. British Rubber Estates of Java have paid 5 per cent by the simple expedient of charging all expense possible to capital. How easy to pay dividends like this, and how hard to go on doing it. No one should hold shares in this company. Rubber keeps low in price, much to the annoyance of the "bulls," and somewhat to the astonishment of insiders, who did not expect any drop this year.

OIL shares look weak, but not even the inside tip to buy Shells has had any effect on the market, and all the choice special shares have been let down. I see no future in the oil market, even Mexican Eagles are dull, and they say that this company has made an agreement to sell its oil to the Standard. If so, they are not dear: the company has plenty of oil, but not a good market. British Maikop is now doing well and has a good production, but no one wants oil shares to-day. Premiers are dull, and even Roumanian Consolidated do not respond to the efforts of the Barnett group to put them up.

MINES are particularly rotten, and it is openly said that the big houses are at sixes and sevens again. It seems almost an impossible task to get these people to agree. They now say that Barnatos stand out. If so, we may give up any idea of a rise in Kaffirs, for they are the only house with any money. Rhodesians look equally sick, and the promised land boom is now postponed till after Christmas. If the rich men will not put their hands in their pockets to find the money to make a market we shall see a slump to the old prices. Zaaiplaats tin continue to be sold by the insiders and puffed by the Press.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are dull. The Cement Report was bad, and clearly, unless profits improve, this year the preference dividend will be jeopardised. British Portland Cement appears to be the best thing to buy. Maroonis are very flat and look like going lower. Forestal Land will take over a big Hamburg competitor, and the news has made the shares hard. West India and Panama Telegraphs are low and look worth buying at present prices.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.
THE PSALMS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It is a fact that can neither be disputed nor explained away that in the Bible of 1611, which is known as the Authorised Version, and which was undoubtedly Englished in its present form by Francis Bacon, the 46th Psalm is so arranged that the forty-sixth word from the commencement is "Shake" and the forty-sixth word from the end is "Speare." This purposeful arrangement was always well known to those in possession of Bacon's secrets. Mr. Irving called attention to the matter in 1910, not knowing its value as confirmatory evidence of the real authorship both of Shakespeare and of the 1611 Version of the Bible.

He, as it were, stole our clothes and decked himself up as a "motley," thinking in this way to dispose of the truth by ridicule. But the actual result proved to be the exact opposite, because people are continually saying, "It is very curious!" "Can it be by accident?" "Perhaps it is after all a revelation of Bacon's authorship!"

I remember a year or more ago at a banquet at which Sir Sidney Lee and other leading Stratfordians were present, much laughter was evoked by one of the speakers saying that, when he was last at Stratford, he asked the people there whether Shakespeare had written anything else, and they replied, "Oh, yes! He also wrote the Bible." The laughter was, however, really against the unlucky believers in the Stratford Clown, as those will perceive who are aware that the English language embodied in the Bible and in Shakespeare was the product of the labour of one man whose name was Francis Bacon.

The evidence supplied below proves that the purposeful arrangement of the words in the Authorised Version could not have been the result of an accident.

In the 1535 Coverdale Bible the Psalm is the 45th, and the 56th word down is "Shook," and the 47th word up is "Speare." In the 1539 Great Bible, in the 46th Psalm, the 46th word down is "Shake," and the 48th word up is "Speare."

In the 1560 Geneva Bible, in the 46th Psalm, the 47th word down is "Shake," and the 44th word up is "Speare."

In the 1568 Bishop's Bible, in the 46th Psalm, the 47th word down is "Shake," and the 48th word up is "Speare."

In the 1611 Authorised Version of the Bible, in the 46th Psalm, the 46th word down is "Shake," and the 46th word up is "Speare."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Perhaps I should have mentioned that although the forty-eight King James' translators used the Bishop's Bible, no copy of that version has been discovered containing any notes made by them. "Selah," which occurs seventy-seven times in the Bible, is not part of the text. It is an instruction to the singer or reader.

In the 1611 Authorised Version of the Bible, page D1 is ornamented with the "B A cornuto" (the horned sheep) ornament which is so frequently employed to show Bacon's authorship of books which do not bear his name. The explanation of this ornament, with which Chapter XI in my book, "Bacon is Shakespeare," is headed, will be found in that chapter. The number "33" spells Bacon's name (B^2 A^1 C^3 O^{14} N^{13}), and is repeatedly used to indicate "Bacon" in the most unexpected places, as I shall show presently. Upon the page 136 in the great folio (1623) of the plays—where is found the long word "Honorificabilitudinitatibus," which proves with mathematical certainty that the plays were the children of Francis Bacon—we find upon line 33: "What is A B backwards with a horn added?" The real answer is obviously "B A Corn u fool." The uninitiated are of course falsely taught that the B A Cornuto ornament signifies "the golden fleece."

In my copy of the second issue "the SHE Bible," the "B A Cornuto ornament" is rosicrucianly rubricated to call special attention to the Baconian emblem.

Again, in the 1611 Version, page "A" is headed with the "Shake a lance at ignorance" symbol, similar to that in the folio (1623) of the Shakespeare plays, excepting that the peacocks have only three feathers in their tails, the five-feather tails being generally reserved for poetical works. But the real evidence of the authorship of Bacon of the English of the Authorised Version is to be found in the marvellous rhythm of its language and in its extraordinary variety of expression, a question which is discussed at considerable length in the preface (evidently written by Bacon), and is a remarkable fact which should be compared with Max Müller's statement that "Shakespeare probably displays a greater variety of expression than any writer in any language." We also read near to the close of the marvellous preface "Wee might be charged . . . . with some unequal dealing toward a great number of good English words . . . . if we should say, as it were, unto certaine words, stand up higher, have a place in the Bible alwaies, and to others of like quality, Get ye hence, be banished for ever."

The Septuagint—the Greek translation of the Hebrew Bible, which was made about B.C. 150 or earlier—translates Selah by "Diapsalma," which signifies a rest or pause in singing. I myself think that there is considerable evidence that Selah indicated a pause while a trumpet was sounded. Anyway, it is only through want of knowledge that Selah is ever read aloud in our churches or in our homes. No one reads aloud such modern instructions as sotto voce, con amore, with emphasis, in a whisper, forte, piano, etc. Nothing but the profoundest ignorance could possibly induce anyone to claim that Selah formed part of the text and that it should be counted as a word.

The first edition of the 1611 Bible is known as the "HE" Bible, because in Ruth iii. 15 we read: "He measured five measures of barley and laide it on her: and he went into the citie." The second issue of the 1611 Bible, which almost immediately followed the first, is known as the "SHE" Bible, because the above error is corrected, and we read "And she went into the citie."

Your readers will perceive what great pains were taken to insert as large a number of words as possible into the Bible. J. A. Weisse computes these at 15,000; and Max Müller computes that among the two million words in Shakespeare's plays about 15,000 are different words. This is a very much under-estimated number. The real number is about 22,000 different words, of which about 7,000 are new words (invented by Bacon), as the Oxford English Dictionary informs us. The great master of English who was chiefly responsible for the English used in the Authorised Version was the great master of English who, under the assumed name of William Shakespeare, wrote plays, and his name was Francis Bacon.

Yes; the Shakespeare myth is practically dead. The Freemasons who were admitted to the highest degree, "The Thirty-third" (thirty-three, as I said before, spells Bacon), have always been entrusted with Bacon's secrets. Up to 1910 the number of Masons admitted to the thirty-third degree was always strictly limited to nine; but since that year, which is 287 years after the 1623 folio of the Shakespeare plays, the number of Masons admitted to the thirty-third degree has been permanently increased from nine to thirty-three. I am at the present time endeavouring—I trust not unsuccessfully—to force these to reveal Bacon's secrets, at least so far as concerns the authorship of the plays hitherto known under the name of the illiterate clown of Stratford, William Shakespeare, who was never able to write so much as a single letter of his own name. Yours,

EDWIN DURNING LAWRENCE.

13, Carlton House Terrace,
London, S.W. September, 1912.

THE BRITISH BOYS' TRAINING CORPS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—We shall be obliged by your kindly permitting us to draw attention to a scheme for providing a systematic course of combined military and industrial training for lads from the age of fourteen years upwards.

The object of the British Boys' Training Corps, on behalf of which we write, is the moral, physical and industrial advancement of the cadets enrolled in it, to train them in the duties of citizenship and to fit them for a life of industry. Military organisation and exercises will be used as a means for developing their *morale* and physique, and promoting among them habits of discipline, application, adaptability and resourcefulness, which are indispensable to proficiency in the workshop or the factory.

The Corps will not compete with the Boy Scouts, the Church Lads' Brigade or any similar movement; rather it will strengthen them by stimulating the growth of those principles of modern education on which they depend for success. In fact, the Corps owes its inception to the excellence of their work, and the consequent desirability of adopting their methods on a more extended and comprehensive scale. Their activities are mainly concerned with boys in employment, whose opportunities for training are necessarily intermittent. The British Boys' Training Corps will in effect be a military and industrial boarding school, and is designed to train and instruct a boy for a period of three or four years continuously from the time he leaves the elementary school.

Alike upon social, economic and industrial grounds we confidently commend the scheme to the public. The annual loss to the nation of promising material presents a grave problem. Far too many boys on leaving school are engaged in "blind-alley" occupations; when they have outgrown these, they find themselves adrift without either the skill or the knowledge to qualify them for permanent employment; they swell the ranks of casual labour, and the prison or the workhouse is the ultimate destiny of an increasing number of them. To mitigate these evils, in some measure at least, is our aim. Those boys, moreover, who may afterwards join the Army will, on discharge, be in a much better position to obtain remunerative employment than they would otherwise be, owing to the technical trade instruction which they have previously received, while their prospects in the Army itself would be considerably in advance of those of the usual recruit, irrespective of their enhanced value as soldiers.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The direction and control of the Corps will be undertaken by Lieutenant-Colonel Alsager Pollock, who organised and conducted the "Spectator" Experimental Company with such conspicuous success in 1906. The experience gained upon that occasion conclusively demonstrated the beneficial effects of military training for even a few months.

Upon its industrial side, the Corps will be modelled on the admirable schools of the Christian Brothers at Artane and elsewhere in Ireland.

It is estimated that the cost of establishing and maintaining the Corps at first will be £15,000. No appeal for funds has yet been made, but two members of the Council have generously promised to guarantee £1,000 and £500 respectively towards the expenses on condition that the total amount guaranteed or subscribed is not less than £15,000; and various unsolicited donations, including an anonymous one of £50, have already been placed to the credit of the Corps at the Bank of England.

In issuing this appeal for financial support, we would emphasise the fact that the movement is in no way connected with any political party. The Council includes members of all parties, and distinguished representatives of almost every aspect of national life. The realisation of the project will fill a distinct gap in English education, for the existing facilities for efficient practical training during the years of adolescence are deplorably inadequate, and it will, we trust, lead to the establishment of similar Corps in other parts of the country.

Subscribers will have the privilege of nominating boys to the Corps according to a fixed scale.

Guarantees, donations or subscriptions may be sent to the account of the Corps at the Bank of England (Western Branch), Burlington Gardens, W.; to Colonel Pollock, Wingfield, Godalming; or to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. C. Medd, 37, Russell Square, W.C., from whom particulars of the scheme can be obtained. Your obedient Servants,

ALEXANDER OF TECK (President),
BEDFORD,
PORTLAND,
REAY,
THOS. BOOR CROSBY (Lord Mayor),
CHARLES WARREN.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—In his letter, in your issue of the 21st inst., Mr. T. G. Martin explains that certain people begin by learning grammar out of a book, and end in too many cases in becoming Christian Scientists. I am not sure that I know what Mr. Martin means. I feel rather as bewildered as the gentleman who wrote of a somewhat similar cryptic utterance, "which I am sure was very clever, but I did not understand." Perhaps this is because I was brought up in a public school, and only learnt Latin and Greek grammar. I became a Christian Scientist, however, very much, I imagine, as others do, and if Mr. Martin will excuse my explaining, and you will permit it, it was in this way.

I was brought face to face with a great deal of Christian Science healing, not merely of sickness, but of other descriptions. Now I have always believed Huxley was talking uncommonly good sense when he said, that if he met a centaur in Piccadilly, he would not scream "miracle," but realise that his views on anatomy demanded drastic revision. When, therefore, I saw the healing I have alluded to I made an effort to find out how it was accomplished. I spent two years in endeavouring to demonstrate the truth of Mrs. Eddy's teaching for myself, and at the end of that time came to the conclusion, which I do not think I had intended when I began, that the evidence was irrefragable. Perhaps it was the "Public School Latin Primer," perhaps it was the "Græcæ Grammaticæ Rudimenta," I do not know. I think, like the blind man, I was rather prepared to say, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." Yours faithfully,

FREDERICK DIXON.

Amberley House, Norfolk Street,
Strand, W.C., September 25, 1912.

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF ENGLISH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Martin, how many Englishmen think of "ought" as the past tense of "owe"? It is now almost universally regarded as a present, and I can therefore see little objection to adding the suffix -ed and saying of a past obligation, "I oughted." As a parallel case of double inflection, take the case of "children." Here we have the plural form "childer" repluralised into "childer-en," "children." So again the double possessive in "this heart of mine."

I agree with Mr. Martin that a language must grow; but I cannot see why useless irregularities should not be judiciously pruned away. Having made careful and prolonged experiments with English, I can say with confidence that the *genius* of the language is unaffected by such a process, and I would undertake to turn even the Authorised Version of the Bible into Simplified English without unduly spoiling its magnificent dignity and sonorousness. As to German, it would, to a foreigner at any rate, gain immensely by simplification, and might prove a formidable rival even to English at its best. At present its genders, cases, and irregular verbs make it (I had almost said) impossible. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution.

MR. HOWARD'S CONSTITUENCY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It has just been stated in the Press that the Hon. Geoffrey Howard is the Liberal member for the Eskdale Division of Cumberland. That is, however, entirely erroneous. Mr. Howard certainly represented this constituency for a period of about five years (from January, 1906, to December, 1910), but was defeated at the last General Election by Mr. Claude Lowther, Conservative, by a majority of 370, and has meanwhile been elected Liberal member for the Westbury Division of Wiltshire, which he now represents.—Yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.
September 26, 1912.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Since conjunctions connect nouns and pronouns in the same case, and since a noun or pronoun placed in apposition must be in the same case as the noun or pronoun to which it is opposed, the rule is violated in, "I never knew such a coward as he." The correct sentence is, "I never knew such a coward (obj.) as him (obj.)." "I never knew such a coward as he [is]" is unpardonable.

The following are correct and typical examples:—

"She is not even as big as I."

"We could kill every soul of them in half an hour, and they know that as well as I."

"In this state F. C. had found her, her trembling, them loud and insolent."

"I wish that little M. would find them closeted together, him softened by her tears, and her receiving his devotions with effusion."

I think that the above sentences will illustrate the grammatical point in question.

J. MCLAUGHLIN.

Salford, September 28, 1912.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Secret Memoirs of the Regency: The Minority of Louis XV. By Charles Pinot Duelos. Translated from the French by E. Jules Meras. With Portrait of the Regent. (Greening and Co. 5s. net.)

The Life of Sir David Baird. By Captain W. H. Wilkin. With Portrait and Maps. (George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

Lord Ripon in India. (An Historical Reminiscence.) By Nrisinha Chandra Banerje. (Training Academy, Monghyr. 6 annas.)

Narrative of the Visit to India of Their Majesties King George V. and Queen Mary, and of the Coronation Durbar Held at Delhi 12th December, 1911. By the Hon. John Fortescue. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Germany and the German Emperor. By Herbert Perris. (Andrew Melrose. 12s. 6d. net.)

Le Molière du XXe Siècle: Bernard Shaw. By Augustin Hamon. With Four Portraits. (E. Figuière and Co., Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

Thomas Andrews, Shipbuilder. By Shan F. Bullock. With an Introduction by Sir Horace Plunkett. Illustrated. (Maunsel and Co., Dublin. 1s.)

Die Deutschen in Russland, 1812, *Leben und Leiden auf der Moskauer Heerfahrt.* By Paul Holzhausen. With Maps, Plans, and Facsimiles of Documents. (Morawe and Scheffelt, Berlin.)

Alexander Anderson ("*Surfaceman*"): *A Biographical Sketch.* By Alexander Brown. (Fraser, Asher and Co., Glasgow.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Canada for the Investor and the Industrious Millions of Great Britain. By T. W. Sheffield, F.R.C.I. Illustrated. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 1s. net.)

Home Rule for Wales: Addresses to "Young Wales." By Edward T. John, M.P. (Jarvis and Foster, Bangor. 6d.)

Antiques and Curios in Our Homes. By G. M. Vallois. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

Vancouver to the Coronation: A Four Months' Holiday Trip. By J. J. Miller. Illustrated. (Watts and Co. 5s. net.)

An Australian Native's Standpoint. Addresses by Will J. Sowden. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

Twelve Moons. By Frances A. Bardswell. With a Frontispiece in Colour by Isabelle Forrest. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

A Study in Ideals: Great Britain and India. By Manmath C. Mallik. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Home Rule from the Treasury Bench: Speeches during the First and Second Reading Debates. With Portraits. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Algiers, The Sahara and The Nile. By Rachel Humphreys. Illustrated. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 5s. net.)

There are Crimes and Crimes. A Comedy by August Strindberg. Translated from the Swedish, with an Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)

Miss Julia (with the Author's Preface), and *The Stronger.* Two Plays by August Strindberg. Translated from the Swedish, with an Introduction, by Edwin Björkman. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)

VERSE.

The Fall of Minni: A Legend of Asia Minor. By Alfred Benell. (The Century Press.)

Pelops, A Tetralogy: The Charioteers; Chrysippus; The Victors at Olympia; And *Tantalus, A Satyric Play.* By Arthur Dillon. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d.)

Constab Ballads. By Claude McKay. (Watts and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

Marcus Aurelius. By John Presland. (Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.)

FICTION.

Dagobert's Children. By L. J. Beeston. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

A Modern Ahab. By Theodora Wilson Wilson. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Francesca. By Cecil Adair. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Visions for Company. By Henrietta Home. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

Rusted Hinges: A Novel on a New Plan. By St. Clair. Harnett. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

The Interrupted Melody. Translated from the Polish of Eliza Orzeszko by M. Ochenkowska. (Andrew Melrose. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Broad Walk. By Baroness Leonie Aminoff. (Constable and Co. 6s.)

The Street of the Flute-Player. By H. de Vere Stacpoole. (John Murray. 6s.)

Bohemia in London. By A. Ransome. Illustrated. (Stephen Swift and Co. 2s.)

The Naked Soul. By Louise Heilgers. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

Husband and Lover. By Walter Riddall. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

Bachelor's Buttons: The Candid Confessions of a Shy Bachelor. By Edward Burke. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

Left in Charge. By Victor L. Whitechurch. (John Long. 6s.)

The Sleeping Village: A Tale of Russia. By Julia Neville. (John Long. 6s.)

Children of the Zodiac. By Anthony Hamilton. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

A Star of the East: A Romance of Delhi. By Charles E. Pearce. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Soul of Judas: A Tapestry of Tales. By Douglas Price, M.A. (John Ouseley. 2s. net.)

Under the Red Ensign: A Story of England's Peril. By Spencer Campbell. (Andrew Melrose. 1s. net.)

The Story of Harvey Sinclair. By George Trelawney. (T. Werner Laurie. 2s. net.)

Yarns from a Captain's Log. By J. Bowline, Skipper, and R. R. C. Gregory. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

The Mistress of Kingdoms, or Smoking Flax. By Bridget Maclagan. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

The Bountiful Hour. By Marion Fox. Coloured Frontispiece. John Lane. 6s.)

The Children of Light. By Florence Converse. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 6s.)

Amongst the Classes. By Albert Althouse. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

In the Cardinal Ward: Some Pages from the Journal of a Nursing Sister. By A. Allen Brockington. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.)

Victims. By Kasbeck. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

Broom. By J. Mills Whitham. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

The Tenor's Melodrama. By Louise Valmer. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

The English Summer: Being the Letters of a German Lady to a Friend. By L. M. Schultheis. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

JUVENILE.

The Book of the Kingdom: Being the Bible Story from the Birth of Samuel to the Death of David. By S. B. Macy. Illustrated by T. H. Robinson. (Longmans, Green and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain. **THE ONLY WAY** To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

Bill the Minder. Written and Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. (Constable and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Wonder Book: A Picture Annual for Boys and Girls. Edited by Harry Golding. (Ward, Lock and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Queer Cousin Claude. By Brenda Girvin. Illustrated by E. S. Hardy. (George Allen and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Magic Dominions. By Arthur F. Wallis. Illustrated by Claude Shepperson, A.R.W.S. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Two Troubadours. By Esmè Stuart. Illustrated by W. Herbert Holloway. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Oddle and Iddle, or The Goblins of Aloe Shamba. By Lily Collier. Illustrated by Joyce Crawshay Williams. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d.)

The English Fairy Book. By Ernest Rhys. Illustrated By Frederic C. Witney. (T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.)

Mind Your Own Buzziness. By the Roodletoot. Illustrated by Gilbert James. (Siegle, Hill and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THEOLOGY.

What, then, is the Gospel? By the Rev. J. H. B. Mace, M.A. With a Foreword by the Rev. Henry Scott Holland, D.D. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Atlantic Monthly; Malthusian; Collegian, Calcutta; Friendly Greetings; Sunday at Home; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; Boy's Own Paper; Stitchery; Moslem World; Cornhill Magazine; Everyone's Story Magazine; Blackwood's Magazine; London University Gazette; Bookseller; Fortnightly Review; Book-Prices Current; Windsor Magazine; English Review; Nineteenth Century and After; Educational Times; The Idler; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Harper's Magazine; St. Nicholas; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly.

AN AUTHOR'S Work can be placed in the United States, in both magazine and book form, to advantage by me. I handle the work of some of the leading English authors. Why not double your profits by publication in both countries? Address: EDITOR, Box 4L, 435 West 119th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK IN POWDER FORM.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

DELICIOUS, NOURISHING AND REFRESHING.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, **1/6, 2/6, 11/-**, at all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Via the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—
DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES.

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

"Arcadian" Cruises.

MEDITERRANEAN, HOLY LAND & EGYPT.	From £1 a day.	10.	September to November.	Southampton & Marseilles.
Lisbon, Madeira, WEST INDIES.	From £1 a day.	62.	December 3.	Southampton.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week... ...	467
Leaders Galore	468
Autumn Books	469
Some Early Arrivals ...	471
Reviews:	
Romances of the French Theatre	472
China's Revolution and After	473
The Humour of Sport ...	474
Mrs. Alec Tweedie ...	476
Why We Do Things ...	478
The British Army, 1809-1810	478
Shorter Reviews	480
Fiction	482
The Theatre:	
"The Turning-Point" at the St. James's Theatre	484
"Doormats" at Wyndham's	485
The Horse and War ...	486
The Literary Traveller ...	487
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	488
Art and Life—I	489
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	490
Motoring	491
In the Temple of Mammon	492
Correspondence	493
Books Received	495

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE should like the Post Office authorities to explain why that which is permissible for the *Nation* newspaper has been forbidden in the case of THE ACADEMY. We have been prohibited from issuing a modest four-page supplement unless it is attached by wire or otherwise to the weekly issue. Last week the *Nation* issued a ponderous supplement of 20 pages, skewered together, and unattached to the weekly issue. The Post Office delivered the issue and supplement quite happily for one-halfpenny. Can the explanation be that the *Nation* is a Government organ, whilst we find much to criticise in the actions of one or other of the sections who are the Postmaster-General's clients?

We have condemned the domestic policy of the Government as an organised hypocrisy on the ground that, whilst making a show of benefiting labour, it has in reality involved a conspiracy against employment. All ill-considered imposts on enterprise and industry limit the range of employment and wages. The latest confirmation of our view comes from the docks, where work, since the blessing of insurance cards has been decreed, is increasingly difficult to obtain. Casual employment, often provided from motives of kindness, is getting scarce, owing to a compulsory incident which is alien to the British temperament. True policy is to foster trade and enterprise, and so provide employment and wages. The mawkish and maudlin policy of putting men in positions for which they are quite unfitted only leads to destitution and the workhouse. We saw a holding in Kent, the other day, which, in the hands of a considerable landowner, produced ninety to one hundred tons of strawberries yearly, which were not produced and sent to market without providing employment and wages. The land is now in the possession of a small holder. The strawberry plants are choked with weeds, no fruit was sent to market this year, no employment or wages were forthcoming. The owner of the neighbouring shooting does not complain. The rank growth of weeds makes excellent covert for partridges!

It is with great regret and a sense of personal loss that we have to record the death during the past week of Professor Walter W. Skeat. For many years his name was familiar as a contributor to THE ACADEMY, and there was perhaps no greater authority on Chaucer, Early English text, and the literature of the Middle Ages; his "Etymological English Dictionary," the most important of all his published works, ranks as one of the standard books of the period. There was a side of his nature, however, which hardly any papers have mentioned, quite unsuspected by the ordinary man, to whom such studies as formed his life-work might easily seem "dry" and profitable only to the specialist; unknown, too, we dare hazard, to many students of his books. We allude to the poetic feeling which was innate in him, and which found an outlet often in verses which appeared in the columns of THE ACADEMY; verses not startling, nor perhaps of extraordinary value from a critical standpoint, but enshrining some idea which more often than not was of a deeply religious tone; sometimes, however, straying into the field of a delicate humour. Whether we agree or not with his championship of a revised method of English orthography, we feel that his death is a loss, not only to literature, but to the nation.

Nature is sometimes very unkind, and an instance of her callousness has just occurred. The instruments of the scientists have recorded an earthquake at a distance of 8,000 miles, on the Pacific coast—therefore presumably in Chili. By all the rules of the game we ought now to be harrowed by lurid reports of damage in that narrow and peculiarly named country; but no—Chili goes on with her business much as usual, simply telegraphing, in reply to affectionate inquiries after her health, that "no shock has been felt"; or, as it were, "Earthquake not yet to hand—try elsewhere." The annoyed seismologist naturally protests at this barefaced discourtesy; there is the tremor clearly announced on his delicate mechanism as having occurred in Chili; how dare Chili not have an earthquake? As we said before, it is most inconsiderate of nature not to back up the scientists. But perhaps they have exposed her secrets too freely, and she is resentful.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Leaders Galore

LAST week we dealt in a serious vein with the onerous tasks to which Parliament is committed, and gave expression to an aspiration that the House of Commons would respond with dignity and responsibility to a situation eminently demanding the display of those qualities. Such is still our hope.

During the past week nothing has occurred which tends to diminish confidence that debate in Parliament will be worthy of the occasion.

The general political situation, however, has not during the recess strengthened the belief that great issues are viewed with the circumspection, or will be handled with the unity and singleness of purpose which can alone conduce to the lasting interests of the Commonwealth. Levity will not solve the problem of Ulster; melodrama will not evolve measures for dealing with the problems of the land in the interests of the community. Both of these questions are fundamental questions, and no haphazard or empiric measures tending to striking tableaux will do anything to produce lasting consent or to promote national advantage.

The Government, it is true, cannot complain if the bonds of discipline in its heterogeneous phalanx are relaxed almost to breaking point. The course of the Government has been throughout at once destructive of established authority and subservient to insurrectionary methods. Sacrifices of declared policy have been shamelessly made in deference to the Whip's calculations of support in the Lobby; violence has been unchecked, and even condoned, where a compact body of Parliamentary supporters have demanded that course. Neither stability nor fortitude, neither principle nor self-respect, has set a hall-mark on material which has survived no threat and faced no risks.

It is true the Master of Elibank, either because of a pawky sense of humour, or a deficiency in that estimable quality, produced a situation which has been and still is very embarrassing for a facing-both-ways administration. He fought Labour at Hanley, and supported it at Mid-Lothian—in both cases with disastrous results to his erstwhile party. No doubt he meant well on both occasions, but he put the Trimmers in a terrible quandary. Every Minister who exhibits any backbone is anathema to present administration. Even Mr. Churchill, after a long course of nullity at the Home Office, was quickly shuffled to the Admiralty, when with the incalculable fluctuations of his distinguished family he ceased to pose for the photographer, and decreed the employment of the military arm to suppress flagrant and murderous violence by mobs, whom he had encouraged by a belief in impunity.

Other less distinguished victims of spasmodic administrative cussedness—as it is viewed by the Cabinet—will occur to those who follow political events. Only Mr. Birrell is exempt, because he coerces those who by no conceivable possibility would give a vote for the administration of which he is the distinguished literary *dilettante*.

It would be idle to recall occurrences which do nothing to enhance the estimation in which this country is held either amongst our kinsfolk in the Colonies, or amongst our friends and competitors abroad. It is a melancholy rôle to indicate that the rulers of a great nation are unequal to their functions, and a detriment to the traditional estimation in which it has been held. If, however, no protest is entered, if the mirror is never held up to nature, the process of deterioration becomes septic, and gangrene may invade the body politic.

To turn to the lighter side of a picture which it is not desirable to colour too darkly, Mr. Asquith at once emerges as affording a major portion of the comic element. The Prime Minister enjoys an almost childish delight in proclaiming on every conceivable occasion that he is the leader of the party—the head of the Government. He remarks significantly that he ought to know—if anyone does—what is the policy of the Government. He is not dismayed at the attitude of Ulster, and the single tax will assuredly not be found embodied in a Government scheme of land legislation. Mr. Scott, otherwise the "Manchester Guardian," and Mr. Massingham, otherwise the "Nation," etc., openly flout him on the question of Ulster; Mr. Outhwaite and Mr. Hemmerde are in no way dismayed by his declaration as to land legislation. We do not remember that either Mr. Disraeli or the late Lord Salisbury were constantly informing meetings of their followers that they in their turn were the leaders of their party. Certainly Mr. Gladstone never did so, because it was entirely alien to his habit of mind to picture anyone else but himself as occupying that position. It is true that Mr. Balfour was latterly fond of insisting on his position as leader of his party—he did so at Sheffield, he did so at Leeds, and emphatically at the Albert Hall. Mr. F. E. Smith smiled covertly, much as the Treasury bench now conceals a smile behind a yawn.

Mr. Churchill made a bid for the leadership at Belfast, and "lived to fight another day." At Dundee he made apparently a most determined attempt to upset his colleagues' Irish policy and therefore the tenure of office of his party. As he and Mr. Lloyd George can never meet without being convulsed with laughter, like the conspirators in the "Ingoldsby Legends," we are in hope that the electors of Dundee will join in the merriment after a month or so of reflection.

Mr. Lloyd George is loyalty itself in the Post-Impressionist style. Mr. Outhwaite and Mr. Hemmerde will cry hosannahs so long as Mr. Asquith accepts their policy. Mr. Massingham and Mr. Scott, when they have educated Mr. Asquith, will proclaim him as the greatest party leader of modern times.

The coalition may be largely futile, but at least it can boast of a considerable array of men who count themselves as "men of light and leading," and who are quite willing to relieve their revered leader of the trammels of office if they weigh too heavily upon him.

CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Autumn Books

IF every copy of every book published in the autumn season were sold—and paid for—the publisher would be the happiest, and probably one of the wealthiest, men in the country; and if every copy were read, marked, and inwardly digested, the ordinary work of the ordinary man would not be done at all. Fortunately, perhaps, a fair number of volumes at this period of the year fall into the category of presents; we begin to think of Christmas, to speak of its approach in terms of weeks instead of months. The hardest days of the reviewer's life are upon him, and books of all descriptions fall in showers—not always refreshing—on editorial heads.

The press of matter this autumn is greater than ever, and one point to note specially is the prevalence of the reprint. A complete edition of the novels of Sir Walter Scott, in 24 volumes, comes from the Oxford University Press, each one with from 14 to 74 illustrations. Obviously it is of no use to say, with the sneer of the ultra-modern, that "Scott is old-fashioned and not read nowadays," since these neat little books are not issued, presumably, without certain knowledge of a demand. They may be purchased separately, and we note that three forms are obtainable; the cheapest (an excellent and handy get-up) at 1s. 6d., others at half-a-crown and 3s. 6d. A splendid selection of many other works may be made from the list of the same firm; among them we may mention Professor Gilbert Murray's "Four Stages of Greek Religion," Professor Skeat's "Science of Etymology," Sir Arthur Quiller Couch's "Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," and various treatises on theology, archæology, law, and philosophy.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons, with forty new issues of "Everyman's Library"—which now numbers 640 volumes—invite more than ordinary attention. Pure literature is represented in this well-known series by Carlyle's "Past and Present," Lowell's "Among my Books," Thackeray's "English Humorists," and another selection from De Quincey's writings. Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," Mrs. Gaskell's stories, Tolstoi's "Anna Karenina," and Kingsley's "Yeast" are among the fiction, and we are especially pleased to see a new revised issue of Roget's "Thesaurus"—one of those books of reference which, if not indispensable, are extremely useful to the author, since the best of us is at times at a loss for the exact word or the most expressive metaphor. Theology and philosophy, biography and travel, are subjects not neglected, and under the heading of history comes Hallam's "Constitutional History" in three volumes, with an introduction by Professor J. H. Morgan. Volume II. of Tennyson's Poems, Bjornson's Plays, and "Restoration Plays" from Dryden to Farquhar, with an introduction by Edmund Gosse, should attract many readers. A fresh departure is being made by Messrs. Dent in "Everyman," a weekly paper devoted to literature and ethics, the first number of which will be ready on October 18, price one penny; the list of writers should ensure its success.

Several new medical and educational books are announced by Messrs. J. Nisbet and Co., but of more interest to the general reader will be Dr. Wilfred Grenfell's "Adventure of Life," at 3s. 6d. net, and a "Nature Book" by Frank St. Mars, entitled "On Nature's Trail," dealing with the wild life of this country in an original way. Dr. L. M. Watt's "Scottish Life and Poetry" is due this month; no other volume yet accessible covers the same ground. Of special interest to younger readers is the new edition of R. M. Ballantyne's works at 2s. 6d., illustrated, and some capital stories for boys and girls at 3s. 6d., or 4s. with gilt edges.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins has made his bow as a publisher during the last week or two with a novel, "Windyridge," by Mr. W. Riley—written, it is said, merely to amuse a friend who was in trouble, without thought of print—and a volume called "The Love-Seeker," by Mrs. Maud Churton Braby, author of "Modern Marriage and How to Bear It." Her latest essay is somewhat on the same lines, we understand, being a "Guide to Marriage," and a vade-mecum for all who fall in love. Probably nobody will take advice from a book as to procedure in a *grande passion*, but most lovers will be curious to see what Mrs. Braby has to say on the subject. "Caravanning and Camping Out," by J. Harris Stone, with many diagrams and illustrations (15s. net), and a volume on Madame Récamier and her salon, "A Great Coquette" (12s. 6d. net), by Joseph Turquan, are two more notable books issued by Mr. Jenkins.

In addition to a good list of illustrated fare for juveniles, and a strong instalment of fiction, Messrs. D. Appleton and Co. are producing much that is worthy of consideration on more serious lines. "The Founding of Modern Psychology," by G. Stanley Hall, and "Sociology in its Psychological Aspects," by C. A. Elwood, Ph.D., should appeal to students of human nature; several commercial books, technical text-books, and a volume of folk-lore also appear from the same firm; and the eighth and last section of Mr. J. B. Macmaster's "History of the People of the United States" (10s. 6d. net per volume) completes an important work. The final five volumes of the "Swanston" edition of Robert Louis Stevenson's works will appear next month from the house of Chatto and Windus. Twenty volumes have already been published, and, as they are only obtainable in sets, those who wish to possess this valuable addition to their library should not delay in deciding to order. This firm has in preparation a history of the Moslems in Spain, "Spanish Islam," translated from Reinhart Dozy's original by Francis G. Stokes; the price will be 21s. net; and "The Charm of London," an anthology edited by A. H. Hyatt, to be ready on October 10, illustrated in colour by Yoshio Markino: this will be issued at two prices, 5s. and 7s. 6d. Several new novels have appeared from the same house during the last month, among them "Faustula," by Mr. John Ayscough, "A Daughter of the Morning," by Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt, and "Three Women," by Miss Netta Syrett.

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. announce many new novels, among whose authors we notice the names of Maud Stepney Rawson and Arabella Kenealy, and a book by Mr. W. H. Koebel, whose work is familiar to readers of THE ACADEMY, entitled "In Jesuit Land." Mr. Koebel in this fascinating study traces the story of the Jesuit Missions in South America from their early days down to the final expulsion of the Jesuits by Bucareli in the middle of the eighteenth century. Many other volumes recently issued by this firm have been reviewed in these columns, and need not be included here. The S.P.C.K. publish this month "The Latest Light on Bible Lands," by Mr. P. S. Handcock, of the British Museum, which collates the results of recent research, and several theological works of general interest. Messrs. George Allen and Co. have issued within the last week or two Mr. Keble Chatterton's new book on "King's Cutters and Smugglers" (10s. 6d.); "Brabazon and his Art," by Mr. Lewis Hind, a beautiful volume with full-page illustra-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

tions in colour finely reproduced; "A History of Psychology," by Dr. G. S. Brett (12s. 6d. net); "Colour in the Home," by Edward Duveen, illustrated, 2 guineas net; and other works of importance in different departments.

Some exceptional books arrive this autumn from Messrs. Methuen and Co. "The Armourer and his Craft," by Charles Ffoulkes, at 2 guineas net, should prove a standard work on its theme; it is limited to an edition of 350 copies for Great Britain. A new volume of the "Connoisseur's Library" comes from the pen of Mr. Alfred W. Pollard, entitled "Fine Books: A Record of Books Valued for their Printing, Decoration, or Illustration." Mr. Pollard is well known as an authority on this subject, and his work will be informative to the collector of rarities. "A Book of Famous Wits," by Walter Jerrold, records the development of wit and the decline of the pun in a chatty fashion, and among the reprints we notice the handy pocket edition of Charles Lamb's essays and miscellaneous prose.

Among art books, a new work on "Greuze and his Models" is due from Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. The author, Mr. John Rivers—another ACADEMY contributor—has avoided the usual style of the technical monograph designed for the use of the student, and treats his theme from an altogether more human and popular point of view; his book, issued at 10s. 6d. net, with 39 full-page plates, should command a wide circle of readers. We note that this month Messrs. Hutchinson publish the first fortnightly part of a series entitled "The Customs of the World," to be complete within a year; many coloured plates and fine pictures will be included, and the price, 7d., is moderate. Two more colour-volumes will be "The Book of Psalms," illustrations by Frank Pape, and Goethe's "Faust," illustrations by Willy Pogany (a new cheap edition), at 10s. 6d. and 6s. respectively. Two new anthologies are also announced; "Parodies and Imitations Old and New," edited by J. S. Adam and Bernard White, with a foreword by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, and an "Anthology of Babyhood," by Muriel D'Auvergne, both 3s. 6d. net. From the same firm comes a new novel by the indefatigable Mr. W. B. Maxwell, entitled "General Mallock's Shadow," and another story from the pen of Baroness Orczy, "Meadowsweet."

The official record of the Durbar of December last is just ready, and Messrs. Macmillan and Co. may be depended upon to produce it in excellent style; the Hon. John Fortescue sums up the account of their Majesties' Indian tour by attempting to answer the question as to whether the results of the visit will be lasting and for the good of the Indian Empire. "South America," by the Right Hon. James Bryce, is another notable book which we shall shortly review in these columns. "Further Reminiscences," by Mr. H. M. Hyndham, continue the interest of his previous volume from the year 1889; Messrs. Macmillan are also publishing the biography of G. F. Watts, by Mrs. Watts, in three volumes, and the "Life of Francis Paget, D.D.," by Dr. Stephen Paget and the Rev. J. C. Crum. The Wessex Edition of the works of Thomas Hardy is, of course, now well on the way, and will be reinforced immediately by "The Well Beloved" and "A Group of Noble Dames"; next month will see "Desperate Remedies" and "The Hand of Ethelberta" in circulation. Several fine books are nearing completion, and fuller particulars are promised for next month. To mention Messrs. Macmillan's other contributions to the season would take up a whole column, but we may just allude to some valuable works on philosophy, natural history, and the classics.

Mr. Edward Arnold's autumn list includes "Campaigns of a War Correspondent," by the late Mr. Melton Prior (15s. net); these reminiscences cover a period of over thirty years, ranging from the Ashanti War down to the Russo-Japanese conflict, and the author's own sketches will illustrate the book freely. A travel book with sad associations is the diary of Boyd Alexander on his last journey, with a memoir by his brother. "Memories of Victorian London," by Mrs. L. B. Walford, is rendered peculiarly interesting by its sketches of "Pam" and "Dizzy," although, of course, reminiscences of many literary people of the Wilkie Collins period form the principal characteristic of the book. This week Mr. Arnold has issued Prof. O. Elton's "Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830." Musical readers will note that Mr. Arnold publishes the full libretto of Lord Howard de Walden's opera, "The Children of Don," with a frontispiece by Mr. S. H. Sime. Scientific works and other travel volumes which we have no space to mention in detail complete a very scholarly catalogue.

The most topical book from the firm of Hurst and Blackett is "The Mormons," by Winifred Graham, a reasoned discussion of the question of Mormonism, emphasising the need for a drastic campaign, and tracing the history of the sect; this is priced at 6s. net. "Intimacies of Court and Society" (10s. 6d. net), by the widow of a diplomat, presents some pictures of an aspect of the life of various European Courts new to the public; and "Cities Seen in East and West," by Mrs. W. Tibbits (16s. net), is a volume that, besides being a fascinating account of travels in both Occident and Orient, might be given as a handsome present. In colour books Messrs. A. and C. Black introduce this autumn some fine specimens of the work for which they have become noted: "Germany," with pictures by E. T. and E. H. Compton, and "South America," painted by A. S. Forrest and described by W. H. Koebel, are two beautiful volumes at 20s. each net; among others at 7s. 6d. are "Moscow," "Ayrshire Idylls," and "La Côte d'Emeraude." Several old favourites in a new guise will be welcomed, such as "Æsop's Fables" and the Fairy Tales of Andersen, and in more educational vein we notice that Messrs. Black have in preparation a text-book for students on diseases of the nervous system, by Dr. E. Bramwell, M.B., F.R.C.P., and one by Dr. W. G. Sym, M.D., F.R.C.S.E., on diseases and injuries of the eye.

Messrs. Lynwood and Co. announce three novels: "The Recipe for Rubber," a Fijian romance by Ralph Stock; "The Struggle for the Crown," by E. Yolland; and "A Madonna of the Poor," by Clive Holland. Among Messrs. James Maclehose's books we notice "Lawyers' Merriments," by David Murray, M.A., LL.D., at 7s. 6d. net; "Wild Life in the West Highlands," by C. H. Alston, 6s. net; "Mediæval Glasgow," by Rev J. Primrose, 7s. 6d. net, and several other interesting works. From Mr. John Murray is due another work of adventure, "In Northern Labrador," by Mr. W. B. Cabot, and a study of "Criminal Responsibility and Social Restraint," by Dr. R. M. McConnell.

Specialising on modern plays, Messrs. Duckworth and Co. have issued "Morituri," and "Roses," by Sudermann (seven plays in the two books), and two plays by Strindberg are also added to their list. Mr. Galsworthy's new play, "The Eldest Son," and several other volumes which need not be detailed will be published by the same enterprising firm. Many children's books, some good novels and items in *belles lettres*, and a reissue of "The Story of my Heart" in a luxurious edition, illustrated from oil paintings by Edward Waite, are other notable features.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The forty-eight pages of Mr. John Lane's autumn list contain many good things. "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life," by Mrs. Alec Tweedie (16s. net) was published a fortnight ago, and should prove a romance more fascinating than most novels; Mrs. Tweedie has met men and women of note in every sphere, and her vivacious style of writing is well known. An interesting volume by Mr. Lewis Melville, "The Life and Letters of William Cobbett," based mainly on unpublished correspondence, is priced at 32s. net, and, as the first exhaustive biography of the politician "born at the plough-tail," should become a standard work. The life of "Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte," by Constance Hill, also contains much fresh material; and in a different vein we may mention Weedon Grossmith's "From Studio to Stage" (16s. net), and a novel, "The Bountiful Hour," by Marion Fox. Many books in this long list have already been noticed.

The excellence of the Riccardi Press issues is becoming proverbial, and a new volume for this autumn in "Number I. fount" is Kingsley's "Heroes," with twelve plates in colour after water-colour drawings by W. Russell Flint. This will appear at £2 12s. 6d., 3 guineas, and 15 guineas. Of the ten volumes of "Vasari's Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects," Vol. II is just issued; the third is promised for next month, and the fourth early next year. This edition, the translation for which is being made by Gaston de Vere, is likely to remain for many years the standard one of the great Italian critic. Many other treasures come from the Riccardi Press of Mr. Philip Lee Warner—too many to reproduce here in detail; we are glad to note, however, that in the spring a "Child's Guide to the National Gallery," by Gertrude K. Peers, is to be issued.

Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co. are fortunate in publishing Mr. F. T. Jane's new book, "The British Battle Fleet," which traces the growth of our Navy from its beginnings. With its 25 illustrations in colour by Mr. W. L. Wylie, R.A., it is capital value at a guinea. Many good novels and books for boys and girls come from the same firm.

Perhaps the most interesting volume from Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons this autumn is "Fleet Street in Seven Centuries," by Walter G. Bell, with many illustrations by well-known artists, and a "Foreword" by Sir William Treloar. This volume, packed with information, is priced at 15s. net, and should be valuable, apart from its fascinating theme, as a work of reference. In general literature this house is issuing some capital books; "Famous Speeches" (second series), edited by Herbert Paul, 7s. 6d. net; "The Inner Life of George Eliot," by Charles Gardner, M.A., 5s. net; "Wanderings on the Italian Riviera," by Frederic Lees, 7s. 6d. net, are three of the most notable. The business and commercial books issued by Messrs. Pitman occupy a large portion of their catalogue, and we notice that there are several additions to their famous "All-Red" series.

The "Letters of George Meredith," collected and edited by his son, form, of course, the most important item in Messrs. Constable and Co.'s announcements. This is a book which no student of Meredith can afford to neglect; its contents cover the whole period of his career. Four photogravure plates are included, and the price is fixed at 21s. net. In fiction and poetry Messrs. Constable have a strong page or two, and a book which ought to delight many readers is "When I was a Child," by Yoshio Markino, illustrated by the author.

Mr. Andrew Melrose has secured a book in a new vein with "Peeresses of the Stage," by Gordon Meggy (10s. 6d. net), from which much entertainment may be anticipated. "Old Paris," by Henry C. Shelley; "Germany and the German Emperor," by G. H. Perris (12s. 6d. net each); "Following the Drum," by Horace Wyndham; "Trails, Trappers, and Tenderfeet," by Stanley Washburn (10s. 6d. net each); and, in a different sphere, "Applied Socialism," by John Spargo (6s. net) are other notable volumes from Mr. Melrose.

Readers of travel-books will be pleased with "Soldiering and Sport in Uganda," by Capt. E. Lardner, F.R.G.S.; issued by the Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd., at 10s. net. This is an illuminative record of service and adventure in the form of personal narrative, and is illustrated with a great variety of original photographs. "Only a Pitman," by Helen Hudson, at the low price of 1s., is a descriptive story of the life of Northern colliers half a century ago, and with this we might bracket "Original Tales and Ballads in the Yorkshire Dialect," by J. Malham-Dembleby, at 4s. 6d. net. Many books suitable for presents come from the same firm.

Many fine volumes are in the press with Mr. W. Heinemann; among them Mr. Joseph Pennell's "Pictures of the Panama Canal" and a description by Caspar Whitney of a journey up the River Amazon, entitled "The Flowing Road," take precedence as travel-books. Mr. Heinemann issues this month Dr. Chalmers Mitchell's illustrated book on "The Childhood of Animals," which should make an attractive Christmas present; Mr. Amaury Talbot's work on Nigeria; a volume of nature-stories, "Wild Life and the Camera," by Mr. R. Dugmore, illustrated with many photographs, and a book by Mr. F. A. Talbot on "The Steamship Conquest of the World." Mr. John Galsworthy's new story, "The Inn of Tranquillity," was published by Mr. Heinemann on October 3, and is considered to be a companion volume to "A Motley," which appeared about two years ago.

Some Early Arrivals

UNTIL September had passed, we had hoped that each day would herald, at any rate, a short spell of the long-delayed summer; we refused to look at warm clothing, we walked bravely along the front at the seaside in the teeth of an east wind, we trudged miles through country lanes in the drizzling rain, and we gazed many times shiveringly at the Japanese screen in the grate when we would much sooner have warmed our chilled fingers at a glowing fire. So that it came as something of a shock when in the early part of last month we untied a parcel and found it to contain what are usually called "books suitable for presents." If the publishers will insist upon being a little earlier each year, we suppose that the time will soon come when there will be no alternative than to take away a box of Christmas books to review during the summer holidays.

Some welcome favourites appear in new editions of "Æsop's Fables," illustrated by Mr. Charles Folkard, and "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," illustrated by A. Duncan Carse (A. and C. Black, 6s. each). The same firm also issue a volume of "Russian Wonder Tales" (6s.), collected by Dr. Post Wheeler and illustrated by Mr. Bilibin. Those who are familiar with the Russian people know what a large hold folk-lore has upon the inhabitants, many of whom are still very superstitious.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

In a foreword Dr. Wheeler gives a short history of the folk-tales distributed throughout the pages of Slavonic literature, and collected together by him for this book. We would recommend it as containing many stories probably quite unfamiliar to English readers. "The English Fairy Book," by Ernest Rhys (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s.), consists of a collection of dear old friends, including "Jack the Giant-Killer," "Tom Thumb," and "Jack and the Beanstalk"—stories always welcomed by the little folk. "Magic Dominions," by Arthur F. Wallis, with illustrations by Claud Shepperson, and "Oddle and Iddle," by Lily Collier, illustrated by Joyce Crawshay Williams (Smith, Elder, and Co., 3s. 6d. each), are two smaller but equally pleasing volumes.

"Bill the Minder" (Constable and Co., 10s. 6d. net) is written and illustrated by W. Heath Robinson. The colours of some of the pictures are very beautiful, while the artist's name is sufficient to warrant that they are not lacking in humour.

The school story is never likely to lose its interest for the young person, and in "Black Evans," by R. S. Warren Bell (A. and C. Black, 3s. 6d.) we have a very cheap and good book. At the same price, and issued by the same firm, are "The Sea Monarch," by Percy F. Westerman, dealing with the fascinating subject of aeroplanes, and "The Right Sort," by Tom Peddie, a story for boys. "Queer Cousin Claude," by Brenda Girvin (George Allen and Co., 3s. 6d.), and "Two Troubadours" (Smith, Elder, and Co., 3s. 6d.), by Esmè Stuart, are two acceptable volumes of the gift-book series.

Mr. Aflalo, in "A Book of the Wilderness and Jungle" (S. W. Partridge and Co., 6s. net), has provided a want that must have made itself felt, but which has hitherto not been catered for. It is an interesting study of adventures with wild animals, written not only with a view to entertain—although there is not a possible doubt that this is accomplished—but also to be of real use to the youth who contemplates emigrating in a few years' time. The author gives accounts of the animals he is likely to encounter, and also the best method of attack. The book should be instructive, useful, and interesting to all English boys, whether at home or abroad.

Always anxious to provide some instruction together with amusement, Messrs. A. and C. Black are issuing their "Peeps" series. We have before us three of these books, dealing with Java, Newfoundland, and Ancient Egypt. This is an excellent series, and well produced at the price of 1s. 6d. each.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co.'s "Wonder Book" is also to hand, and for the price of 3s. 6d. provides ample amusement for the younger children, as will also "Mind Your Own Buzziness" (Siegle, Hill, and Co., 2s. 6d. net). In addition to verses and illustrations, this latter volume supplies music to a short refrain.

"The Book of the Kingdom" (Longmans, Green, and Co., 3s. 6d. net) is the illustrated Scriptural story from the birth of Samuel to the death of David. There are many sets of verses, and the pictures and illustrations are clear and appropriate.

REVIEWS

Romances of the French Theatre

Romances of the French Theatre. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 15s. net.)

Of all the biographical writers who supply the circulating libraries with profusely illustrated volumes descriptive of frail but beautiful ladies, Mr. Francis Gribble must be given first place. He writes with a practised hand. He knows precisely how much to quote and how much to leave unquoted from French memoirs. The public will continue to read his work just so long as he will supply it with racy stories seasoned with a little scandal. Many a critic has discerned in Mr. Gribble a writer of considerable distinction, and his careful research and love of picturesque detail, combined with a most pleasing style, have made us wish that for once in a way he would not rake up unsavoury affairs for the sake of tickling the palate of those readers who delight to pore over the weaknesses, and especially the amatory passions, of celebrated or notorious people. There is always the red rag of scandal in his books; always the *littérateur* playing down to a rather sordid and perverse taste. A biographical subject is not worth Mr. Gribble's attention unless it contains plenty of the love element—a love that is fickle and has little or nothing in common with morality. Byron, Shelley, Rachel, Rousseau, and many others, have been exploited with the same object in view. Mr. Gribble would gain a more worthy type of public if he were to send the sex question flying to a preface or an appendix. Some of us are getting heartily sick of old scandals strutting about in the guise of valuable biography.

The opening chapters of the present volume deal with the French attitude towards the romance of the theatre, the rise of drama in France, and the foundation of the Comédie Française, excellent chapters that reveal Mr. Gribble as an expert. Then follow intimate studies in the lives of celebrated French actresses. Mlle. Gautier is portrayed gripping hands with Maurice de Saxe "to see which of them could bend back the other's wrist." Mlle. Gautier became disgusted with stage life. She sought a confessor, and poured forth her wickedness to him for over three hours. The confessor was so impressed, or worn out, by the actress's lengthy but sincere lament "that he postponed his exhortations until he had time to consider his judgment." Mlle. Gautier decided to quit the stage and to enter the sisterhood of Sainte-Perpétue, where she wrote her Confessions. We are next given the thrilling and pathetic story of a very different type of woman, Adrienne Lecouvreur, described by Carlyle as "a foolish French actress." During the eventful life of Adrienne the Duchess de Bouillon attempted to poison her. Mr. Gribble is of the opinion that Mme. de Bouillon "must be acquitted of the crime, but not of the intention to procure it." Adrienne died while playing in Voltaire's "Œdipe," and the author suggests that the cause of death was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

possibly appendicitis. The Church had no mercy for the actress who showed no sign of repentance for the scandals of her profession. Adrienne was given no Christian burial, and her earthly remains were not even buried in the unconsecrated corner of a cemetery.

> Her body, without even a coffin, was bundled into a carriage, driven to a piece of waste land near the Seine, and buried in a grave hastily dug there, and filled up with quicklime—an indignity without precedent in the annals of the theatre.

It is not Mr. Gribble's way to permit his readers to weep profusely over a mournful scene, or allow them to ponder upon a possible moral. His most racy chapters are devoted to the amazing career of Mlle. George. At the outset this beautiful and alluring actress is portrayed as the *ingénue*. She is presented as a paragon of the virtues: one who revelled in platonic friendships and was surprised by the adulation she received. She came in contact with Prince Sapieha—a veritable Prince Charming—who supplied her wardrobe and presented her with costly jewels "merely as a tribute to an artist from a patron of the arts." When Prince Charming gave the actress a luxurious apartment, "rented at 2,400 francs, with coach-house and stables," Mlle. George carried on the following conversation with her aunt:—

> "My dear aunt, how perfectly lovely! But there is no furniture; there are no horses."
> "Never mind, my child. I am commissioned to buy whatever is necessary."
> "By whom?"
> "By Prince Sapieha."
> "Prince Sapieha! But I don't particularly care for him. I can hardly accept——."
> "He knows all about that, my dear, and it makes no difference to him; he only wants to see you lodged as you deserve to be."
> "He wants nothing but that! Oh! auntie!"

Mlle. George was blessed with many guardian angels. One of these good platonic souls heard her cough, and sent her a cough mixture—"the mixture was found to consist of several cases of choice liqueurs." For curl papers he presented her with twenty bank-notes, "and all that he sought in return for this delicate gift of £400 was permission to kiss the artiste's hand." Alas! Mlle. George was not destined to remain the *ingénue* for ever. We read of her *liaison* with Napoleon, and her connection with Harel—lover, stage-manager, press-agent, and devout admirer of his pet pig. Dumas describes Mlle. George robed in velvets or furs in winter, or in summer arrayed "in a clinging deshabille of lace or muslin." "So, reclining," he writes, "in a pose of careless, easy grace, she received her callers, sometimes with the dignity of a Roman matron, sometimes with the smile of a Greek courtesan." In old age, however, the public neglected her. She cries: "They do not care to hear you—they have forgotten you. Is your heart broken? Is your pride humbled? No matter. That does not concern the public—you must go away. . . . Ah! the abominable trade!" What pathos there is in a description of her acting at the age of sixty:—

> The wrinkles, the white hairs, the monstrous corpulence, the croaking utterance, the tottering walk, the broken voice, the hiccoughs of the poor actress utterly amazed her audience. Their disgust was mingled with pity. They fled from the spectacle; and the curtain was lowered in silence upon an empty hall.

The volume concludes with a pathetic study of Marceline Desbordes-Valmore, whose poetry was inspired, and even corrected, by her unfaithful lover, Latouche, and an interesting sketch of the Garrick of the French stage, Talma.

China's Revolution and After

China's Revolution, 1911-1912. *A Historical and Political Record of the Civil War.* By Edwin J. Dingle. With Maps and Illustrations. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

Mr. Edwin J. Dingle has written a popular history of the Chinese Revolution that broke out at Wuchang Hankow, and Hanyang in October, 1911. The volume is frankly journalistic in style, and makes no pretence to be literary. There are occasions, however, when we could have wished that the author had had an opportunity of correcting the proofs, and that the demand for topical books was compatible with a reasonable amount of time spent in preparing them. Mr. Dingle's book has appeared at a most opportune moment; but no matter how rapidly it may have been prepared and passed through the press, much has already transpired in China since it was written. After many years of stagnation in the Celestial Kingdom history has crowded a canvas with innumerable incidents, epoch-making events which the civilised world has watched with profound interest. Japan's change from a hermit nation into that of a great world Power was less rapid and less marvellous than the sweeping away of China's monarchy and the establishment of a Republic within a few short months.

Mr. Dingle is strongly in favour of the Republican party, and it is to the members of this party that he dedicates the present volume. Many will be prepared to admit that the Manchu rule was ignoble, despotic, and tyrannous—a rule that was strongly opposed to any form of advance. "It had long survived its day," writes Mr. Dingle. "Its servants, like the servants of Solomon in the Koran, had propped up a corpse and summoned kings and princes to do it homage. They bowed before it, says the story, so long as it stood upright. But at last the worms gnawed away the staff on which it rested, it lay prone in the dust, and the world fell into confusion." Few will deny that it was imperative to crush and cast out the effete Manchu dynasty. It was an ancient Chinese custom to examine the efficiency or otherwise of the reigning Emperor, and to depose him

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

in the event of the ruler proving unsatisfactory. To-day it is the Chinese people, and not a select number of officials, who have taken upon themselves not only to dethrone the child-Emperor, but to sweep aside the monarchy and to establish a republic. Whether China can win a place among the great world Powers on the dangerous basis of the recent Revolution, or whether, like Japan, she could attain and maintain her object more easily and more satisfactorily under a constitutional form of government, it is impossible to say. The Chinese crisis presents the most complex situation imaginable, and at the time of writing, bearing in mind the Chinese Loan, her position is extremely critical.

Mr. Dingle knows how to make use of his valuable material. He has witnessed every phase of the Revolution, and mingled with the leaders of both parties. He presents the horror of those awful months of civil war with extraordinary vividness. But he does something more than describe the origin of the Revolution, the battle of Kilometre Ten, the burning of Hankow, the state of affairs in Wuchang, and the fall of Hanyang. He sums up and analyses the whole situation with striking lucidity—no small accomplishment when we consider its complexity. In addition, we are given most excellent character studies of Li Yuan Hung, Yuan-Shih-K'ai, and Sun Yat-sen. Particularly interesting is his study of the astute Yuan-Shih-K'ai, who played so deep a game that it is impossible for Occidentals to follow all his subtle moves.

Mr. Dingle writes: "The problems that loom across the threshold of the future of this newly-emancipated race, however, surpass in magnitude any that civilisation has hitherto had to encounter. There are clear indications of progress, but they are not yet clear enough. China has to be re-made, and those engaged in the project may blunder because of the varied and widely-varying patterns they have in stock to choose from." But Mr. Dingle writes optimistically concerning China's future, and asserts that a day will come when the Chinese "will be taken up as equals into social relations of the white races." With China, however, unless we happen to be enthusiasts, we must adopt the hackneyed but safe policy of "wait and see." Japan wants Manchuria, Russia is eager to obtain Mongolia, and the attempt to check the Chinese Loan is nothing less than an intrigue against the independence of China.

The Humour of Sport

The Brain Side of Games, Sports, and Pastimes. By H. C. DONOVAN. (Jarrold and Sons. 1s. net.)

THE correct position of sport in the life of the nation is a seasonable topic. While the rival camps—those who demand the athletic prowess of England and specialisation, and those whose watchword is "Sport for sport's sake"—fight over that prostrate figure of Britannia which returned from the Olympiad at Stockholm, Mr. Donovan has written a book which professes to explain the brain side of our games and sports so that their educational and recreational characteristics may be properly appreciated. That such a work may prove interesting there can be no doubt, but the utility and necessity thereof is a point which is very debatable. We do not choose our games as we do our professions; nor shall we after reading Mr. Donovan's book. We play cricket because we love it, because we realise the importance of partaking in healthy exercise, and because we have the necessary financial requirements—but not because "there is more brain-work entailed in its play than in any other recreative game-sport that is within our knowledge." It seems to follow that the greatest exponents of our English game must be possessed of exceptionally brilliant brain power. Will the eugenist make a careful note of this? Perchance the professional cricketer of to-day will be scientifically developed into the Prime Minister of to-morrow! Or perchance a change of government could be decided by a cricket match between the "ins" and the "outs"! We should much like to see Mr. John Burns as a lob-bowler upon a sticky wicket—but this apotheosis is not for our time. Mr. Chesterton might be persuaded in this Utopia to renounce literature and become a wicket-keeper.

The reader must not imagine that we are treating Mr. Donovan's book in a flippant manner. We recently reviewed the same author's phrenological treatise, "The Brain Book," to which the present work is an obvious sequel. We regret the sequel except for its unconscious humour. Petty prejudices, technical errors, misuse of scientific terms, bad phrasing and unconventional grammar are all very serious handicaps. The reader shall judge from the article on "Mounted Hockey or Polo":—

> The game came to us from the East; probably from Persia, the land of slavery; and it is only those whose mind is imbued with the bygone notions of slavery who are able to appreciate its pleasures. When men come to truly appreciate all the enjoyments of perfect freedom, this game will no doubt return to the place from whence it came. Now that we have all forms of motor-cars, perhaps these polo players, these half-and-half sportsmen, will endeavour to play this game from motor-cars with blindfolded chauffeurs. The player could then direct the course of the car by word of mouth to him who drives. No doubt there is a sport in polo, but it can be as well played from a bath-chair impelled by a blindfolded hired attendant as from a horse.

Mr. Donovan ought to be commissioned to write another "Innocents Abroad." To "prevent the caddie lending his intellect to his employer," Mr. Donovan considers the golfer should adopt a new form of contest to be called a "Strict Brain Game."

> In such a case, there should be no attendant caddie; the number of clubs, etc., to be limited by mutual agreement, and each player to transport his own implements, and the time limit for a lost ball to be fixed and strictly adhered to.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW AUTUMN BOOKS

NOW READY

EPOCHS OF CHINESE AND JAPANESE ART. An Outline of East Asiatic Design. By ERNEST FENOLLOSA. In 2 vols., with 230 Plates in Colour and Monochrome. Crown 4to. 36s. net.

ALL THE TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB and H. S. MORRIS. With 46 Plates in Colour from Paintings of the Great Masters. In 2 vols. large medium 8vo cloth extra, full gilt sides. 21s. net.

MEMOIRS OF THE MARQUISE DE CUSTINE. Vivid Personal Recollections of the French Revolution. By E. MAUGRAS and COUNT DE CROZE-LEMERCIER. Demy 8vo, with Portrait. 10s. net.

GERMAN MEMORIES. By SIDNEY WHITMAN. Demy 8vo, with many Portraits, 7s. 6d. net.

WOMAN AND WOMANHOOD. By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D. Demy 8vo, 10s. net.

PICTURES OF THE PANAMA CANAL. By JOSEPH PENNELL. Crown 4to, 5s. net.

THE FOUR GARDENS. By "HANDASYDE." Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON. Large crown 8vo. 8 Plates in Colour. 6s. net.

THE BOOK OF BEGGARS. Pictured by W. DACRES-ADAMS. Crown 4to, with 12 large Plates in Colour. 3s. 6d. net.

MICHAEL ANGELO. By ROMAIN ROLLAND (Author of "John Christopher"). With 24 Plates in Monochrome. 6s. net.

THE OLD CLOCK BOOK. By N. HUDSON MOORE. With 104 Illustrations and a full list of Clockmakers. Large crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

THE PROMISED LAND: The Autobiography of a Russian Immigrant. By MARY ANTIN. Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

CHIPPENDALE.
By J. P. BLAKE. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. ("Little Books About Old Furniture.")

THE SHERATON PERIOD.
By A. S. REVEIRS-HOPKINS. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. ("Little Books About Old Furniture.")

READY OCT. 17

ÆSOP'S FABLES. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM in Colour and Black and White. Translated by V. S. VERNON JONES, M.A. With Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. Library Edition. Large Crown 8vo. 6s. net.
(Also an Edition de Luxe with Large Plates, limited to 1,000 copies for Great Britain and Ireland. 25s. net.)

THE GREAT ENGRAVERS. Edited by ARTHUR M. HIND. Each volume in paper boards, with 64 pages of illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. NEW VOLUMES: (1) ***Marcantonio;*** (2) ***Holbein.*** To follow (Oct. 31): (3) ***Rembrandt;*** (4) ***Bartolozzi.*** Also shortly (5) ***Fragonard;*** (6) ***Hogarth.*** [Previously published in 1911: Dürer, Van Dyck, Watteau and Boucher, J. R. Smith, Goya, Mantegna.]

FRENCH ARTISTS OF OUR DAY. With 48 Plates selected from their works. Each vol. 2s. 6d. net. ***Puvis de Chavannes,*** by André Michel. To follow (Oct. 31): ***Manet,*** by Louis Hourticq; also shortly, ***Courbet,*** by Léonce Bénédite.

A LEGEND OF OLD PERSIA and Other Verses. By A. B. S. TENNYSON. Demy 8vo. 5s. net.

READY ABOUT OCT. 24

THE TECHNIQUE OF PAINTING, By C. MOREAU-VAUTHIER. Demy 8vo, with 8 Plates in Colour and Illustrations in Black and White. 10s. 6d. net.

PORTRAITS AND STUDIES. By EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., LL.D. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

THE INN OF TRANQUILLITY. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE STEAMSHIP CONQUEST OF THE SEA. By F. A. TALBOT. With many Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

THE BIRD OF TIME. By SAROJINI NAIDU. With an Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., LL.D. F'cap 8vo. 5s. net.

READY ABOUT OCT. 31

THE CHILDHOOD OF ANIMALS. By P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, F.R.S. With Plates in Colour by E. Y. JONES and Illustrations by R. B. BROOK-GREAVES. Royal 8vo. 10s. net.

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND. Woven by MAX BEERBOHM. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

NEW 6s. NOVELS

Salve! ... ... GEORGE MOORE
Molyneux of Mayfair DUNCAN SCHWANN
Less Than the Dust MARY A. HAMILTON
The Book of Wonder (Illustrated by S. H. SYME) ... ... LORD DUNSANY
Between Two Thieves (2nd Imp.) RICHARD DEHAN
Yonder (2nd Imp.) ... ... E. H. YOUNG.
Borrowers of Fortune J. L. HERBERTSON

The Cost of It (2nd Imp.) ELEANOR MORDAUNT
The Marriage of Kettle C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE
Alexander's Bridges (2s. net) W. S. CATHER
Adnam's Orchard (Oct. 17) SARAH GRAND
The "Mind the Paint" Girl (Oct. 24) (Adapted from Sir A. W. Pinero's Play) LOUIS TRACY
The Cahusac Mystery (Oct. 31) K. and H. HESKETH PRICHARD

WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

In that day this reviewer will renounce golf and take to hopscotch. And what would Mr. Donovan say about rowing? We leave the book to the curious reader, while we wonder how Juvenal would need to modify "Mens sana in corpore sano."

Mrs. Alec Tweedie

Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life. By Mrs. ALEC TWEEDIE. Illustrated. (John Lane. 16s. net.)

THIRTEEN is usually regarded by superstitious people as an unlucky number, but no one reading Mrs. Alec Tweedie's thirteenth volume is likely to entertain such a notion. Those who are acquainted with this writer's previous work—her travel books, her history and romance of Hyde Park and "Behind the Footlights," not to mention her countless articles for the Press—have learnt to expect from her able pen a well-told, humorous story and a forcible character-sketch of many a celebrity with the same economy of line that distinguished the work of Phil May. In telling the story of her literary life, Mrs. Tweedie has certainly added to her laurels. It has all the racy, human charm of her earlier work. It is naïve without being gushing, discreet where others are concerned without suggesting aloofness. Mrs. Tweedie has written a fascinating autobiography, a volume of permanent value because it reflects a very live and lovable personality, and we rejoice to hear that a second edition is already in the press.

Before Mrs. Tweedie lost her husband she used to write "just for the fun of the thing." When, however, the crisis came she realised that she must either live a stuffy, suburban life and give her children a stuffy, suburban education, or take up the pen in deadly earnest. Politely refusing very substantial aid, she decided on the more energetic course. She went through the journalistic mill with splendid fortitude and determination in a way that would have gratified the author of "Self-Help." She travelled for the purpose of getting copy, and turned that copy into books that have deservedly enjoyed a wide circulation. She became, after continual effort and not a little disappointment, an up-to-date journalist—a journalist who wrote on all manner of subjects with ever-growing ease and accomplishment. Mrs. Tweedie explains her method, but in the end it all amounts to sheer hard work. Introductions she does not believe in, and regards the knowing of editors personally as rather a drawback than otherwise; nor is she one of those mistaken writers who frequently climb editorial stairs and bombard weary editors with numerous schemes; she is much too wise and tactful to indulge in that kind of thing, except at very long intervals. She climbed the literary ladder in the best possible way, viz., on the rungs of her own work. She has for thirteen years played the game off her own bat and scored heavily. Her days of concerted effort—those fighting days—as well as her hour of triumph are a source of inspiration to struggling writers and a joy to her many admirers. Hard work and the seizing of opportunity, combined with a vigorous personality, form the basis of her success, and this entertaining volume not only reveals an author in the making, but also a very charming and heroic woman in the making, too.

Mrs. Tweedie describes Walter Besant as "quaint, old-fashioned, and prim." She extols his goodness of heart, his zest in helping literary aspirants. "Sir Walter Besant," she writes, "was the very embodiment of this spirit of helpfulness, not only to me personally, but also to the literary world at large, and it was he who conceived the idea of bringing this same friendliness into a common centre by establishing the Incorporated Society of Authors." Mrs. Lynn Linton surely has no rival in extending a helping hand to inexperienced writers. When Mrs. Tweedie called upon her on one occasion the novelist was surrounded with manuscripts, and her visitor imagined that she had sufficient material for two or three new books. "Not one page is my own," observed Mrs. Lynn Linton. "Bundles of manuscripts like these have haunted my later life. I receive large packets from men and women I have never seen and know nothing whatever about." Mrs. Lynn Linton dealt with all these effusions, with the exception of one scroll which was indecipherable. We may not care about this novelist's use of "thereanent" and "enthusiates," but she deserves all honour for the good service she rendered to others.

Many amusing incidents are recorded in this volume. The story of Lord Li, who called upon a lady by mistake, chatted to her, and took his departure without explaining the situation, portrays the courteous Chinaman in his inimitable rôle of delicate humour and tact. In conclusion, we cannot refrain from quoting the following:—

> Old Lady (beaming across table): "I do love your writing."
>
> Grey-bearded Gentleman (bowing): "Thank you very much."
>
> Old Lady: "One sees the whole scene so vividly before one."
>
> The grey-bearded gentleman bowed again.
>
> Old Lady (bending a little nearer): "They live and move. The characters almost dance before one."
>
> Grey-bearded Gentleman (evidently rather pleased): "It's good of you to say so. So few people read my sort of stuff as a rule."
>
> Old Lady: "They are works of inspiration! By the by, how does inspiration come to you?"
>
> Grey-bearded Gentleman: "Well, it's rather difficult to say. Anywhere, I think. An idea often flashes through my mind in a crowd, or even when someone is talking to me."
>
> Old Lady (flapping her wings with delight, and evidently hoping *she* was an inspiration): "Would you be so very kind as to sign my autograph book?"
>
> "With pleasure," was the reply. And thereupon she produced a tiny almanac from her pocket and a stylographic pen, and with a beaming smile remarked:
>
> "Under your name, please write 'Man and Superman!'"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

DENTS' NEW AUTUMN BOOKS

JOSEPH CONRAD'S NEW BOOK,
"'TWIXT LAND AND SEA."
Crown 8vo. **6s.**

FLORENCE CONVERSE'S
New Novel, "THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT."
Author of the "House of Prayer." Crown 8vo. **6s.**

PERCEVAL GIBBON'S
"THE ADVENTURE OF MISS GREGORY."
Crown 8vo. **6s.**
"I never want to read a more finished . . . deliciously exciting set of adventures."—*Punch*.

ASPECTS OF ALGERIA: Historical, Pictorial, Colonial. By ROY DEVEREUX. With Illustrations. Square Demy 8vo. **10s. 6d.** net.

THE HISTORY OF RUSSIA. Vol. II. By Professor VALERIE KLUCHEVSKY. Professor of History at Moscow University. Translated by C. J. HOGARTH. 3 volumes. Demy 8vo. **7s. 6d.** net each volume.

THE LAST LEGITIMATE KING OF FRANCE. By PHŒBE ALLEN. With Illustrations. Medium 8vo. **12s. 6d.** net.

CHANNELS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.
Edited by OLIPHANT SMEATON, M.A. Large Crown 8vo. **5s.** net each volume.
A series designed to trace the genesis and evolution of the various departments of English literature and English thought.

ENGLISH PHILOSOPHERS AND SCHOOLS OF PHILOSOPHY. By Professor JAMES SETH, M.A.

ENGLISH EPIC AND HEROIC POETRY. By Professor W. MACNEILE DIXON, M.A.

Please send for complete Prospectus.

A FRENCH "EVERYMAN."
Tous les Chefs d'Qeuvre de la Litterature Francaise.
The Publishers are issuing a series of French Masterpieces, covering a period of nine centuries, to be completed in 100 volumes. [Prospectus.]

New and Charming Pictorial Books for Boys and Girls.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF WARRIORS. By WILLIAM CANTON. With Illustrations in Colour by HERBERT COLE. Large Crown 8vo. **5s.** net Uniform with "A Child's Book of Saints."

THE SONGS OF INNOCENCE and Other Poems. By WILLIAM BLAKE. With Coloured Illustrations and Decorations by CHARLES and MAY ROBINSON. Small 4to. **3s. 6d.** net.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN. With many charming full-page Drawings in Colours depicting the various episodes described in the famous Lyric. By MARGARET W. TARRANT. Crown 8vo. **2s. 6d.** net.

JOLLY CALLE AND OTHER SWEDISH FAIRY TALES. By HELENA NYBLOM. With Several Illustrations in Colour by CHARLES FOLKARD. Square Crown 8vo. **5s.** net.

THE FAIRY OF OLD SPAIN. By Mrs. RODOLPH STAWELL. Illustrated with Pictures in Colour and in Line by FRANK C. PAPE. **3s. 6d.** net.

[Let us send you a Special Prospectus of these Children's Books.]

40 NEW VOLUMES
1s. Net Cloth. JUST ADDED TO **Everyman's Library** **2s.** Net Leather.
COMPLETING 640 VOLUMES.

"It is beyond belief that such books can be produced and sold for a shilling."—*Morning Post*. *MAY WE SEND YOU A FULL LIST?*

J. M. DENT & SONS, LTD., 87, Aldine House, London, W.C.

NEW FICTION. 6s.

THE
STREETS OF ASCALON
BY
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.
A full length novel of society life, telling of a woman's sacrifice for the man she loved.

THE PRICE SHE PAID: The Story of a Woman's Struggle. By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS.
In a powerful and dramatic story the author tells how the heroine "*paid the price*" of a marriage for money.

THE SINS OF THE FATHER. By THOMAS DIXON. Author of "The Clansman."
A romance with a sex problem of the most complex nature, treated with power and restraint.

THE DEPARTMENT STORE: A Novel of To-day. By MARGARETE BOHME. Author of "The Diary of a Lost One."
The modern department store brought into fiction. A vast, throbbing, vital drama, and a wonderful picture of a great organisation.

THE MAKER OF OPPORTUNITIES. By GEORGE GIBBS.
The story of a young man with great riches who spends his entire leisure in seeking adventures out of which he secures not only opportunities for himself, but for other people.

FAITH BRANDON. By HENRIETTA CHANNING DANA. Author of "Espiritu Santo," etc.
The love story of an American girl, full of action and incident, with special interest through its charming pictures of life and manners in Russia of to-day.

THE POSTMASTER. By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN. Author of "The Women Haters."
A new story, with the author's never-ceasing fountain of humour. The experiences of the shrewd old postmaster and his up-to-date assistant are pure, unadulterated joy.

THE SHERIFF OF BADGER. By GEORGE PATTULLO.
The strenuous adventures of a cowboy who is elected Sheriff on account of his indomitable courage.

THE FAVOUR OF KINGS. By MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY.
Reveals the romance, mystery, and scandal which have shrouded the life of Anne Boleyn at the gay court of Henry the Eighth.

THE NAMELESS THING. By MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.
A most ingenious detective story by a well-known author.

THE MYSTERY OF THE SECOND SHOT. By RUFUS GILMORE.
The efforts of two smart reporters to unravel a mystery make a detective story of unusual fascination.

APPLETONS, 25 Bedford St., London.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

He turned to her with a puzzled look, and then this is what ensued:

"That is my favourite play."

"Is it?"

"Don't you love it the best?"

"Never read it in my life."

"What! never read your own masterpiece!"

"No, madam. I am afraid you have made a mistake."

"What! You do not mean to say that you are not Bernard Shaw?"

"No. I'm Lewis Morris, the poet."

Poor Lewis Morris! It was a great pity that he had written his "Epic of Hades" before meeting this terrible old lady!

Why We do Things

Instinct and Experience. By PROFESSOR C. LLOYD MORGAN. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

THE author of this fascinating piece of special pleading for his attitude towards the dual problems of mind and matter, with one science for both, would be the first to admit that, although the book is not precisely a sequel to any of his earlier works, its fullest enjoyment and understanding must be for such readers as are already familiar with the writings of Professor Bergson and others with whom he joins issue. Few recent workers in the metaphysical borderland of science have roused such animated opposition in their contemporaries as the author of "Laughter," "Matter and Memory," "Time and Free Will," and other works, in which he either deals with intensity of consciousness, or affirms and co-ordinates the reality of spirit and of matter on the basis of memory. Professor Bergson has a redoubtable antagonist in the author of the present volume, and even those who lack first-hand acquaintance with the works from which ample extracts are given in the text should be able to enjoy a brilliant effort of clear logic that is controversial without being contentious.

To the lay mind, in its honest endeavour to follow these leaders, there is continual difficulty from the vague use of such a word as "experience," as signifying (like its German equivalent *Erfahrung*) either actual consciousness as a process taking place in time, or the phenomenon experienced. Our everyday conception of "impulse" (*Trieb*) as a motor tendency contrasting with deliberation is complicated by the fuller definition insisted on by Professor Morgan, who enunciates it as "a specific mode of experience which arises when bodily and mental processes are running their course." These and other influences, either conjointly or in conflict, govern all our actions, and Professor Morgan elaborates —with masterly control of the available evidence—the part played by instinct and experience in the ultimate result. The importance of inherited impulse is illustrated at the outset by an anecdote that has served his purpose before, that of a nine-weeks-old moorhen, reared in an incubator—and therefore isolated from parental education—diving, in correct moorhen fashion, at sight of a dog on the bank. We can give the author another example, which is perhaps new to him. A young African cheetah that had been hand-reared from its first week, and was therefore wholly unacquainted with the conditions of the wilderness, was suddenly brought up to the bars of a paddock in a Paris menagerie in which were two young wildebeestes that had been born in captivity in a European park. Yet what happened? From the moment when the beasts on either side of the railings became mutually conscious of what lay beyond, the little cheetah crouched instinctively for the spring—knowing that these were antelopes, which it was its business to kill—and the antelopes, though seeing such danger for the first time, showed evident dread of the intruder. Experience is significant only so far as the meaning which it conveys. This is why the burnt child dreads the fire, or why the dog "begs" at sound of the word "biscuits." Every living creature has, in fact, what the French adequately call, in one of those desirable words for which the English language lacks equivalent, its own *naturel*, made up of the aggregate of its inherited mental characters. Man—and woman—alone endeavours to suppress his *naturel* to suit the circumstances of the occasion. Other creatures are just their natural selves. Why they are so, and how they come to be so, is virtually the problem which Professor Morgan has set himself to solve in these pages.

The British Army, 1809-1810

A History of the British Army. Vol. VII, 1809-1810. By the HON. J. W. FORTESCUE. With Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 21s. net.)

THE seventh volume of this admirable history covers the period 1809-1810. In those years this country had armies in North America, the West Indies, the Peninsula, Sicily, the East Indies, Mauritius, and Java, whilst in the former year took place the ill-fated expedition to the Scheldt. The strain upon the country's military and financial resources was enormous, and the mortality upon most of the campaigns undertaken appalling. Those campaigns customarily resolved themselves into a grim and mortal combat against the forces, not of the enemy, but of hunger and disease. On the Walcheren Expedition one hundred of all ranks were killed in action. Those who perished of disease numbered four thousand. The success of the British in feats of arms during these years was great and memorable. A history such as this affords us the opportunity not only of seeing our empire-builders at work, but of realising the honour due to their glorious memory. If anyone would read of almost miraculous daring, let him learn the story of Colonel Rollo Gillespie at the lines of Cornelis. Who knows aught nowadays of Auchmuty? Yet the author is undoubtedly right in saying that, if Napoleon had conducted the campaign of Java

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Geo. Allen & Co.'s New Books

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF RUSKIN

By SIR EDWARD T. COOK.

With **28** Full-page Illustrations in Colour, and **20** in Black and White. Demy 4to. Cloth. **21s.** net.

BRABAZON AND HIS ART

By C. LEWIS HIND.

With **24** Full-page Illustrations in Colour from the Artist's Pictures. Demy 4to. Cloth, gilt top. **21s.** net.

"Mr. Hind has treated the life and art of Brabazon with discriminating enthusiasm."—Standard.

THE ART OF JOZEF ISRAELS

By J. E. PHYTHIAN.

With **40** Reproductions of the Artist's Works, including **8** Full-page Illustrations in Colour. Crown 4to. Cloth. **15s.** net. [*Nearly Ready.*

THE LIFE OF SIR HOWARD VINCENT

By S. H. JEYES. Concluded by F. D. How.

With Photogravure Portrait and **19** Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth, gilt top. **12s. 6d.** net. [*Nearly Ready.*

ANIMAL LIFE IN ITALIAN PAINTING

By W. NORTON HOWE.

With **2** Full-page Illustrations in Colour and **40** in Black and White. Foolscap 4to. **12s. 6d.** net.

KING'S CUTTERS AND SMUGGLERS

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON.

An account of smuggling between 1700 and 1855, with Coloured Frontispiece and **33** Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth, gilt top. **7s. 6d.** net. [*Just Out.*

"A capital study of a fascinating theme."—Daily Telegraph.

THE SHEEP AND ITS COUSINS

By R. LYDEKKER, F.R.S.

Demy 8vo. Cloth, gilt top. With **62** Illustrations. **10s. 6d.** net. [*Just Out.*

THE ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION OF PRIMITIVE MAN

By DR. ALBERT CHURCHWARD.

With **40** Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. Cloth. **5s.** net.

HOURS OF GLADNESS

EIGHT NATURE ESSAYS

By M. MAETERLINCK.

With a new essay on "Our City Gardens." Translated by **A. Teixeira de Mattos.** With **20** Full-page Plates in Colour; designed cover and title-page by **Edward J. Detmold.** Special edition on Arnold paper. Demy 4to, **21s.** net. [*Next Week.*

London: GEO. ALLEN & Co., Ld., 44-45, Rathbone Pl.

Smith, Elder, & Co.'s List.

With a Portrait in Photogravure of H.M. King Louis Philippe. Demy 8vo. **14s.** net.

ENGLAND AND THE ORLEANS MONARCHY.

By Major JOHN HALL, Author of "The Bourbon Restoration."

DAILY TELEGRAPH.—The reader who follows his clear and masterly narrative to the end will be filled with admiration for the knowledge, judgment and sound historical scholarship which have gone to its preparation.

4th and Greatly Enlarged Edition. Small Demy 8vo, **10s. 6d.** net.

MODERN GERMANY:

Her Political and Economic Problems, her Policy, her Ambitions, and the Causes of her Success.

By J. ELLIS BARKER.

This edition is practically a new book, nine new chapters, comprising about 200 pages of text, having been added to it.

A New Work by ARTHUR C. BENSON, C.V.O.

Large Post 8vo, **6s.** net.

THY ROD AND THY STAFF.

By ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON, Author of "From a College Window," "The Silent Isle," etc.

With 15 Illustrations. Small Demy 8vo, **10s. 6d.** net

ARABIC-SPAIN: Sidelights on Her History and Art.

By BERNHARD and ELLEN M. WHISHAW.

With Illustrations. Demy 8vo. **16s.** net.

THE CHURCH IN MADRAS. Vol. II.

By the Rev. FRANK PENNY, LL.M., late Chaplain in H.M. Indian Service (Madras Establishment).

Being the History of the Ecclesiastical and Missionary Action of the East India Company in the Presidency of Madras from 1805-1835.

Large Post 8vo. **7s. 6d.**

WHAT THE JUDGE SAW:

Being 25 years in Manchester by One who has done it.

By His Honour Judge EDWARD ABBOTT PARRY, Author of "The Scarlet Herring, and other Stories," "Judgments in Vacation," etc.

Large Post 8vo. **6s.** net.

ALLEGORIES OF THE LAND.

By Major GAMBIER-PARRY, Author of "The Pageant of My Day," "Murphy: A Message to Dog Lovers," etc.

On Oct. 23. With 8 Illustrations. Large Post 8vo. **7s. 6d.** net.

ETON IN THE SEVENTIES.

By the Honourable GILBERT COLERIDGE, Author of "An Instinctive Criminal," "Jan van Elselo," etc.

Ready Oct. 23. With a Portrait. Large Post 8vo. **6s.** net.

A HOME HELP IN CANADA.

By ELLA C. SYKES, Author of "Through Persia on a Side Saddle," "Persia and its People."

NEW 6s. FICTION.

HONEY, MY HONEY.

By KATHARINE TYNAN.

THE GRIP OF LIFE. ON OCTOBER 15.

By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE.

ERICA. ON OCTOBER 23.

By Mrs. HENRY DE LA PASTURE. (Lady Clifford.)

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo-place, S.W.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

exactly as did Auchmuty, whole libraries would have been written in laudation of it.

We have seldom found better delineation of character or sounder appreciation of causes than in these pages. Under the heading "The Real Napoleon" we recently had occasion to show in the pages of THE ACADEMY some of the causes which led to the downfall of that monarch. The history of the years 1809-10 displays the inherent weakness of the Napoleonic system with even greater clearness. Napoleon thought it possible to control the affairs of his armies in the Peninsula from Paris. The result, as might have been foreseen, was disaster to the French arms. But in addition the author exposes mercilessly yet irrefragably the viciousness of an administration which inevitably set the superior commands at variance with each other. The authority of the nominal commander-in-chief, Joseph, the Emperor's brother, was nullified by the constant orders issued over his head to the generals by the Emperor direct. Wellington lost no opportunity for profiting by this insane division of control. The miraculous success of the British at the Battle of Talavera was due to the fatuous attempts of Victor to achieve something brilliant before the main body arrived on the battlefield. Such folly was rendered possible only by that of his master. In the case of Crauford upon our own side there was no such excuse, and it needed all the tact and strength of purpose of Wellington to prevent that impetuous general from bringing disaster upon the heads of the British. We have referred to the delineation of character as one of the notable features of the history. That of Wellington is portrayed in a masterly manner, censure not being spared in cases where it is deserved. It took even Wellington some time to learn that "Spanish" and "worthless" were synonymous terms. But the lesson, once learnt, was never forgotten.

Behind the shifting scenes of war we see glimpses ever and anon of the political background. The author is ruthless in his criticisms of Canning, but is equally determined in his appreciation of statesmen so often misunderstood and undervalued as Castlereagh and Perceval, and he deserves the thanks of politicians for upholding the Cabinet against the aspersions of Wellington.

In a history of any campaign, however recent, there is invariably much difficulty in rendering a true account of the part played by the various components of an army. The views of officers of different arms as to the relative importance of those arms upon any particular occasion are not seldom divergent. The author of the "History of the British Army" will doubtless be accused of exaggerating or belittling exploits, but any such accusation, even if deserved, is met by the indisputable impartiality with which the author pronounces judgment, and the minuteness with which he has analysed the information available as a basis for such judgment.

The value of such a history as this is obviously great, rent at first sight. It is as affording a basis for what but tne respect in which it is greatest may not be apparent Thucydides called the "supreme value of rational foresight" that such a work chiefly deserves our attention. Behind all improvements of arms, ammunition, communication, and supply remain the same elemental problems to-day as then. By studying the mistakes of our great-grandfathers let us endeavour to secure the welfare of our great-grandchildren.

Shorter Reviews

The Plutus of Aristophanes. Translated into English verse, with an Introduction and Notes, by SIR WILLIAM RANN KENNEDY, Lord Justice of Appeal. (John Murray. 5s. net.)

THE Plutus exhibits Aristophanes at his best, and also not quite at his best. The play is full of quaint ideas, quaintly expressed. Satire and irony are very little veiled, and coarseness is not absent. The blessings flowing from the diffusion of wealth are effectively traced, and the case for poverty as distinguished from abject destitution is put cleverly and not unconvincingly.

Sir William Kennedy's version deserves all praise. Anyone unacquainted with the Greek text—all the subtleties of which cannot be rendered in an English translation—will be entirely satisfied with the play as presented in a thoroughly readable and entertaining manner. Those to whom the original text is familiar will recognise in Sir William Kennedy's version a scholarly and skilful rendering of a comedy which was written over 2,000 years ago. As is generally noticeable in Aristophanes' plays, there is a remarkable modern application in many of the speeches, which might almost be termed every-day aphorisms. Thus is the space of thousands of years bridged over by literary remains. So poverty exclaims:—

> Look at the politicians; while my restraint they feel
> The people and the State in them may safely put their trust,
> But once enriched from public funds they show themselves unjust,
> And plot against the masses and oppose the people's will.

O ye legislators at Westminster, look to it that ye do not earn similar condemnation!

It is needless to say that Mr. Murray has produced the work with appropriate taste and discretion.

Antiques and Curios in Our Homes. By GRACE M. VALLOIS. With 61 Illustrations. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

THIS is a tastefully got-up volume quite suitable for the drawing-room table. The illustrations, with adequate explanatory text, of rare old furniture, are very interesting. There are examples of Jacobean, Restoration, Queen Anne, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, and Sheraton chairs, the work-table of Marie Antoinette, and Mrs.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Fitzherbert's workbox. There are also examples of the most famous pottery and porcelain, with glances at old pewter, and old Sheffield plate. We have tested the accuracy of the letterpress as to facts and dates, and find that it is carefully compiled and reliable. A volume of a little over 300 pages is, of course, not comprehensive, but it is entertaining, and to the amateur will prove more attractive than larger works.

The Romance of Submarine Engineering. By T. W. CORBIN. (Seeley, Service and Co. 5s.)

IT might not occur to everybody that there was much romance connected with "submarine" engineering, but the sceptic need only read a few chapters of this fascinating book to discover that, from the days of the primitive diving-bell to those of the modern "Nautilus" that can go through complicated evolutions partially or wholly submerged with its human crew, romance is inseparable from the subject. Mr. Corbin has done much to make engineering matters popular, and has the happy knack of writing about mechanical and apparently abstruse appliances in a clear, simple, yet thoroughly explanatory manner—his description of the gyroscope and its principle, for example, in the present work is admirable. The book is very comprehensive; the term "submarine engineering," of course, includes a great deal more than at first sight appears; tunnelling under rivers, the laying of cables, the construction of floating docks, the action of the tides—all these things are dealt with. All boys interested in machinery should have this book; and we may add that if boys of a larger growth once start reading it most of them will continue until the last page is reached.

Printing Papers: A Handbook for the Use of Publishers and Printers. (Spalding and Hodge, Ltd.)

TO those whose only knowledge of paper comes from their daily news-sheet or the "cream-laid note" which they may use for correspondence this collection of sample qualities from Messrs. Spalding and Hodge would be something of a revelation. It contains, in a handy volume form for reference, specimens of all varieties of paper, from the familiar cartridge to the most exquisite hand-made, plain and coloured, rough or smooth. A very useful adjunct is the series of tables of equivalent weights, information as to the size of books and quantity of paper required to produce 1,000 copies, and other details.

Nelson's Encyclopædic Library.—A Dictionary of Quotations. By COLONEL PHILIP HUGH DALBIAC. *A Dictionary of Dates. Vol. II. England and Wales—Nystad.* (T. Nelson and Sons. 1s. net each vol.)

WE have received the above two recent additions to the Messrs. Nelsons' popular and useful "Encyclopædic Library." Colonel Dalbiac's book is quite an old friend with most of us, and the present cheap and handy reprint

Blackie's List.

IN BYWAYS OF SCOTTISH HISTORY.
By LOUIS A. BARBÉ, B.A., Officier d'Académie, Author of "Viscount Dundee," "Kirkcaldy of Grange," &c. With Photogravure Frontispiece. Demy 8vo, gilt top, 10s. 6d. net.
Students of Scottish history will find in this book a storehouse of new information. Mr. Barbé has gathered into an interesting volume the results of much research along unfrequented ways.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE INDIAN THEATRE
By ERNEST P. HORRWITZ, Sometime Lecturer in Sanskrit at Trinity College, Dublin. Crown 8vo, art binding, cloth back, 2s. 6d. net.

ELFIN SONG.
Written and illustrated by FLORENCE HARRISON. 12 Plates in full Colour and 12 Black and White Illustrations with numerous decorative headings and tailpieces. Small quarto, gilt top, 6s. net.

LETTERS OF GREAT WRITERS
FROM THE TIME OF SPENSER TO THE TIME OF WORDSWORTH. Edited by The Rev. HEDLEY V. TAYLOR, B.A., Lecturer in English Literature to the Huguenot College, Wellington. Crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net

WIT AND WISDOM FROM DICKENS
Selected by ADELAIDE RAWNSLEY FOSSARD, Compiler of the "Thackeray Pocket-Book." Pott 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d. net; and leather, 2s. 6d. net.

HOW TO SPEAK AND READ
By J. BRUCE ALSTON, Recognised Teacher of Public Reading and Speaking to the University of Glasgow, Lecturer on Elocution in St. Mary's College, St. Andrews, &c. Crown 8vo, art binding, cloth back, 2s. 6d. net.

THE RISE OF DEMOCRACY
By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D., Reader in Modern History, University of Cambridge. NEW EDITION. Crown 8vo, art binding, cloth back, 2s. net.

EXERCISES IN GAS ANALYSIS
Translated from the German of DR. HARTWIG FRANZEN, Professor in the University of Heidelberg, by THOMAS CALLAN, M Sc., Ph.D., F.C.S. Crown 8vo. [*Shortly.*
A systematic introduction to the methods used in gas analysis, with discussion of the theoretical questions involved.

PLANT DISEASES
Translated from the German of DR. WERNER F. BRUCK, of the University of Giessen, and edited by J. R. AINSWORTH DAVIS, M.A. (Trin. Coll., Camb.), Principal of the Royal Agriculture College, Cirencester. Fcap. 8vo. [*Shortly.*

SCIENTIFIC METHOD: ITS PHILOSOPHY AND ITS PRACTICE. By F. W. WESTAWAY. Super crown 8vo, 6s.
This résumé of philosophic principles and review of the development of Scientific Method should be found invaluable by all who are interested in the methodical procedure of scientific investigation.

ELECTRICITY AND ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS. By MAGNUS MACLEAN, D.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., M.I.E.E. Professor of Electrical Engineering, Royal Technical College, Glasgow. Demy 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.
A new work for engineers and science students.

SOUTH AFRICAN GEOLOGY
By E. H. L. SCHWARZ, A.R.C.S., F.G.S., Professor of Geology at the Rhodes University College, Grahamstown, South Africa. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.
"Professor Schwarz has acquitted himself in an admirable and satisfactory manner. As a rich mine of South African geological data, the volume is confidently recommended to those who are attracted by studies of the phenomena of the earth's crust."—*South African Mining Journal.*

SAFETY IN COAL MINES. A Treatise in Fundamentals for Firemen, Colliery Managers, and others.
By DANIEL BURNS, M.Inst.M.E., Professor of Mining and Geology in the Royal Technical College, Glasgow. Small crown 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. [*Immediately.*

N.B.—Messrs. Blackie & Son will be pleased to forward gratis and post free a copy of their recent Catalogue on application.

BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED, 50, Old Bailey, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

is of the latest edition of the more expensive work, with the Author Index omitted. On the other hand, the additions which were hitherto embodied in a supplement are now incorporated in the text, and while the various quotations are arranged alphabetically, according to the word with which each quotation usually begins, there is also a Subject Index of nearly two hundred pages which should greatly facilitate reference. Although the little volume contains over five hundred pages, it can easily be carried in the pocket. The second instalment of the "Dictionary of Dates" is quite equal to the first, which we noticed some time back. The third and final volume is announced for publication this month. The series, besides being handy in form, is clearly printed on good paper and strongly and neatly bound in cloth boards, and is certainly most cheap at the price charged.

Fiction

Mrs. Lancelot. By MAURICE HEWLETT. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT is developing a new style. The mediæval romanticism of the "Forest Lovers" is being displaced by an ironic comedy. The spirit of Meredith succeeds to the spirit of Malory. There can be little doubt that, at the moment, Meredith is Mr. Hewlett's master. The change began with "The Stooping Lady," a book which no other living author could have written, but a book which showed unmistakable Meredithian influences. Those influences have since then gathered a considerable impetus. They have culminated in "Mrs. Lancelot," which is the most Meredithian book that has appeared since Meredith died.

For ourselves, we are not entirely prepared to welcome the change. Meredith's treatment of sexual relationships was broad and wholesome, but Mr. Hewlett introduces the passionate eroticism of his earlier novels into his studies of comparatively modern life. One gathers, as a result, an impression of unpleasing incongruity. The exceedingly frank love-making of the forest lovers is in keeping with the half-Pagan, half-mediæval character of the story. To adopt a convenient colloquialism it is "in the picture." But to condone the adulteries of a modern lady of society it is necessary that the reader should be not only an admirer of Mr. Hewlett—that, it may be hoped, we all are—but a devotee of "advanced thought." Mr. Hewlett, in short, expects too much from us.

He deals, too, a daring blow at our hero worship. For one of the principal characters in this novel is the Duke of Wellington—thinly disguised as the Duke of Devizes. And the Iron Duke, with his victories behind him, and with nothing more serious to occupy his mind than the frivolities of politics, figures as a rather senile old lover. He has a way with women, this Duke of Devizes, and we see him laying a sedulous and only partially successful siege to his secretary's wife. It seems probable that the fair enemy might have finally capitulated—despite her protestations—but for the timely arrival of a certain poet. The husband, poor fellow, is more to be pitied than blamed. He loves his wife well enough in his way, but he has a soul of starch. Mrs. Lancelot, on the other hand, with all the desire in the world to remain a dutiful wife, is tinder to the fire of passion. Of course, the inevitable happens. The poet has his way, and the book closes with a picture of love in a cottage somewhere in Italy. Like Lord Ormont in Meredith's novel, the disgruntled husband accepts the situation, and listens patiently to a long lecture from his supplanter. The situation is romantically conceived, but, somehow, it fails to carry conviction.

The minor characters are sketched with that unerring fidelity to truth which is not the least of Mr. Hewlett's accomplishments as a novel writer. In the background of the narrative flits the figure of Tom Moore—a lovable little fellow whose personality we cherish while we are content to forget his poetry. The book is one that no admirer of Mr. Hewlett can afford to leave unread. It marks an interesting stage in the development of its author's genius. But we prefer the Hewlett of "The Forest Lovers" and the "Fool Errant," and we find such a character as Captain Brazenhead—that Titan in an age of giants—more to our liking than the amorous poets and statesmen of "Mrs Lancelot."

The Price She Paid. By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

IN the gradual unfolding of the character of Mildred Gower, Mr. Graham Phillips has achieved a very fine piece of work. We see her first for a very short time as the pampered daughter of a presumably rich American lawyer, whose sudden death leaves his wife and daughter with next to nothing to live on, compared with the princely income they had hitherto enjoyed. On her mother's second marriage to an unmannerly fortune-hunter, the girl's life is made so unbearable that she accepts the palaces and hand of a disgustingly vulgar but extremely rich miner and stockbroker. After a few weeks of tyranny she leaves his house, thinking that, as she has a passable voice, she may earn her living on the stage. She has not the slightest idea of money or economy, and difficulties immediately beset her path. Always with good intentions, she finds her luxurious upbringing again and again too much for her. She slips so naturally into the sphere of life to which she has been accustomed, and finds it impossible to make the great effort and escape once and for ever from the feeling that she must depend upon someone; hence the career of a great singer is not possible until she has burst her bonds and learned to stand alone. It is all the more difficult as she unconsciously inspires friendship and love wherever she goes, and she does not yet understand that people help her more on account of her personality than her talent. It is proved that her husband committed bigamy when he made her his wife, so that she is free to marry whom she chooses. Love, however, does not appeal to her in all its force; she

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

turns to men as friends, and is startled when they require more than friendship from her. She stumbles on, sometimes brave and hopeful, at others depressed and weary, until the many vicissitudes she has endured, added to the almost brutal truth from a man who cared for her, as to what she must endure to make her a success, force her rigidly to observe all restraint and self-denial necessary for her task. In what manner she succeeds must be left to the reader to find out. There is not a phrase or paragraph in the book that is superfluous, and, although there are other characters equally well drawn, Mildred stands out so prominently from them all that it is on her that the greatest interest centres.

A Star of the East: A Romance of Delhi. By CHARLES E. PEARCE. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

MR. PEARCE has evidently taken pains to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the India of the closing years of John Company and the Mutiny. In two of his previous novels—"Love Besieged" and "Red Revenge"—he depicts with a master hand many of the leading events of the latter sanguinary period relieved with a thread of love and romance which helps to mitigate the horrors described. The present story opens in the spring of 1851, in a Rajah's palace in the neighbourhood of Simla, and closes with the outbreak of the Mutiny and the massacre at Delhi in 1857. Mr. Pearce's Star of the East is Nara, an Eurasian nautch-girl whose father was an English officer killed at Moodkee and her mother a native woman descended from the famous Shah Jahan. The mother had drowned herself on hearing of her lover's death, and the orphan Nara falls into the hands of mercenary relatives and others who desire to devote her to the usual life of shame of the Indian dancing-girl of those days and reap a rich reward from her great beauty.

Horsford, the hero of the story, whose life had been saved by Nara's father, recognises the child at the Rajah's, and determines to rescue her from the clutches of the harpies who are seeking to exploit her innocence and virtue. How he succeeds, after many hair-raising adventures, is told in the author's usual dashing style; but the tale by no means ends here, for the scene is then transferred to England, only to be brought back to Calcutta and Delhi, some five or six years later, for the climax. The latter comes somewhat as a shock; but on reflection it will be seen that it is the only possible artistic ending to a powerfully dramatic story.

Mr. Pearce shows himself equally at home in describing the Anglo-Indian life of those far-off days—as a character portrait, Clara Meldrum, the dissatisfied wife, would be hard to beat—and life in London in the mid-Victorian era. He has, however, allowed one or two errors to creep into his narrative. On page 56 he describes Zeenut Mehal as the mother of Jewan Bukht, while on page 192 he makes him her grandson. The old King of Delhi is called indifferently Bahadur Shah and Bahadah Shah, and one would gather from the early part of the book that he was then dead, and his eldest son, Mirza Moghul, reigning in his stead, whereas he crops up again at the close of the story. Yet these are only slight blemishes in an absorbingly interesting novel.

NEW AND IMPORTANT BOOKS

AT ALL LIBRARIES.

The New Book by the Author of "Anne of Green Gables," "Anne of Avonlea," "Kilmeny of the Orchard," "The Story Girl," etc.

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA.

By L. M. MONTGOMERY. Cloth decorative, with a new picture of Anne from a painting by GEORGE GIBBS. **6s.**

A NOVEL OF ABSORBING INTEREST.

WHEN THE GATES LIFT UP THEIR HEADS.

By PAYNE ERSKINE, the Author of "The Mountain Girl." Crown 8vo, cloth. **6s.** First edition sold out before publication.

A NEW AND CHARMING ROMANCE. 3rd edition now ready.

THE MOUNTAIN GIRL.

By PAYNE ERSKINE, Author of "When the Gates Lift up their Heads." Crown 8vo, cloth, with 6 illustrations by DUNCAN GLEASON. **6s.**

A CHARMING NEW ROMANCE BY A MANCHESTER AUTHORESS.

THE FAIREST OF THE STUARTS.

An Historical Romance by WINIFRED BROOKS MYLECHREEST, Author of "Fairies, Flowers and Fancies." Crown 8vo, cloth gilt. Illustrated. **6s.**

BART KENNEDY'S MASTERPIECE.

A TRAMP IN SPAIN FROM ANDALUSIA TO ANDORRA.

By BART KENNEDY, Author of "The Human Compass," etc. Demy 8vo, cloth gilt, 320 pages, 40 full page illustrations, and special map of Spain showing the author's route. **6s.** net.

Detailed Prospectus post free.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL TO-DAY.

By FORBES LINDSAY, Author of "Panama, the Isthmus and the Canal," etc. With 53 illustrations from recent photographs, and five special maps. Full crown 8vo, cloth gilt, gilt top, 474 pages. **12s. 6d.** net.

Detailed Prospectus post free.

PHILHARMONIC AND OTHER REMINISCENCES.

REMINISCENCES, IMPRESSIONS AND ANECDOTES.

By FRANCESCO BERGER, Hon. R.A.M. Demy 8vo, handsomely bound in buckram, gilt extra, gilt top, with oval photogravure portrait of author inlaid on cover. **10s. 6d.** net.

Full Prospectus on Application.

Write for Full List of Forthcoming Publications to

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON & CO., LTD.,
100, Southwark St., London, S.E.

Shorter Notices

Apart from a number of *clichés* which mar the construction, "Grit Lawless" (John Lane, 6s.) is an excellent story. The actual plot concerns the recovery of certain letters, by the aid of which the villain makes a blackmailing livelihood. There is a murder; there is a case of personation so well carried out that, when the facts of the case are revealed, we feel rather limp and breathless. Had Miss Mills-Young been less conversant with the art of story-telling, these things would have appeared rather melodramatic and improbable; as it is, they are worked into the texture in such a manner as to render them equally convincing with the rest. We appreciate the way in which restraint is exercised: nothing obtrudes unnecessarily; all is told quietly and simply, and therefore forcibly, and we believe in these people as much as if they had really lived. Notwithstanding the *clichés* referred to above, "Grit Lawless" is a powerful and exceptionally fine novel.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The story of the "Inheritance" (John Ouseley, 6s.), in spite of certain small defects of style, is praiseworthily terse, forceful, and dramatic; but the book embodies a big social problem as well. The cruelty of the cotton mill is brought home to us by Mr. Stuart Martin: the vile "half-time" system, which stunts young workers physically and debases them morally, is shown up, and the crass stupidity of the workers themselves, in demanding the continuance of this system that youngsters may become wage-earners when they ought to be fitting themselves for maturity, is exposed. It is pointed out that the unions, designed in the first instance to protect the worker, strain at the gnat of non-union labour and swallow the camel of a degenerate race arising through the forcing of "half-timers" and pregnant women to work in the mills—the workers are their own enemies in that they not only permit but uphold these evils. In spite of the force with which these terrible truths are told, the power of the story as a story is not interfered with; seldom is it that the social problem can be introduced in a novel without extracting from its value as a romance, but here is one of the exceptions that prove the rule.

The characters in "The Great Postponement" (John Ouseley, 6s.) stand shadowy and far-off, not through lack of descriptive matter, but perhaps because Mr. J. G. Sieveking, engrossed with the working out of a problem or the portrayal of an emotion, has overlooked the fact that his characters, as workers in his problem or vehicles for his emotion, ought to stand first in his own mind. The plot, though complex, is admirably true to life. We fear, at one point, that the author is inclined to sacrifice truth for the sake of a happy ending, but the fear proves groundless, and the story moves on as inevitably and relentlessly as life. And, curiously enough, we are interested in the plot, understand that the author had a word to say that is worth hearing. Yet we do not get close enough to any one character to feel its reality—they are shadows all, vehicles for the expression of the author's thoughts rather than live people who express themselves. It is a perplexing and rather irritating, albeit an interesting, book.

"Pension Kraus" (Herbert and Daniel, 6s.) is in Eisenbach, and there Judith, widow, went to stay for an indefinite period, as much for the purpose of getting away from her "in-laws" as for any other reason. There, however, she acted the part of a fairy godmother to a certain extent, and finally, somewhat against her will, fell in love with a fat German doctor, strongly reminiscent of Miss Alcott's Professor Bhaer. Miss Agnes Blundell has given us sufficient small adventures to make the story of average length, but books of this type are fairly common, not to say monotonous, and, except, for certain flashes of humour, which evoke about one smile per chapter, there is little in this to mark it out as apart from the general run of such stories. We are rather interested in Judith, and, though to a less degree, in her German doctor. We are not at all interested in the side-lights on German life, for they have a slight flavour of guide-book about them. It is a pretty little story, concerning the surface aspect of rather commonplace lives.

There are certain lines of limitation in dealing with sexual matters which ought not to be passed save by masters of fiction—not necessarily acknowledged masters, but writers who at least can rise above sensational writing, pure and simple. When, in a book such as "The Virgin Royal" (Frank Palmer, 6s.), one comes across the phrase, "the oldest profession in the world," and finds that profession described at some length, one knows that the limitations alluded to above have been overstepped. Unless a book accomplishes some definite purpose, or teaches some big moral lesson, it is worse than useless—it is harmful. "The Virgin Royal" is not one to recommend; it fails to grip, it has no particular literary style, and in attempting to deal with a very delicate problem Mrs. Donald Shaw has achieved a failure.

"Treasure of Thule," by B. D. Steward (Sidgwick and Jackson, 6s.) is a breezy story concerning a cruise undertaken by one Edward Nichol, a schoolmaster, in company with an old boy of his school and one other. Indeed, at times, the breeziness becomes rather wearisome, and strikes the reader as being a trifle overdone. Robin, the old boy from Maltby, has a way of using slang and adapting quotations to fit various circumstances which grow a little stale now and again. On the whole, however, it is a fresh, interesting story, with a carefully subordinated love interest. The characters are pleasing superficially, and we are not permitted to see very far beneath the surface. He who looks for psychological subtleties or the suggestion of a problem in "Treasure of Thule" will find himself disappointed. The book is rather a pleasant means of relaxation; a cheery companion for an hour or two, clean and wholesome enough for readers of all classes—schoolboys especially—and, this with no disrespect to its author, an excellent antidote for brain-fag.

The Theatre

"The Turning-Point" at the St. James's Theatre

IT must be admitted that, if Mr. Peter le Marchant has translated "La Flambée" accurately, and has come closely to the spirit of the original, the methods of M. Kistemaeckers, the author, verge upon the old-fashioned in the disclosure of his plot. Narrative—the snare of the dramatist—is employed to a surprising extent; the story is "told" to the audience less by dramatic dialogue than by often lengthy talk between two of the characters. We are given the history of Monique Felt's estrangement from her husband in a long interview between her and Monseigneur Jussey: Lieut.-Colonel Felt relates to his wife the story of Glogau, banker and spy; and other instances will strike

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the critical listener as the play progresses. To fit in with the legitimate drama, some of the speeches in "The Turning-Point" need cutting down, and the continual switching of interest from theme to theme in the first act—which is a kind of prologue—needs regulating to avoid the inevitable jerky effect which it produces.

Considered apart from these flaws, which have to do with construction and not with presentation, the play has its finely conceived scenes and its really great moments; and in spite of the fact that its emotional climax comes in the second act—a method which not many present-day writers would dare to adopt—the third act is both necessary and illuminating. Felt is in the grip of Glogau, the banker; he is also temporarily at cross-purposes with his wife, who has rashly encouraged a lover, in despair at his seeming indifference and preoccupation. Felt, in a sudden passion of patriotism and horror, strangles Glogau on learning that he is a spy; and the confession of this to his wife acts as a wind upon her smouldering love for him and brings about a reconciliation. This confession and its tempest of emotion—almost nullified by the tapping of her lover at the door and the consequent temporary revulsion of feeling on the part of Felt—constitutes the whole of the second act. Obviously, here we have material ripe for the fiercest form of melodrama. Sentence after sentence suggests it: "I do understand," says Monique, drawing herself up—"I am a soldier's daughter!" "I killed him!" breathes Felt hoarsely. "You did right!" cries Monique. "Don't lie to me again," shouts Felt, suspecting the tapping at the door, "or I shall kill you!" "Kill me!" retorts Monique, defiantly facing him. So the tremendous scene goes on; and only the superb art of Sir George Alexander and Miss Ethel Irving in these principal parts saved it from being hysterical and crude. As played by them, it kept within the bounds of art; what it might become in the hands of less experienced exponents we hardly know, so certain is it that at a touch from clumsy performers the highest tragedy topples into comedy.

With this over, there was still some excellent material left for the final act. Beaucourt, the lover, moved to become a friend by love of country, exchanges a silent and effective handshake with his enemy; Mr. Godfrey Tearle bore himself well in this trying part. As Mgr. Jussey, the good priest, who reasons with the rebellious Monique, Mr. J. D. Beveridge was as impressive as ever, and it is a pleasure indeed to see him thus excellently confuting certain rumours we had heard to the effect that illness would deprive the stage of his fine presence and memorable voice. Humour entered in the characters of Thérése and de Mauret, well taken by dainty Miss Lettice Fairfax and Mr. Athol Stewart in his most irresponsible vein. Few opportunities came for Mr. Rupert Lister as the host, Stettin; but in the rather glum and thankless part of Glogau Mr. Vivian Reynolds achieved the gentlemanly villain—especially good was he as the spider in whose web Felt was visibly struggling.

In conclusion, it may be taken as proof of the skill of Sir George Alexander and Miss Ethel Irving that we hardly know whether we like them best in tragedy or comedy, having seen them in both. In "The Turning-Point" we miss very much that whimsical, inimitable smile of Sir George Alexander—the smile that sets us so beautifully in tune with him; we miss, too, the extraordinary skill of Miss Irving when exchanging badinage or flying into serio-comic rages. We have them here, however, in one of their most strenuous exhibitions of the histrionic *milieu*, and in its way it is a triumph for them both.

W. L. R.

"Doormats" at Wyndham's

THIS is a comedy at once delicate, enthralling, finely composed. A novelist who writes very agreeably made one of the characters in her latest book say that life cannot be arranged like a drama and end happily with the last act. But Mr. Davies, although so sophisticated and subtle a writer, can make his play finish very much in the same unsatisfactory way as things really do, and still give us a charming, fresh, and engrossing comedy. Noel Gale, Mr. du Maurier, and his wife Leila, Miss Löhr, are young and happy, but they become disgusted and disadjusted because Noel ceases for a moment to wish to be the particular sort of doormat person on which Leila can stamp at pleasure. This distaste is to some extent brought about by Uncle Rufus, Mr. Alfred Bishop, and Aunt Josephine, Miss Nina Boucicault, who are also boot and doormat respectively, and who have some influence on the affairs of the younger people. Noel goes to America; Leila carries a good deal further a pretty lively flirtation, already well started, with Captain Harding, Mr. Dawson Millward. Jealousy and suggested divorce and all sorts of squabbles follow on Noel's return. But Mr. Davies, with the lightest hand, the most admirable skill, patches matters up for the young people, eliminates the somewhat serious factor, Captain Harding, and we are left to suppose, if we like, that Leila and Noel will be happy—only one knows better, of course.

Each of the five parts in this comedy is delightfully played. But Miss Boucicault, as ever, shows the most absolute charm and that touch of genius which has always enabled her to play upon the feelings of her audience with a fine certitude and a personal note of appeal which would be almost too poignant were it not restrained by her complete and delicate sense of art. Although Aunt Josephine is by no means the most important part in the play, while she is on the stage she holds the attention and touches the secret emotions of the heart by her every movement and every tone of her tired voice. All playgoers know that Miss Boucicault is one of the few English actresses gifted with the sacred fire, that she can endow both comedy and pathos with equal charm and thrill us at will, and yet her gentle, elderly, wise Aunt Josephine is a revelation in grace, a surprise of sympathetic and quiet beauty.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Lucky Mr. Davies to have his character so wonderfully portrayed! But, then, the author is fortunate in every way. Miss Löhr is more attractive than before. Her art is more felt, she is more entirely within the character she plays than hitherto. And she also looks more delightful and wears her beautiful dresses with a touch of Parisian taste.

As the amusing and peculiar type of stamping boot, Uncle Rufus, Mr. Alfred Bishop is as good as ever, as simple, as real, as direct and convincing as in any part he has ever played. There is no greater praise. Mr. Millward plays his adventurous soldier with skill; he is well in the picture. Mr. du Maurier may strain his immense popularity a little, but he, as Mr. Stephen Phillips said the other day, in a different connection, is quite good enough for the dramatic critics—or, as we should say, the critics of the drama. No one will be bored at Wyndham's. Farce and the serious affairs of the world are blended in "Doormats" much as they are in life—except that everyday existence leaves out the cleverness and delicacy of Mr. Davies's method and the old rose, yester-year charm of Miss Boucicault's Aunt Josephine.

EGAN MEW.

The Horse and War

By R. J. TURNER.

THE importance of the above question has been forcibly brought to the front by a consideration of the recent manœuvres in the Eastern counties. The possibility of a mechanical substitute for the horse in warfare must be terrible to contemplate by those belonging to the first and second arms of the Service, reared as they have been in its splendid traditions, and naturally warmly attached to the magnificent artillery batteries and cavalry regiments of to-day. It must almost seem to them sacrilege that the splendidly-trained animals so long associated with British victories should be replaced by the insignificant if not undignified bicycle or motor-cycle, or even by the more imposing motor-car. But, "other times other manners."

It cannot be concealed that of recent years motor traction has entered more and more into the practical work of the Army. Beginning with cars for the general officers commanding and their staff, the commissariat has gradually availed itself of the new power, and now that the motor-cycle has been adopted for scouting and despatches with whole battalions of cyclists, is it not only a question of time before the whole system, especially in the light of the advent of the aeroplane, must be reconsidered? For what, after all, is the real desideratum in modern warfare? Is it not speed, whereby a commander in the field may effect a rapid change in his forces to checkmate the enemy who by means of his air scouts has been fully advised of his position? For this purpose the limits of the horse are circumscribed and clearly defined. It was in evidence over and over again in the recent war game that the cavalry after a march of thirty miles arrived in no condition to attack. The movements of the guns are also limited by the endurance of their teams. The infantry after a thirty-mile tramp, in spite of indefatigable energy, cannot be expected to be at their best either in shooting or in point of resistance. On the other hand, we find in the manœuvres referred to that the bodies of cyclists, mostly Territorials, arrived fresh on the scene in time to save the position, and their condition and celerity called forth the encomiums of the umpires. Does not this point to increased motor facilities for all arms? Of course, there are difficulties. Can a motor be constructed to drag a field gun with its ammunition over rough, hilly country? Given sufficient power and a strong make of car, with solid tyres, I see no reason to doubt that the manufacturer would be equal to the occasion and could guarantee a motor that would haul a gun wherever horses could go.

The same difficulty would have to be overcome in regard to the cavalry. Doubtless the mounted man unencumbered by a gun can get over country almost impossible to the artillery, but a strong, powerful make of motor cycle would take some beating, even on broken ground. After all, the chief use of cavalry is to act as a screen for operations. As a rule, they stick to the roads, where the cycle would score. Even if cavalry were tempted to make a short cut across country to take up a special position, the chances are that the speedy cycle on the more circuitous road would arrive before them.

But it is not only a question of a new mount for the horse soldier. Everything points to a speedy mode of transit for the infantry as well. We have seen a gradual increase in mounted infantry as a means of quick locomotion. It would only mean an extension of this principle. While granting obvious disadvantages, look at the advantages of an entire army on wheels. With the motor cycle distance is no object. An army would be practically independent of the troop-train. For the horse soldier the serious and troublesome question of forage disappears. A reserve of petrol could easily be carried on the machine, while depots and reserve tanks would continue the supply. Relieved of his weight of accoutrements, accentuated by long marches, the soldier arrives at his objective strong and fit. His machine would enable him to carry a large supply of ammunition, and extra rations if desired, thus making him largely independent of the slower motor wagons. His mobility and radius of action would be enormously increased, and there is no reason to suppose that casualties en route from tyre troubles would exceed those from lameness and fatigue under present conditions.

From the artillery and cavalry point of view the motor would prove a much smaller and more difficult mark for the enemy. The mortality among battery teams as compared with injury to a motor is purely a matter of conjecture, but it is not too much to claim that the chances of a gun with motor attachment being put out of action is not greater than the destruction of six horses. In the case of cavalry the margin of safety must surely be admitted to be on the side of the motor cycle, which has the further advantage of being able to be discarded or concealed when required without deplet-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ing a certain proportion of the fighting strength for looking after the horses. From the humanitarian point of view, the gain would be enormous. When one considers the mortality and fearful suffering of the horse in action even the strongest advocate of the friend of man for war purposes ought to be glad to see the mechanical substitute.

As regards cost, initially there would not be much to choose, so far as the mounted arm is concerned, between the horse and the motor cycle; but there ought to be a great saving in upkeep in favour of the latter. The horse has to be fed every day, whether on duty or not; the cycle is only a consumer when in use. Of course, if the infantry had to be provided with machines the cost would add considerably to the Army Estimates, whether a motor or an ordinary cycle were introduced. On the other hand, the saving in footgear would go towards the cost of petrol. The noise of the motor cycle is a factor which would have to be eliminated if success is to attend scouting and secret movements, but what has been overcome in the case of the motor-car and motor-omnibus may surely be accomplished with the cycle.

It is quite true that the cycle would be at a disadvantage as compared with the horse when hedges or brooks had to be negotiated, but, after all, in practice are not such obstacles more than often circumvented, and, while it might be necessary to trundle a motor cycle over a freshly-ploughed field if the furrows ran the wrong way, the soldier and his machine would be quite as fit at the other end as the horse. It is no longer considered useful, in this country at any rate, to employ cavalry in shock tactics, and we saw that in East Anglia the splendid cavalry brigades hardly ever took the offensive, but even in this capacity I question if, given suitable ground, a charge of 400 motor cycles rushing at 40 miles per hour would not be more effective than a regiment of lancers with their greater weight but slower speed. The practical soldier will doubtless find many objections to such a change, but the position must be reviewed in the light of modern tactics. Speaking generally, is it not the rifle and the gun which decide the battle? Are not the sword and lance too often mere spectators? Is it not the commander who can bring up his supports quickest or who can outflank before the enemy can extend his position who wins? For such purposes is not the cycle a better medium than the horse and speedier than the foot soldier? That is the question in a nutshell. Whether the day will ever come when the British Army will move entirely on wheels remains to be seen. I do not venture to dogmatise on the subject, but I do submit that, faced with the gradual disappearance of the horse for all kinds of traction, we cannot afford to ignore the advance of mechanical traction in respect of our fighting force. And while one would deprecate any action which would dim the splendid traditions of the Army, we have also to consider whether increased efficiency would not be attained by a more general adoption of the mechanical mount.

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

THE average Londoner—by which I mean that representative of the middle classes who attends to a daily business and who has settled himself down into the necessary groove for its pursuit—has only a faint conception of the magnetic power which his own capital exercises on foreigners. Yet during August and September the really imposing number of the tourists, red guide-book in hand, fails to appear remarkable merely on account of the crowds of local humanity among which they find themselves, notwithstanding the fact that London is in many quarters held to be "empty" at that time of the year. A point of greater interest, however, than that of mere numbers is the growing cosmopolitanism of these summer visitors. We have long been accustomed to the varied and variegated influx of British subjects from all quarters of the globe. The very street arabs have become *blasé* in such matters as turbans and pigtails. The great increase, however, in the number of the tourists from the newer countries of the world has been far less noticeable, for the simple reason that the personalities of these are far less salient and exotic. Side by side with the American who has now for so long constituted a standing dish, there is now the traveller from Central and South America, and from various of those other lands whose newly-found riches permit travel not only in comfort but in luxury of a kind to which the majority of European travellers are quite unaccustomed. Not a few of the London hotels have cause to welcome the advent of these with rejoicing; for the average South American, coming as he does from a land of dear living, is remarkably free with his money when on pleasure bent.

* * *

This new phase of South American travel has now attained to a quite important point. Although many other Republics are responsible for the sending of a number of representatives, it is from Argentina that at the present moment the great majority come. The cosmopolitanism of these latter is now very marked. Indeed, you may count with some certainty on seeing the same faces in many parts of the world year after year. In three hotels which I have in mind this is more especially the case. The three in question are the Plaza, in Buenos Aires; the Piccadilly, in London; and the Chatham, in Paris. It is true that for residential purposes the latter is not quite so sought by Argentines as the Majestic; but it has specialised in the afternoon teas which are now so dear to these visitors. It is the afternoon-tea function which supplies the chief link between the three hotels. Not only will you see many a face in each with which you have become familiarised in the other two, but you will find a curious similarity in the waiters, cakes, musicians, and tunes of all three. Now this is cosmopolitanism in its widest sense, and there is no doubt that the world is growing very small. It is something to have even a joint rendezvous in London and Paris; but when Buenos Aires is thrown in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

some very serious and conscientious travelling is implied. It is even more remarkable when it is remembered that about a dozen years ago Buenos Aires was popularly held to be little beyond a haunt of Indians and jaguars!

* * *

I have just received some enthusiastic accounts of wanderings in Finland on the part of two distinct persons who have recently returned from exploring the land of forests, lakes, rivers, and islands. Both versions are equally eulogistic, and the praise of both scenery and inhabitants justly unstinted. At the present moment there is no doubt that the traveller who penetrates well into the interior of Finland, and thence passes northwards to somewhere within reasonable distance of the Arctic circle returns to his home circle wearing something of the air of a pioneer. This pose is in a sense a luxury, since in the majority of the Finnish districts the accommodation is good, and the steamers which ply along the rivers are roomy and excellent. The fact remains, however, that Finland, so far as the average British travelling public is concerned, remains a strangely unknown land, and he who returns from a summer visit to that pleasant country rejoices in certain advantages over his fellow-travellers who have confined themselves to the better-beaten tracks which it would be a loss of opportunity to forgo. Whether this state of affairs will last for long is doubtful. The recently-instituted visits of the tourist steamers to the northern capitals have had the effect of breaking a considerable amount of new ground, and as a result inland tours in northern Europe bid fair soon to become popular.

* * *

Another portion of Europe which during the past two or three years has opened its gates—not very widely—to the casual traveller is the land of the Balkans. Here, of course, the circumstances are very different; for the countries of the Near East are very little concerned with the civilisation of Finland. The tourist who attempts the Balkans may indeed count upon some experiences which do not fall to the lot of the ordinary person who indulges in a summer holiday. He may take it as an axiom that both accommodation and local humanity in these regions are frequently attended by an unpleasant degree of the unexpected. It is not in my province here to "puff" books—least of all those by authors with whom I am personally unacquainted!—but a country which is responsible for so fascinating a work as that of Mr. Roy Trevor's "My Balkan Tour" has an astonishing amount to be said in its favour. This applies perhaps to its landscape rather than to its human elements. Nevertheless, in the present circumstances, it looks very much as though these wild mountains were to be closed again altogether, and that it would be some time ere the inhabitants may be startled by the horn of a motor—for it was in one of these cars that Mr. Trevor succeeded in penetrating to the fastnesses where Christian and Mussulman wage a very uneasy life side by side. Still, one never knows. There may be a future Switzerland in the Near East.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

NOT so long ago, if anyone wanted a cheap advertisement, all he had to do the night before a Session opened was to be outside the door of the House about 10 p.m. It meant a dreary wait for two hours in the dark, enlivened by the appearance from time to time of other furtive conspirators, who were disappointed at finding that they had been forestalled. An aged janitor kept careful note of the order in which these early, or rather late, birds arrived, and when Big Ben had finished striking 12 they were admitted, solemnly took their seats, and went home to bed. The journalists called a little later, collected the names for publication, and the following morning Mr. Jones saw with pride that he had been there first, while his constituents, not quite understanding how it was done, said: "How keen our member is! Did you notice he was there first?" This easy but effective advertisement has been abolished by the simple expedient of not opening the door until 8 a.m. on the day the House assembles, so now Mr. Jones has to be there at 6 or 7 to be sure of pride of place, and the competition has fallen off. People do not like early rising, even in a noble cause.

On this occasion young Alan Burgoyne achieved the honour, but the majority of us did not appear until 2.30. Genial Inspector Scantlebury, to the regret of many, was not there to shout in his well-known stentorian tones, "Hats off, strangers!" as the Speaker's procession passed through the Lobby at 2.45, but was very well imitated by his successor, Inspector Rogers. It struck me that the cheers for the various leaders seemed somewhat perfunctory. Asquith was not there, "owing to a slight indisposition," and Bonar Law modestly slipped in almost unobserved. There were only a dozen questions on the paper, but these were supplemented by far more of which "private notice had been given." Edward Grey, in his best sphinx-like manner, gave a colourless account of the position in the Balkans: Turkey was ready to give reforms, if the bayonets were removed from her throat, while the bayonet holders declare that, if once they remove the bayonets, they very much doubt if she will perform her promise. It looks like a deadlock which may lead to an explosion any minute.

A persistent Irish member kept on reading out and repeating long questions about the embargo on Irish cattle, while Joynson-Hicks was curious to know whether the Prime Minister approved of Winston's idea of a Heptarchy. Lloyd George, who was in charge in the absence of the Prime Minister, declared that the First Lord had expressly stated that he was "only speaking his own thoughts," and declined to be drawn as to whether the Cabinet or he personally agreed with his views.

The new members were next ushered in. The Rev. Towyn Jones (a spell-binder) is a weird-looking individual, with more long, lank black hair over his eyes than even Masterman. Everybody was glad to see Randles

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

back, but a mighty cheer went up when Hope, from Midlothian, appeared. It was the first sign of animation that the House had shown. Leslie Scott then opened his brief on behalf of the shipowners on the *Titanic* report. From the copiousness of his notes it was clear that he was not going to be brief; so everybody filed out to exchange greetings in the Lobby and discuss the prospects of the Government. There was a curious latent stillness in the political air; you can never mistake it. The stillness that portends the storm, which is expected to break on Thursday next when the allotment for time for the Home Rule Bill is discussed.

The outrageous time-table was issued later in the evening, but I will not stay to comment on it now. On Tuesday, when the newspaper boys were bawling out that war had been declared, Sir Edward Grey stated that he had no official information, after which strange admission Percy Illingworth, the new Radical Chief Whip, opened with a bad break, and it required all the ingenuity of the Speaker and Mr. Lloyd George to rescue him. He tried to take a short cut by putting down an omnibus motion that the Government should have precedence of all other business for Wednesday and Friday and also to suspend the 11 o'clock rule. Bob Cecil, ever alert, asked if this were in order. The Speaker answered the question, and cleverly evaded it by cutting the motion in two. The first part was then divided on, and Lloyd George accepted Banbury's amendment to "restrict" the motion until "to-morrow only," on the principle that "sufficient for the day," etc. After this a thin House of devoted Scotsmen settled down to the report stage of the Scottish Temperance Bill, which most of us, I fear, have forgotten all about.

McKinnon Wood, McKinnon Wood,
If only but McKinnon could

assume the Parliamentary manner, sigh his friends. He is awkward and blustering, and "acts as if he were still leading the Progressives on the L.C.C.," observed a Radical, when he took charge of the Bill. The debate, which did not end until a quarter to one, was illumined by some flashes of Scotch humour, but on the whole the two opening days have been dull. This is thoroughly characteristic of the House of Commons on the eve of a big battle.

Art and Life—I

By HALDANE MACFALL.

AS I was writing the following lines there appeared in these columns a couple of essays on "Art and Imitation" which prove the necessity for the writing. Mr. John Rivers comes closer to the significance of Art than is usual; but he is so impeded by several fallacies as regards the basic significance of art, and the relation of life to art, his sincere mind is so led astray by these fallacies, so deep rooted in the writings of philosophers, that he cannot shake free from his tyrants; and he who would understand the prodigious importance of art to human life must go through the fire of fearless truth and rid himself of centuries of philosophic dross.

It happens to lie within the compass of what I was about to write to prove that Art has nothing to do with Imitation, or, to put it more explicitly perhaps, that Imitation is no condition of Art—therefore the "problem" of Imitation does not exist; far less does it present "insuperable difficulties." We *may*, and often do, "receive impressions" from art "hitherto unknown to us." The arts do not "draw their materials from nature"; they use the forms of nature whereby to utter their emotional significance; and the confusion of means and end ensues. If any modern had said what Aristotle said in his 29th problem he would have been rightly accounted a fool; for it is absolutely false that "sound and sound alone of sensuous perceptions has moral character"; nor has music "smell nor taste" any more than colour has smell or taste, and he who would try to force sound to utter the sensations of smell or taste which are outside the realm of hearing would be debauching music at its source; and music, so far from having a monopoly in uttering "character," is by no means the most powerful of the arts in such faculty. Why this eternal awestruck attitude of reverence before Aristotle? Mr. Rivers forthwith seeks for definitions of emotions in the philosophers; but emotion is too wide to be counted and docketed. Everything that is *felt* is emotion; but to avoid all mistake, and to prove the prodigious realm of art, let us make a verb "to sense," and speak of "sensing" instead of emotion, which has come to have lost a good deal of its meaning by belittlement.

To show how narrowed the word has become in meaning Mr. Rivers sets up the untenable doctrine that all "emotion has only two phases," which are "joy and sadness in varying proportions." This fallacy has more to do with the misunderstanding and belittling of art than all the many fallacies put together. But if we use "sensing" we rid ourselves of a serious danger from the start. Mr. Rivers hunts this tattered slipper of "joy and sadness," and, as all must who suffer from the fallacy, wastes breath on trying to compromise by seeking "pleasant sadness"—it is the veriest logic-chopping: but as all this has no concern with art whatsoever, as the other old fallacy of Beauty has no concern with art whatsoever, we need not here pursue it very much further. Art has no essential concern with creating pleasure, far less with creating "pleasurable pain," therefore to hunt for pleasure in the acts of sympathy or of sadness is futile.

Another most dangerous phrase, however, employed by Mr. Rivers is the philosophic fallacy that has grown about the words "sensual pleasures"—into which he himself falls. The function of art is not to be "sensual" any more than it is to give "pleasure"—its function is far vaster, far closer to life, it is to "sense"—the which is a far different thing. "Sensual" has come to have a base meaning, or, let us say, a narrowed meaning; and it is to avoid confusion with "emotionalism" and with "sensuality" that I use the word "sensing." And how

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

can he maintain for a moment, in face of overwhelming proofs to the contrary, that "the pleasures of Art" have a reverse effect to the "coarsening effect upon the soul of sensual pleasure"? Surely this is to narrow Art to a mere parochial concern! The power of Art to debase is as deep as the foulest senses of man can sink, otherwise the power of Art to reach the loftiest senses of man would be lowered. The height to which a man may rise can only be measured by the depths to which he can fall. Ruskin's theory that no great artist can be a bad man is in keeping with his sentimental, shallow concept of art. Some men of genius have been foul rogues. Perhaps the most difficult of all the fallacies which we have to shed in coming to grips with the basic significance of art is that which Mr. Rivers asserts concerning the Greeks, for the high achievement of the Greeks has cast its spell upon us for ever. To "take pleasure in the contemplation of pain" is a foul act, and an act that has no essence in Art. It is the province of Art to show pain to be pain, and to make us feel pain in the contemplation of it. The Art that essays to show pain to be anything else than pain utters a lie: and vital art cannot lie. The achievement of the Greeks in the Arts was an intense and perfect achievement, but it was narrow. Its whole significance is that it uttered the genius of the Greeks and the age of Greece. The Greeks lacked certain great human qualities—they markedly lacked pity—and their art expresses that fact. It is to the undying credit of Greece that she uttered herself. But whilst the professors tell us much about the great qualities of Greek art, they are mute about its manifold imitations. Far greater artists have created their art than any that Greece bred. And it is one of the pitiful drawbacks of a great achievement like that of Greece and Florence that their very mastery casts a blight of mimicry upon the future endeavour. But we are coming to that.

Before we can get even an elementary concept of the basic significance of art it is necessary to get some rough idea of what we mean by Life.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE WAR IN THE BALKANS.

October 9, 1912.

THE Montenegrin declaration of war upon Turkey at a moment when the Powers were about to intervene came as a shock to Europe. Until then there seemed to be a fair prospect that, after all, peace in the Balkans would be maintained, and, although the pronouncements of diplomatists on the situation were naturally very guarded, it was evident that the restoration of the European Concert had appreciably improved the outlook. As yet the exact significance to be attached to the belligerent attitude of Montenegro is not by any means clear. In most quarters there is a disposition to regard it as the opening move which is to involve the Confederated Balkan States in a war against the Ottoman Empire. Any hour may bring forth hostilities in other directions.

In the meantime it is pointed out that the effect of Montenegro's action will cause some confusion in the Turkish organisation, and may conceivably lead to the withdrawal of troops from other parts, thus, when the proper time comes, facilitating an advance of Bulgarian and Servian armies along the road to Constantinople. Viewed, however, from a serious military standpoint, it cannot be pretended that the action of Montenegro will radically alter any plans the Turks may have devised.

No doubt the latter will wisely restrict their activities to defensive measures along the frontier. To attempt an invasion, even were they in a position to do so, would require a large army, and in any circumstances would be a risky undertaking. For every man in Montenegro is a mountaineer and a sharpshooter, while a large proportion of the women know how to handle the rifle. Should Turkey, as Europe now considers inevitable, become embroiled with other Balkan States, then Montenegro will indeed have proved a very painful thorn in her stricken side. But, as I have already pointed out, in spite of the gravity of the general situation, seemingly hopeless on the surface, the real motives that lay at the root of Montenegro's action remain obscure. Apart altogether from the community of interests which bind her to neighbouring States, she has always had her own quarrels with the Porte, as, for example, the perennial frontier disputes and troubles in connection with the Albanian tribes.

If we are to believe the correspondent of the *Times* at Sofia, usually a well-informed authority, then Montenegro is not bound by definite obligations as far as other Balkan States are concerned. It may prove to be the case that she is attempting to force the hands of her neighbours—in other words, to compel them to make war upon her hated enemy, the Turk. Again, there may be some grounds for the theory advanced that, dissatisfied with the lukewarm proposals of the Powers, the so-called League has deputed Montenegro, the most favourably placed of its members for such a task, to take steps of a nature calculated to convince Turkey and Europe that they are in deadly earnest.

In that event the means may well defeat the end. For when the guns speak it is difficult for the comparatively feeble voice of diplomacy to make itself heard. Moreover, the *amour propre* of Turkey would resent, and rightly so, surrender at the bidding of Montenegro rifles. Altogether, it is evident that the action of King Nicholas and his Government has added gravity to a situation already critical. While European diplomacy was congratulating itself that the Concert of Powers had been resurrected in time to intervene at the eleventh hour in the interests of peace, the clock struck twelve and the guns went off.

What the next twenty-four hours will bring forth no man can predict. Armies are mobilised and are rapidly assembling in strategical centres. There is a wide chasm between the compromise offered by the Turks

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and the minimum requirements of the Balkan States, and at the moment the resources of diplomacy are completely, and it would seem irreparably, bankrupt. In the sudden move of Montenegro is to be found the only obscure feature of the situation. For the rest, the causes that have produced the present grave crisis are plain. And in any consideration of these causes the great Powers cannot escape a measure of criticism. After much deliberation and not a little waste of time, they found themselves in "complete agreement."

As this delightful unanimity was brought about at the expense of the only policy calculated to ensure peace, it is difficult to account for the feeling of optimism which it prompted. Russia and Austria, who, it should not be forgotten, suspect each other, were deputed on behalf of Europe to lecture the Balkan States. That the Balkan States had a just grievance against Turkey was nowhere denied. They were told, however, in language the very vagueness of which gave rise to immediate distrust, that the Powers would "take in hand" the realisation of reforms. At the same time a warning was given that nothing would be done likely to threaten the sovereignty of the Sultan or the territorial integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Moreover, the Powers reserved the liberty for a further collective consideration of reforms. That these representations were received with scepticism was not to be wondered at. That it could ever have been imagined that they would avert the danger of the crisis is beyond comprehension. It is because in the past similar promises have been made to the Balkan States, and have not, in one single instance, been kept, that the crisis exists.

No diplomatic intervention that ignored the all-important question of the provision of guarantees that Turkey would be held to her word could hope to accomplish success. The "League," bearing in mind the jealousies that are responsible for the insipid character of the Powers' proposals, can afford to pay little heed to the threat that no modification of the *status quo* of Turkey in Europe will be allowed, even in the event of Turkey's defeat. The lessons of history tell them that, should they be victorious, they will not lack friends. In their struggle against the tyranny of Ottoman rule, they certainly cannot fail to command the sympathy of all individuals who are friends of liberty and upholders of justice. Such a circumstance in itself must contribute not a little to the confident spirit with which they will embark upon the crusade.

MOTORING

THE Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders is apparently to be allowed no longer to enjoy undisturbed its position as the absolute dictator to the motor industry in the matter of exhibitions. A scheme is on foot for the holding of a separate show at the White City, simultaneously with the one at Olympia, and even at this late stage it does not seem impossible that the rival exhibition will materialise. Its promoters state that the proprietors of the White City have agreed to lease the Uxbridge entrance halls for the purpose, and that many firms have signified their willingness to exhibit, provided that a sufficient number of applications for space are received to ensure an attractive exhibition.

The R.A.C. has been particularly busy with its certified trials during the last few weeks. Perhaps the most interesting of those which have either been completed recently or are now in progress are a 2,000 miles test of a Stewart-Morris paraffin carburetter, a top-gear and petrol-consumption trial of a 59.9 R.A.C.-rating six-cylinder Napier from London to Edinburgh and back, and a 5,000 miles trial of a new tyre, called the Stelastic, the last mentioned of which is still in progress.

Official certificates of performance have just been issued by the Royal Automobile Club in respect to the Stewart-Morris and Napier trials, and the latter will be analysed with special interest by motorists in view of the great attention now being given to paraffin as a possible substitute for petrol. Taken altogether, the paraffin trial seems to have been but moderately satisfactory. Out of 27 attempts to start the engine on paraffin alone, 23 were successful, and out of 21 times when it was started upon petrol, it stopped when the change to paraffin was made, but was subsequently restarted on the latter fuel. It would appear from this that the problem of reliable starting on paraffin has not yet been finally solved, and also that the system of starting on petrol and changing to the heavier fuel is still imperfect. It should be mentioned that the car used in the trial was the 27.3-h.p. (R.A.C. rating) Pathfinder, and that in the road portion of the trial (1,000 miles) the paraffin consumption was 20.91 miles per gallon, plus about a gallon of petrol for starting. On the Brooklands track, where the other 1,000 miles was run, the average speed was 35 miles an hour, and the paraffin consumption 21.59 miles per gallon, supplemented by about three-quarters of a gallon of petrol. It is rather curious that the fuel consumption should have been less on the track, where the speed was 35 m.p.h., than on the road, where it was, of course, kept within the legal limit. In any case the trial cannot be said to have definitely established the claims of paraffin to equal petrol either in efficiency or economy, and the advocates of the former will have to show a decidedly better performance before the ordinary motorist will even consider it as a serious rival to his present fuel.

With regard to the trial of the Napier, it may be said that, according to the official certificate, it was successful in every way. Throughout the run from London to Edinburgh and back the car was both started and driven on top gear entirely. No work or adjustment of any kind was done to it, apart from the daily oiling and greasing. The fuel consumption averaged 27.65 m.p.g., or 67.55 ton miles per gallon, and in the subsequent trial over the flying half-mile at Brooklands the speed attained was 75.69 miles per hour. The best performance of an American car over a somewhat similar route was 21.84 m.p.g., or only 29 ton miles to the gallon, and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

a speed of 55.92 miles per hour at Brooklands, which compared very indifferently with the Napier performance.

The Stelastic tyre referred to above appears to be the latest attempt of the inventor to combine in the motor tyre the qualities of durability, non-skidding, puncture resistance, and resiliency. Its unique feature is in the tread, which consists of numerous springs of piano wire standing on end and woven into a fabric, into which rubber is hydraulically forced at high pressure. It is said that there are 90,000 springs in an 880 by 120 mm. tyre, thus ensuring the compression of a large number simultaneously at the point of contact with the ground. The amount of wear experienced in ordinary running on the road is said to be very slight—about a sixteenth of an inch in 1,000 miles. This claim, as well as the others made on behalf of the new tyre, will be thoroughly tested in the course of the trial (5,000 miles) now proceeding, and the certificate of performance will be awaited with interest by motorists generally.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

IT seems useless to discuss Stock Exchange affairs in face of the fact that Montenegro has declared war against Turkey for, as Sir Roper Parkington has hinted, that little State is only one of the pawns used by Russia in her diplomacy. If the war can be localised then Great Britain need not heed. She only wants Crete. That she will get if a general upheaval takes place. In any case, she will allow no one else to secure the finest harbour in the Mediterranean. But though the nation may not be dragged into war, it will require a firm hand at the tiller to steer her through the troubled waters ahead. This the gambler knows, and he will desert the Stock Exchange if he is wise. No one will care either to punt or invest with a war going on in the Balkans. At any rate, only fools will behave in such a rash manner. I remember some years ago, when war was in the air, the wisest man in the House said to me: "There is only one thing that is worth anything in days of trouble, and that is cash." He spoke truly. Paper is of no value when you cannot sell it. We live in an age of credit, and to us paper is the same as gold. But war destroys credit and we may find our paper promises to pay—which is all our scrip is—dishonoured. For when one person becomes poor he makes all those dependent upon him poor also. I do not wish to pose as a pessimist, but we do not quite realise what war means and what may result from the Balkan struggle.

A few bold, or desperate, people have asked for money. Perhaps Harrisons and Crossfield got theirs. But the Canadian Northern could hardly have expected much response to their offer of Income Bonds, for on the face of it the interest was not secure. The Sao Paulo Electric issue was an astounding piece of impudence. Yes, that is the only word to use. Remember that Sir William Mackenzie and his friends sold the Sao Paulo Electric to the Brazilian Traction Combine for 5,000,000 dollars. They told no one what they were selling. No details of assets were disclosed; no certificate of profits. Both here and in Canada the amalgamation was received with wrath. But holders of Rio Trams and Sao Paulo Trams were impotent. Also they were inflamed with greed, and many forgot that their own stocks were being watered. Thus the deal was consummated, and at once the truth is disclosed; the Sao Paulo Electric is hard up. It needs £2,000,000 to repay the Mackenzie crowd. And Brazilian Traction, not satisfied with having paid away five million dollars, binds itself to go on paying until Sao Paulo Electric cries "enough." The whole thing is colossal. The idea could only have been born in the brain of a Canadian drunk with excessive wealth acquired in a few years.

MONEY is at the moment plentiful. Germany got through her end of the quarter settlement without any trouble, and Paris is full of cash. Here we are also plentifully supplied. But a few weeks' war will soon alter that. Rates must rise, and if the fighting goes on we must expect a five per cent. rate before Christmas. War eats up money, and with trade booming in Great Britain and the United States we cannot expect cheap money this year.

FOREIGNERS at the moment are steady, but we must not expect them to remain so. Indeed, we must get a very serious fall in the near future. I advise my readers to unload all their Peruvians. They have had a big rise and there is a large "bull" account. It does not seem wise to hold any Foreign Stocks at this hour. All countries will be in the market for loans. Russia may keep herself out of the struggle, but she will be clever if she does. And Austria is in like plight. Hungarians looked cheap a week ago. They appear over-valued with a war going on near her frontier. The Tinto dividend was good, but no one will care to speculate, even though copper itself remains high, and I see little chance of any fall. For the strike in the big mines has now extended to Nevada Consolidated, and the production of the United States will fall away until the great porphyry mines in the Bingham Camp get to work again. The Mexican revolution has also hung up the big mines like Greene and Miami. Thus I think Copper will go up.

HOME RAILS should do well if we can keep the peace, for our trade is booming and traffics are growing day by day. The public will one day realise that a railway at our own doors paying us five per cent. on our money is a good deal better than some wild-cat scheme at the other end of nowhere which promises six or seven per cent. We are quite blind to the good things that are to be picked up all day long. Great Central traffics grow rapidly and the railway will soon make up the big loss it sustained last half-year. Therefore, I say, buy the Junior Preference shares in view of the opening up of the Doncaster coalfields and the new trade that will come through the big docks at Immingham.

YANKEES are firm. The United States is on the eve of one of those outbursts of speculation and booming trade that occur once in each decade and make the fortunes of half of the country and end in the ruin of all except the very rich and the very cautious. Unions will assuredly go to 200 because the traffics are growing and the line prospering. Besides, everybody is thinking of the big melon that may be cut some day when the ordinary shareholders can buy out the preference shareholders. Chesapeake profits are also on the up grade, and even the Chicago Milwaukee, which the Yankees have sold so heavily, are now doing well. Southerns are also worth buying, and the latest tip is Atchison. This great railway will have a big year, and the price will go up 10 or 15 dollars. Eries are talked up, and Rocks are one of the tips. Indeed, one can hardly go wrong in the American market to-day. How long the boom will last I don't know, but I can see that one is coming.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

RUBBER does not look happy. Evidently the Brazilians have been unloading some of their stock, and this has affected the price of plantation. The East has stopped buying shares and London does not want any more rubber at all. The reports of the various companies as they come out are not startling and there is nothing to excite the punter. The Mendaris report will hardly please the Lampard crowd, or induce new people to take the shares off the hands of the Rubber Trust.

OIL.—The latest news is that the Deep Drillers have struck oil at depth at Maikop. It may mean much or it may mean little. It is, at any rate, good news, and should go far to restore confidence in the Maikop district. British Maikop has some plots near the new strike at Nephtianaya. But the oil market is very sick indeed, and I see little chance of any boom. The promoter is busy putting new shares on the market, and getting puffs in all the papers. One must be careful with those puffed shares.

Mines are steady, simply because the whole Stock Exchange has sold short and thus made the market hard. The magnates refuse to combine and are now devoting the whole of their energies to the discovery of labour-saving appliances in order to reduce the labour bill. The managers have strict instructions to crush no poor ore, which means that returns for the next few months will be good. But the public is disgusted with the tactics of the crowd and decline to average their huge holdings. In the Rhodesian section the Globe and Phœnix shareholders are agitating for a new board and a new engineer. The Falcon report is good, but has not yet been published. No one will look at mines, and I don't blame them.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi gamble hangs upon the debate, and no one knows which way the House will take the contract. If it is not confirmed, which I myself think most improbable, then we shall see a big slump. The A. B. C. people have got a move on and all kinds of tales are going round. But on merits the shares are under-priced.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

GRAMMAR AND CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I am sorry, though not surprised, that Mr. Dixon does not understand what I mean. His letter shows clearly enough why he does not understand. A man goes through the process which we are agreed to call recovering from a disease. The change in his condition is, in ordinary language, a fact: something which can be proved in accordance with the only laws of evidence we know of. What that change has been caused by is surely not a question of fact at all. He may not have had anything the matter with him to begin with. Assuming that he had, his recovery may have been the result of prayer, of his own will power, or of somebody else's, of medical treatment, of the vis medicatrix naturæ, or of some cause which we so far know nothing about. It is open to anybody to believe that the recovery was due to anyone, or to any combination of these possible causes; but it is surely evident that any explanation of why he recovered must necessarily be a hypothesis, and cannot under any circumstances be logically put forward as a statement of fact. The most fervent devotee of medical science, however convinced he may be that the recovery was due to medical treatment, would hardly deny the possibility of its being due to some non-medical cause. What differentiates the Christian Scientist from ordinary people is that in his eyes the reason why the man recovered is just as much a question of fact as his recovery is. In this respect, the world at large is, in my opinion, making considerable progress towards the light of reason. Christian Scientists are, in my opinion, moving in exactly the opposite direction. Mr. Dixon says: "I became a Christian Scientist very much, I imagine, as others do." What percentage of Christian Scientists does he imagine have become Christian Scientists as a result of such a process of examination of evidence as he describes? Mr. Immo Allen, too, seems to put forward, as of equal validity, two propositions differing, not in degree, but in kind. That the simplification of English—if it were possible—would be a good thing, may, I suppose, be looked on as belonging to the realm of fact. The idea that the thing is possible is surely a hypothesis in support of which no evidence has ever been put forward.

What possible advantage would there be in being able to say "I oughted"? "Ought" having, like other imperfect subjunctives, taken a present meaning. "I ought to have done" is strictly analogous to "I may have done," "I might have done," "I need not have done." What more do we want?

I wish Mr. McLaughlin would explain some of the extraordinary things he says. I am not referring to the obvious printer's error in his letter. "Conjunctions connect nouns and pronouns in the same case." Does he mean that they never do anything else? "I never knew such a coward as him" is correct! Of what verb is "him" the object? "I never knew such as coward as he (is)" is unpardonable! If Mr. McLaughlin means that the omission of the "is" is unpardonable, I am rather inclined to agree with him. "I never saw anybody so frightened as he was." Is that unpardonable too? And, if so, why? My hypothesis, as distinguished from Mr. McLaughlin's, is that in these sentences "as" connects, not nouns or pronouns, but clauses; and in that case the question is, what is the second clause more likely to be—"he is" or "I knew (know) him to be"? This is quite apart from the question of whether abbreviation, entailing, as it necessarily does, uncertainty of meaning, is to be recommended in either case. What grammatical point Mr. McLaughlin's four "correct and typical" sentences are supposed to illustrate is to me a mystery. Would it be pardonable to add "am" or "was" or "shall be" to the first, and "do" to the second? If not, why not? And if so, what becomes of the idea about conjunctions connecting nouns and pronouns? The third and fourth do not seem to me to have any bearing on any thing, and I do not think the third would pass muster anywhere out of Bengal. I am, Sir, etc., T. G. MARTIN.

Bradford, October 7, 1912.

"THAN" AND "AS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I discussed Mr. Newman Smith's little difficulty in my pamphet on "Simplified English." The conclusion I arrived at in the case of "than" was that it would be better to use the objective case after it unless the verb were expressed, thus:—"I am taller than him," or "I am taller than he *is*"; while we must distinguish between "I know her better than [I know] him" and "I know her better than he does."

The case of "as" to which your correspondent refers is a little more difficult. It seems to me that both "I never knew such a coward as him" and "I never knew such a coward as he" may be regarded as correct, "is" being supplied in the second case, as remarked in your editorial note.

"I am as tall as he" represents a similar ellipsis. But in colloquial language this is often incorrectly rendered "I am as tall as him"—incorrectly, that is, unless we make "as" a preposition like "than."—I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

London Institution,
Finsbury Circus, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE?

THE PSALMS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—There is still no proof that Bacon ever assumed the name of Shakespeare. Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence hits upon two common words, "shake" and "spear" in the 46th Psalm, asserts that Francis Bacon was responsible for the English used in the authorised version, implies that those two words were purposely introduced there by Bacon, although they occur in the 46th Psalm in the 1539 Great Bible—twenty-one years before Bacon was born. However, Sir Edwin's point is that in the 46th Psalm in the A.V. of 1611, "shake" is the 46th word down, and "spear" the 46th word up, and that that arrangement settles the authorship Sir Edwin particularly states that the number "33" spells Bacon's name ($B^2A^1C^3O^{14}N^{13}$), then what is the signification of the number "46"?

In 1625 Bacon published a translation of certain Psalms into English verse. The following extracts are taken from his 104th Psalm:—

The Springs doe feed the Rivers all the way,
And so the Tribute to the Sea repay:
Running along through many a pleasant field,
Much fruitfulnesse with the Earth they yield;
That Know the Beasts and Cattell feeding by,
Which for to slake the Thirst doe thither hie.

. . . . . .

The Asses wilde that hide in Wildernesse,
Doe thither come, their Thirst for to refresh.

. . . . . .

And Bread that is all Viands Fermament,
And gives a firme and solid Nourishment,
And Wine man's Spirits for to recreate,
And Oyle his Face for to exhilarate.

. . . . . .

The holy Storkes that are the Travellers,
Choose for to dwell and build among the Firs.

The above is not the style of versification to be found in the poems or plays at any period.

London, E.C. TOM JONES.

THE RIGHT TO WORK.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—To those who have been watching the progress of events in the labour world it has been evident during the past two years that non-Union workers have become aroused to the importance of maintaining their independence. The remarkable evidence given by the non-Union witnesses before the Railway Commission last year was followed by a report in which Trade Union officials joined in expressing the opinion that men should "not be permitted to incite or coerce by threats or any form of intimidation men who desire to give their labour." Then we have the happy ending of the London Dock Strike, in which the Unions have failed to make it a condition of labour that all workers shall become Unionists.

If the ground that has been gained is to be maintained, the non-Unionists must organise in self-defence, for the Trade Union Congress has now declared itself in favour of Trade Unionists refusing to work with non-Unionists.

The Committee for Promoting the Formation of Societies of Free Workers has been working to this end, and already a number of societies have been established. They are to hold their first national conference at Bradford on Friday next, when it is intended to form a national society of free workers to maintain the principles of personal liberty and personal responsibility; especially to protect by every means in its power the rights of individual members to live and work in freedom, so long as they do nothing to interfere with the enjoyment of a like freedom by all others.

We appeal to your readers to give their support to the committee in the useful work they have undertaken. Contributions may be sent to the chairman, Mr. Mark H. Judge, 7, Pall Mall. The committee is not to be a permanent one, it will retire after the new organisation to be founded on Friday has been firmly established. We are, yours faithfully,

AVEBURY (Orpington),
DYSART (Grantham),
GEORGE H. DARWIN (Cambridge),
O. F. RYDER (Leeds),
ERNEST E. WILLIAMS (Inner Temple).

7, Pall Mall, London.
September 24, 1912.

THE YULE-TIDE ASSOCIATION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I place before your generous readers the claims of the Poor Children's Yule-Tide Association, which aims at providing Christmas gifts for the poorest children of our slums?

Last year 200 Christmas trees and 61,780 toys went to gladden the hearts of these poor little gutter urchins, many of whom hardly know what Christmas means.

It is the earnest wish of the Association, which is now a branch of the Ragged School Union, materially to increase the gifts this year. May I ask your lady readers if they would be so good as to start a Working Party, to help in making the toys for the children?

It has been found in past years that knockabout toys, made from sheets into dolls and animals, form a welcome gift to a poor child.

All who are willing to help need not be deterred from doing so by the expense; as the money expended in buying the designed material for making the toys will, if necessary, be provided by the Association.

The work is easy, and most interesting. Full particulars will be gladly given by the Hon. Secretary, 32, John Street, Theobald's Road, London, W.C. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, EVELYN DEVONSHIRE.

Chatsworth, Chesterfield. October 3, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Whitman's Print-Collector's Handbook. Sixth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With Additional Chapters by Malcolm C. Salaman. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

Browning's Teaching on Faith, Life and Love. By W. Arthur Hind. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Elements of Child-Protection. By Sigmund Engel. Translated from the German by Dr. Eden Paul. (George Allen and Co. 15s. net.)

A History of British Mammals. Part XII. By G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, F.Z.S. Illustrated. (Gurney and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles. Edited by Sir James A. H. Murray. *Vol. VIII. Senatory—Several.* By Henry Bradley. (Henry Frowde. Double Section, 5s.)

Among My Books. Centenaries, Reviews and Memoirs. By Frederic Harrison. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

National Conference on the Prevention of Destitution, June, 1912. (P. S. King and Son. 10s. 6d. net.)

Elocution in the Pulpit: How to Win Attention and Sustain Interest. By Charles Seymour. ("The Speaker's Library" Press. 3s. net.)

The Decline of Aristocracy. By Arthur Ponsonby, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Sketches of Cæsarea (Palestine) Biblical—Mediæval—Modern from Earliest Cæsar to Latest Sultan. By Archdeacon Dowling. (The S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)

The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. In the Translation of George Long. Illustrated after the Water-Colour Drawings by W. Russell Flint. (Philip Lee Warner. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Censor and the Theatres. By John Palmer. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

Hypnotism and Disease: A Plea for National Psychotherapy. By Hugh Crichton Miller, M.A., M.D. With an Introduction by Charles Lloyd Tuckey, M.D. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

A Tramp's Sketches. By Stephen Graham. With Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

Oscar Wilde: Art and Morality. A Record of the Discussion which followed the Publication of "Dorian Gray." By Stuart Mason. (Frank Palmer. 5s. net.)

In French-Africa: Scenes and Memories. By Miss Betham-Edwards. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Venezuela. By Leonard V. Dalton, B.Sc. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Correspondence of Sarah Spencer, Lady Lyttelton, 1787—1870. Edited by her Great-Granddaughter, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Wyndham. With Portraits. (John Murray. 15s. net.)

Fanny Burney at the Court of Queen Charlotte. By Constance Hill. Illustrated. (John Lane. 16s. net.)

Arabic Spain: Sidelights on Her History and Art. By Bernhard and Ellen M. Whishaw. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Church in Madras: Being the History of the Ecclesiastical and Missionary Action of the East India Company in the Presidency of Madras from 1805 to 1835. By the Rev. Frank Penny, LL.M. Vol. II. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 16s. net.)

The Tosa Diary. Translated from the Japanese by William N. Porter. (Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Faustula, N.A.D. 340. By John Ayscough. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

Dr. Baxter's Invention. By Wm. Patrick Kelly. (Greening and Co. 6s.)

The Reluctant Lover. By Stephen McKenna. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

The Works of Thomas Hardy in Prose and Verse; Vol. VII, Under the Greenwood Tree; Vol. VIII, Life's Little Ironies; Vol. IX. Wessex Tales; Vol. X, A Pair of Blue Eyes; Vol. XI, The Trumpet-Major; Vol. XII, Two on a Tower. With Prefaces and Notes, and a Photogravure Frontispiece and Map of Wessex to each Volume. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net, each.)

My Life in Prison. By Donald Lowrie. (John Lane. 6s. net.)

Hoffman's Chance. By William Caine. With Coloured Frontispiece. (John Lane. 6s.)

Rembrandt: A Romance of the Anti-Christ. By Hugh Ormond Temple. (Erskine MacDonald. 6s.)

Left in the Lurch. By Nat Gould. (John Long. 1s.)

Les Errants. By Jean Renaud. (Bernard Grasset, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

The Sentence of the Judge. By Hilaré Barlow. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

Boudicca: A Romance of Britain's Fighting Queen. By C. H. Dudley Ward. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

The Girdle of Kaf. By Cora Minnett. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)

The Crock of Gold. By James Stephens. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

Fate Knocks at the Door. By Will Levington Comfort. With a Coloured Frontispiece by M. Leone Bracker. (J. B. Lippincott Co. 6s.)

THEOLOGY.

Sharers of the Cross. By Amy Debenham. (The S.P.C.K. 2s.)

The Present and the Future Christ: Modern Studies in the Self-Revelation of Jesus. By the Rev. F. R. Montgomery Hitchcock, M.A., D.D. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)

The Sociological Value of Christianity. By Georges Chatterton-Hill, Ph.D. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

Mary, the Mother of Jesus: An Essay. By Alice Meynell. Illustrated by R. Anning Bell, R.W.S. (Philip Lee Warner. 16s. net.)

VERSE.

The Scholar Gipsy and *Thyrsis.* By Matthew Arnold. Illustrated by W. Russell Flint. (Philip Lee Warner. 3s. 6d. net.)

Nature, and Other Poems. By Alfred Williams. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)

Pilgrimage of Grace: Verses on a Mission. By Arthur Shearly Cripps. (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Garden Cities and Town Planning; The Winter Sports Review, September, 1912; Report of the Committee on Ancient Earthworks and Fortified Enclosures; Book Monthly; University Correspondent; School World; Deutsche Rundschau; Antiquary; Poetry Review; Bedrock; Anglo-Russian; M.A.B.; Mercure de France; Empire Review; Cambridge University Reporter; The Author; The Dial; Bookseller; La Revue; Home Counties Magazine; Century Magazine; Literary Monthly; Oxford and Cambridge Review; The International, N.Y.; Uganda Herald, Kampala; Tourist Magazine, N.Y.; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; Land Union Journal; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Publishers' Circular; Hindustan Review, Allahabad; Scottish Historical Review; Vineyard.

AN AUTHOR'S Work can be placed in the United States, in both magazine and book form, to advantage by me. I handle the work of some of the leading English authors. Why not double your profits by publication in both countries? Address: EDITOR, Box 4L, 435 West 119th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

DELICIOUS **COFFEE.**

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than

ordinary COFFEE.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

THE ONLY WAY

TO OBTAIN IMMEDIATE AND LASTING RELIEF FROM PAIN.

RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO
SCIATICA NEURALGIA
GOUT STIFF JOINTS

Levasco

Regd.

The instantaneous and never failing reliever. Apply lightly upon affected part; the pain speedily disappears. 1/1½, 2/9 & 4/6 per bottle.

ATHLETES LEVASCO imparts renewed vigour, and no Sportsman's kit is complete without it.

LEVASCO is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition. It at once penetrates to the pain centres, and drives the uric acid out of the system by natural channels.
LEVASCO will cure Toothache or Headache in two minutes.

Once used, always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE! WHY SUFFER?
TRY IT NOW AND OBTAIN IMMEDIATE RELIEF.

Post free from only address:

LEVASCO MANUFACTURING CO.,
185, HAMMERSMITH RD., W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	499
Love in the Hills	500
Earth Dreams	500
Antoninus	500
On Lucidity in Prose	501
A Gaelic Play	502
Reviews:	
A Great Master of Art...	503
The Appreciation of Poetry	505
The Playground of Central Europe	505
Studies of Rhythm	506
Shorter Reviews	507
Fiction	510
Shorter Notices	512
A Literary Inquest	513
The Theatre:	
"The Open Door" at the Lyceum	514
Indian Reviews	515
The Grey of the Morning	516
The Literary Traveller	517
The Magazines	518
The Jubilee International Stamp Exhibition	519
At St. Stephen's Shrine	519
Notes and News	522
Motoring	523
In the Temple of Mammon	524
Correspondence	525
Books Received	527

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

IT seems to be a qualification of Presidents of the National Liberal Federation as justifying their selection that they should become didactic bores. Dr. Watson, the author of the Newcastle Programme, which smashed the Liberal Party of his day, took himself in many columns quite seriously. Sir John Brunner, who has the fortune or misfortune to fill the same office at present, regardless of his foreign origin and his record in Parliament during the South African War, has issued a document which the *Daily News* dignifies as a manifesto on English foreign policy. As would be expected of the former member for the Northwich Division of Cheshire, the manifesto, expanded into a column, exhibits Sir John's ardent desire to hold the candle to everybody in order that war may be avoided. War is such a nasty thing, not because lives are sacrificed and homes are desolated, but because the alkaline trade does not get along nearly as well as in ordinary times. Sir John likes France, but he wishes to carry on a scarcely decorous flirtation with Germany. "Armaments and war spell poverty and ruin." A most excellent copy-book line. We endorse the sentiment absolutely. If everyone in the world agreed with Sir John Brunner and ourselves, the millennium would not be far off. As matters stand, most people think the Armageddon is nearer than the millennium. If that view is correct, Sir John's platitudes will be less useful than armaments to conserve his interests at Northwich.

The details of the attempt on Mr. Roosevelt's life, which come to hand as we go to press, seem to prove once more that the ex-President has the energy of ten ordinary human beings. To suffer a four-inch bullet-wound in the chest, to joke about it, and forthwith to speak for an hour and three-quarters at a big meeting argues considerable powers of physical resistance, to say nothing of the determination of mind behind it. What proportion of Mr. Roosevelt's exposure of his chest to the crowd and his declaration that "it takes more than that to kill the Bull Moose"—we can imagine the ecstatic cheers—is due to enthusiasm and to his fine sense of dramatic effect, and how much of it is due to what might be termed "swank," we are unable to say; at any rate, he is a brave man, and we can well believe that this incident which might have meant tragedy will lift him higher than ever in the opinion of his supporters. He is now forbidden to talk for about ten days; with no disrespect to Mr. Roosevelt, may we suggest that this, for him, unique period of silence and seclusion will be the most terrible aspect of the affair?

It had seemed to us that nothing orthographical could affect us with a more delicate mixture of interest and amusement than the publications of the "Simplified Speling Soesieti," but from the happy township of Marietta, Ohio, U.S.A., comes the first number of a tiny monthly sheet, modestly called *World-Speech*. The editor of Marietta's oracle works on an entirely new system. Taking the vowels, all pronouns will begin with *a*, all verbs with *e*, prepositions with *i*, conjunctions with *o* and *u*; and it is comforting to note that "these lists can, of course, be extended as needed, or by mutual agreement," the editor apparently being able to supply extra vowels if required. When we come to consonants, things begin to get lively—in Marietta; thus, "when the *e* of the initial syllable denotes the adjectiv or participle, an *i* in the second syllable denotes the activ or transitiv participle, and an *o* the passiv participle." It will be noticed that there is a hectic flush of "Nu Speling" on the editor's cheek. An example of the awful results of "World-Speech" may interest our readers. "Ac el wi?"—How are you? "Ec retic id ab."—Speak to me. "Ab em revib id ac."—I will write to you. "Bo" means "person," and "ha" means "relationship," and "ax" means "each other." Evidently a harmless "ha-ha" might lead to complications; and nothing shall induce us to address any person as "bo"—it is so undignified. Thrice fortunate Marietta, abounding in ideals, with the eyes of the world upon her!

A quite delightful article in this week's issue of *Public Opinion*, entitled "The Importance of Being Narrow-Minded," is by Professor T. M. Kettle, of University College, Dublin, whose contribution to the series of articles in THE ACADEMY on the National Insurance Bill will be remembered. In praising the art of looking at affairs sanely, of keeping cool even though we can merely "dip a liqueur-glass from the ocean" of life, Professor Kettle writes with a healthy common-sense and a fund of humour which rarely run so pleasantly in harness together.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Love in the Hills

OUT of Loubaix to Charleroi
The way is through the wood;
The wind blows through the yellow corn,
A clean hill-wind and good.

Out of Loubaix to Charleroi
The railroads wind and wind
Between the pine-woods and the rocks,
And Barrin bright behind.

The scarlet of the corn-poppies
Splashes the yellow field;
The broad white sunshine of the South
Shines on the glowing weald.

The old stone castles on the hills
Look out with blinded eyes,
They have no more besiegers now
Save the white butterflies.

A green land, a grey land,
A golden land and sweet,
Where Love sits by the wayside pools
Dabbling his naked feet.

ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER.

Earth Dreams

NOW creeps from out the Orient's cloistral halls
The stealthy dusk, and Hesper, argus-eyed,
Preludes his nightly vigil, while the tide
Of darkling silence floods the unguarded walls
Where the swart hill in sleepy languor sprawls;
And the hush'd woods their piléd gloom divide
There where the runlet's glimmering waters glide,
As from on high the splendid Hunter calls.

Then from her weary shoulders shakes the Earth
Their weight of sordid years, and dreams again
Her golden youth: the glades with ghostly hymns
Of long-dead Pan reëcho, and the mirth
Of sportive dryads, till her heart is fain
To see Títhonia stretch her rosy limbs.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

Antoninus

"THE reign of Antoninus is marked by the rare advantage of furnishing very few materials for history, which is indeed little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind." So Gibbon.

Since 1878—the Congress of Berlin—the petty potentates of South-Eastern Europe have been able to enjoy life as usual, notwithstanding the grievous oppression of their brethren in Macedonia. Suddenly that "little spark of celestial fire—conscience" got well alight, and the hose of the Great Powers, directed by some of them in an irrelevant quarter, was quite inadequate to quell their heroic ardour.

Fired by the spectacle of Italian prowess in Tripoli, they burned to emulate Homeric exploits, and various kinds of weapons were brandished in their native fastnesses. All went merry as a marriage bell, until the sinister rumour was noised abroad that Italy and Turkey were about to conclude peace. This was not all right. Here were they gesticulating on behalf of oppressed Christendom, and a Christian nation goes out of its way to render matters comparatively easy for the Turks by closing a diversion and leaving the wicked Mohammedan a free hand to defend his birthright. Clearly gesticulation should now be limited. After all, the voice of the Powers was not devoid of sense and reason. Perhaps "no ultimatum will be necessary."

Montenegro—the *enfant terrible* of the doughty confederation—however, must needs break away, andwith more courage than discretion attack the formidable antagonist, whose misdeeds were just beginning to be more indulgently viewed by their more prudent neighbours. The Wagnerian Concert of Europe as always produced all sorts of weird sounds, and began to fear that their own precious skins might be in danger, also that their plans for filching something—without risk—from the unbeliever might disastrously fall through. They might conceivably have to cut each other's throats instead of enjoying the absorbing spectacle of that operation performed on others from the auditorium, and, when the time was ripe, wresting the spoils from the lacerated and exhausted combatants.

Is it impossible to enter a plea for tolerance? Are the fires of Smithfield again to burn, but if it can be so arranged to burn Mohammedans instead of Christians, who not infrequently loathe each other in a superior degree? Is not the Mohammedan a man and a brother? Is he not far more devout than many who in a religious census would be classed as Christians? His methods of Government may, as is the case in many other parts of the world, leave much to be desired. But surely he has progressed, and by so doing has proved that he is not outside the pale.

Why at this stage—the Cross against the Crescent? Those who are acquainted with Gibbon's bitter satire in his chapters on the Crusades, will not have much sympathy with the modern Crusaders, who suffer no privations, who are not animated by enthusiasm, but who, as a Stock Exchange gamble, try to rig the market in their own interest. It is a horrible and sickening reflection that such deeds are done under the cloak of religion combined with a Pecksniffian desire that the local methods of Camberwell should reign supreme in the historic remains of the Byzantine Empire.

These views we know will be abhorrent in the lobby of the House of Commons and in Whitefield's Tabernacle, which has a monopoly of righteousness. We know we are the only organ in the press which disdains to speak "with bated breath and whispering 'umbleness," and which stands up for the right, whether the cause be Mussulman or Christian. CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

On Lucidity in Prose

By H. Belloc.

Lucidity is the chief character of prose. Men write when they cannot speak. Men speak to be understood.

Because lucidity is the chief character of prose its perfection also is the hardest thing for a writer in prose to achieve. This is true of every art—though its object be clear, the direct path to that object is exceedingly difficult of achievement. But in the case of prose it always sounds something of a paradox to say that its perfection is hard to achieve. If lucidity is the main character of prose what difficulty can there be in attaining lucidity? The reason people think lucidity easy to attain is that we all conceive direct speech as native to man. Everybody can say what he wants to say.

Now this is true of things in which we are in an exact relation with our audience. Thus, if a man, all his life a breeder of pigs, went to the pig market where he had sold pigs all his life and said, "Here I have a pig to sell," no one would misunderstand him. But men are wanderers into many markets, and the man with a pig to sell is sometimes among those who have never heard of pigs. It so happens that every man in his heart thinks of his audience as a part of himself. He cannot but believe that they have that in common with him which will make any expression of his quite clear to them so long as it is clear to himself. Every man thinks of himself as a well-known seller in his own market. Upon this illusion men build the misconception that lucidity in prose is an easy thing.

A German once said, very wisely—though a little picturesquely—that by a sort of gravity our thoughts fell easily on to the paper and, against that gravity, rose with difficulty from the paper to the minds of our readers. To put it in a simpler and less German way, we can easily tell *ourselves* things that we understand, but it is less easy to tell our readers those things in terms which *they* shall understand. All prose is made up of a sort of tiny translations from mind to mind, and only when the translations are very good have you lucidity.

Now the first requisite of this lucidity which is the test of prose is that the writer should intend to be clear. If for any reason he does not intend to be clear there is an end of it. Something may be said for the determination to be obscure, or the letting in to one's prose, however reluctantly, of obscurity—with this I shall deal in a moment—but, anyhow, no one can be lucid unless he wants to be lucid, though millions can be obscure without wishing to be obscure.

To be lucid in prose a man must have a sort of passion for those to whom he addresses what he writes, otherwise, without knowing it, he will write for himself alone. He must have a sort of violence when he pictures his audience in the vividness of his picture; and to be able to conjure that picture up is a very rare gift. Men who have been really lucid in their prose have either known some one audience so well that they had no effort in talking to it, or had so acute a human sympathy that they could pierce into the vital part of any audience which they attacked. Do you not see now how difficult it is to be lucid in prose? In speech you see your audience with the eye—but for prose you must have a vision.

Some people will say that because prose should be lucid it will not admit of ornament. They are altogether wrong. Ornament is essentially necessary to lucidity where that which has to be lucidly conveyed is lovely. A man describing for a general audience something which has given him particular pleasure through the eye or through any other sense, will not achieve his object without ornament. Fools talk as though the restriction of language were not an ornament. It is an ornament like any other. When you read in the Gospels those words, "He answered him never a word," the restriction there displayed is an ornament. Had the translator written, "Nothing appears to have been said in reply to the questions addressed to the prisoner by the magistrate," a very different truth would have been told. In other words, ornament is as much a part of lucidity as is gesture a part of personality. But ornament when it is used to confuse the reader is vile, like a grotesque gesture used to confound or merely to amuse an onlooker. Prose should never be a play-actor; but it has a perfect right to be, or, rather, it is under a necessity to be, in turns a soldier, a merchant, a plain dealer, a surgeon, or a friend. It should always help.

Now then, if lucidity is the just character of prose, does this mean that we must condemn all writing—not verse—which we find to be obscure?

By no means. A man's writing may be obscure in two ways, undesigned or designed.

A man's writing may be undesignedly obscure in two ways again: either he is writing of something which cannot be put quite clearly to men, but only sketched or suggested to them; or, though possessed of much to say, he is not possessed of the medium through which to say it.

A man explaining to the blind what colour was would be an obscure writer of prose. Yet his effort would be laudable. His prose was worth writing, and would be so judged both by those who desired instruction for the blind—however difficult—and by such of the blind as had the sense to know he was a prophet. Only of this sort of obscurity in prose it ought to be very clearly laid down that the author should at least try to be as clear as he possibly can. The great victims of this kind of obscurity are the prophet, the mystic, the visionary, and so forth. It is not true that their only vehicle is poetry; they have something to say, and it must be said. They cannot in the nature of things say it clearly; but the fundamentals of what they have to say should be said as clearly as is possible.

The second way in which a man will be undesignedly obscure consists in this: that, having much to say, he has an imperfect control of his instrument.

Some tell us that if a man has only an imperfect control of the instrument of expression he should not try to express himself at all. But this is nonsense. Man after

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

man has discovered something of use to his fellow-men without any good knowledge of how to put forward that discovery. Are we to lose the gold because the man carries an awkward bag, or even a leaky one? Are we to go without bread because the wagons of a harvest are cumbersome, or even spill some of the wheat?

What is indeed important with both these undesigned kinds of obscurity is that the obscurity itself should not be confounded with the good stuff which is brought us by the obscure writer.

We must not imagine that, because some subject is too cloudy to be dealt with directly, therefore the obscurity of the style has some virtue in it; nor must we consider that, because a man does not quite know how to convey some valuable discovery of his, the value lies in his inability to talk. It lies really, of course, in his ability to discover.

Now as to designed obscurity: upon this a very clear and immediate verdict can be rendered. All deliberate obscurity is inimical to prose.

Does this mean that we should never have in any kind of writing deliberate obscurity? I think not.

There is a condition under which obscurity is permitted to writers even though they be not writers of formal verse. When the object of a writer is ritual, a deliberate fencing off of the profane, the establishment of barriers and of a pass-word, as it were, he may be obscure; just as a religion may use a dead language. But let him not imagine that he is writing *prose*. What he is writing is a form not of prose, but of rhetoric. He is appealing to human emotions of appetite and not of decision. He is engaged in a sort of singing, not in speaking. And let him take all the care in the world that what he does, being useless except in the service of some just exaltation, is entirely directed to the excitement of emotion and does not pretend to conceal any information.

Thus a good schoolmaster of mine used to quote as distinguishing certain sectaries this text: "*They shall file and flee into the valley of Beth-Ramon, where the lion roareth and the flap-doodle mourneth the loss of her first-born.*" This is not prose, but rhetoric, leading worshippers on as though to the sound of a sacred dance. It is not reasonable: it is not lucid: and it is not prose.

A Gaelic Play

"THEY do be saying the horses in these parts are wanting the whip rising and falling on them all times." So an old man philosophically had informed me when I had asked him the way, and complained of the lack of energy in the mare I rode. Probably it was that my arm had not acquired the necessary automatic action, but also, I am convinced, of a certain great age in the mare that my unfamiliar eye had not perceived, but my ride among the great hills at the fall of evening became more of a patient amble and less of a stirring canter than I had hoped for. Yet, as it fell about, this, too, had its value in the occasion.

The news had come to me that at a monastery in the upper part of the island that night a play was to be acted by the Gaelic League in Irish; and I had, happily for myself, determined that I should arrive full early for it. So as the mare could not be induced to more than its determined amble, and as there was no fear of my overshooting the hour fixed for the play, in the unlikely chance of its being punctual, I turned about to notice the hills and bogs between which the road wound itself like a pale ribbon in the slow dusk of a summer's evening. I had long passed the angle from which the Menawn Cliffs could be seen, and the hills that swelled above or behind them rose and fell on my right. Sleive More, like a giant Druid brooding over the island, receded into a more remote majesty behind me on my left. Up through the long valley in which the road lay could be seen, one above another, standing in a mighty conclave for the coming night's communion, the far hills of Mayo.

The dusk was slow, very slow, in falling. It could not have been much dimmer when I arrived than when I began; so the change could not have come from without. But the hills seemed gradually wrapped in a stranger darkness, and the voice, as I left it behind me, seemed like the remembered echo of some dream moving through the mind. The wandering, detached voice, the swell and surge of the hills near and far, the blue mystery of the falling heavens, the unaltering iteration of the mare's steady amble over the stony road, all seemed part of one eternal rhythm that drew all things into itself.

So that when a young lad led away the mare, and I saw a brother in Franciscan orders advancing to greet me, it seemed no stranger than that there should be a Myself for him to meet. The room for the play was already filling, he told me, but it was not likely that the play itself would begin at the present time. Illuminated by two lamps that had not yet begun to burn well, it seemed full of shadows, where dark figures and white faces moved. At the far end of the room two blankets, as they seemed, were hung from the roof, and pinned together, so roughly that it was not at all difficult to peer through and discover the preparations for the coming play. In the meantime I began a careless distant conversation with the man beside me. It was little likely my scraps of Irish would lend me much help during the course of the play, and I determined to call upon his frequent assistance.

When at last the blankets were drawn aside and draped, each of them, about a prompter, the scene they framed lacked nothing in simplicity. On a canvas at the back a cottage hearth was sketched in charcoal; while the canvases on each side stood for walls, in one of which a window appeared and in the other a door. A chair, a table and a bottle of poteen completed the requirements; and on these the actors soon set the action afloat. Two men, discussing volubly, entered. Their voluble discussion included two women who were already there; and when they passed out again their volubility could be heard without abatement behind the door.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

While the women took up the discussion my prompter informed me that the two men were adjusting the marriage bargain for the younger of the two women, one of them being her father and the other the father of the prospective husband. So that when a young man lifted the canvas flap and put his head through the window it was not difficult to divine who he was, and how complications were to arise in the hard bargain that the old man was driving behind the door. All swung upon the mother, however, and it was to her the lovers turned for assistance.

"She's won; she'll surely be helping them now," whispered my instructor to me, thawed out of his reserve by the excitement of the moment. And when the men returned, their bargain driven, there was a subtle and delicate moment as the mother approached them to discover what the terms were that had been made. Peadar O'Giorbalain, the father of the decreed groom, Peadar Og, it appeared now, was a poteen maker; and with great glee I was informed that the mother was suggesting he should add his old still to the bargain. This her husband, keen for advantage, endorses; and it falls to her to stir the rumbling storm into a tempest, until at length Peadar Sean, in an exciting moment of the play, is dismissed the house, and Diarmuid—still at the window—is assured of his love.

There clearly wanted something at this juncture to avoid a merely trite conclusion; and I looked to see from which quarter this should come, if at all, when in there rushed a boy—a lad from the monastery school, indeed—who, rocking wonderfully with laughter meanwhile, announced that the constabulary had just seized Peadar O'Giorbalain's still, and were busy seeking its owner. It was a complete set-off to the course of the action: the completer for its vivid rendering by the lad Seaghainin MacThomas, whose abandon, seeing he was watched by all the school of which he was a member, was superb.

Despite all the crudeness, even the grotesqueness, of the stage property, the company in their name, "Na Geabhai Fiadhaine" (The Wild Geese) did much to clear the reputation of a much-maligned bird. Inasmuch as the audience helped the action at critical moments by happy advice to the characters, they realised the old lively principle of drama, and became identified with the action—considerably to its interest and excitement.

Then as I went out into the night the stars were clear in heaven, and the great communion of the mountains rose up in heavy masses against the glimmer of the sky. A pale road stretched before me; but was soon lost in the darkness of the bog. The quiet whisper of old Earth, that may only be heard when her querulous children are at rest from their turmoil, floated over the hills and bog in gentle undulating waves, deadening the clatter of the mare's hoofs as she sprang into unaccustomed speed, knowing home ahead. Peace had sunk on the face of the earth, and Being was awake in power and majesty, while Love and the giving of marriage, stage-plays and scenery, fell back as interruptions of a ceaseless and eternal rhythm. DARRELL FIGGIS.

REVIEWS

A Great Master of Art

Hercules Brabazon Brabazon. By C. LEWIS HIND. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 21s. net.)

THIS handsome volume is the noblest service rendered to the genius of one of the greatest of colourists whom the art of painting has bred; and Mr. Hind deserves the gratitude of all art-lovers for the service, as do the publishers for the rich array of masterpieces in colour reproduced therein. That Mr. Hind has built and set up for us in immortal fashion the man and his entity as artist, it would be impossible to affirm; but his portrait is as near a picture as we are likely to get. The biographer has had to rely on letters and on the witness of relatives and intimates who were little likely to gossip of the weaknesses and secrets of the artist, even if he had had any; the British habit is to be cautious in opinion of a dead friend, even if he be a saint—and Brabazon came as near to the sweet and gentle character of a saint as it is well-nigh possible for a human being to be. He was also a poet. His song is of the glory of the world; and he sang it as the birds sing, from sheer joy in the singing.

Yet, one wonders whether even Mr. Hind fully sensed the wide range of this man's exquisite genius! There are times when Mr. Hind rids himself of book-read opinions so completely as to reveal himself alone; and it is at such times that he displays a capacity for the utterance of an exquisite mind. I know no man so innately uncritical at heart as Hind—he is essentially an artist. He has, 'tis true, "wobbled" in his definitions of art so ruthlessly that one sees him now defining art as love in this volume without surprise. But I would ask Mr. Hind, as I would ask criticism at large, why not try to grasp first the basic intention of art, and be glad to think of its majesty and its immensity instead of binding it to a lesser thing? Why try even to narrow down art as being love when he must surely have realised by this time that it is also hate and passionate resentment and every other human emotion besides? Art has flung tyrants from their thrones, rogues into the gutters, hypocrites on to the dunghill of men's contempt, and these are not acts of love—or Daumier and the great satirists laboured in vain as artists!

Now Mr. Hind must know all this. All that is of the slightest value in his writing on the art of Brabazon is that he shall transfer to us the impression aroused in his senses by the wizardry of Brabazon's art. Why, then, quote and accept without examination the opinions of such as Mr. MacColl and Sir Frederick Wedmore? That Mr. MacColl wrote smartly and made the art of Brabazon the peg for sneers at lesser men proves no deep sensing by the critic of Brabazon's genius; and I look in vain in his criticism for any deep appreciation of Brabazon's art, whilst I find him the slave to innumerable fallacies as to the significance of art. But of all

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the strange paradoxes and confusions surely the approval of Brabazon by Ruskin, who could not sense the art of Whistler, is the most amazing! As a matter of fact, in the case of Brabazon, as in the case of Turner, he probably approved their art by happy good fortune, and for literary reasons wholly removed from their real significance!

To begin with, Turner and Brabazon were both concerned with landscape—and landscape as a rule is in the realm of beauty. The beauty-fallacy, therefore, happens to cover the achievement of both men. Again Brabazon, though lacking the vast range and eagle flight and, therefore, the wide achievement of Turner, was an astounding craftsman; and criticism, which always confounds craftsmanship with art, again found in Brabazon a genius that it could admit into its parochial concept. So, by chance, we find criticism, for absolutely fallacious reasons, crowning heroes that were worthy of the bays! Just as he who shies often enough at the cocoanut brings down the nut.

And, of a truth, if any man could justify the fallacy that art is love, Brabazon would justify it. If any man could justify the falsity that art is beauty, Brabazon would justify it. Aristocrat, leisured, protected from all those sordid struggles for means of livelihood that afflict many men of genius and make of their wayfaring one long tragedy of endurance, he lived a sheltered, sumptuous career. His joyous, simple nature, sunning itself in the genial atmosphere of wealth and rank and fashion, free from all household cares and bickerings, was nourished by the love and affection of all about him. Rid of all need for effort to gain social recognition, he was untroubled by those constant little skirmishes for place that often afflict the man who is gifted above his fellows. Though a younger son, he came early to large estate. He evaded the onerous duties that go with such fortune, and seized the freedom that fortune brings with it. He handed the duties and cares of his estate to the charge of his brother-in-law, who served him with the devotion that Brabazon ever won from all his kin; and gave his whole life to the pursuit of the arts. Other artists have done the same; but the fact that they left the business of their inns or other possessions to their wives or kin seems to have been too vulgar an affair to induce the critics to call them amateurs—whatever they may mean by amateur! Mr. MacColl even gives us the fatuous definition that art is "a form of sport"! If Brabazon were an "amateur," then it is difficult to discover what is an "artist." A man is an artist or he is not. Brabazon went through as severe a training to his craft as it were well possible to imagine. The flatulent talk about his being an amateur seems to rest on some such idea as that he had not to *sell* his work in order to live! If an artist be an amateur in the measure of his giving, then Turner was immeasurably the greater amateur of the twain. Artists have created masterpieces mightier than the works of Brabazon who have had to sell them for the means to live. Hals and Rembrandt and Millet had to go empty that they might utter their genius; but are they the lesser or greater thereby?

Turner revealed to the world a vast increase in the vision of man, created also a vaster instrument of craftsmanship whereby to utter that vision. Setting up as standards for his own achievement the Great Dead, he essayed to rival each master in his own field—and mastered each. Then, his training done, he embarked on the uncharted sea of colour-orchestration, and essayed to utter the vast moods of nature in impressions wrought in terms of colour that should arouse those impressions in our senses by sheer music of colour harmonies. Each mood—from dawn to night, from mountain to sea, from summer to winter—Turner essayed to express in colour harmonies. Mere craftsmanship as an aim in itself, mere photographic reproduction of nature, he flung to the groundlings, and walked instead in the splendid realm of the imagination. No painter before him had dreamed of such a conquest. Yet that revelation and the achievement that resulted from it are dubbed the Decline of Turner by the critics! It so happened that the academic reaction of the Pre-Raphaelites failed in the intention of its initiator, and succeeded, oddly enough, in its instinctive rightness of vision in essaying to utter sunlight with broken colour. Meantime the forward impetus to art given by Turner crossed the Channel to France and brought forth Monet and the so-called Impressionist School of the 'seventies —in a France prepared for Turner by the genius of Cônstable. In England the revelation looked like passing, but in Brabazon it was destined to be carried on. Brabazon, 'tis true, had not the vast range of Turner, but his realm was a mighty one; and by hard and dogged effort he came to fulfil the conquest of it in a series of colour lyrics which are amongst the masterpieces of the age. Snatching the mood from Nature that tripped by, he so schooled his hand's skill that he set it down with quick certainty; and having uttered it so far as it was complete, he touched it no more, nor added one needless stroke to it. To push the impression further than Brabazon and Turner thrust it is futile. The mere labouring of a mood avails it nothing. Both men by instinct realised that they were concerned with the mood of the thing seen, not with its mere reconstitution.

Beautiful as are the reproductions in this handsome volume they give but a hint of Brabazon's range, either of vision or craftsmanship. But at least they do give a hint of the necessity for the nation to acquire two or three hundred of the masterpieces whilst these are still unscattered. It is thoroughly discreditable to us as a people that the Tate possesses but some half-dozen or so of such works, in which we cannot be too rich. The art of Brabazon is one of the chiefest glories of our age. It is a beacon-light to youth in its artistic schooling. Its splendour and its hymning of the glory of life cannot be under-rated. No price could be too high to secure a large share of it for the nation.

HALDANE MACFALL.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Appreciation of Poetry

The Making of Poetry: A Critical Study of Its Nature and Value. By Arthur H. R. Fairchild, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of English, University of Missouri. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 5s. net.)

There is no secret about the delight of poetry. It is not a mystery revealed to the erudite, or a prize for fine judgment. It is not like buried treasure, or the Ark of the Covenant. The Spirit of Delight is the Spirit of Poetry. Delight is the very first thing poetry offers us. It comes to the ordinary reader of decent mental and spiritual stature, as naturally as light and heat come from the sun. Darwin in his old age lost his taste for poetry, and he deplored it, as a man deplores the loss of his eyesight. Perhaps it is better to lose one's eyesight than one's love of poetry.

The question arises, what if a nation lose its taste? A rigorous course of the Simple Life would seem to be the only remedy; or, to put it in another way, what Nietzsche calls "the transvaluation of all values," so that men shall regain their comparative sense of values, and not for ever esteem husks above pearls, or Gadarene swine above the souls of men. We do not mean to insinuate, nor do we believe, that the American nation has lost its sense of values; it is slowly and painfully acquiring that sense. But there are times when we are tempted to think that the professors of English at American universities believe conversely and consider it their duty to do something for poetry, much as the bishops derided by Matthew Arnold considered it their duty to do something for the Trinity. "Who would divine that their dust came from corn, and from the yellow delight of the summer fields?"

Here is Professor Fairchild offering to "unfold the secret of its delight"; and, with all the goodwill in the world, we cannot believe that any unsophisticated reader will find his own ideas of the way in which poetry comes to be written much clarified.

At the outset the author sets himself four questions to answer: "(1) What is the material of which poetry is really made? (2) What are the chief processes, or kinds of activity, involved in the making of it? (3) What, from this point of view, is the real nature of poetry? (4) What is the need, and what is the value of poetry?" We ventured to guess the answers before going further. Our answers were: (1) Life. (2) Imagination. (3) "An image of life expressed in its eternal truth." (4) To enable us to see life in its true proportion. Professor Fairchild is more elaborate. His answers may be summarised thus: "(1) The mental image. (2) Personalising, combining of images and versifying. (3) A pleasurable and unified form of self-realisation. (4) A biological necessity. A feeling of unity attained and of continuity of experience emphasised." From this it may be seen that he does not attempt to give an exposition of his subject from the standpoint of the creative artist, but purely from that of the anatomical critic. Poetry, or rather the poet, is stretched upon the table and gradually dismembered. The operation may be beneficial to the scientific type of mind, but even so we are very far from agreeing with all the surgeon's conclusions.

Rhythm is to poetry what the circulation of the blood is to the body. It is *not*, as is suggested, merely an aid to the grouping of mental images. Again, all true poetry is the expression of some dominant emotion, or some vital conviction, and it is that animating idea, and not "the fringe or clothes, the secondary or associated images, that are of chief value in the making of a poem." That is the idea of the trifler who thinks that poetry can be made by letting his thought wander aimlessly about, catching fancies with less purpose than a child catches butterflies.

Professor Fairchild is on surer ground when he comes to speak of the need and value of poetry, and much that he says is true and salutary; but here we feel that he lays disproportionate stress upon the power of poetry to body forth ideal conceptions. All that the poet feels to be in harmony with life is his subject, and it matters little or nothing whether he feel that harmony with the past, present, or future. The fact that Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper" is of a reminiscent type does not prevent it from being a poem of the very highest worth.

Finally, we do not appreciate the standpoint which regards poetry as a sort of ideal consolation for the disappointment of actual life. It may be for the type of mind to which "trees, however beautiful, are for lumber and fuel; meadows for cultivation and the fruits of commerce; waterfalls, however magnificent, for power and light"; but, frankly, we doubt if such a mind exists. Timber merchants there are: farmers we know: engineers we recognise, but we do not believe in the existence of the person who could look everywhere and see absolutely nothing in its own glory.

The Playground of Central Europe

The Building of the Alps. By Professor T. G. Bonney. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

If, as Ruskin says somewhere in "Modern Painters," mountains are the muscles and tendons of the earth's anatomy, then Professor Bonney has very skilfully dissected them, laying bare their structure and expounding the manner of their evolution. Although, after half a century of Alpine climbing, he yields to none in his enthusiasm for this wonderful range, those who are informed with what may best be described, perhaps, as religious horror at sight of the snow-clad peaks will find something a little cold-blooded in his merciless analysis of the schist, hornblend, gneisses, and other material of which such scenery is fashioned; and, indeed, this differentiation between the slaty crystallines of the Chamonix Aiguilles and such coherents as the Col d'Anterne is occupation rather for the geologist. Nevertheless, the author contrives to impart even to this grim aspect of his subject a lively interest that will recall to some the pleasure with which, many years since, they read Tyndall's observations on the Mer de Glace, or some of the less technical contributions to the *Alpine*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Journal. Professor Bonney lacks, in this volume at any rate, the infectious fervour of Tyndall, or the grandiose conception of Ruskin; but he writes of the peaks and valley-slopes, of the genesis and movements of glaciers, or of the fusion of moraines, with the easy knowledge of long intimacy, and it is evident that the elucidation of such problems daunts him as little as the mastery of the peaks themselves.

More than half of this interesting book is taken up with these and kindred matters, and the student of Alpine geology will find in the first nine chapters of the book a detailed and adequately illustrated account of how this magnificent and historic range came into being, and of what it consists in our day. There is, however, much more in the book than this academic discourse on an aspect of the Alps which makes only a qualified appeal to the athletic climber and less serious tourist. In the latter chapters the author, with a lighter style more suitable to his change of standpoint, touches on the weather, natural history, and human interest of the region which, with some little latitude of definition, is popularly known as "the Alps." Storms on the Lake of Geneva, the vagaries of lightning in the high tops, and the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere are matters of close interest to the traveller, and of each Professor Bonney has something to say by way of description and explanation. Then he turns to the rare profusion of Alpine flowers, to which Ruskin paid such touching tribute, and he dispels the widespread illusion that edelweiss can be gathered only at personal risk, an error which, while lending fictitious value to that modest flower, has been the cause of more than one fatality. Of characteristic animals, like the bouquetin and chamois, there are many interesting anecdotes, as well as of encounters between poachers and keepers, and one story of how an English lady effectually smuggled a pair of ibex horns over the Italian frontier by having them strapped under her mule's belly and concealing them with her riding habit, deserves a place of honour in the annals of contraband.

The author overlooks one amusing fact about the bears which at present occupy the famous pit at Berne. These are not, as he implies, natives of the country, but were imported from Russia, or so, at least, a Government official in that city recently informed the present reviewer.

The part which the Alps have played in European travel and warfare is the subject of an entertaining discussion on their relation to man, and in the concluding chapter, in which the Professor summarises some changes of the last fifty years, a frank acknowledgment of improvements is tempered by regret for the less sophisticated conditions of the past. In this view, the author, who is no immoderate *laudator temporis acti*, will command the adherence of all who deprecate the apparently inevitable, and certainly undeniable, vulgarisation of the Alps. The only people interested in the matter at all who lack this æsthetic remorse are the Swiss themselves, to whom, more especially since the latest development of winter sports with a "season" which practically lasts all the year round, their noble mountains and smiling valleys are alternately a source of wealth. This is why, in critical eyes, the modern Swiss lack the virtues of the apocryphal Tell and appear rather as a *nation boutiquière*.

Professor Bonney regards agriculture as the staple industry of the land, but its importance dwindles to insignificance beside another, on which the more commercial element of this composite nation has bestowed the appropriate title of *Fremden-Industrie*. We can appreciate the sorrow with which, contemplating the more gentle atmosphere of his long and honourable retrospect as an Alpine pioneer, Professor Bonney views a Switzerland in which the American eagle has usurped the places once sacred to the *lammergeier*. We share his emotion, but we see no remedy.

Studies in Rhythm

L'Isochronisme dans le Vers Français. (Bibliothèque de la Faculté des Lettres:—XXX). By PAUL VERRIER. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 2 fr.)

L'Isochronisme en Musique et en Poésie. By PAUL VERRIER. Reprinted from the *Journal de Psychologie*. (Félix Alcan, Paris.)

Hans Sachs and Goethe: A Study in Metre. By MARY CACY BURCHINAL, Ph.D. (Vandenhoed and Ruprecht, Göttingen. 1 mark 80.)

DARK days seem to be in store for poetry: her history contains many revolutions and not a few dictatorships, but hitherto she has not known that tyrannical and immeasurable force that has begun to dominate all human arrangements under the name of "scientific government." From Crecy and Caxton down to Arkwright and Stephenson the fate of mankind has been largely bound up with the development of mechanics; the conquest of the air will no doubt modify society in the manner least expected by the prophets. Literature has always been peculiarly susceptible to mechanical influences; we need only remember the invention of the printing-press and of the telegraph to be at once convinced of this fact. It is not only the material, but also the method of literature that has been thus modified. But the change that seems likely to result from the present activity of poetical anatomists will be unique. In most other revolutions there was more question of the matter than of the manner of literature: even the dictatorship of Boileau was no exception to this. The revolution in contemplation has nothing to do with matter—it is wholly concerned with manner. The headquarters of this, as of many other modern revolutions, is to be found in a laboratory, and its mind in the skull of a public analyst. The fact that we had set ourselves to convey, and have at last arrived at asserting, is that the future of poetry is being forged by the methods and apparatus of the Abbé Rousselot, the king of experimental phoneticians, at least of such of them as are monarchically inclined.

M. Verrier, who has also written on English metres, is a firm believer in Rousselot methods. He is, how-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ever, by no means the first-comer in these fields. His predecessors include M. Robert de Souza, whose brochure, "Du Rythme en Français," has recently been noticed in THE ACADEMY, and M. Landry. Most of the investigators are more or less dispassionate scientists, though M. de Souza exhibits some of the qualities of a fanatic in his defence of the "vers libre." M. Verrier is concerned with a theme that somehow manages to be far more abstract and impersonal. Not that he need be dull for any moderately serious reader, though the musical sections are hardly addressed to the complete layman. "Isochronism" has an extraordinary neutral sound; it seems to express a truism, or, at best, to establish a formula; and yet it leads to a spirited and interesting controversy. Most disputes about the nature of established metres give rather an impression of hair-splitting, but M. Landry, after establishing the existence of isochronism in music, denies it in poetry, while M. Verrier holds that it is the whole principle on which verse is based. A rather special feature of this controversy, and one that makes it more promising of results than most literary or political debates, is that M. Verrier uses M. Landry's experiments and figures to demonstrate his own thesis. At first there is complete agreement between the two adversaries—they are at one notably in their definition of the rhythmical foot. But M. Landry appears to have occasionally confounded accent and stress, and this tells against isochronism. Isochronism is the only principle of versification that will bear examination: "C'est sur le retour du temps marqué à intervalles égaux que repose le rythme." Isochronism is an ideal to which, though, like the straight line, it has no real existence, all rhythm tends to conform. The impression is the important thing; rhythm is subjective—it is "le rythme de notre attention." The instruments having done their recording work, and measured all the sounds and silences of a number of heterogeneous verses in hundredths of a second, it is found that the recurrence of certain symmetrical forms is almost uniform, and that, moreover, the ear will not perceive a difference of 10 per cent.

Mrs. Burchinal's essay on Hans Sachs and Goethe belongs to a different category of works on metre. Her subject keeps her away from the pitfalls of French verse, which has difficulties unknown to the English, German, and Italian lyres, whose unequivocal stresses make many things plain. Again we have the feeling that there is little to be explained. Again we find a host of theories explaining what seems the obvious in a multitude of ways. Hans Sachs, praised by Goethe as a master of harmonies, has since been attacked as ignorant and uncouth, and has had to be rehabilitated. Mrs. Burchinal gives the history of the "Knittelvers"—practically the metre of "l'Allegro"—and analyses specimens of Sachs' work and Goethe's imitations of Sachs.

Poetry, we have said already, and probably more relevantly than now, has dark days before her. No longer shall it be said of her, "Vera incessu patuit dea." She will have to hurry past, to escape the anxious crowd of phonetical professors eager to measure her every step. No longer must she be as the water-beetle, notwithstanding the "ease, celerity, and grace" of his movements, for

> If *he* ever stopped to think
> Of how he did it—he would sink.

Shorter Reviews

Historical Sketches of Glamorgan. A Series of Papers read before the Glamorgan Society, London, by REV. D. BRYANT, M.A., D.C.L., REV. J. LEOLINE PHILLIPS, B.A., and MR. HOWELL PROSSER, Vol. II. (Western Mail: London and Cardiff. 1s. 9d.)

EVERY year sees an increase in the number of county societies established in London, and this increase will probably continue until every county is represented. For the most part, they are of a social and perhaps also of a philanthropic character, but it is seldom that their activities wander outside of these two provinces. To the general rule, however, that of Glamorgan is an exception which it would be well if the others would make the rule. The second of its objects is "to foster interest in the history and the traditions of the county and principality generally." In furtherance of this, periodical meetings are held, at which papers dealing with the history and traditions of Glamorganshire are read. A selection of these papers is afterwards published by the Society, and the volume at present under review consists of four papers, headed respectively, "The Marcher Lordship of Glamorgan," "Glamorgan in the Times of the Civil Wars," "A Glamorgan Worthy of the Eighteenth Century" (Dr. Richard Price, Llangeinor), and "Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer." The first-mentioned paper consists of a remarkably interesting historical sketch of the greater Glamorgan when it was a Marcher Lordship, from the period of the conquest of the district in the reign of William Rufus until its incorporation into the Kingdom of England in the time of Henry VIII. In "Glamorgan in the Times of the Civil Wars" Mr. Leoline Phillips sketches the struggle between the King and Parliament as it proceeded in South Wales, and throws a clear light on the criminal folly which alienated from the King that which had hitherto been among the most loyal of his dominions. The fourth of the series—also by Mr. Phillips—sketches interestingly the picturesque career of Morgan, pirate and colonial governor.

Through Holland in the "Vivette." By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service, and Co. 6s. net.)

MR. KEBLE CHATTERTON is the complete yachtsman. Those who have read the story of his former adventures with the *Vivette* will recall the zest with which he writes about his boat. He overhauls her for the benefit of the reader, describes her squaresail, her fore-sails, her head-sails, her fore-halyard, her rigging. Even the non-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

nautical reader—the lubberly landsman—can scarcely fail to be infected by such unrestrained enthusiasm, while those who go down to the sea in ships and make their business in great waters will find in Mr. Chatterton a kindred spirit.

In this latest book he takes us to Holland, and—when there—discourses learnedly of the manners and customs of the people. Of certain of their manners and customs, that is, for, in truth, Mr. Chatterton has eyes for little save seamanship. But it was the Dutch who introduced the yacht into England, so it is not surprising that the owner of the *Vivette* cherishes a special fondness for these people. The amateur yachtsman will find in these pages a veritable mine of information. There are sailing directions for foreign ports, ranging from Calais to Amsterdam, and there are many amusing sidelights on life in the Dutch cities.

The author, too, has a keen sense of character, and one is glad to be introduced to such a magnificent fellow as Dick. Dick is an old sailor, who has kicked about the earth for a number of years. Mr. Chatterton and his friends were indebted to him for some pleasant moments:—

> Dick told us of his own marriage, which had taken place as recently as the beginning of the century, and it happened that the vicar who had performed the ceremony was the father of a former mate of the *Vivette*. According to Dick, this wedding was the first to take place in 1901, so the vicar returned him the marriage fees. That didn't suit Dick, however, who handed them back with a remark that he preferred to pay his own "harbour dues," and a desire that they might be distributed "among the churchwardens *and crew*."

That is quite one of the best things in the book. It is worthy of Captain Cuttle.

Johnsonian Gleanings: Part II.—Francis Barber, The Doctor's Negro Servant. By ALEYN LYELL READE. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Privately Printed for the Author at the Arden Press.)

Vestigia nulla retrorsum may be considered Mr. Reade's motto in his unwearying research into the by-paths of the life and times of Dr. Johnson. He has now written three works supplementary to the famous biography—"The Reades of Blackwood Hill and Dr. Johnson's Ancestry"; "Gleanings," Part I; "Notes on Dr. Johnson's Ancestors and Connexions, and Illustrative of his Early Life"—and this volume, which is an exhaustive account of the Doctor's negro servant and his descendants.

In the will of Mr. Richard Bathurst, dated April 24, 1754, occurs this clause: "Also I give to Francis Barber, a negro whom I brought from Jamaica aforesaid into England, his freedom and twelve pounds in money." Francis had probably entered Dr. Johnson's service about two years before this date; according to Boswell, a fortnight after Mrs. Johnson's death. Four years later he ran away, and became apprentice to an apothecary in Cheapside. He returned to Johnson, but his next flit was to sea, and his name is to be found in the Admiralty muster-books on the roll of the crew of H.M.S. *Stag*, December, 1758. Being discharged in 1760, he once more returned to Johnson, this time permanently, though he was sent for some five years to school at Bishops Stortford. This was the period of the supposed portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of Mr. Wilson Crewdson, F.S.A., of St. Leonards-on-Sea. There seems, however, a stronger presumption in favour of the negro portrait which was bought by Sir George Beaumont in 1796. In the matter of the large legacy left by Dr. Johnson to Barber, Mr. Reade is a strong apologist, and controverts the view of Sir John Hawkins and others that the negro was eventually ruined by the misplaced munificence, though he admits that the form of the bequest was possibly unwise. The best service rendered by Barber to posterity was the preservation of certain MSS. which would have been burnt if Johnson's dying instructions had been carried out, notably the "Annals," published in 1805.

Recently we looked through Boswell's Life in order to discover Dr. Johnson's views on swearing. A complete answer is given by Mr. Reade, who records that Barber alleged that he never heard his master swear—"the worst words he ever uttered when in a passion was 'you dunghill dog!'"

In this elaborate monograph Mr. Reade has rescued from oblivion every possible detail of the life of one who was for thirty-five years Dr. Johnson's humble servant—for all who feel a "generous curiosity" in such matters.

Dans l'Atlantique. By HENRI DEHERAIN. (Hachette and Co., Paris. 3fr. 50c.)

THE contents of this volume might be described as "Essays in 'Exotism'"—we will apologise for the superimposition of inverted commas upon inverted commas, but the French have a word and we have not. M. Dehérain has given us nothing but history and crude facts, but he has succeeded in conveying to us a strange, almost creepy, feeling. Humanity, not in an undeveloped stage, but ordinary European humanity, is here seen reduced to its lowest terms. Perhaps the account of Tristan da Cunha is the most moving thing in the book. A tiny population, at no time much in excess of five score, is seen battling with privation, lacking the barest comforts, the pleasures of society, and even the news of the greater world to which it has once belonged. "Il manque toujours quelque chose," writes a devoted missionary; "tout individu vivant ici doit s'attendre à la privation comme à une chose naturelle, comme l'on s'attend au vent et à la pluie." The inhabitants have been cut off for the most part from the consolations of religion; it is only at long intervals that a missionary has taken up his abode among them; the brother of Lewis Carrol was one of these good Samaritans, and his campaign against the rats is an important incident in island history. There is no government—an arrangement that has worked well; no "méchant

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

homme" having yet appeared to disturb the harmony. Twice the inhabitants have been invited to emigrate in a body to the Cape; once a third of them were destroyed in a storm at sea; frequently they have been in danger of annihilation from bad weather and harvests or the protracted neglect of the outer world. It is a curious and a potentially instructive story.

St. Helena was the reason for Tristan. Strange as it may seem, the latter island was occupied as an outpost in the cordon that was to guard the illustrious prisoner of 1815. M. Dehérain tells the story of St. Helena from its first beginnings. The island was a pawn in the game of colonial development between England and Holland. For long its value was ignored, and England had eventually to thank her luck rather than her judgment for her possession of it. The Dutch had it again for a moment, and the French, under Des Augiers, made a successful descent in 1706, when it was under the rule of another Frenchman, the expatriated Huguenot, Etienne Poirier. Fruitless attempts were made to develop it economically, and it remains what it was intended to be, a useful depôt in the high seas The chapter on slavery in the island is very moving. The other essays are mainly concerned with French enterprises, including the history of the Jacobin naturalist, Auguste Broussounet. Some excellent maps accompany the text.

The Gospel of Freedom. By Henry D. A. Major, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

It seems that an increasing number of Anglican clergy —as the author of this book—are prepared to accept frankly the most advanced criticism of the so-called Modernists. We are told that the present conflict is between traditional Christianity—whether Anglo-Catholic or Evangelical—and modern Christianity; and the difference is thus defined:—

Traditional Christianity is alleged to consist of "certain traditional forms and institutions, intellectual conceptions, and disputable historical occurrences. Modern refuses to identify Christianity with aught else except the spiritual and moral ideas of the Saviour." Now "disputable historical occurrences" mean simply the evangelical miracles and the events summarised in the creeds of Catholic Christendom. Hence the miracle-myths are easily explained by comparative mythology, and the historical setting of the life of Christ is more or less mythical, so that acceptance of the creed is limited virtually to the first clause—simple Deism. The remaining "dogmas of the creed are to be used by the clergy only for the moral and spiritual lessons that can be drawn from them." It is a strange and equivocal position to employ for moral and spiritual teaching, dogmas which are rejected as myths, or at least "disputable."

If we reject the Virgin-birth, and if Christ were born and died as ordinary men, what was there supreme in His manifestation above that in other great moral teachers, say Plato or St. Paul? Then how can the Resurrection be accepted, which is the very essence of the Gospel? Of what value becomes the historic faith of the Christian if reduced to the level of comparative mythology? In his treatment of modern destructive negative criticism the author displays a remarkable conscious assurance of infallibility. He seems to forget that dogmas of absolute negation are just as difficult to prove, historically or philosophically, as any positive or categorical dogmas. The serious side of a book like this lies in the fact that it represents lectures given at an Anglican Theological College. To invite young men to join the ministry and then explain away the creeds to which they are bound to assent suggests a curious idea of the teacher's responsibility.

Malta and the Mediterranean Race. By R. N. Bradley. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

Out of the dark shadows left behind by the countless centuries that have elapsed since beings that could be called human began to inhabit the earth, rays of light are beginning to emerge. Many among us can still remember the sensation and opposition caused by Boucher de Perthe's statements that certain chipped flints found in the gravels of the Somme valley were human handiwork. We have travelled far since then, and not only is an age of stone now fully recognised, but it has been separated into several epochs, each of which is the object of careful and detailed study. One of these epochs, the neolithic, is the subject of Mr. Bradley's book; but the author deals more especially with one of the races that used polished stone implements, and that has been named the Mediterranean Race, because the seat of the comparatively high civilisation to which the race attained lies mainly in the basin of the Mediterranean. How a nation that knew no metal could produce buildings equal in size and superior in durability to our own is well described and illustrated by Mr. Bradley. The original researches made by the author at Hagiar Kim and other sites in Malta have lifted a corner of the veil that hid from us the mysterious civilisation which preceded that of Greece. The Greeks, indeed, have left on record some vague allusions to their predecessors; but the whole of classical literature does not contain so much information about this vanished people as the book before us. Mr. Bradley, however, it is fair to state, considers that the Mediterranean Race is with us still, and that its individuals may be identified by cranial and other peculiarities. We do not attach so much importance as the author to language, folk-lore, and customs as proofs of the origin of a people; but the chapters on these subjects will be read with interest by those who have not made a special study of anthropology.

Le Poème Anglo-Saxon de Beowulf. By Hubert Pierquin. (Picard, Paris. 15 fr.)

It is difficult to appraise M. Pierquin's edition of "Beowulf." It is a learned and, in some respects, a very complete work, and contains the text and French trans-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

lation, not only of "Beowulf," but also of the "Traveller's Song" and the "Fight at Finnesburh"; and it is stocked with two bibliographies, an Anglo-Saxon glossary and grammar, a discussion on metre, and various indexes. The problems of time, authorship, etc., are dismissed in the most summary fashion; on the other hand, we have a very complete study of English constitutional origins down to the Conquest. It is a very good essay, but, in this prolix form, a little irrelevant. And M. Pierquin ignores such problems as that of the relation between Gregory's mission and pre-Augustinian Christianity in Britain. In the matter of rhythm we are sometimes only half convinced, as when he gives as an isolated example "Hwaet! we G*árd*éna in *gē*ar*d*águm" for the pronouncement that "dans une forme particulière d'allitération, le composé peut même renfermer l'un des sons allitérés."

With one more piece of rather carping criticism we will close our remarks on a work that should certainly supply a great need for many: the possession of "Beowulf" is not "fièrement" claimed by modern Englishmen. At least it can never mean as much to them as the "Chanson de Roland" means to modern Frenchmen. "Beowulf" has little to recommend it but its age, its length, and some fine passages. It is a song of despair. It was the work, says approximately "Q.," of some obscure scribe, "whose blue eyes probably watered with the effort."

A History of European Nations, from the Earliest Records to the Beginning of the Twentieth Century. By ANGELO S. RAPPOPORT. (Greening and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE are seriously inclined to question the utility of bare chronicles of events covering so long a period as that which is indicated by the sub-title of this work. The defence customarily advanced in favour of these historical *vade mecums* is that the general reader has not leisure sufficient for a detailed study of special treatises and requires a comprehensive view of what has happened during past centuries. If such be the case, it is surely better to impart such information as will give the reader a grasp of periods and events as a whole than to attempt to acquaint him with details which in themselves possess no significance. It is not to be supposed that we seek any quarrel with Mr. Rappoport's book in particular, for of its own kind it is admirable, but we must confess that knowledge circumscribed by such limits as are necessarily imposed upon an author who ranges over so wide a field as Mr. Rappoport is precisely of that kind against the danger of which the proverb warns us. Were the histories of European nations closely interconnected, and were that interconnection clearly shown, there might be a valid reason for including such a mass of material in so small a space. As it is, this work is no more than an extremely condensed *précis* of a number of independent national histories. Such a *précis* may be of value as a labour-saving device to a student of history faced by the near prospect of an examination, but, so far as the general reader is concerned, *mole ruit sua*.

Die syrische Barbara-Legende. Mit einem Anhang: Die syrische Kosmas- und Damian-Legende in deutscher Uebersetzung. By DR. WILHELM WEYH. (Gust Fock, Leipzig. 1 mark 50.)

DR. WEYH gives in translation the Syrian version of the legend of St. Barbara, with that of St. Juliana, and he also gives the more authorised version of the same legend, without the accretion, whose source he explains satisfactorily. He then proceeds to cite the chief texts for the Greek version, and to consider the modern editions that have appeared. He concludes definitely against the priority of the Syrian legend, basing himself largely on its faulty local colour. Nor does he see any ground for supposing that the legend of St. Barbara owed anything to that of Bassus. We are somewhat surprised to find among the traits enumerated as belonging to a common legendary stock—such as the princess in the tower and the vow of celibacy—"Das Erbauen eines Bades," which, it appears, "ist ein weitverbreitetes Sagenmotiv." It may be so, but there is little about bath-building as such that would seem very distinctive. The incident marking the conversion of St. Barbara—her insistence on having three windows made on the south side of the bath instead of two—is granted originality, but is regarded with suspicion by the critic. Dr. Weyh concludes with a literal translation from the Syrian of the legend of St. Cosmo and St. Damien.

Fiction

The New Humpty-Dumpty. By DANIEL CHAUCER. (John Lane. 6s.)

MR. DANIEL CHAUCER'S work has the quality of a really good champagne. It exhilarates, and the general effect is that of a slight, but quite pleasant, intoxication. No novelist eludes classification so successfully. Other writers are grave and gay in turns, but Mr. Chaucer is grave and gay at the same time. He is at once a keen observer of contemporary movements, a social satirist, an explorer into the strange realms of phantasy, and a purveyor of honest entertainment. His style is marked by a distinction that lifts it to a very high level, and his dialogue is a feast of delights.

One may perhaps take Mr. Chaucer half-seriously. For it seems to us that it would be as great a mistake to see too little in his story as to see too much. He chronicles, with a certain eager avidity, the lives of well-bred people of dissolute habits. For the crank—considered purely as a type—he has a special fondness, and the study of Mr. Pett, the theoretic Socialist, is inimitably perfect. The story is concerned with a counter-revolution in the Kingdom of Galizia. The King is living in exile. A republic has been established. The King—a mere boy—has acquired, a little unfairly, a reputation for a certain not very reprehensible licentiousness. He is believed to be fond of actresses. But he has friends, and these—for various reasons—are anxious to see him re-established on the throne of his ancestors.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The financial aid of an American syndicate is invoked, and thus the quite perfect Mr. Dexter, with his tuft-hunting daughter, are introduced for the delight of the reader. But the dominating figure of the narrative is Sergius Mihailovitch Macdonald, round whom the other characters revolve like stars in the planetary system. Macdonald is, indeed, Mr. Chaucer's supreme achievement in portraiture, and the curious passion of the Count for Lady Aldington provides a love interest which is less absorbing than the various ramifications of that "dark forest"—to adopt Mr. Chaucer's beloved metaphor—the heart of Macdonald himself. The conclusion of the story is as artistically satisfactory as it is, somehow, unexpected. All readers of "The New Humpty-Dumpty" will await, not without impatience, Mr. Chaucer's next novel. We wonder, by the way, who Mr. Chaucer is.

Spring Days. By George Moore. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

Re-publishing this book after an interval of twenty-five years, the author explains how it happened that it was excluded from the list of his collected works, and mentions "an insolent article" in The Academy when the book was first published. The Academy of to-day is, of course, very different from The Academy of that time, and the present reviewer has not read the article which caused the trouble. Having read the book, however, he is inclined to think that Mr. George Moore had been better advised to except it from re-publication of his works for the benefit of posterity.

The story is, as the preface tells us, that of an old gentleman who lived in a suburb, and whose daughters were a great source of trouble to him. It is also the story of his son Willie and Frank Escott, whose affections vacillate between the aforesaid troublesome daughters and a Gaiety barmaid. In the end, the Gaiety barmaid wins, and, having said farewell to the other characters, we take leave of Frank at the point when he is about to set out to re-join this lady. In this last chapter, we recognise the work of the great Irishman who has not been afraid to make mistakes, but the rest of the book is not up to the level of his better-known work. There is, of course, the limpid descriptiveness which makes it always a delight to read George Moore, the quality which stamps all his work. In this book, however, he has permitted this quality to extend to the utterances of his characters, and thus, though individuality is retained to a certain extent, each character reflects too much of the author; the result of this is that we never lose sight of him sufficiently to get vitally interested in his puppets. The mannerisms of old Brookes are delightful, but he is too clearly descriptive at times to convince us altogether that it is old Brookes himself who is speaking; Willie's egotism and preciseness are marred in the same way—and, in fact, every character bears too distinct a resemblance to Mr. George Moore, in spite of his or her own personal idiosyncrasies, to allow us to rank this book with "Esther Waters" or even "Celibates." Although a good study in shallow egotism, it is not worthy of its author.

The Triuneverse: A Scientific Romance. By the Author of "Space and Spirit." (Charles Knight and Co. 5s. net.)

The anonymous author of this very interesting work has limited his chances of obtaining a large circle of readers by mixing up fiction with a fascinating account of certain scientific possibilities. It takes a novelist—like Wells, for instance—to write scientific fiction, and, whatever the writer of this book may be, he is not a novelist, but rather a thinker along scientific lines, though it must be conceded he is possessed of great imaginative power. The book outlines a theory by which life, as humanity knows it, is more or less proved to exist in as small a compass as that of the electron—even in a smaller subdivision of matter which the author terms the *infraton*—and in as large a division of matter as a planetary system. For each of these systems of life, time varies in value, so that the life of the electron may spend centuries in a minute of time on the ordinary human scale, while the centuries of human time do not amount to a second in the animate life of a planetary system.

This, of course, sounds rather complex and absurd on the face of it, but a perusal of the scientific side of this book will go far to convince the reader that the views expressed therein are both reasonable and possible. The author has seen fit, however, to weave in among his fascinating scientific conjectures a poor little romance based on human love and emotions, and the little romance does not fit in with the rest of his scheme—does not even command sympathy. The main purpose of the book is not that of fiction, and it was therefore a mistake to introduce a purely fictional interest where sufficient interest already existed. In spite of this, it should win a large measure of attention from all those to whom the origin and purpose of life appeal as subjects for study.

Mary Pechell. By Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

Mrs. Belloc Lowndes has given us a very pleasant little story in "Mary Pechell," but it has not the force of some of her other works, and, although a woman's name gives the title to the book, it is Mary's two lovers to whom the greatest and most detailed descriptions are given. Neither of them appeals to us in a very particular sense, but doubtless out of the two she chose the better man. The glimpses we have of Miss Alice and Miss Rose, the two maiden aunts, are by far the best passages in the story. The contrast between them, together with their little weaknesses and peculiarities, make most entertaining reading. Mary we do not seem to know very well. She is a nice girl, who spends her time in paying long visits to her aunts and as secretary to a home workers' society in London, but she does not stand out as Jane Oglander stood out in the book of that name, or as Sylvia Bailey stood out in "The Chink in the Armour." Perhaps it is only fair that for once the men should have the greater share of attention, and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

we would not for a moment suggest that Mrs. Belloc Lowndes does not describe them well, but, for all that, we certainly prefer her books in which she gives the first place to her own sex.

Windyridge. By W. RILEY. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

GRACE HOLDEN, professional photographer, went from London to Windyridge, in Yorkshire, to escape the devil and all his works, and breathe clean air among simple folk. This book tells how she found that the devil had work to do even in Windyridge, and that the scent of the heather is not enough to prevent country people from doing just as townsfolk do.

One shade less of naturalness, of sincerity, and the book had been a failure; as it is, it must be reckoned an artistic success. The writer who relies for effect on sentiment must write carefully, for nothing is worse than sentiment overdone—and it is only to those who are still young enough to feel the force of sentiment and emotion that "Windyridge" will appeal. Grace Holden is thirty-six, but she is a veritable schoolgirl in her feelings and affections, and we love her none the less for that.

They are good people among whom she falls, for the most part, not only religious on Sundays, but in their everyday lives. Yet they are not namby-pamby folk, but rather strong personalities, and this applies even to the "Cynic," to whom Grace surrenders herself in the end—as we knew she would very early in the story. The chief merits of the book lie in its sub-plots, gracefully told little comedies and tragedies, and in its atmosphere, which is fresh and sweet and heartening as the heather-land in which its scenes are laid. "Windyridge" is an arresting, fascinating book, one to read and read again.

Shorter Notices

THE secondary interest in "WHITE ASHES" (Macmillan and Co., 6s.) is insurance, as that branch of commerce is practised in America, where, we are informed, it means fire insurance, unless otherwise specified. The principal character of the story is a certain Smith, who, after some tribulation, makes things "hum" at the *Guardian* office, and in the end, of course, gets his heart's desire, having previously obtained that of his head. Although written by two Americans, Mr. S. R. Kennedy and Mr. A. C. Noble, the story is free of obtrusively Yankee expressions—wherein lies a lesson for English writers on American subjects. We recognise the twang of the New Yorker and the more cultured accents of the Bostonian, and we appreciate the fact that these things are not overdone. They are American as it is spoken, and no more. Considering the book as a whole, it makes excellent reading; its main characters are well defined and interesting people, and the authors have a keen sense of the humorous side of life, although we might have welcomed a little more humanity and a little less insurance.

The human boy—"FROM THE ANGLE OF SEVENTEEN" (John Murray, 3s. 6d. net)—is hardly as interesting as he was in his early years. Having passed through that stage of budding adolescence, we are able nearly to foretell what his thoughts and emotions will be in certain situations. When he surpasses our expectations, we recognise, not the human boy in the insurance office, but Mr. Eden Phillpotts. There are paragraphs of this book that do not ring true; they are too big and thoughtful; they do not give life as one views it from the angle of seventeen, but bespeak experience such as only comes with maturity. For the rest, the boy is very human and commonplace, as we judge his creator intended him to be. Even the grandiloquent style affected by him in describing certain landmarks of London, and people with whom he is brought in contact, causes a modified form of amusement, delightful though it is, for we can all remember the time when we did likewise. Ideals were more than realities then, and there were hosts of illusions which no longer exist for us. By stirring up thoughts like these, Mr. Phillpotts has inclined decidedly more to pathos than to humour. This, however, is a matter of reading between the lines. By reading on them, and missing that which is not written, we see a rather humorous book, not quite worthy of Mr. Phillpotts at his best, and one which leads to a suspicion that, in attempting to re-introduce the human boy at the very last stage of boyhood, his author has imitated himself rather than worked along new lines.

"AN AMERICAN GIRL AT THE DURBAR" (John Lane, 6s.) views the Durbar with an eye almost as free from prejudice as that of an English spectator, and has a whole-hearted admiration for British soldiers, whom she designates "Tommies," evidently in complete ignorance of the fact that that title for a soldier is extremely out-of-date. She has a very keen sense of humour; it is also developed in one Berengaria, a friend of hers, as well as in a certain Miss Lamb, a violent and militant suffragist theoretically, but in practice a common-sense and enterprising lady. Although the greater part of the book consists of descriptions of real things and people, Miss Shelland Bradley tells it in the form of a story, and thus, while hardly deserving a place among travel-books, it puts forward an equally doubtful claim to be regarded as fiction.

Perusal of a list of "works by the same author" on one of the preliminary pages of this volume assists us in ascertaining that "THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN ROSE" (Methuen and Co., 6s.) is the twenty-eighth novel Mr. Oxenham has penned and had published. If we say that it is quite up to his usual standard, his numerous readers may find it better, and quarrel with us; on the other hand, we would not knowingly incur the odium attaching to those guilty of overpraise. Suffice it to say that it is among his minor characters that the author does his best, and in this, his twenty-eighth novel, Mr. Oxenham has produced an exceedingly interesting story.

Miss Rachel C. Schauffler in "THE GOODLY FELLOWSHIP" (Macmillan and Co., 6s.) has given us missionary

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

life with Persia as a background, but it must be confessed that the background is rather hazy: we are not brought into intimate contact with Persia and things Persian, but rather with a settlement of American missionaries who might be almost anywhere, except in America, since they betray traces of home-sickness at times. The heroine is an American society girl, who gets stranded in the missionary station for a period of months; the hero is of the silent, strong type that Merriman delighted in, and the story of these two is of more than passing interest. The chief appeal of the book, however, lies in things spiritual, rather than in things material. Here and there one comes across a little passage telling of the way in which these isolated missionaries "live Christ," as the author puts it, and, although that "living" is only told by means of a few lines at infrequent intervals, one feels the reality of their life and work. It is possible that the restraint of the writing makes them forceful; in any case, the force is there, and the book is a good lesson in practical Christianity. It is a live, strong story of very human people whom we accept as realities, and in whom we are vitally interested from the first page to the last. For the sake of such people we find it possible easily to forgive the absence of local colour, which is the book's one weak point.

"Through the Ivory Gate" (Frank Palmer, 6s.) deals with the career of an educated gentleman, who, because he is refused by two ladies in succession, Atalanta and Althea, sinks to the depths of degradation by indulgence in drink and association with undesirable characters, and finally ends his career by taking a dose of laudanum. Had the man been compelled to work for his living, the end would not have been what it was. It may be necessary to write the life-story of some degenerates, but no such necessity arises in this particular case, and why Mr. Reginald Farrer should leave his rock garden and its simple pleasures to wander into the highways to collect materials for this story, especially the degrading parts of it, we are at a loss to understand.

A Literary Inquest

THE imagination of the novelist is a brilliant and flexible instrument, but it has some curious limitations. One of these is indicated by the inability of the novelist to conduct his business with the measure of skill displayed by the ordinary tradesman. I do not refer to the shyness and delicacy which tell against him in arranging agreements with publishers. The trouble lies in his lack of imaginative power to follow the course of his work after the publisher takes it in hand. At the very first step the book changes from an artistic production to a mere factor in a commercial transaction which involves a printer, a bookbinder, a distributor, libraries, booksellers, and that vague conglomerate of appetites and pockets known as the public. Throughout its passage from one link to another of this chain the book remains to its author a work of art, in some actual as well as spiritual sense superior to the laws of commerce. It has no kinship with soap, or clothes, or even with newspapers. Disillusionment comes with the first account for royalties—disillusionment, and seldom anything much more substantial. But this contact with reality is forgotten as soon as a new book is born; hope obliterates it, and gives those royalties "at 25 per cent. after the first three thousand" an air of already taking shape in minted gold. The last thing which a novelist thinks of doing is dissecting and criticising the conditions of his trade as he would the far more complex characters and situations which he himself creates.

On two recent occasions, however, this "last thing" has been attempted. In the *National Review* of September a "Minor Novelist" presented a balance-sheet which should fill the eyes of the Muses with tears; and in the current issue of the *Nineteenth Century and After* Mr. Herbert Flowerdew writes an article which should make these tears overflow. His subject is "The Lost Industry of Novel-writing." It forms an appendix, like an auditor's report, to the balance-sheet of the Minor Novelist. That writer showed how, by dint of hard labour and skilful exploitation, he had achieved the income of a draper's assistant, with the result that he has now decided to become a taxi-cab driver. He seems relieved that he did not starve, and his figures show that he depended to a large extent on the sale of serial rights. One of the merits of Mr. Flowerdew's article is that it draws a thick line between the novel and the serial story in novel form. Rarely do we find a story equally at home on both sides of the line. There is much the same difference between the novel and the serial as between a picture and a Christmas supplement. Every genuine novelist knows that the temptation of the serial is the greatest to which his love of art is exposed. Mr. Flowerdew himself began his literary career with a novel—"A Celibate's Wife"—which showed that he was a literary craftsman with something of a real gift; but this experiment in the Lost Industry apparently taught him to accept cheerfully the damnation of the serial. He does not, however, mention his personal experiences. He treats the subject on broad lines, declaring boldly that under present market conditions the business of novel-writing proper is a corpse.

There are facts which seem to disprove this contention at once. The constant stream of six-shilling fiction appears to sweep away Mr. Flowerdew and his alleged corpse at the same time. But Mr. Flowerdew points out that the majority of these "novels" are really serials which are enjoying a second life in a form to which they have no artistic title. Again, there is a certain group of popular novelists whose work survives the conditions which are fatal to the average work of merit. Further, there is an ever-recruited group of writers who produce novels in the charming hope that by-and-bye the great reward will come. His analysis of the situation shows that the business of novel-writing and novel-publishing is not only a sheer speculation, but a bad one. It would be difficult, I believe, for publishers to deny that the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

usual circulation of a novel, however sound as a literary production and however well received by the critics, is about five hundred copies. Under more favourable conditions of authorship and subject the output rises to about one thousand. In a country with millions of readers, all athirst for fiction, this result is positively ludicrous. It means, in effect, that the novelist who aims at something higher than the serial cannot, save in rare instances, approach the mass of the reading public. He will not reach as many readers as the author of a book on forestry, or steel manufacture, or any other subject in which only a minority of the public is interested.

Mr. Flowerdew attributes this extraordinary situation to the mistake of fixing the price of a novel at a level which is supposed to be fair and convenient to the library and the general purchaser. His argument is that such a price must be too cheap for the library and too dear for the bookseller. And the facts of the trade seem to support his argument. At no time did people buy six-shilling novels freely; and they are less inclined than ever to this extravagance now that reprints of older books are available at one shilling or sevenpence. As for the library, it can get along quite comfortably with a single copy of each book unless there is a large *simultaneous* demand. Mr. Flowerdew emphasises this fact as the essential curse of the cheap library book. It means that unless a book can, by some quality apart from serious literary merit, attract this large simultaneous demand, the libraries will not purchase it in adequate numbers. We see the effect of this system in the accepted principle that the life of an average novel is about three months. This surely is the crowning absurdity of the situation. Within that period the book does not touch more than a minute fraction of the reading public; the great mass of those who might have enjoyed it have never heard of it. Yet there is no possibility of keeping it moving so that in time it may permeate the market which is supposed to be open to it. In three months it is dead; and the business of "remaindering" is only a kind of pauper's funeral.

Neither of the writers quoted offers any specific cure for the depression which has settled upon the industry of novel-writing. It is not difficult to deduce a possible cure from Mr. Flowerdew's diagnosis, but even he throws the burden of discovery upon the Society of Authors. It was at the instigation of that body, he points out, that the common denominator between the library and the purchaser was attempted; and he properly asks the same body to find a way of reversing its mistakes. I shall not be at all surprised if the Society remains serenely passive. A body which is able to regard the establishment of a library censorship without even a tremor of protest is quite capable of declaring that the business of and the art of novel writing were never more sweetly wedded. The Society is governed by authors who have "arrived" and who have frequently followed other roads than the straight path which is lit by a single star. It is an admirable sheep-dog for the protection of innocents who fear the wolves in publishers' clothing; but it is no better than the individual author in the breadth and courage of its imagination as regards practical affairs. If it were, it could not tolerate for a single day the chaotic conditions of the book market, in which sound creative work is lost on the morrow of its appearance. If it were, it must appreciate the fact that neither the publisher, nor the librarian, nor the bookseller, nor the author, nor the reader, is at all satisfied with the present state of things. The essential point to be dealt with is the separation of the library demand from the public demand, both in price and in time. This is partly done in the case of memoirs and books of travel, which provide much better results to everybody concerned than the works of fiction which appeal, potentially at least, to a much wider public. In a previous article which appeared in THE ACADEMY I explained the necessity for an increase in the rates charged by the libraries to the public; there are also arguments for holding that the prices charged to the libraries for fiction are too low.

There is no shadow of commonsense in a system which provides an ephemeral volume of memoirs with a larger circulation and a larger margin of profit than a solid piece of creative work. In any case the Society of Authors ought to realise that the serious and capable novelist meets with more profound discouragement at the present day than in any recent generation. The difficulty is not so much a matter of money as of reaching the audience which ought to prove responsive. A circulation of five hundred copies gives an author the same cold, depressed feeling as an actor suffers when he has to play to empty stalls. It strangles inspiration and kills the joy of labour. It forces him gradually to lower his ideals and to strike the false note which alone will resonate among the artificial conditions of the market. Perhaps the only result which is not wholly objectionable is that it forces him, even when he has contrived to become popular, to find a fuller measure of reciprocity in writing for the stage. A. G. W.

The Theatre

"The Open Door" at the Lyceum

THE management of Mr. Walter and Mr. F. Melville, appears to be a very fortunate affair. They know what their public wants. Few people would have supposed that "The Open Door," a curious new and original drama of Russian Jewish life — as it is on the stage — would have been helped by the introduction of a personage who performs miracles; is divine, apparently; the friend of man; a sort of super-servant in the house. But this character, called rather quaintly, "Homo," is the life and soul of this new play. He is always in the strong, hard stage light, ready to help the good Jewish hero and heroine, ready to bear the pain of others and release them from sin and sorrow. Mr. Shirley and Mr. Landeck have been extremely bold in presenting

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

this character, and the management must have had perfect faith in Mr. Halliwell Hobbs, who plays the part. This boldness and confidence was fully justified on the first night, for the story of "The Open Door" was followed with keen interest and enthusiastically applauded.

The ground-work of the play is pretty well-worn. There is a wicked Governor of a province who desires as his companion the young wife of a young Jew. The Governor is very, very naughty; prisons, whipping, and killing, and all that sort of thing are freely used. The old agonies that come to all the good people in the early stages of melodrama are clearly set forth. But in this play "Homo" is the one who puts things right—and very quickly. This is a new and noble idea of the authors. Writers used to have trouble in relieving the good people of their plays from painful positions; not so with the new style. Disgrace, dishonour, death—all can be put right if you have such a character as "Homo" always at hand. But, of course, the audience must believe in him, and somehow Mr. Halliwell Hobbs enables them to have faith. It is a remarkable theatrical victory, such as no other management would dare attempt. Indeed, Mr. Shirley and Mr. Landeck have created a new heaven and a new earth of melodrama. They have made agreeable to their peculiar audience the obscure and the vague; they have added utter mystery to the commonplace and released themselves from all the usual difficulties of the stage by the use of their remarkable "Homo." And they have done it very well and without offence. Whenever the wicked people are too victorious "Homo" appears, and all is well.

The last scene would have delighted some of the reformers of stage lighting. It is played in the dark. One gathers that Mr. and Mrs. Raphael, acted in true convention by Mr. C. W. Standing and Miss Bracewell, are released from a nasty-looking situation by "Homo" and pass "unto the sea and the Land Beyond." Possibly this is symbolic of death, but one never knows. At any rate, there are some long and excellent sentiments by Mr. Halliwell Hobbs—and exit "Homo," and "curtain."

The wicked governor of Mr. Albert Ward is cleverly played. Of course, it does not approach reality, but the convention is splendidly maintained. "Baron Petroff" holds the audience spellbound by his wickedness and his peculiar eye. Long ago I was at a rehearsal, in which the late Prince Soltikoff was interested. The play had a Russian baron in it. M. de Soltikoff bore this as long as possible, and then he spoke from his stall: "There are *no* barons in Russia. Anything else you like. Hundreds of thousands of princes, but no barons." But in Russian drama, such as "The Open Door," barons, knouts, and all sorts of things that do not really happen in the land of the Little Father appear again and again. However, it really does not matter. "Homo" arranges everything, and everything that "Homo" does is right.

EGAN MEW.

Indian Reviews

THE *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) from August 14 to September 4 welcomes co-operation with the Muhammadans for the good of the country. The wish is sound enough, but the performance will be difficult, unless fundamental differences can be annihilated. The Editor opposes the establishment of provincial autonomy in India if the right of intervention by Parliament is to be withdrawn. Self-government for India he regards as beyond the range of practical politics. The composition of the Public Service Commission is much discussed: the inadequacy of Indian representation is the general cry. The Editor again takes the unpopular view when he supports the Government's decision not to allow the proposed Universities at Aligarh and Benares to affiliate colleges outside of those cities. He denies that there is any large or influential section of the people who yearn that their children should be grown up (*sic*) into the peace of assured religious belief. The Calcutta High Court having received two severe blows in the Mymensingh and Midnapur cases, on which the *Times* demanded a searching inquiry into the administration of justice, this *Review* rounds on the *Times*, and states that the Midnapur case is to come before the Privy Council. If this is true, criticism should be suspended. Some observations on the increase of the Excise revenue and the question of dealing with the opium and liquor traffic betoken an absolute ignorance of the whole problem. A Madras civilian has written a Census report which "has all the charm of romance, and is aglow with life and movement"; its perusal "is an invigorating intellectual tramp, with an irrepressible humorist by your side." High praise, indeed!

The two issues of the *Collegian* (Calcutta) for August contain information, as usual, about current educational matters. The Calcutta University has made ample provision for post-graduate study, thus realising its functions as a teaching University. It would be interesting to hear more of the South India Branch of the Simplified Spelling (of English) Society at the Madras Presidency College. It sounds, *prima facie*, rather a waste of time. The Serampore Weaving Institute has lasted three years, and is making progress. This attempt to revive a decaying art deserves encouragement. An enthusiast has established "the All-India Academy of Music," with the object of reviving the music of the Aryan masters and increasing the felicity (*sic*) of learning the same. The learned and literary papers in this journal are too long and profound to receive more than a passing allusion here.

The *Journal of the Anthropological Society of Bombay* for 1911 and 1912 contains, as usual, various excellent papers. As an Indian Judge said, speaking on the study of Anthropology, "our philologists, our anthropologists, our antiquarians are doing us practical service. . . . We must understand the past aright to guide us now and build for the hereafter." Folk-lore, part of this subject, is "the science which treats of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

survival of archaic beliefs and customs in modern ages." The papers published treat of certain castes, animal stories, relics of the primitive spirit-scaring idea in the Avesta and in prevalent Parsi religious practices, village gods and ghosts, the dog in myth and custom, the tiger in Malay folk-lore, stories of witchcraft and magic in Mogul India. The Malays have a proverb, "Two wives under one roof, two tigers in one cage," a sufficient reason for monogamy anywhere. The papers of this Society should be more widely known.

The *Rajput Herald* (London) for August has a paper by an Indian on "India's place in the British Empire," but the name of India is only once mentioned in it. The "Blunder of the East" is apparently the Persian revolution, a tragic blunder, because it has not gained universal moral acquiescence. The "net result of the Chinese Revolution" is said to be the break-up of diplomatic relationship between the East and West. Whose fault is that? The shameless reassertion of untruths is one of the difficulties in dealing with Indian writers. It is easy to perceive the point of view from which the Editor, Mr. Thakur Seesodia, writes his editorial notes, and reviews other reviews. He takes full advantage of having the last word.

The *Hindustan Review* for August gives from the very beginning the history of the appointment of natives of India to official posts in that country. The words, "*Fitness is henceforth to be the criterion of eligibility*," are italicised. The whole question is, What is fitness? Capacity to pass examinations is not fitness. The qualities required for administrators and rulers can be commonly found in Europeans, but not in Indians. The papers on the Mughal Empire, Akbas, and Dara Shikoh are historical, but they show no special originality; it is easy to make extracts or paraphrases from well-recognised authorities. Dr. Coomaraswamy's review of Dinesh Chandra Sen's "History of Bengali Language and Literature" does it no more than justice; the book is before us; it consists mainly of lectures addressed to the Calcutta University; it brings together systematically much matter that could not easily be found in a presentable form. The reviews of English writings such as Dickens' works, by an Indian, do not interest; the subjects are too hackneyed.

The *Moslem World* (quarterly) for October publishes a reprint of a "Call to a Day of Prayer for the Moslem World," issued by the World's Evangelical Alliance, to be observed on October 16, the centenary of the death of the great missionary and Persian scholar, Henry Martyn. This issue shows no falling-off in the number and interest of the contents. A French professor, writing on "A Moslem Policy," appears to recommend not so much the penetration of Islam by Christianity as the penetration of Moslem civilisation by Christian civilisation. His idea is that from oscillation to oscillation the latter will overcome in the end. The word "*Jihád*," which is generally believed to mean "religious war," comprehensively, is shown to have more than one meaning, which it takes ten pages to explain. The "New Woman in Persia" is a significant indication of progress: the higher aspirations of the sex can hardly end with change of dress and a smattering of education. The position of women in Islam is a very large question, which the Right Hon. Syed Ameer Ali considers from its legal side. His reviewer states that the author has omitted equally cogent facts which militate against his conclusions. A writer admits that "the rapid expansion of Islam among the backward races of East, Central, and West Africa is unfortunately a fact which can no longer be denied." In this review the notes on current topics and reviews of books can always be commended. "The Islam series" published by the Christian Literature Society for India is a marvel of cheapness and excellence.

The Grey of the Morning

By the Late H. D. LOWRY.

ALL the day through I was wandering by the sea; all day the cold, clean air was about me, like the known presence of a friend. Night brought pleasant sleep, and never a dream came near until just before the dawn. Then I turned upon my bed, vaguely discerned the glimmering square of the window, and heard the whisper of the sea. And, lying thus, I dreamed.

It was the grey twilight of the morning: the beautiful grey twilight through which the sun's gold is presently to well up, as love in the grey eyes of a girl. I was walking in a great wood of beeches, a gloom of branches above, and about me a tremendous silence which dwelt among the livid trunks. In places where the wood broke a little and there was a way for the light, the daffodils showed yellow-green buds unfolding. But these could not stay me; I went forward in haste, although I did not know what I sought. It was as if some spirit had laid upon me, while I slept, an order which I now instinctively obeyed without remembering. And suddenly—in my dream—I had discovered the thing it was appointed I should find. For the trees stood in a circle intermingling their loftiest branches, and underneath among the dead leaves was a white flower, beautiful beyond words. I am careless of the names men give to things; yet I named this the wind flower, daughter of the good winds that come at evening out of the West. It was a flower such as no man would dream of gathering, nor could it grow in any ordered garden. For its grace was beyond the beauty of daffodils growing solitary by hill-fed streams, and it glimmered white and original in the gloom of the wood. I could fancy such a thing might grow out of the grave of some wild girl-creature, born before the race was burdened with souls, and dead in the first promise of her beauty. And whether the dream ceased or no I cannot tell. For I lay with shut lids while that marvellous white flower still glimmered through the grey of the morning, and the great sea hushed the world to sleep a little longer, since one man had found happiness.

But the dream changed. Under sheer cliffs is a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

beach, of which I think often whenever I have been overmuch in the company of my fellows. Here you might dwell a lifetime and see no man, unless it were a dreamer like yourself, or some solitary seeker after wreckage. It was still morning, and the sands were wet; as I went forward dryness and wetness played about my feet as the blood comes and goes in a child's face. And suddenly, rounding a high crag, I beheld a maiden standing by the mouth of a great cavern, whose floor is a deep pool. Her feet were bare, and her white arms; but a robe of silken stuff, coloured like the young leaves of the apple, fell from her shoulders, and about her waist was a girdle of sea-shells, pale-tinted like June orchids. The cold light played upon the thin robe as the wind blew along the sands, and the shining limbs showed underneath.

She looked on me without a word, and her eyes were grey as the winter sea; black rocks, deep-sunken in the sea, are not more black than her beautiful hair. She took my hand and led me forth until we stood upon the margin of the pool, the sea thundering behind us, and the wind chill as it came over the wet sands; then she stepped forward, and I went with her. And we plunged deep into the pool, walking forward into the black caverns which lie at the roots of the high cliffs. The water was like glass about us, parting and closing as we went; I could have fancied I was dead and freed of this body, for I breathed there as in the air, and walked comfortably, save for the loveliness which sprang from my companionship. Sea-creatures moved by us unreal as pictures on a screen, and the water had dark places in it, with brown weeds stealthily shifting. But we passed onward, the coldness of her hand—cold as Purity's self—seeming to take me also, and the darkness growing. Her black hair swam about me, darkening my sight; I began to falter and to be in doubt. . . . And suddenly this also ended. Again I was vaguely conscious of the light over against my bed, and a white flower was before my eyes.

It was but a little after that a peacock screamed on the lawn below, and called me back from dreaming. I rose and thrust aside the blind, to behold him standing with outspread tail, a garish incarnation of the day which is void of secrets. But my dream has not yet gone from me, and I would fain discover the meaning which is in it. This much I know: that only when I myself am a creature of the world of dreams shall I find the lady of the cave, and with her seek the white flower of the beech-wood.

Mr. Rathmell Wilson will commence the autumn season of the Little Salon, at 24, Bloomsbury Square, of which Miss M. L. Breakell is president, with a reading of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler," on Wednesday evening, 23rd inst. Among those shortly to address the Salon are Dr. Stenson Hooker, Rev. A. H. Haigh, Mrs. Hubert Bland (E. Nesbit), and Mlle. A. V. Thirion, LL.A.

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. Koebel.

IN order to approach anywhere near the status of the complete traveller it is necessary to "take notice" of the minor details as well as the more obvious circumstances. One need not proceed far from home in order to meet with a multitude of both. The traffic of London itself, for instance, yields up daily a vast amount of matter for reflection and wonderment. Take the motor omnibuses alone. Surely these Goliaths which have revolutionised the streets afford a sufficiently weighty problem for those who are fated to dwell among—and occasionally underneath—them. Their convenience is undoubtedly great. I should be the last to stand in the way of rapid traffic—literally as metaphorically. But it seems to me that a time has arrived when a check should be placed upon the exuberance of a certain number of the drivers. Of these latter there is one particular type which constitutes an unceasing danger to the life of pedestrians and passengers in other vehicles. Relying on the weight of his Juggernaut, he takes it for granted that the minor roadcraft will flee from him like sprats before a whale—the metaphor here is not much more involved than the traffic through which he is accustomed to force his way! It is when the other driver maintains his rights that an accident most frequently occurs. And an accident in which the heavy body of a motor omnibus is mixed up seldom results in a trivial affair. The recent statistics speak very tragically and eloquently on the point.

. . . . . .

Now I do not approach this subject with any undue feeling, nor am I obsessed by any particular sensation of nervousness on the point. An experience of motor traffic in other lands has left me hardened and comparatively prepared for the worst. One who has driven in a motor-car with the average Latin chauffeur at the wheel, whether in Europe or South America will fully sympathise with me in this. He will understand the frame of mind which coincides with the termination of one of these particular orgies, more especially in Lisbon, Rio de Janeiro, or Buenos Aires. At such a time one is convinced that the sole reason for a continued existence must be attributed to the unseen presence of some strange new cherub which was born on the same day as petrol; a cherub which sits on the shoulder of a very skilful but completely reckless chauffeur, and carefully hoards the inch or two which intervenes between the hubs of the wheels of the various vehicles. Among his other weaknesses of the kind, a race constitutes the breath of his nostrils to one of these Latin chauffeurs. Should he chance to catch a glimpse of another car many hundreds of yards to his rear he will slow down and dawdle along until his rival has all but drawn alongside. This is the chosen moment. It is just then that he metamorphoses himself from a tortoise to a greyhound, and for the next few minutes the two will be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

rocking along in uncomfortable proximity, while all the other vehicles in the neighbourhood are left to make the best of their chances. It is an experience of this sort that tends to age the casual passenger.

. . . . . .

Matters, of course, have not yet attained to this pitch in the London streets. Nevertheless, when even some minor feats of racing are indulged in by the cumbrous motor omnibuses the possibilities are sufficiently unpleasant. And that this racing occurs there is no doubt whatever. In the competitive days of the horse-drawn vehicles such strenuous tests of speed were to be understood. Although they were in a way to be deprecated they seldom ended in a result more serious than a bump or two and a few damaged wheels. This is decidedly not the case with the heavy motor traffic. Now that this particular traffic is almost in the hands of a monopoly the reason of this racing and of the fierce struggle to obtain the *pas* is probably only fully understood by the driver and the companies, and the most logical point of view is that the latter are the principal culprits. Moreover—like Topsy before she had done—the thing is growing. If you would see it at its height—or lowest depth, whichever you prefer—it is merely necessary to stand at the corner where Lower Regent Street branches off from Pall Mall. When the traffic begins to grow thin of an evening the pace at which the westward-bound motor omnibuses take the corner is a revelation of the kind which is popularly supposed to be reserved for Tattenham Corner. Agility alone has saved many more dark splashes here than have actually stained the road. Undoubtedly someone will have to move—since just at present these bullying motor-omnibuses seem the only ones who are indulging too recklessly in any hobby of the kind.

. . . . . .

As we have begun on local matters, we may as well conclude in consistent fashion. If precautions are unduly lacking in the omnibus world, the District Railway would seem to have been struck by an idea tending towards the other direction. The innovation here is trivial enough, yet it is certainly practical. The driver of the train is now provided with one of those little round mirrors which have become the popular adjuncts of a motor-car. Thus he has now a view of the entire train, and has something beyond the whistles of the conductors to guide his movements. Doubtless this arrangement has caused many a belated passenger to find a seat which he would otherwise have lost. From the driver's point of view the idea must be a distinct advantage. It is something to have the comedies of each station unrolled before the eyes of one who has it in his powers to take or leave the hindmost. Perhaps as he watches the jostling crowd of harried humanity some of the benefits due to the impunity of his career may become clear to him. One may argue with many folk. Guards, cab-drivers, conductors, and chauffeurs all come from time to time within the range of a lashing tongue. But never a driver of a train! He is a being apart.

The Magazines

ONE is compelled to admire the audacious courage of Mr. Austin Harrison, the editor of the *English Review*, even when least agreeing with the occasion of it. To print fifty pages of a poem by John Masefield in a monthly magazine is a feat that may or may not look amazing now, but it would have aroused more than a little wonderment among editors had it been suggested not so long ago. The present "poem" is called "Dauber," and treats of a man with artistic ambition who shipped to sea in the fo'c'sle in order to learn the way of a ship, and how the seas look in different weathers. In the end Dauber dies, however, and his intention remains unfulfilled. It is sometimes a little tedious, yet it forms a good tale that is even assisted by the occasionally desperate struggle for rhymes. But that it is poetry in the remotest sense, we deny. And even its originality is impugned; for, since Mr. Masefield has been publishing these "poems" of his, we have seen several poems of a similar order that had lain unheeded in their several writers' desks for years. "Dauber" takes up a good part of the *English Review*. Among other fare, Mr. G. S. Street tells of his experiences among card-sharpers in "Fallen among Thieves"; the editor writes of "The Vanity of Death," contrasting various conceptions of death in view of the suicide of General Nogi; and Mr. F. E. Green writes upon "The Tyranny of the Countryside."

In the *Fortnightly*, too, Life and Death figure in an anonymous article entitled "Life and Death: A Discursive Dialogue." Maurice Maeterlinck deals with M. J. H. Fabre's "Souvenirs Entomologiques" under the title of "The Insect's Homer." He makes his essay virtually a resumé of the book, and thus conveys a considerable amount of entomological information in a small space. We venture to suggest that the title is grandiloquent for so derivative an article. Mr. E. V. Lucas writes upon "Thackeray's 'Punch' Table Talk." He relies on the diary kept by one Henry Silver, a young lawyer who was appointed to "the place left vacant by the death of Douglas Jerrold in 1857," and who "kept a record of each dinner that he attended and the best things said there for twelve years, until, in 1870, he retired." In the way of reminiscence the article makes good reading; but it leaves one with a disastrous idea of *Punch* wit and wisdom. Possibly the wine helped things along. Mr. Basil de Sélincourt writes upon "Auguste Angellier." Angellier is a somewhat neglected figure, and Mr. de Sélincourt writes with a keen and critical pen. Mr. Montague Crackanthorpe discusses in detail "The Friends and Foes of Eugenics."

One of the most interesting articles in the *Nineteenth Century* is by Mr. Charles Edward Stuart, entitled "A Visit to London in the Year 1651." As it is chiefly derived from an authentic document of a gentleman who journeyed to London in that year, and who recorded his expenditures in detail, the document being reproduced with the article, despite some slight embellishments by

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Mr. Stuart, it has an authority that raises it high above the fanciful accounts sometimes seen. The Hon. Mrs. Edward Lyttelton has an article of not less, though widely different, interest, entitled "Humours of Irish Servants." It is, in fact, not only with Irish servants she deals, but with the humours of all manner of Irish folk. She closes with a tribute that a good many will endorse. "No Englishman," she says, "ever gives credit to Irish folk for the *depth* of the reserve which, in all classes, lies below the apparent outspokenness. Such reserve one has learned—whether rightly or wrongly—to consider as a special tribute of the educated in both countries, but in Ireland it may be said to exist among all classes." Captain Rolleston deals with one of the greatest problems in India in an article entitled "Behind the Purda." Mr. Herbert Flowerdew is, we think, unduly pessimistic upon "The Lost Industry of Novel-Writing." Much that he says is indisputably true, and publishers will have very soon to take into consideration the question of cheap editions of novels. It is slowly and surely killing the purchase of six shilling novels, and booksellers are already becoming keenly alive to their own interests in the matter. But there will always be the element of gamble among publishers. And in view of the recent Meredith letters, surely his reference to the difficulty a modern Meredith would have in winning his way through reads a little ironically. Nevertheless, we venture to say that publishers will soon have to meet at a round-table conference upon the question of the publishing of novels. Mr. A. F. Shuster deals capably and convincingly with "Capital Punishment: The Case for Abolition."

The *Oxford and Cambridge Review* this month prints an interesting examination of "The System and Devolution of Indian Government" by "Asiaticus." There is an argument for the cessation of strikes, in verse, by Cecil Roberts. In the same magazine Mr. Hilaire Belloc further examines the process of Reform, and writes this month upon "The Restoration of Property." Mr. Francis Meynell has a poem upon the verse, "Greater love hath no man than this." In the *Cornhill* Mr. Edmund Gosse has an interesting article dealing with "Swinburne at Etretat." Practically for the first time—at least, for the first time in detail—the full account of Swinburne's near escape from drowning is given; and doubtless there will be many who will take advantage of the fact to gain possession of the *Cornhill*. Dr. Paget writes all too briefly on "The Genius of Pasteur." "In the Vineyards of France," by Sir Henry Lucy, makes good reading. One of the good things in *Blackwood's* is "Old Ulster Memories," by Mr. J. M. Callwell, the author of "Old Irish Life." Mrs. Andrew Lang writes upon "The Wife of Benedict Arnold" in an article that recalls a familiar pen. Mr. Farman in "The French Electoral Reform" shows considerable intimacy with his subject.

A good essay in the *Theosophist* for this month deals carefully with the "Zoroastrian Rites and Ceremonies." Unfortunately it is not complete; yet such articles as these have a deep interest, both from the point of view of the student of religions and the earnestly interested in spiritual discipline. Another article of more than ordinary interest is by Annie Besant on "Investigations into the Super-Physical." Mrs. Besant is somewhat too apt to have her vision bound by the demands of the society of which she is one of the luminaries; nevertheless, she writes with interest and instruction.

The Jubilee International Stamp Exhibition

A VERY interesting exhibition is taking place this week at the Royal Horticultural Hall, where there are being shown upwards of 120 collections of stamps. To those who are able to go in largely for the study of philately this exhibition must prove most valuable. One of the finest collections of the stamps of Great Britain is that of Mr. Sydney Loder, which contains some very rare specimens. Mr. Loder is also the fortunate possessor of the original copper-plate from which the Post Office Mauritius stamps of 1847 were printed. As these stamps are among the most costly in the world, this plate is both a unique and precious possession. Its value is estimated at £5,000. It is astonishing to note the number of "freak" stamps of which collectors have managed to become possessed. There are stamps from which the watermarks have been omitted, others with the perforation through the centre of the stamp, and some printed on the same side as the gum. It is not only Great Britain who has made all these mistakes; Sweden and other countries also possess careless printers, who, however, greatly add to the value of a collection. A model stamp factory shows the whole process of stamp-making, from the paper-mill to the Post Office. The principal stamp dealers have their stalls round the exhibition, and it is mainly owing to their support that the exhibition is free of entry money. A very good programme is arranged for the week; there are an official banquet, a reception and ball, and a special visit to the Coliseum for the entertainment of the foreign visitors. Thanks are due to the patrons and officers of the exhibition, among whom should be specially noted Mr. Fred J. Melville, President of the Junior Philatelic Society.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

By a Regular Devotee.

ON Wednesday, 9th inst., the Scottish Temperance Bill was got out of the way—somehow—anyhow—with a crop of injustices lurking in it which will come to light, not now, but later on. The slatternly legislation of the Shops Act is only just beginning to show itself after some months of working. The same policy of haste and carelessness is apparent in the Insurance Act, and, to crown all, the Radical Party are bent on rushing through in the same way a Bill dealing with

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the Constitution of the Empire. For instance, in the proposed time-table only two and a half hours are allotted to Clauses 42 to 48. All the finance of the Bill is to be considered in six days; the delicate questions of the religious safeguards are to be thrashed out in a quarter of that time, and the enormous legislative powers of the Irish Parliament are to be settled in four and a half days. The Unionist Party were delighted when they learnt that Bonar Law, instead of merely opposing the resolutions, intended to put on record a reasoned amendment, declaring that the Government had no right to pass Home Rule without an appeal to the country.

There was naturally a very full house on Thursday afternoon, but as I surveyed the benches I could not help thinking of the futility of the operation. Here were men summoned from all parts of the kingdom and abroad to attend for the purpose of what? For the purpose of walking through a narrow doorway and registering their names in two different lobbies. Some of them had come at great expense, but that was a detail. The fact that strikes me is that the whole thing is a foregone conclusion. Half a dozen men would speak—all well worth hearing—and yet not a vote would be turned. A Whip on either side could prophesy at three o'clock, within one or two, what the majority would be. As Bonar Law said later on: "In my sincere judgment, it would not have been in essence a greater travesty of the whole system of Parliamentary government if the right hon. gentleman had proposed that every stage of the Bill should go through to-morrow and that it would have been supported with equal equanimity." You can see the manifest difficulties of debating an important subject under such difficult conditions, and yet the men who took part in it put their backs into it, as if they were really trying to convince each other of the correctness of their view, the real fact being that they were speaking through the Reporters' Gallery to the nation outside.

Asquith was not and did not look well. He was not quite at his ease, and, in spite of his well-turned sentences and neatness of mind, his argument sounded as if it had been got up from a carefully drawn brief. No point in favour of his opinion was raised. History had been ransacked to support his view, whilst every precedent against it was carefully omitted. He callously put forward the views I have outlined above. What is the good of all this talk? The object of the Opposition is to destroy and not to amend the Bill. Why should they be allowed to prolong debate? He considered the time allowance had been generous.

Bonar Law received a great ovation when he arose. "What we want is a leader who can hit hard and keep on punching," is the view in the Smoking-Room. Bonar Law does not look like a hard hitter; he is slight and almost diffident in manner, and looked a little nervous as he looked down and carefully examined his finger-nails as the cheers resounded round him; but from the moment he opened his mouth you could see that he meant business. There was no feinting or circling warily round his opponent. He hit out straight and continuously—a very shower of blows. He analysed the time-table; he showed how the Liberals had avoided the question of Home Rule at the last election. Indeed, with the burning enthusiasm which always inspired him—a scornful description of the cold Minister—he had not mentioned Home Rule in his election address since 1895. The fiery scorn at the beginning of the speech of the Leader of the Opposition was turned to earnestness at its close. Ulster at this moment is like a powder mine. Do you mean to force Home Rule on Ulster at the point of the bayonet? If bloodshed comes, the bloodguiltiness will not be on us, but on the Government.

Lloyd George made the best speech on his side. But he, also, was not at his best. Insincerity hung over it like a pall. He was flippant at first, then declared he was only chaffing, and finally advanced the theory that Bonar Law was under the heel of the Ulstermen! It was a strange parody of our contention, and was met with cries of "What about your masters—Redmond and Patrick Ford?" Carson called it fooling, and practically defied the Government to prosecute him for anything he had done or said.

Winston was quite ineffective. His Heptarchy speech has killed all influence he might have had in the debate. In fact, there are a number of people going about saying that Winston is much too clever and too shrewd to have made a mistake—that he made that speech with the deliberate idea of throwing ridicule on Home Rule, and thus making it impossible. He made one or two amusing hits. "Surely forty days is long enough in which to lecture people you are about to lynch." And, "Those who talk of revolution should be prepared for the guillotine."

Austen Chamberlain wound up the debate with one of the best efforts he has made. It was largely impromptu, for he answered his opponents in detail, and could not have been prepared for the points they took. "If the Bill is passed in the circumstances proposed, men would say: 'The law has no sanctity; it is not carried by constitutional means; it is a revolution carried by fraud; it cannot last.' You may do immeasurable damage, you may incur the guilt of blood, but your settlement will be no settlement, and your Bill will perish before it is a year old."

The House then divided, and the Government majority was under three figures—91 to be exact—at which the Unionists cheered; but it was a foregone conclusion—not a single man voted otherwise than he was expected to vote. There was only a small unexplained shortage in the Government majority.

Early in the year a lot of people made a lot of money by gambling in Marconi shares on a rumour that the Government intended to give them a splendid order. Some lost money—and rumour began to fly about that people in high position had been making money in consequence of the knowledge they possessed. It was all nonsense. Happily for the country our public men on all sides are free from that kind of thing. There have

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

been many Members who were poor men, and who could have made huge sums by using knowledge they possessed, but there is no instance on record of their having succumbed to that form of temptation. The Government showed a pardonable eagerness to allow the Opposition to walk into this pitfall, but the majority of the House showed they did not believe it by carefully staying away. On the other hand Sir Harry Norman—once a pet of the Radical Whips—made a very good case out for inquiry. It really did appear to be a bad bargain for the country—over-generous to the Company and unfair to other investors. George Terrell, a popular Wiltshire member, who does not speak half enough, bluntly declared it "was enough to ruin the reputation of any Government. The P.M.G. should have been warned by the tremendous rise in the shares —3s. to £9—but as a matter of fact, like all the other Ministers, he was too busy devising vote-catching schemes instead of attending to his department." Lansbury, who plays the gawky innocent, contrived to pour oil on the troubled flames by repeating what "he did not believe, and then wanting to know"—which brought Lloyd George to his feet.

Lansbury hoped there would be no shirking on the part of the Committee who were to examine the matter. Lloyd George heatedly replied: "I hope there will be no shirking on the part of the accusers," whereupon Lansbury blandly observed that "the irritation on the Treasury bench this afternoon was not a nice sign at all."

Rufus Isaacs—who had somewhat indiscreetly telegraphed to his brother, the manager of the Marconi Company, wishing them success—made a speech like an affidavit of documents—it was so comprehensive in its denials—whilst Herbert Samuel gave a whole history of the transaction from start to finish. "He was profoundly relieved that the matter was going to be inquired into."

He cleared up in a straightforward way much that had not been clear, and the resolution to appoint a Committee was agreed to at a quarter to five. The rival Peckham's then proceeded to discuss the Protection of Dogs Bill, but after so strenuous a week Members were not in a mood to stand this and the House was counted out at 4.56 p.m.

On Thursday the debate on the closure was a general one on the considered amendment of the Opposition. On Monday we came down to details and discussed amendments to the time-table. Bonar Law put the case in a nutshell: "This Government having in the Parliament Act destroyed one House, now refuse to allow discussion in the other." After the 11 o'clock rule had been suspended—the virtuous closing at 11 o'clock of which so much parade was made having become a farce —the House proceeded to discuss the amendments. Felix Cassel earnestly pleaded that the Report Stage might at least be left out of the closure until it was seen how the Bill had got on in Committee. It was the last chance we should get before the Bill became crystallised, as under the stupid and inelastic Parliament Act it cannot be altered by a single comma when once it is through the House. Not a bit of it. Birrell was adamant. Hayes Fisher then fought hard for an unrestricted debate on the third reading. Hayes Fisher speaks far too seldom—his speech was quite an eye-opener to the younger Members, who do not remember the old days. Birrell gave way to the extent of two days, which Bonar Law scornfully denounced as ludicrously inadequate. He suggested that the Government might just as well put down a resolution: "That this Bill now becomes law."

Bob Cecil obtained a useful pledge that the Bill would not be taken on a Friday without the consent of the whole House—but the whole day and night were spent by the Opposition in a fruitless attempt to get reasonable discussion for the measure. The object of the Opposition, said Bonar Law frankly, is to destroy the Bill by criticism—but the Government were frightened of intelligent criticism and dare not permit it. A very dull ding-dong fight went on until past 4 a.m., when a sleepy House dispersed in the raw fog. Weight of numbers had defeated the Opposition, but the tactics of the Government are strengthening the reasonableness of the Opposition in Ulster.

On Tuesday there were two slight breezes at question time. One was about a lady who had been wrongfully arrested in Scotland, her conviction quashed, and yet not compensated. McKinnon Wood endured a shower of questions from all sides of the House, and finally the Speaker had to come to his rescue and stop what was developing into a heated debate on the conduct of the Government.

The other question was addressed to Lloyd George. Had the Prime Minister received a communication from the Belfast Chamber of Commerce, formally announcing that they were preparing for organised resistance? The Chancellor acknowledged the receipt of the communication, but declared, in answer to William Moore, that it contained matters of opinion and not of fact. "Do you believe it, or don't you?" demanded Moore several times. The Chancellor fenced. "I believed it to be a matter of opinion that the Belfast Chamber of Commerce think so," said the wily one, which was an obvious subterfuge.

The correctness of our expostulations on Monday until the small hours was proved on Tuesday, when the machinery of the gag came into force. The whole debate became mechanical. There being no reason for silence, Radical members below the gangway were unmuzzled, and chattered to while away the time and still further restrict criticism. At 7.30 and 10.30 the guillotine fell, and hundreds of carefully drawn and important amendments were butchered and dropped into the waste-paper basket.

At 10.30 there was an exciting scene over the secret commission on land. Rawlinson wanted to know if the landlords were to have any opportunity of defending themselves from the insidious inquiries, whilst Mildmay, a model landlord in the West of England, passionately denounced such un-English conduct. Lloyd George

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

defended himself with equal vigour, and Austen Chamberlain brought matters to a climax by asking if the names of the witnesses would be given. "Ah," screamed Lloyd George, "you want to retaliate! It is the game!" There were counter-yells of "Harcourt and De Forest!" and recriminations got worse and worse. Fortunately 11.15 struck, and the Speaker slipped out of the chair, or, I believe, blows would have been struck. As it was, the Chancellor of the Exchequer was booed as he left the Chamber.

This is the state to which a Radical Government have brought the Mother of Parliaments.

Notes and News

Miss Betham-Edwards has a new volume nearly ready with Messrs. Chapman and Hall, entitled "In French Africa." The book consists, as the sub-title indicates, of "Scenes and Memories."

Some time in October Mr. Murray will publish the complete collection of Mr. Henry Newbolt's work in verse, from 1897 to the present day. Besides the ordinary edition there will be an *édition de luxe*.

A course of lectures on "The Theory of Relativity" is being delivered by Dr. L. Silberstein (Lecturer in Natural Philosophy at the University of Rome) on Fridays, at 5 p.m., at the University of London.

Mr. Lacon Watson has written an unconventional volume of notes on a journey to America and Canada, which Mr. W. J. Ham-Smith will publish shortly. The title of the book is "A Conversational Tour in America."

Messrs. John Long announce for immediate publication a new book entitled "The Village Infidel," by C. E. Heanley, price 3s. 6d. net, and a new novel entitled "Queer Little Jane," by Curtis Yorke, author of "Dangerous Dorothy" and many other popular novels.

Later in this month Mr. Arthur Rackham's water-colours illustrating "Æsop's Fables" and some new drawings for "Peter Pan" will be shown in the Leicester Galleries, together with the collection of nearly 100 drawings by the late Phil May, formed by Lear J. Drew, Esq.

"The English Housewife in the 17th and 18th Centuries" provides Miss Rose Bradley with much attractive material for a book which Mr. Edward Arnold will publish next week. He will also have ready very soon a volume of short stories by Miss Anne Douglas Sedgwick, author of "Tante."

It will greatly aid the work of the secretaries if those who wish to take part in the memorial to the late Miss Rosa Morison will communicate with them forthwith. Letters should be addressed to the Honorary Secretaries, Rosa Morison Memorial Committee, University College, London (Gower Street, W.C.).

Father Robert Hugh Benson has written a new novel entitled "Come Rack, Come Rope," which is being brought out immediately by Hutchinson and Co. In this book Monsignor Benson has turned to Tudor times, and has written a story round the life of Catholics and seminary priests in England during Elizabeth's reign.

Messrs. Seeley, Service and Co., Ltd., will shortly issue R. L. Stevenson's "Edinburgh" in two editions, ordinary, and an *édition de luxe* limited to 375 copies, each labelled and numbered. The illustrations, coloured, are by James Heron, and great care has been exercised in the printing and binding to produce a sumptuous setting for this well-known work.

Admirers of Mr. Max Beerbohm's versatile and facile pen will welcome "A Christmas Garland," promised by Mr. Heinemann for immediate publication. Mr. Heinemann has also in preparation a series of little manuals on French Artists of Our Day, written by prominent French critics. The first three to appear are on Courbet, Manet, and Puvis de Chavannes. Other volumes are to follow.

"My Balkan Tour," by Roy Trevor (published by Mr. John Lane), who was the first stranger to reach Cettinje in a motor-car, is especially interesting just now. By the courtesy of the Montenegrin Government Mr. Trevor was enabled thoroughly to traverse the little kingdom; and he gives a vivid picture of its history, its foreign policy, its natural advantages, and an intimate presentation of its monarch.

Mr. Stephen Reynolds has in the press, to be published by Messrs. Dent in a few days, "The Lower Deck," a work which throws much light upon the faults of the British Navy as affecting the men. Mr. Joseph Conrad has written a new book, "'Twixt Land and Sea," which Messrs. Dent will publish shortly. It consists of three stories, each having its own specific characteristic, showing the author at his best.

Mr. Sterling MacKinlay is forming an operatic society which will meet for rehearsals on Wednesday evenings. Public performances will be given from time to time, and while, at first, only light opera will be undertaken, it is proposed later on to include excerpts from grand opera in the programmes. Rehearsals of Edward German's "Merrie England" will begin shortly. Application for membership should be made to the Secretary, 32, Baker Street, W.

Messrs. Crosby, Lockwood and Son announce that they have undertaken the publication of a new literary review, "The Blue Book," conducted by members of the University of Oxford, to be published every other month at the price of 1s. net. The idea of a substantial review giving expression to the Oxford view on matters of general interest has at last taken shape in a form that must attract University men. The review will

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

contain articles on current topics, essays, poetry, and fiction.

The Drama Society will present two new plays at Clavier Hall, Hanover Square, on Tuesday afternoon, October 29—"Contrasts," a one-act play by the ex-Censor, Mr. G. A. Redford, and "The Experimentalists," a comedy in three acts by Mr. Rathmell Wilson and Miss Muriel Hutchinson, in which Miss Rita Sponti will play the principal part. "Contrasts" will be produced by Mme. Marie Vantini, and "The Experimentalists" by Mr. Henry De Bray of the Théâtre Des Arts, Paris.

In view of the well-known fact in the retail trade that it is difficult for booksellers to make a livelihood out of selling books at the present terms on which they buy, Messrs. Stephen Swift and Co. have decided on a new departure, and will in future meet the trade in the matter by doing away with the odd copy and allowing a discount, which they think will leave a fair margin of profit. The majority of their books will be issued at net prices, and in the interests of the trade they trust that booksellers will not allow any discount to the public except on non-net books.

MOTORING

IT is satisfactory to note that one of the leading organs of the Motor Press—the *Autocar*—is drawing special attention to a question of the utmost importance to every motorist—namely, that of high hedges at cross-roads and dangerous corners. The danger attaching to the continued existence of these uncut hedges, in hiding other traffic from the view of the driver of a motor vehicle, is one which must be obvious, not only to the motorist, but to everybody. Why is it that so little has been done since the agitation for the compulsory cutting of these hedges was begun several years ago? There is a disposition in some quarters to blame the Road Board, which was formed for the express purpose of enhancing the convenience and safety of the road for all users; but, as the *Autocar* points out, it is quite unjust to do so. The Board has no power in the matter at all. The only compulsion that can be exercised under the present order of things is by the local authority, which can compel a landowner to cut his hedges if they damage the road by preventing the wind and the sun from drying it, or if they cause an obstruction in any carriage-way or cartway. Whether this latter clause can be construed to cover cases in which the uncut hedge obstructs the view of the driver of a motor or other vehicle is one which has apparently never been determined in the Courts, and it is rather a matter for surprise that neither the R.A.C. nor the A.A. and M.U. should have raised the point in a test case. However, as our contemporary remarks, the matter could be settled and the grievance removed once for all by the introduction into Parliament of a short Bill giving the local authorities the power to trim the hedges wherever desirable in the interests of public safety, whether the landowners liked it or not; and the Road Board should have the power to move in cases where the local authorities proved too indifferent or apathetic to use the powers conferred upon them.

Many motorists, when disposing of their cars, either privately or to dealers, neglect to cancel the registration number and to remove the identification plates from the vehicles. Usually nothing happens, but on occasion the consequences of carelessness in this matter are decidedly inconvenient, to say the least. This was shown in a recent case, in which a well-known motorist, who sold his car in June last and neglected to remove the number-plate, was astonished to receive, on the 20th of last month, no fewer than four summonses—one for exceeding the limit, one for using fraudulent number-plates, one for using a fraudulent licence, and one for driving a car which was not registered. The trouble was really connected with the person to whom the motorist had sold his car months before, and who had been driving it with the old number-plate—a trade one. The case was heard at Brentford, and, to complicate matters still further, the police swore that the defendant was driving the car at the time it was stopped, and persisted in this statement even after being confronted with the actual driver, who admitted that he was the person "wanted." In the end, the defendant, being fortunately able to show an unquestionable alibi, was acquitted on all four charges, the police having to pay the costs of the case. It is quite easy, however, to imagine a different ending to the matter. An alibi, months after the date of the alleged offence, is sometimes a very difficult thing to prove, and the motorist in question must be considered fortunate in having been able to do so.

In the current issue of the *Motor* appears a sensational announcement to the effect that there is in existence in this country at the present time a vast plant manufacturing hundreds of thousands of gallons of an exceptionally high-grade motor spirit which is superior to petrol in every way—purer, possessing 15 per cent. more thermal energy, and more economical in use. Our contemporary foresees in this the possibility of the British motorist being, at an early date, absolutely independent of foreign motor spirit, although the estimated consumption in this country for next year is 80,000,000 gallons. The new spirit appears to be benzol, with the sulphur impurities practically eliminated in the process of distillation.

The mileages accomplished by the respective tyres concerned in the tyre test have now been published, subject to subsequent official confirmation by the committee of supervision. The totals are as follows:—Victor, 5,010 miles; Dunlop, 4,767½; Continental, 4,261; Michelin, 3,799. The entrants of the first-mentioned tyre are therefore entitled to congratulation on the notable success they have achieved. It is pointed out, moreover, that there is a question as to whether the Victor was really run to destruction. In the opinion of the members of the committee, including Earl Norbury, Viscount Deerhurst, Viscount Exmouth, Lord Tenterden, and Colonel Harrison Hogg, the tyre was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

merely punctured by a stud stem, and, by the use of an internal gaiter, would have been quite capable of indefinite further service. The entrants decided, however, to accept the decision of the technical supervisor, and rest content with the record mileage actually accomplished. R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

IT is not easy to see what will happen during the next few weeks, for we do not know the extent of the damage done by the panic last week. Brokers closed down accounts ruthlessly. Yet many must be anxiously awaiting the next pay day. I confess that I cannot understand why brokers do business with certain punters—men who have no money, open huge books, and if the market goes against them cannot pay, and do not even attempt to pay. As a rule they become abusive when the distracted broker asks for a cheque. But the position in London is very simple compared with that in Paris and Berlin. Here there has been a steadily growing "bull" account for many months past. Indeed, so serious is the position that under no circumstances could the Germans go to war. The whole nation would be ruined. The German banks do a huge business on the credit system. But their funds are locked up in quite unmarketable securities and they subsist upon credit. War destroys credit. Therefore, however much Germany might wish to assist her ally Austria in the present crisis, she has tied her own hands and is helpless. The position is so bad that it must make for peace.

In the meantime we shall get not only a Five per Cent. Bank Rate, but also some weeks of one at Six per Cent. That appears inevitable. If war destroys credit it also eats up cash, and with four or five of the nations of Europe engaged in cutting their own throats and those of their neighbours, it is idle to expect cheap money.

The promoters would appear to have lost heart. The Mackenzie and Mann offer of Income charge Bonds in the Canadian Northern met with no response. The Anglo-Argentine Tramways issue was no better received. Here there were various rumours going round that the City of Buenos Ayres had the right to cancel any of the concessions if they interfered with the traffic. Also there is an old claimant for the tramways concession. This sort of talk, though probably not serious, does not help a new issue. Birch Crisp was also asking for more money for his Anglo-Russian Trust. Perhaps his own shareholders will find the money. He is the hero of the hour—as, indeed, he deserves to be, for he handled the China Loan with great dexterity. When will he offer us the balance, and will he be able to keep the Chinese amiable? For he has the call on other loans under his agreement. The pig-headed behaviour of the Foreign Office has annoyed the City, and Sir Edward Grey, who knows nothing about Finance and very little about China, does not shine when heckled in the House. Poor man, he has his hands full these days.

FOREIGNERS are gradually recovering. Though why anyone but a "bear" full to repletion with profits should wish to buy Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks or Turks, I do not know. All must see much lower prices during the next few weeks. Austria and Italy will need more money, and will have to pay the Jews a high price for their accommodation. Pierpont Morgan is reported to have said that he would lend ten millions for peace, but not one halfpenny for war. But the great banking houses on the Continent who have been preparing for the storm and collecting gold, will readily lend their gold to the fighters—and make vast profits out of the loans. The Paris gambler loves Tintos and buys his millions as greedily as Berlin buys Can. Pacs. Hence the slump in which "Rios" fell 15 points in a few days. At present prices they are cheap, for the price of copper will not fall, and the share, even if it only pays £4 a share, gives a nice yield with the chance that the end of the year dividend may be 50s. or even more.

HOME RAILS have hung their heads. But there is no "bull" account, and the dealers have merely marked down the price in order not to be compelled to take stock. Metropolitans have had their slump, and we may expect another upward move before Christmas. They say that the deal by which Great Western take over the line is practically completed. I do not understand the rise in South London, and do not believe the story that the Midland intend to acquire the line. Its trains could not get through the tunnels. The cheapest stock in the market is Great Central, as I have so often declared.

YANKEES can be bought with confidence. Kuhn Loeb have been buyers all the week. When the market in Berlin slumped this great banking house bought all the stock that was offered. Morgans also came in and took whatever Eries and Steels were offered. These big bankers do not mean to let the market fall. They know that the crops are magnificent. They know that the trade of the United States is not only good, but that it is better than it has been since the great panic. Therefore they buy. For North America is self-contained. It is now occupying the position held by Great Britain in 1870. We then kept out of war and made huge fortunes. The United States will do the same in the forthcoming war. She sees all the great wheat producing countries at war and she puts up the price of her own staple commodity. Servia is one of her great competitors. The Servian is the pig-sticker for Europe. The U.S. will gladly supply his place—at a profit. No one can go wrong who buys Yankee Rails to-day. Unions may drop a few dollars, but they will see 200, and that before six months are out.

RUBBER does not interest anyone. The Malacca Report was very disappointing. Mr. Lyon promised quarterly dividends of 5s. a share. But he cannot pay even half this amount. No one ever expected that he could. Indeed, the company only pays its present dividend because it charges huge sums each year to capital account. There is no excuse for big companies doing this, and the sound plantations do not do it. Half a dozen small concerns have sent out reports, but none of them call for any comment. Kamuning, in spite of a larger yield, is obliged to reduce its dividend. Dangan is bad. It is little better than a gambling counter. Mr. Govett may understand quite well the intricacies of the Stock Exchange, but he should not dabble in rubber. His followers have lost the money in Danjans that they made in Zincs.

OIL shares slumped with emphasis, but they have recovered. The oil people have pluck. They have been buying Shells all the week and seemed quite delighted at the chance of picking up cheap stock. Urals have also been bought, and Red Seas are absorbed with equal gusto. The Baku report will be out in a few days, and they say it will be good. The price of oil is high, and the company has paid its debts. Mexican Eagles soon recovered their slump. I must say that I think oil shares a great gamble, but I admire the pluck of those who gamble in them. They are dismayed by no fall, however great. I hear that the Roumanian Consolidated are getting some wonderful oil at their Bana wells—nearly 40 per cent. of Benzine. This is phenomenal. I am glad Mr. Barnett is in luck—and so is the City, for he is popular, and clever.

MINES are hopeless. Paris seems to have sold all she had, and the market took them, being very short indeed.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The magnates are waiting for better days. I see no chance of any rise this year. None of the companies are doing more than mark time. The De Beers report was good, and though the price fell it soon picked up again. There is talk of a "bear" raid in this market. But I am most suspicious of the gentlemen who whisper that De Beers must fall. I suspect that they are eager buyers all the time. Nothing has been done in Rhodesians, and nothing is likely to be done this year. Those who hold must wait until the market moves, then get out quickly.

The Miscellaneous Market has kept steady. Even Marconis did not fall much upon the abortive debate on the contract, which was cleverly turned into a debate on the honesty of the Ministers. The true question at issue is: Did the Postmaster make a good bargain? That was never discussed at all. The Commission will be a farce. The Telephone people are expecting to get £190 for deferred, and perhaps another £20 or £30 when the whole affair is settled. At present prices the Deferred look cheap. There is still buying of Electric Light shares, and at last the public realises that those securities are the cheapest things in the market.

Raymond Radcliffe.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of The Academy.

Sir,—Mr. T. G. Martin's second letter makes clear his first, but he will forgive me if I say that it does not shorten a correspondence when gentlemen are compelled to write commentaries on their own epistles. The worst of the dealer in epigrams is that you are never quite sure of his meaning. You take the trouble to answer what you imagine he is trying to say, only to find him serenely explaining that he meant something quite different. It is not always the stupidity of the reader that is at fault. Carlyle said of "Sordello," as far as I remember, that he read it without discovering whether the subject was a man, a city, or a tree, and we have lately been told a story of how George Meredith, asked for an explanation of a line of one of his own poems, humorously declared that, as far as he remembered, when he wrote it, it meant something like this—it is unnecessary to explain what the "this" was. However, now that Mr. T. G. Martin has formed himself into a Martin Society and expounded his own meaning, will you permit me to explain the position, I tried to make clear, a little more fully?

When I first heard of Christian Science, I was not in the slightest degree interested in it. What I believed to be its methods were as repugnant to me as were what I imagined its aims. Gradually I got interested in it, and I was, I think, fair-minded enough to take the trouble to examine it before I talked about it. My early reading of "Science and Health" convinced me that Mrs. Eddy was saying something I did not clearly understand, though I might superficially reject her arguments. I determined, therefore, to test her teaching, in the only fair way, by attempting to demonstrate it for myself. For two years I read "Science and Health," and applied its reasoning, so far as I could, to all the phenomena of daily life. To me, the result was amazing. By accepting her premise of the allness of good and the existence of divine principle and law, I was able, not merely to overcome such physical troubles as came my way, but to prove the efficacy of spiritual law over material belief generally. At the end of two years I had accumulated a, to me, vast mass of evidence, all tending to prove the fact of spiritual causation, and all demonstrating the fact that inharmony, of whatever description, could be overcome by obedience to the law of divine principle.

Mr. Martin says, "what differentiates the Christian Scientist from ordinary people is that, in his eyes, the reason why the man (the blind man) recovered is just as much a question of fact as his own recovery." I agree entirely with Mr. Martin, and I have given my own reasons for coming to that conclusion. If Mr. Martin will excuse me for saying so, the reason why an individual Christian Scientist arrives at a conclusion is very much better evidence of the reliability of that conclusion than the opinion of an outsider as to the train of reasoning in other people's minds. It is an *a priori* argument with a vengeance to form a conclusion by assuming you know how other people, whom you do not even know, worked out their conclusions on the subject at issue.

For two years before I called myself a Christian Scientist, and for very many years since, I have been daily proving that, by the acceptance of the postulate of the allness of good, of God, it is possible not only to heal sickness, but to heal sorrow and sin, and to overcome inharmony of every sort. During all those years I have accumulated an enormous amount of evidence which proves to me that the healing of sorrow, and sickness, and sin, and the overcoming of all inharmony is traceable to the fact of the existence of divine principle and spiritual law. I do not know if Mr. Martin knows a more scientific method of arriving at a conclusion, or if he thinks that it is unscientific to regard, on this basis, the reason why a man is healed as just as much a question of fact as his recovery.

If I may be permitted to sum up the conclusion for myself, it is this—that, when I hear what Lord Beaconsfield might have termed the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible criticism (let me specifically state I am not alluding to Mr. Martin or any particular individual) from gentlemen on platforms and in newspapers, who know rather less about Christian Science than they do of higher mathematics or the composition of ether, even when I read the reasoned criticisms of those who have spent some time in thinking out Mrs. Eddy's teaching more logically and with greater fairness, I am left in the position of the apostle to the Gentiles, when he wrote, "none of these things move me."—Yours truly, Frederick Dixon.

Amberley House, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.
October 11, 1912.

"TACITAE" AND "SILENTIA" IN AENEID 2.55.

To the Editor of The Academy.

On page 53 of "P. Vergili Maronis Aeneidos Lib. II" Edited by T. E. Page, M.A. (Macmillan and Co., 1911), the line 255 of Aeneid II, "a Tenedo tacitae per amica silentia lunae," is explained as follows:—"tacitae . . . 'through the friendly silence of the peaceful moon.' This phrase seems rather beautiful than appropriate: Virgil however chooses to dwell on the 'light' and 'calm' as making the passage of the Greeks easy and to ignore the danger which usually attends an attack in peaceful moonlight." It seems rather more probable that Vergil's "tacitae" in this line is both beautiful and appropriate, and to be explained like the famous verse of his pupil, Dante, "la dove il sol tace," where "tace" means "gives no sign, is silent by withholding light." The "silence" or "hiding" of the moonlight was the proof that Juno was friendly to the Danai, and connived at their arriving undetected by the Trojans. Did not Vergil indeed use it as a play upon the Greek word for "silence," σῑγή, suggested by "Sigea igni freta lata relucent," in line 312, words describing the result of their protected passage of those straits? If the moon had been shining, there would have been no need for the "flammas" in the line 256, in which stress is laid on the fact that the fleet was seeking a shore which had long been familiar to the Danai, and which it was, therefore, easy for them to attain without the moon's help. What light do the best commentators throw on this passage?

Edward S. Dodgson.

9, Kingston Road, Oxford.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

THE SOCIETY OF THE THEATRE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your issue of September 28 Mr. Darrell Figgis, writing on Mr. Barker's production of the "Winter's Tale," holds forth with great energy on the "intrusion of the artist in the Theatre," which he regards as "one of the most considerable evils that the dramatist has now to face." He winds up his attack on the "artist" (we take him to mean the painter) with the following sentence on Mr. Craig:—"In the person of Mr. Craig, he (i.e., the artist) has declared that in the end he will turn out the dramatist and reign supreme with his moving pictures."

The statement rests on a total misapprehension of Mr. Craig's aims. As a matter of fact, Mr. Craig, born in the theatre, and of the very life of the theatre, has been compelled to resort to paper *for the sole reason that he lacks a theatre of his own where he could realise his ideas*, so that his drawings are merely a makeshift for preserving these visions, which for the present he cannot stage, and which he does not wish to lose. Surely it is a cruel satire on the times—all the more cruel because unconscious—that a theatre-artist so centrally associated with the innermost life of the theatre as Mr .Craig, should be mistaken for an "artist" "intruding" into the theatre.

We cannot stop to discuss Mr. Craig's idea of the theatre with Mr. Figgis in this place; at any rate the sentence we quote above conveys a totally wrong impression of the subject; and surely a critic like Mr. Figgis, writing in a paper of such standing as THE ACADEMY, owes it to himself to procure some exact information on the subject, which is set down in the plainest black and white, and is obtainable at the nearest bookshop, before sending out statements which are bound to be misleading. I am, yours faithfully,

H. SLONIMSKY, Secretary.

Adelphi Chambers, 7, John Street, W.C.
October 8, 1912.

Sir,—In reply to Mr. Slonimsky's courteous letter, I can assure him that I have given the matter some considerable thought and that I am not without evidence in "the plainest black and white." But may I first say that M. Slonimsky would have been wiser had he read my article carefully before coming to its attack? It is always as well to assume that the other man is not without his degree of ordinary thought. He speaks of my "attack on the artist," and adds, "we take him to mean the painter." Now I quite distinctly said, alluding to a certain type of decorative artist, that he had lost the power to work conviction on canvas, and that he was therefore turning to the stage to work his pictures there at the expense of the dramatists: taking the dramatist's stuff as the basis on which to produce his picturesque effects. It encrusts, in my judgment, the dramatists' vitality of conception with certain effects (baroque and fantastic in the play under question) that are foreign to it, and whose enforcement must therefore be prejudicial and inimical to it. Its continued enforcement, by reason of the continued "intrusion of the artist in the Theatre," can only mean that the dramatist will in the end be turned out and the artist continue to "reign supreme with his moving pictures."

That was my argument; and I said that Mr. Gordon Craig was the one artist who had the strength of mind to see it, and the courage to say it. For this Mr. Slonimsky takes me to book. Very well, then, to book I will go. What does he make of the following note on a design for the first scene of the first act of Hamlet," taken from Mr. Gordon Craig's catalogue for his last exhibition at the Leicester Galleries? Mr. Craig says: "Although this is for 'Hamlet,' it belongs more to Shakespeare than to the theatre. We shall reach to Shakespeare some day. Then we shall at the same time reach our ideal—and so the Theatre! That will make Shakespeare, alas, superfluous. In this way the great poet is the truest of our friends."

Sufficiently bland, is it not? And illuminating, too, I suggest. In fact, the whole of the argument for what Mr. Craig calls the Uber-Marionette in his book "On the Art of the Theatre," only means the same thing, less explicitly said, as any reader can discover by reading. Mr. Craig may retort on me that he with his "moving pictures" (by Uber-Marionette and design in costume and scenery) is the true dramatist, and that Shakespeare (and Æschylus and Sophocles and other artists in words) is the pseudo-dramatist. He has, in fact, hinted so much in passages I could quote did space permit. I submit that that is the first logical fallacy. But, in any case, it substantiates the point I made in my article. Yours faithfully,

DARRELL FIGGIS.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Martin has taken me to task for saying some "extraordinary" things in my last letter. On examining these things more closely, he may possibly see that they are not such "extraordinary" things after all.

Every schoolboy knows the rule, "Conjunctions connect the same cases of nouns and pronouns which have the same bearing or relation with regard to other parts of the sentence." This is substantially the same rule that I gave last week, overlooking, of course, the printer's error.

In the sentence, "I never knew such a coward as him," "him" and "coward," connected by the co-ordinating conjunction "as," and having the same bearing or relation with regard to the other parts of the sentence, should be in the same case (obj.); whereas in the sentence, "I never knew such a coward as he," "as" is a subordinating conjunction, and "as he" is equivalent to "as he is." It is felt that "as he" requires defence, which "as him" does not. Consequently I regard "as he" as unpardonable, since it is not in accordance with strict usage. Again, (a) "I gave you more than he" means something different from (b) "I gave you more than him." In (a) "he" is compared with "I," therefore "he" and "I" are in the same case. In (b) "him" and "you" are compared. I submit the following sentence for Mr. Martin's consideration, and I trust that he will at least show a little respect for "him." "I beheld a man in the dress of a postillion, whom I instantly recognised as he [him] to whom I had rendered assistance." Mr. Martin wishes to know, Would it be pardonable to add "am" or "was" or "shall be" to "She is not as big as I." "I" and "she" are compared, and, since "she" is nominative, "I" also must be.

She is not as big as I (am). (Complete.)
She is not as big as I (was). (When?)
She is not as big as I (shall be). (When?)
Is Mr. Martin really serious?

I would refer Mr. Martin to Lindley Murray's "Grammar," Mr. Fowler's "King's English," and to the late Dr. Hodgson's "Errors in English"; the last-mentioned having supplied me with my four typical examples, which are not so irrelevant as Mr. Martin seems to think.

The sentence, which Mr. Martin considers as Bengal "English," is taken from Jane Austen's "Emma."

But, then, who was Jane Austen?

J. MCLAUGHLIN.

Salford, October 12, 1912.

"THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—IT would be interesting to know on what principle space is allotted to the subjects of biographies in "The Dictionary of National Biography."

In the new volume of the Supplement I see that the great scholar, Jelf, the Master of Charterhouse, gets a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

THE ONLY WAY

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

column and a half, while Nelly Farren and Dan Leno get three columns each.

In a previous volume Fred Archer, the jockey, got a column and a half, and when it was suggested to the Editor that John Duncan, one of the most eminent of Edinburgh surgeons, who on his death was accorded a whole column in the *Scotsman,* should be included in the "Dictionary," the answer came to the suggestion: "I have consulted the surgeon on our staff respecting the claim of Mr. John Duncan to a notice in the 'Dictionary,' and he writes that in his opinion it is not necessary to include a memoir of him." Yet in the volume where Duncan should have appeared there were three columns devoted to a notorious quack doctor!

Omissions of the names of important men in the "Dictionary" are innumerable. One only shall I call attention to—that of the Rev. Alexander Cameron of Brodrick, one of the greatest of modern Celtic scholars. *Ex uno,* etc. I am, etc.,

Edinburgh. SCOTUS.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art: An Outline History of East Asiatic Design. By Ernest F. Fenollosa. Illustrated, 2 vols. (Wm. Heinemann. 36s. net.)

The Enthusiasts of Port-Royal. By Lilian Rea. Illustrated. (Methuen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Literary Digest, N.Y.; The Bibelot; The Welldoer; Ulula; The Autograph; Palestine Exploration Fund Quarterly Statement, Oct. 1812; Bird Notes and News; The Women's Industrial News; The Bleu Book; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; Publishers' Circular; Bookseller; Peru To-day; The Bookfellow, Sydney; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Collegian, Calcutta; St. George's Magazine; Men's League for Women's Suffrage; United Empire; Cambridge University Reporter.

AN AUTHOR'S Work can be placed in the United States, in both magazine and book form, to advantage by me. I handle the work of some of the leading English authors. Why not double your profits by publication in both countries? Address: EDITOR, Box 4L, 435 West 119th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK IN POWDER FORM.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

DELICIOUS, NOURISHING AND REFRESHING.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, **1/6, 2/6, 11/-,** at all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Via the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—
DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg

CRUISES TO NORWAY.
Mediterranean, Holy Land, Egypt, etc., by Ocean Yachting Steamer "ARCADIAN" during Summer and Autumn.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 81, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	531
The Return	532
A National Reflection	532
On the Eve of War	533
Unheard Melodies	533
Reviews:	
The Smaller Wessex	535
A Lady of Quality	536
The Authentic Muse and Some Pretensions	538
Shorter Reviews	540
Fiction	543
Shorter Notices	544
The Literary Traveller	545
The Theatre:	
Three New Plays at the Duke of York's	546
"Zaza" at Queen's Theatre	546
"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" at the Little Theatre	547
Foreign Reviews	547
Art and Life—II	549
At St. Stephen's Shrine	550
Notes and News	552
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	553
In the Temple of Mammon	555
Correspondence	556
Books Received	558

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE welcome an eminently sane and practical pronouncement by the Rev. R. J. Campbell within the last week. It embodies the thoughts and aspirations which we, in our small parochial orbit have been trying to impress upon Christians, divided not by creed or by principle, but by over-prepossession for their own methods and presentments of Christian doctrine—namely, the necessity for co-operation and cordial sympathy. In connection with the situation in South-Eastern Europe the futility and collapse of the Christian gospel is hatefully apparent. A monstrous war, born of covetousness and chicanery, is in progress, when the Christian Powers of Europe—had they been more than nominally Christian—could have decreed peace on just terms, as any arbitral tribunal or court of law can decree it, if united and irresistible force is known to reside behind the decision. What compelling power is there behind the action of Christendom in the present day? Let the Rev. R. J. Campbell answer:—

> No single cause of the comparative weakness of Christianity to-day in face of a new world with its new syntheses and new problems is more potent than the scandal of its schisms, sectarian antagonisms, jealousies, and uncharitableness.

In all of which we agree, and, in agreement with which, we have not lately hesitated to expose shameless hypocrisy in the so-called Holy War.

The story told by Lord Haldane of how he became War Minister has been treated as a rare joke. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is reported to have said to Lord Haldane: "The War Office full?—No one will touch it with a pole." The joke, we submit, is a sorry one. The reason why the office went begging was because every aspirant for ministerial rank knew that our military system was a sham, and was intended to remain a sham, and that the necessities for the transformation of it into even a tolerable bulwark of national defence would not be conceded. Colonel Seely is the author of a phrase nearly as cunning as "Wait and see." His prescription to vivify the Territorial fiasco is "Universal Service by Consent." A very pretty conceit. But Colonel Seely knows better, and so do we. Under the best auspices, combined villages with a population of 7,000 were invited to show enough interest in Territorial recruitment to form a committee to whom young men desirous of hearing something of the obligations and privileges of service with the Territorials might apply for enlightenment "without prejudice." Not one local man offered to serve on the proposed committee, and not one young man expressed his willingness to join the force. Good people all, but needing compulsion. This experience leads us to think that Colonel Seeley is no great improvement on his predecessor, who lost his way in Whitehall whilst endeavouring to reach—the Woolsack.

Through a tunnel beneath the House of Commons 30,000 cubic feet of fresh air are drawn per minute, and circulated for the benefit of legislators. Dr. Hill, writing to the *Times*, suggests that a quiet promenade in this tunnel would give the tired Minister "refreshment equal to a blow on Brighton pier," and adds that, if only a little salt spray were diffused by mechanical means, members might have the equivalent of a trip to the seaside whenever they liked. Evidently science holds many unexpected charms in store for us yet. The era of the week-end and the fashionable watering-place is passing; before long we may have halls in our streets, dotted here and there, as is now the ubiquitous cinematograph-show, placarded with invitations to enter and inhale the breezes of Bognor, the winds of Whitby; to grow pleasantly moist in the sprays of Scarborough, the foam of Falmouth. We shall stand in front of rows of tubes which will puff at us different blends of ozone, and retire to private rooms where sunburn as desired will be administered to cheeks pale with summers on the pattern of 1912; doubtless the deeper tinge due to a holiday in tropical climes will be available for an extra half-crown. In fact, with a few imitation rocks, a shrimp or two, and a bundle of seaweed thrown in, we shall not need a holiday at all, and life will not be worth living.

The first number of "The Independent Theatre-Goer," edited by Messrs. J. T. Grein and Hermann Klein, has reached us. Its style, perhaps, is bright rather than literary—which is as it should be—and its articles are certainly up-to-date and interesting. We imagine that this little paper with the big name will meet with a better success if it takes a decided line of its own and does not try too hard, as indicated in the foreword, "to hold the scales between the critics and the criticised."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Return

(To E. W.)

HOME, O most pale adventurer, are you bound
From that strange kingdom where no love may trace
The life it loves to its abiding place,
Or hail it from afar with cheerful sound.
From deeps whose marges mortal ne'er hath found
You steal, and we are awed before your face—
For you are weird with wonder, with the grace
Of death's most delicate lilies are you crowned.

After the ranging sunset of Farewell—
When life's loved country fades, and hope is lorn,
Is it not fair from that dim, tideless bourn
To drift back home to man's own star and dwell
Fondly with time, in tune with bud and bell,
With midnight's shimmer of stars and the sheen of morn?

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

A National Reflection

ON the balance, there is much which is encouraging, and much which is almost heart-breaking in the national outlook at the present time. Trafalgar Day and the memorable Conference of 1912 on Sea Training exhibit the traditional tendency of the British disposition towards patriotism—in itself a religion.

In these days a religion in Christendom is—amongst large masses—much wanted. Scientists are informing us—with iteration which tends in some minds to conviction—that life is a chemical production; demagogues in Parliament are telling the negligible products of the modern laboratory that their only creed is greed. Why should one germ or microbe, or whatever you like to term it, be possessed of wealth? These teachers do not refer to all the power for good which wealth, honestly and with discretion distributed, diffuses in the world. It is their only aim in their Socialist, revolutionary literature to provoke civil commotion and national ruin, on the chance that they may personally derive profit, and with the comfortable assurance that their dupes will not survive their own synthetic existence, in order to put an end—possibly a painful end—to the combustible essence which has most noxiously brought their misleaders into a sort of being.

Such reflections are sickening. Those who foregathered at the National Conference on Sea Training this week were men—whatever men are made of—looking back to the days when chemical constituents were not accounted of much value, but when personal worth, personal charm, personal striving after something which made life worth living, were of more importance than ammonium chloride, and were valued accordingly.

Are we proud—as at all events sentient beings—of the position in which we find ourselves to-day? After we ceased to be Pagans, we became Christians, and in that capacity felt it to be our duty to burn each other on points of ritual—and invariably to burn the Jew, when we had by violence or cajolery extracted the last *schekel* from him. So does one chemical make war upon another—as, we are told, in latter-day medical wisdom, one microbe engages in battle royal with another, and the grand microbe—Man—survives or dies as a result of the Lilliputian contest.

If this is all, why prolong the agony, why especially allow hecatombs to be slain and hecatombs to be worse than slain on a flimsy pretext in South-Eastern Europe? We all know it is a sham, and a ghastly, dishonourable, and shameful sham. Article XXIII of the Treaty of Berlin. . . . Really! And this poor temporary excuse is to plunge the world into incalculable suffering. Veritably, the laboratory did not provide conscience, humanity, or critical balance in the doubtful product which it evolved.

The essence, called Mr. James Douglas, will not probably be accused of anything but abhorrence of the views of THE ACADEMY, and yet what does he write?—

> The attitude of Europe is that any religion is good enough for anybody. If the Crescent should triumph, well and good. If the Cross should triumph, good and well. . . . What is apparent now in Europe and in England to the most casual observer? It is the decline and decay of the Christian faith.
>
> When King Ferdinand points to the Cross, Europe replies: "Take away that bauble."

Bitter words, cruel criticism; but who shall say that they are not just?

Let us pass from a review which is nauseating, and refer to the great effort of sane England to awake a sense of responsibility in Governments and in the people of Great Britain in their duty to themselves and to the world to provide efficient seamen for their navy and mercantile marine.

Individual effort is doing much, Government action is being slowly compelled, statistics are unanswerable. If this nation is to maintain its comparative influence for good, the question of the manning of the sea-services is essentially urgent. We are sorry to see that some Government journals can spare very little space to report the proceedings of the important conference of Monday.

Fictitious telegrams from the censored seat of war, sporting intelligence, the doings of Mr. Jack Johnson, and encyclicals from the Memorial Hall commandeer so much of their space that the national existence of Great Britain, which in paragraphs is proclaimed to mean the destiny of the world, is crowded out of the editorial columns.

CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

On the Eve of War

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 14.

TO-NIGHT as I sit at my window in the hour of shadows, when the heavy twilight has almost faded into night, I see below me beyond the ghostly cypress trees the Golden Horn, a lake of molten silver, with a single caïque lying motionless upon its waters, its graceful lateen sail poised like the wing of a hovering bird. Beyond is Stamboul, drawn like a ragged band of purple velvet across the horizon and studded with lights that glitter like jewels; its domes and minarets clear cut against the fading violet sky. Above the city shines the silver crescent of a new moon—the defiant gage of Islam hurled in the western heavens; while from the east great black clouds are creeping round the horizon, covering the city as with a pall. Across the water a soldier is chanting his plaintive song of farewell; all else is still.

Then the quiet of the evening is broken by the strains of a military band, and a regiment of khaki-clad redifs comes marching down the street towards the railway station. The sound of their music fades away in the night, and there is silence once more. Then comes the sound of the clapping of hands and of cheering as a band of white-capped Albanian volunteers marches to fight for the Padisha.

Night and day for a week past troops have been passing, until the spectacle has become monotonous. This morning six batteries of field artillery came rumbling over the badly-paved streets, and the corps of officers—magnificent young men torn from their military studies to receive a premature commission—marched to receive the farewell blessing of the Sultan. There is no hysterical enthusiasm; the patient Ottoman soldiers go to war with calm, expressionless faces amid a silence which is dignified as death.

To-day as I stood beneath the golden dome of the Mosque of St. Sophia, all around me bearded, barefooted soldiers in khaki were making farewell prayer to Allah. From its galleries the Empress Theodora, the courtesan of the East, looked down with a cynical smile on her cruel lips, on 20,000 Christians worshipping their God. Here, too, drunken crusaders danced obscene dances around a wanton whom they had placed in the patriarch's chair. Then when Constantinople fell before the Turks, Mahommed, the conqueror, rode through the door of the church, leaping his horse upon the dead bodies of Christians which were piled four feet high in a building in the galleries of which alone 10,000 persons may stand with ease.

And now another act in its great drama of thirteen centuries is opening, and soldiers are praying for strength to resist what they believe to be the last great effort of the unbelievers to drive them out of the scarlet city, where for centuries first Christian and then Mahommedan has massacred and sinned.

Outside I met a long line of men marching single file and holding each other's hands, down the narrow, precipitous street of Stamboul. Among them were beggars in gaudy rags, bearded men in striped caftans and bright coloured turbans, young Turks in the dress of modern Europe and slightly German in appearance; mild peasants in sheepskin coats, old men and young. It was one of the last batches of redifs marching to the barracks to join the colours. In a few hours they will emerge stripped of their motley Eastern dress, clad in British khaki, with a khaki fez on their heads, a Mauser rifle in their hands, and a modern field equipment on their backs. But they are none the less children of the prophet, confident that death upon the battlefield will ensure them an entry into Mahommed's material paradise.

I wandered home through the shadowy bazaars, where beneath vaulted arches old bearded men sit cross-legged and bargain amid a seemingly hopeless jumble of Persian carpets, costly silks from Damascus, gold, silver, jewels, shoddy tinsel goods from Germany, cottons from Manchester, and gimcrack furniture from Tottenham Court Road. Only old men and women are to be seen in Constantinople now, for the young men have marched away to the war.

Through an arch I caught a glimpse of the courtyard of a mosque all veiled in purple shadows, around which old men in turbans sat and smoked, while a blind beggar called for alms in a monotonous nasal chant. Farther on, in a remote alley of the bazaar, I came upon a white stone house, of the Byzantine empire, with a double façade of arches, which must have stood in the days when Constantine ruled the East; and I went on my way wondering if ever again Constantinople would become a city of Christ.

Unheard Melodies

Heard Melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter.

SOME years ago I remember hearing a literary lady express her opinion that Keats in this phrase was alluding to the Platonic idea of a supersensual music which is universal and appeals to the intelligence only, the divine archetype of all music which reaches us through the ears. Someone else, irritated at the pedantry of this interpretation, declared in a perverse fit of literalism that it meant no more than that the music which you imagined was more beautiful than that which you heard. At the time I could not make up my mind which was the more frigid or inadequate of the two explanations. For what can "music that you imagine" mean except tunes which you invent or repeat in your head? and even a Beethoven would scarcely admit that the undeveloped theme "in his head" was more beautiful than the finished symphony. On the other hand, a music which appeals only to the intelligence has the suggestion of a candidate for some diploma in musical theory, who sits down and works out figured basses and double counterpoint with perfect accuracy, but little or no conception of the effect which his exercise will have when translated into actual sound.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

But like most misinterpretations, both these statements only need a little adaptation to express the complete truth. Keats does not indeed speak of his piper on the Grecian Urn as "playing to the intellect," but he does bid him

> Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
> Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

Again, the love which the sculptor of the urn has portrayed is a universal, eternal love

> All breathing human passion far above,
> That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
> A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

This appears to mean nothing if it does not mean that the sculptor has by his representation expressed an idea of music which affects us in a different way from any particular music which we have ever experienced or ever could experience. It is not subject to the beginnings and endings of real melodies any more than the carven boughs of the trees need "bid the Spring adieu." It is of the eternal essence of music. Yet when we reflect on this idea, it puzzles us and makes us wonder if we have not been the dupes of an empty sentimentalism. We know that no carven image of a tree in spring could ever take the place of a living, radiant elm whose brilliance is our wonder and whose evanescence is our despair. Has not our unwillingness to give ourselves up to the enjoyment of what is so momentary and perishing a delight made us take cowardly refuge in a cold substitute, which tries to secure the permanence of the delight in a mere shadow of the reality, from which the freshness and the glory are eliminated?

It is a sufficent answer to this objection that no such low-spirited evasion could ever produce that high emotion which is the breath of life to a great poem. That the colour of the leaves should have been eliminated from the plastic representation of the scene is an accident. A picture would lose other elements. It would retain the colour and sacrifice the actual contours. But a successful picture of the same scene would not add or detract anything from the sentiment conveyed. Its emotional effect, if the artist were equally successful, would be exactly the same, with the possible exception that the idea of permanence, which is the essence of the poet's sentiment, is better expressed by marble than by pigments on canvas. And because this is so, it affects us with a kind of bewilderment. We are touched with the emotion and yet can give no rational explanation why we should be so touched. The intellect reels in the mazes of apparent contradiction no less than when it attempts to grasp the idea of infinite space or time.

> Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
> As doth eternity.

But the contradiction is only apparent, and arises from the same cause as that which perplexes the mathematician. His difficulty is due to the fact that he supposes a fictitious thing called Infinity, which has mysterious qualities differing from those of the Finite. Similarly we are perplexed by fancying that we have an eternal music which differs from any transitory music we have ever heard. But the truth would seem to be this. All art universalises in so far as it detaches certain emotions from the medley of our experience and reproduces them in a way which appeals not merely to this or that person, but to all who are capable of any emotion at all. If it did not deal in things which we can experience, however imperfectly, in our ordinary life, it would have no reality at all and would arouse no response in the human heart. But because in our ordinary life these experiences are crusted over with all sorts of irrelevances, we need to detach them and elevate them to a plane where these irrelevances do not affect them. Ford Madox Brown's "The Last of England" expresses the pure sentiment of the Emigrant. In reality, under similar circumstances, we have one eye to the thoughts of the Mother Country or Home, another to the luggage in the hold. Art eliminates the anxiety about luggage and all that is merely personal to you and me, and leaves that which makes the same appeal to all. It is true that a sort of Art can also deal with the luggage. But it does just the same; it universalises the hat-boxes and the rugs. Madox Brown has in fact thus treated the clay pipe. He would not have put it in if it were not part of the permanent meaning.

But how shall we thus universalise Art itself and express in a symbol what is its permanent meaning? It is hardly possible for Art to accomplish the miracle for itself, though some of the more titanic creations of Michelangelo or Beethoven or Shakespeare may almost be said to have done it. But for any single art it can be done through the medium of another. Botticelli has done it in Primavera, Donatello in his Singers, Wordsworth in Peele Castle. Keats has doubly achieved this result in the "Ode on a Grecian Urn," for he uses an art to describe an art which in turn describes another. The task is specially adapted to the poet's medium, and the graphic arts can fulfil this object better than the musical. But the process is sometimes reversed, as when music has the effect of a poem or rather of the Spirit of Poetry itself. The result is an idea which is supersensual, for it is not reached through the senses proper to the art described, but through another, and it is universal in so far as it suggests something better than any particular work of art, because it suggests the whole of which all are parts, and seems to gather into one that which we actually experience at sundry times and in divers manners.

But lest I should seem to have wholly justified one of those two equally false opinions from which we started while rejecting the other, let me point out in conclusion that this doctrine is far from Platonic. Plato would scornfully have remarked that since the poet gives us a copy (the poem) of a copy (the urn) of a copy (the music) which is itself a copy of natural sounds, which are copies of the one Reality, he is five times removed from the truth; which, as the mathematicians say, is absurd, and shows plainly how false was that philosopher's view of art, and of Beauty which is Truth.

GUY KENDALL.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

The Smaller Wessex

The Woodlanders; The Mayor of Casterbridge; A Pair of Blue Eyes; Two on a Tower. By THOMAS HARDY. New Collected Edition. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. each net.)

EVEN to the reader with few pretensions to discrimination, who reads more for the story than for the subtler intellectual delights of mode and manner, the work of Mr. Thomas Hardy appears as separable, broadly speaking, into two classes. In the first may be placed those books where the whole scheme is firmly built, strong, as we might say, architecturally—where, if the trick of coincidence is used, it is used sparingly and falls naturally into its niche as a shaped stone into its bed; where, whether the ending be grim or gay, the reader is possessed with a sense that nothing but this could have happened. With these books, while one is under their spell, the tragedy is as relentless as a quadratic equation, or, if they move rarely to the tune of comedy, it seems the peaceful and necessary conclusion of the whole matter. "Tess" and "The Return of the Native" may be taken as examples of the sombre aspect of this class; "Under the Greenwood Tree" and "The Woodlanders" may stand for the less clouded (one cannot always say more cheerful) aspect. In the second division may occur those books where, often with a more intricate plot, the reader is not carried away by the steady, machine-like force of what we may term the story's personality; where the coincidences seem to happen just as they are required for the development of the scheme and the bothering of the characters, and where sometimes the ending is perversely imposed upon a situation that might resolve itself easily in another way. Of this class the most striking instance is "Two on a Tower."

Here we have a story with a plot worthy of Wilkie Collins at his finest—a plot that could almost be set out with rule, compass and square in a mathematical figure. Lady Constantine falls in love with Swithin, the young astronomer ten years her junior, fearing all the time that her love will spoil his future; her husband being supposed to have died abroad, she marries him, not knowing that Swithin has declined a legacy contingent upon his remaining single to the age of twenty-five. By an accident she discovers this; she also discovers that her husband had died at a later date than had formerly been reported, so that the marriage so innocently, yet secretly, contracted was not legal. In her distress, denying her first impulse to have the ceremony repeated, she sends Swithin abroad to study, refusing to correspond with him until he comes to claim her. Then comes the most shattering discovery of all; and, in his absence, to save herself, she accepts the dignified proposal of the Bishop of Melchester. Swithin, absorbed in his astronomical studies at the Cape, hears of this; hears also, some time after, of the Bishop's death. He delays his return; but when he does return and meets Lady Constantine on the old tower of his boyish observations, she looks haggard and aged, and for a moment his exaltation is checked. She, reading his thoughts, bids him farewell; but he has hardly reached the ground before the flood of his love—and pity—overwhelms him; he climbs again, to cry her name. They embrace, and in that passionate moment—she dies in his arms.

Such, barely told, is the plot; and how is any reader to avoid feeling that an ending which makes for happiness is wilfully distorted into a tragedy? Further, several times in the process of reading he will have felt an uneasy impression that things are happening not as a natural sequence in human lives, but as events very convenient to the author's conception of the pattern he is weaving. The tangle is deliberately made and deliberately unravelled; and if it be objected that all novelists must laboriously construct and dissect their plots, the answer is that we ought not to find ourselves consciously commenting upon the fact as we read. On the very morning of Swithin's wedding-day, just as he is starting for Bath to meet his Viviette, the postman hands him a letter containing the news of his uncle's conditional bequest. On their return journey, man and wife, as they fondly suppose, Louis, her brother, arrives, and accidentally switches her across the face with his whip, the tell-tale mark compelling Swithin to keep her in seclusion in his little wooden cabin for a day or two. Conversations are overheard, more than once, thus thickening the complications. Coincidence, again, is evident in Swithin's movements—both the letters which in her distress Viviette writes to him fail to reach him. By the very ingenuity of these methods the story is weakened in its appeal, however fascinating it may be to watch the lovers through their manifold agonies and raptures.

Beyond noting this broad difference between certain examples of Mr. Hardy's work, we need not pursue this categorical method of criticism, since carried to extremes it is profitless and leads to obscurity rather than to illumination. We may note, however, as a remarkable characteristic of nearly all his novels, the range and remoteness of his allusions and metaphors. A man's reading need be wide indeed if he is to keep pace with Mr. Hardy in this; he must be a scientist, a mathematician, an architect, an engineer, an artist, to grasp all the subtle touches by which impressions of persons or descriptions of scenery are conveyed. In "The Woodlanders" we have the leaves rustling "with a sound almost metallic, like the sheet-iron foliage of the fabled Jarnvid wood"; a farmer, "panting with Actæonic excitement"; "Darling," the white horse of Grace Fitzpiers, becomes "a Wouvermans eccentricity reduced to microscopic dimensions." In "The Mayor of Casterbridge" we are requested to observe that the shop-blinds of the town are "so constructed as to give the passenger's hat a smart buffet off his head, as from the unseen hands of Cranstoun's Goblin Page"; the amphitheatre "might have been called the spittoon of the Jötuns"; Elizabeth-Jane's simplicity was "the art that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

conceals art, the 'delicate imposition' of Rochefoucauld"; the tumuli of Egdon Heath resemble "the full breasts of Diana Multimammia supinely extended there"; Lucetta, Henchard's charmer, "flung herself on the couch in the cyma-recta curve which so became her"—we have this again in "The Return of the Native": "Viewed sideways, the closing-line of her lips formed, with almost geometric precision, the curve so well known in the arts of design as the cima-recta, or ogee." In "A Pair of Blue Eyes" Elfride holds her head "in the Greuze attitude"; Stephen's manners, "like the feats of Euryalus, owed their attractiveness in her eyes rather to the attractiveness of his person than to their own excellence"; Mrs. Smith "threw in her sentiments between the acts, as Coryphaeus of the tragedy, to make the description complete"; and so we might go on from book to book selecting examples, often happy, occasionally laboured and unnecessary, of this parlour-game of allusions which Mr. Hardy so loves to play. Merciless is he to the ordinary reader; if his heroine's shape reminds him of a geometric curve, down it goes in its technical nomenclature; and even though at times we feel as impatient with him as we do with his vacillating "Jude," or his Elfride who travels to London with her lover to get married and returns, still a maiden, by the next train, we cannot but admire his fertility. It is all a part of the microscopic vision with which Mr. Hardy sees nature as well as humanity. When Knight, in "A Pair of Blue Eyes," is slipping over the edge of the cliff, the incident takes fifteen pages to describe, about eight of which are devoted to the sensations of the man as he holds on—he perceives in front of his eyes, embedded in the rock, a fossil Trilobite, and, "separated by millions of years in their lives, Knight and this underling seemed to have met in their place of death. . . . Time closed up like a fan before him; he saw himself at one extremity of the years, face to face with the beginning and all the intermediate centuries simultaneously." It is a magnificent passage; no one can read it without being strangely moved; and who but Mr. Hardy could have written it? And yet it embodies the very antithesis of the dramatic method which one would pardonably think essential in dealing with such an incident. Elfride, who would "say things worthy of a French epigrammatist, and act like a robin in a greenhouse," is one of the sweetest heroines of Wessex, though, for a country girl with a limited outlook, she often converses like a philosopher. The whole story is especially interesting to West-country readers, with its "St. Launce's" for Launceston, its "Camelton" for Camelford, its "Castle Bterel" for Boscastle, and its peculiarly Devonian air.

Comparisons without number have been made, to the point of exhaustion, between Mr. Hardy's style and that of Meredith; we shall not wander down this bypath at present, but it is fascinating to compare two or three individual passages in the different writers. A paragraph in "The Mayor of Casterbridge" reminds us irresistibly of a similar one in "Diana of the Crossways":

> Other clocks struck eight from time to time—one gloomily from the gaol, another from the gable of an almshouse, with a preparative creak of machinery more audible than the note of the bell; a row of tall, varnished case-clocks from the interior of a clockmaker's shop joined in one after another just as the shutters were enclosing them, like a row of actors delivering their final speeches before the fall of the curtain; then chimes were heard stammering out the Sicilian Mariners' hymn; so that chronologists of the advanced school were appreciably on their way to the next hour before the whole business of the old one was satisfactorily wound up.

We can but think, reading that, of Dacier, pursued through the night by the imperturbable hours, tolled twice over by a turret-clock out of order! And from "The Woodlanders" we will quote the description of Melbury's homestead:

> The house was of no marked antiquity, yet of a well-advanced age; older than a stale novelty, but no canonised antique; faded, not hoary; looking at you from the still distinct middle-distance of the early Georgian time, and awakening on that account the instincts of reminiscence more decidedly than the remoter, and far grander, memorials which have to speak from the misty reaches of mediævalism. The faces, dress, passions, gratitudes, and revenges of the great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers who had been the first to gaze from those rectangular windows, and had stood under that keystoned doorway, could be divined and measured by homely standards of to-day. It was a house in whose reverberations queer old personal tales were yet audible if properly listened for; and not, as with those of the castle and cloister, silent beyond the possibility of echo.

It is the sort of passage at which, in Mr. Henry James' books, we are accustomed to glow with serene pleasure; but had Mr. James written it, he would probably have omitted the words "dress" and "faces," and substituted other adjectives for "rectangular" and "keystoned."

With the broader aspects of Mr. Hardy's work we have dealt in these columns before, on more than one occasion, and there is no need to repeat our conclusions here. Few countries of fiction have so strong a basis of fact as Wessex; it is a little planet with an orbit all its own, unperturbed by the approach of any other sphere, and we may safely say that the orbit will not shrink or vanish as time goes on. W. L. R.

A Lady of Quality

The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley, 1778-1817. Edited by her Grandson, RICHARD EDGCUMBE. Illustrated. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

IT has almost come to this, that we should demand of every editor to-day who proposes to present the world with a new volume of memoirs something in the nature of an apologia. Book catalogues simply swarm with them—which may be an indication of considerable public demand. Indeed, there can be little doubt that there is an emphatic welcome for books of this order, and the most jealous conserver of literary interests may

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

rejoice thereat, while he has an eye to the quality of the supply. We see little edification and little permanent value in the resurrection of scandals which, by every canon of taste, should be left to a deserved oblivion. Nor is there always sufficient justification for bidding us hark back to the often insipid details of the private life of certain people of importance in their day, but who no longer give us any concern that they ever existed. The considerations that may be justly regarded as warranty for publication are the permanent interest of a distinctive human character, and the personal first-hand contribution to history or to national biography. These qualities, we are free to state, after approaching the book in this, perhaps, hypercritical spirit, we have found to our delight in Lady Shelley's Diary.

Mr. Richard Edgcumbe's task must have been a pleasant one, for these pages are written with a never-failing charm and vivacity, and the writer reveals herself as a lady of much winsomeness and strength of character. The travel notes give no unpleasant reminder of the guide-book, while the animadversions on the society of the day have a truly critical and judicial quality as coming from one who, though in no sense a prude, was undoubtedly a high-minded and virtuous lady. A strong vein of good sense and a facile gift of expression lend a peculiar interest to her remarks on public affairs. Not that she is altogether without her feminine prejudices, as is more particularly apparent when she comes to write of men and women, but she is frank and generous in owning to a misconception when it is dissipated by better acquaintance, and impresses one as never deliberately unjust.

It is the personal reminiscences which will, for most people, constitute the chief fascination of this diary. Most of the famous men of Europe of the Waterloo period were of Lady Shelley's ken, and they live in her pages with a rare actuality. There is Byron, whom she dubs "the *chronique scandaleuse*," and whose facial expression she describes with some insistence as "demoniacal." He is recently married, and his sister entertains hopes that the experience will have a sobering effect on him, but Lady Shelley fancies, from what she has seen of him, that he will not be at all easy to manage. There is Sydney Smith, too—who could surely be allowed to pass without the credentials of an editorial footnote!—enlivening "our Sunday evenings with his fun, and not *very* clerical conversation." Canova chips at his fame-destined marble while my lady looks on, and Metternich makes a friend of her in Vienna. Talleyrand, that curious character of perennial fascination, sits opposite her at dinner, and she thinks she

> never saw so diabolical a countenance. He has no very marked feature, is pale, has a crafty expression, and a most villainous mouth. His fiendish laugh still haunts me.

A second dinner-table acquaintance fails to redeem her dislike. "He is a frightful object to look at, and rolls his tongue about in a disgusting manner." All the same, she is obliged to admit that he tells a story well, and she evidently relishes this, from Brougham's lips, of Talleyrand and poor Bobus Smith:

> Bobus Smith was one day expatiating at great length upon the wondrous beauty of his mother. It was during dinner. After boring every one to death with a subject in which none of the company could be in the least interested, Talleyrand said in a drawling voice: "Monsieur Smith, c'était donc monsieur votre père qui n'était pas beau?"

Lady Shelley had the good fortune to accompany her husband on a tour of the great battlefield of Europe just after the stirring events of the Hundred Days. Scarcely a month after Waterloo she is in Paris in the inner circle of the great personages who had foregathered there after the final crash. Perhaps the most arresting of these—with one important exception—is Alexander I of Russia. Lady Shelley's first impressions of him, formed on the occasion of the Imperial visit to London a few months previously, were anything but flattering. He is

> shy and very deaf. He has a bad figure, tightened-in at the waist, and has a chest like a woman. His epaulettes are large, and placed very forward; and his arms hang in front very awkwardly.

Again, he is

> a foolish, good-natured dancing dandy. Although he has more good qualities than bad, he is but a weak, vain coxcomb. Personally, he is as brave as a lion, but entirely under petticoat government.

That is rather a perplexing description; but now, at Paris, she sees the Emperor at closer range, marks his conduct at the great review of the Russian troops, his reverent bearing at the impressive field service, and is privileged to hold several conversations with him, with the result that the unfavourable impressions are substantially corrected, and she discovers much to admire. She firmly believes that in spite of his faults "he sincerely wishes to promote the prosperity of Russia, and that he leaves nothing untried which may bring good to his country."

The supreme figure in this diary, however, is Wellington, and it is the intimate and authentic note of these particular reminiscences that give the book its chief value. Lady Shelley's admiration for the great Duke amounted almost to idolatry, and she makes no secret of the fact.

> Wellington condescends to converse with me as a friend. I hope my head won't be turned. . . Every day adds to my pride at being an Englishwoman, and to my joy at being born in the same age with this great being.

It is with a delightful *naïveté* that she tells of the thrill of being permitted to ride "Copenhagen," and how she cut off a lock of the Duke's hair and took possession of a pen he had used. She is denied the pleasure of sitting next him at dinner, and is "*un peu triste*," and a thwarted plan for the hero's company robs the whole day of sunshine. The view of Wellington's character presented in these pages is a very attractive one. He is here anything but the "Iron Duke" of legendary fame. Gentle, kind, even gay, he walks beside his fair chronicler, in her eyes, at least, a prince of romance.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

He even takes relief from sterner warfare in the momentous trivialities of court guerilla, and lends his sympathy to Lady Shelley for the dethronement of "Queen Willis"—otherwise the Lady Jersey of that day. But there are also such privileged glimpses of the Duke as the following, which must be our final quotation:

> Those who accuse him of a lack of feeling—and some there are who state as much—have not seen him as I have, his eye glistening, and his voice broken, as he spoke of the losses sustained at Waterloo. "I hope to God," he said one day, "that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything; but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that, next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained. Not only do you lose those dear friends with whom you have been living, but you are forced to leave the wounded behind you. To be sure, one tries to do the best for them, but how little that is! At such moments every feeling in your breast is deadened. I am now just beginning to regain my natural spirits, but I never wish for any more fighting."

On many other features of interest we have not space to dilate; but sufficient has been said to make it evident that lovers of the journal of intimate recollections will find in this book one of the best of its kind. And, if we read Mr. Edgcumbe's preface aright, there is more to follow. If it is in any way comparable with this instalment it will be sure of a welcome.

The Authentic Muse and Some Pretensions

Song in September. By NORMAN GALE. (Constable and Co. 5s. net.)
Poems. By W. E. LUTYENS. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
Pavements and Pastures: A Book of Songs. By THOMAS BURKE. (Privately printed. The Author, Eltham, Kent. 1s. net.)
Castle Building, and Other Poems. By GUY KENDALL. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)
Songs Out of Exile. By CULLEN GOULDSBURY. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)
Drake in California. By HERMAN SCHEFFAUER. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)

WELCOME once more to Norman Gale's Arcadian muse! There is a dewy delight in these new poems of his; the sweetness we expected who had treasured his Country's Muse's Orchard Songs of many Septembers gone; and even an added charm, born of the light-following years. But the dew is here, and the bloom as in spring—only September's mellower sunshine: nothing of its decay. Mr. Gale seems to gather like the sun-kissed satiny fruit of his beloved orchards the clustering fancies and lovely grouping of tested words that other poets labour so assiduously, and so palpably, to fashion. Birds and flowers are the proper accompaniment of Mr. Gale's Orphic lute. They come at the call of image and fancy with simple inevitability—blackcaps and throstles and finches, larkspurs and hyacinths and decent sweet-williams. We doubt whether Mr. Gale has ever done anything better that his "Dream and Ideal," personified in

> Diana with her limbs of dream,
> Her wavering heart of lily-stuff . . . .

and

> The fragrant girl without a name
> Who at the edge of being runs
> Between the light and dark, and calls
> Across the distance for my sake.

Goddess of his dreams, maybe, it is ever the sweet mortal girl who runs before him in his waking hours, for the lyrics are tenderly human. Not the jealous solitudes of Pan, but gardens and green aisles haunted by lingering human feet are Mr. Gale's world: haunted sometimes by gentle shades, as in the touching little poem, "A Review," which tells how he dreamed, one evening, searching vainly among the flowers of Heaven for his mother's face, but presently saw a rarer vision:—

> For radiant in the window-seat
> My mother sat with downward look,
> Intently reading (how unmeet
> For eyes so fair!) my latest book.
>
> At last, when all the book was read,
> She gave a happy little nod,
> Drooped lower still her gracious head,
> Kissed it, and faded back to God.

Of the charm of the rest—of "The Barley Birds," of "Invocations," of "The Shepherd's Song"—we have no space to speak. They would befit the lips of the happy mortals in Morris's Thames-threaded "Nowhere." In the strained days when we seem to have lost all cognisance of Arcady we will gratefully remember Norman Gale.

The "Poems" of Mr. Lutyens call for little comment. They rhyme and scan tolerably well, and have a general so-so quality. He favours Biblical subjects, with an occasional digression into inanimate Nature; but his ideas are rather thin and commonplace. We are not quite sure, but fancy "Ascensiontide" is his worst essay; we cannot satisfy our mind as to which is his best.

We are rather disposed to fall in love with Mr. Burke's little book, from its modest grey cover and elegant paper to its smallest lyric. He brings a fresh zest to his poet's adventure, and tracks the Lady Beauty through many unfrequented ways; not a few of these are in London; grimy, noise-racked corners and thoroughfares, which he challenges with a fierce tenderness for the redeeming marks of her passage. The memory of a smile in a Walworth attic, of a vanished rusticity at Clapham, of a love-meeting in Charing Cross Road; the vision of a London sunset from Shooter's Hill, and a wild rose blowing by Bloomsbury—thus he discovers them. And since we do not remember to have seen a poem about dear bustling Paddington before, we are minded to quote a stanza from one of two Mr. Burke presents us with:—

> Deep in a dusk of lilac the station lies,
> Vasty and echo-haunted and fiercely made;
> Speared all about with sun where the arches rise,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Leaping on lusty limbs over pools of shade.
Oh, lovely are her lean lines, and lovely her poise,
Empanoplying the long, dim frenzy of noise.

Another poem distinguished by a refreshing novelty of vision and a generous discernment is that to "Elise Craven, Dancing." Sometimes Mr. Burke pays his fee to the older beauty, as in "Supplication" (which ACADEMY readers may remember), "My Beautiful," and an exquisite little song for music, called "My Heart"—pays it gracefully, too; but his poet's creed is best set set forth in "The Minstrels," a lyric which is worthy to set beside the best of the many apologias of the poet. Yet we will carp a little, of our fastidiousness, ere we leave him. He is a little overfond of mist and lilac, and combinations of both; and "pallid, passionate moons" are rather at a discount nowadays. "Children of Toil" is too much an echo of "Love in the Valley"—though adopt the fascinating metre and you have a task to clear yourself of the imputation.

Mr. Guy Kendall, some of whose work also has appeared in this journal, is the writer of accomplished verse. His is the eye, not "in a fine frenzy rolling," but rather gazing steadily on life, lit with the quiet gleam of unflickering faith. This he enunciates in "The Whole Design," and again in "The Labyrinth." He has a gospel of work, too, which contains both inspiration and a criticism:—

Work is to fan life's spark till the flagging flames suspire,
To watch the soul aglow in a mirror fashioned with hands,
The joyful signal-light of a spirit that understands,
Till answering beacons blaze with the full contagion of fire;

To set one's seal as a god, to crown one's head for a king,
To see the bone of one's bone, the flesh of one's flesh, and know
Not a workman on earth could have dreamed it, fingered and fashioned it so,
Not an Angel in heaven could copy this unrepeatable thing.

An "Ode on the Tercentenary of Charterhouse"—with which famous school Mr. Kendall is intimately associated—is a worthy and dignified tribute; and a "Hymn to Pan" is in many ways the most satisfactory thing in the book. It is interesting to note the dedication to Herbert Kennedy, the Charterhouse youth, untimely dead, whose "poetical remains" were published a short time ago. This little volume is no discredit to Mr. Fifield's "Grey Boards Series," which is a model of quiet taste in format.

When a poet is introduced in red letters on the wrapper of his book as "The Kipling of South Africa" it is liable to be used in evidence against him. And it is scarcely surprising to learn from the back of the wrapper that Mr. Unwin has also a Canadian Kipling in stock. Confidentially, we are only waiting for the Kipling of Honolulu to complete our collection, by which time, possibly, the original type will have become obscured in a total eclipse. A pest on all these Kiplinglets! Why will they not have the decency to tune their own pipe? We prefer to judge Mr. Gouldsbury in the moments when he is free of the awful ægis. We are not disappointed, for there is verse of good quality. "Dawn in the Hut," "Of any Port in Africa," "Exile," "The Shadow-Girl"—these are poems that live with no contemptible individuality, well turned, sweetly sung. Furthermore, in a group of Kaffir ballads he has found a distinct vein of his own. "Zama and Zirwa" is particularly successful. "Mambo's Burial Song," of which we give a couple of stanzas, is a worthy threnody:—

Still, though old and grey of beard,
His the voice the tribesmen feared;
His the name that we revered—Mambo, art thou gone?
Yea, to where the shadows grey
Swing like mealie-leaves a-sway,
Hiding from the light of day, leaving us alone.

Nay, it never shall be said
Mambo slumbers with the dead,
He who is of lions bred takes the lion's form;
Sometimes, when the moon is clear
We shall hear him stalking near,
Hear his thunder in our ear, louder than the storm.

Enough! Let the singer of the songs we have instanced not trouble himself about figuring as the "Kipling of South Africa," but content himself with being Cullen Gouldsbury, and he may live to vindicate his temerity.

We are relieved to find no hint of Mr. Scheffauer being the Kipling of California, though his opening poem might have stirred the rumour. This new volume which now he sends "into the carnage of the critic's pit" as food for the "stalled reviewer"—these are his cruel words—is an emphatic reaffirmation of his poetic virility; and it is a distinct advance on his last book. The fault of "The Masque of Elements" (which was reviewed some time ago in these columns) was that it was too highly wrought. It was like a design in ironwork, laboriously beaten and twisted; and the effect was of artificiality. In the present volume Mr. Scheffauer takes his art less frenetically, and the result is all gain. The title-poem is not remarkable for its substance—a Draconian critic might dub it "much ado about nothing"—but of course the verse is deftly fashioned, and it goes with a splendid swing. Its artistic success lies in the impression it certainly leaves of the gustiness and unleashed vigour of those remote robustious days. In truth, Mr. Scheffauer has a good deal of the spirit of those days in him—it has been called, we believe, "swashbuckling"; and the ballads which this volume contains are evidences of his real poetical exuberance when it trims itself for a clear course, and doesn't bother to stay every now and again tying fierce knots in the English language. Of the "Poems," as distinct from the ballads, we like best "The Secret Theatre" and "The Sea Slave"; the ballads are all good. A quartet of vigorous translations from Nietzsche rounds off the collation. Mr. Scheffauer still cherishes his extravagances—his "argentine largess of light"; his "glaring moons and asteroids"; he adds to our collection of verbal rarities such gems as "frore," "yarely," and "levins," and gives us a grievance against our somewhat conservative dictionary. All the same, this slim booklet of apple-green is by no means to be ignored.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Shorter Reviews

Plato's "Apology" and "Crito," or "The Defence of Socrates" and "The Drama of Loyalty." A New Translation, with the Greek Text Parallel, and Introduction and Notes by CHARLES L. MARSON, M.A. (Andrew Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)

"SCHOOLS and Universities often teach people to play tiring intellectual games with the jewels of literature. The one thing they forget to teach about them is that they are jewels. A new language has been invented for translation — the dead English of classrooms. . . . But Socrates talked market-talk. He would be better put into living Lancashire or vital Somerset than in this inhuman mechanical jargon." Thus Mr. Marson defends in his preface his excellent translation. We do not know whether, once got to work, he has really aspired to "living Lancashire" or "market-talk." We suspect that he has abandoned the attempt; the market conversationalists have rather too limited a vocabulary to discuss the origins of life and death, and the principles on which States rest, and Socrates was hardly a provincial. Moreover, there is Plato to be considered; he has something to say to the form in which we know the "Apology" and the "Crito," and, if his aim was verisimilitude, his media were Attic prose and the highest literary art. But Mr. Marson has not tried any of these experiments; he has given us a good, sound, vigorous, and sometimes homely translation. It is, as we were bound to expect, uneven, and some passages are almost stilted, but when he gets going he is excellent. We will quote a fairly typical passage:—"O men of Athens, I am far from defending myself, as a man might fancy. It is you I am defending: lest you should somehow miss the gift of God, by voting me guilty. If you kill me, you will not readily find another such, who is simply, if I may be allowed a bit of a laugh, sent to buzz at the city [by God], just as if Athens were a great blood-horse, so strong that she is very sluggish and needs to be aroused by some gadfly of a thing." The introductory matter is written in a strain of fine enthusiasm, and contains, among other things, the verdicts of the later Greek world and of the Christian fathers on the life of Socrates. The notes are occasionally rather incoherent.

Valserine, and Other Stories. (English and French Versions.) By MARGUERITE AUDOUX. Translated by JOHN N. RAPHAEL. (Chapman and Hall. 6s.)

MR. RAPHAEL has made a great "coup" in getting hold of the practically unpublished *débuts* of the authoress of "Marie Claire." Whether he has been wise to translate them, and to incorporate his translations in the same volume as the stories themselves, is a question difficult to answer. The charm of Mme. Audoux lies so much in her fresh, direct style that the translator has a hard task to perform. Mr. Raphael is only half-successful: he seems by turns too careful and too careless. Some passages suffer from a literalness that is almost painful, others from a rough rearrangement of effects that reminds us of the well-meant activities of a college bedmaker. Still, for those who can read French there is the original text, and for those who cannot this translation is certainly good enough to show them things they did not know before.

All the stories, with the exception of the longest—"Valserine"—were written long before "Marie Claire." The "juvenilia" of the author of a masterpiece are always interesting, and some of the minor contents of the present volume have distinct intrinsic merit. "Valserine" is a maturer, more ambitious work, and must be judged separately. Mme. Audoux is above all things an artist, and, if we do not always experience great thrills, we are, at all events, spared all shocks and jars. Some of the episodes are so convincing that we cannot but feel that they are a piece of life—a piece of the writer's life, we should have said, only they are not quite consistent with each other. We will indicate, for example, the two sketches, "La Fiancée" and "Mère et Fille."

"Valserine" is a fine piece of pathos. The heroine, a little girl, hardly more than a baby, loses her father, a smuggler on the Swiss frontier, to whom she is passionately attached, and whom she has assisted in his enterprises. She at first hears only of his capture, but when she learns the true extent of her loss she breaks from her benefactors and chooses a home and a career that shall be more like a continuation of her life with her father. The first loneliness, before knowledge, the roughness of the final enlightenment, and the sublimity of the commemoration, are told with an admirable simplicity and force.

We have always thought that M. Octave Mirbeau was the wrong sponsor for Mme. Audoux. She is not exactly a "Barrèsite," and it would be straining an innocent but fashionable word unduly to call her a "régionaliste," but she has too much of the sun and the soil in her to admit the claims of literary cosmopolis. She stands for the greater humanity—the humanity without the capital "h."

Histoire des Arabes. By CLEMENT HUART. Vol. I. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. 20 fr. the two volumes.)

WE must confess to a feeling of disappointment on reading M. Huart's first volume. It is probably through expecting what we had no right to expect. The birth of Islam has been so often painted for us in the brilliant colours of romance that the drab tones of scientific history have the effect of an unpleasant surprise. At the same time we submit that Islam is not complete without the romance; the gospel of Mahomet and its wonderful conquering career are miracles that summon our awe and demand our meditation. M. Huart explains them, satisfactorily up to a point, by giving us the data and simply recording the sequence of events. The great enigma of Mahomet's soul gets somehow put on one side. We suppose that it never has been really confronted: Carlyle's explanation of a "hatred of idolatry" affords very little help. In any case, the lack of psychological method and of picturesque treatment makes the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

present work rather difficult reading. The Arabs are so far away from us—further, indeed, than most Orientals—that sympathy requires a stimulus.

With all this, M. Huart has compiled a solid and much-needed historical work. He has limited his subject in such a way as to include Morocco and to exclude the Turkish Empire. He has shown great skill in elucidating the perplexity of social arrangements of pre-Mahometan Arabia, and he has explained the modifications of these arrangements due to the new way of life. The development of the Khalifate is worked out on good broad lines. Of Mahomet there are some excellent traits recorded. To a follower's suggestion of no quarter for some defeated Arabs, because they were "sons of pagans," he replied, "Et vous-même, n'êtes-vous pas des fils de païens?" The conquests of Islam are ascribed in part to the formulæ—drawn up for the purpose by the Koranic doctors—among which we will quote the surprising maxim, "l'homme mal monté mène la troupe," and also in part to the minimum nature of its requirements. It is possibly this characteristic of levelling up to a minimum that makes any but a short sketch of Arab history tend to be rather dull.

The American Government. By FREDERIC J. HASKIN. (J. B. Lippincott Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

THIS book is the offspring of frank megalomania. It is simply a swollen advertisement of the absolute perfection of the Federal Government of the United States of America, "the most active and powerful nation in the world"—"a story to make every American breast swell with pride." We admit that there is ample justification for pride—in dollars and machinery—but it is a little nauseating when arrogance is too blatant. At the same time, a good account is given of all the highly complicated and marvellously worked machinery of the numerous departments and bureaus of the Federal Government, and it makes very interesting reading. It is impossible not to be impressed with the extreme thoroughness which characterises the complicated working of the vast and intricate mechanism. Americans have a perfect passion for statistics on a stupendous scale. Mr. Haskin's work should satisfy their most voracious appetite. Millions and billions are nothing accounted of in the days of Taft. Even the number of million words uttered by the President in six years' speech-making is thought worthy of record. Everything in the States is quite superlative, "the largest and finest in the world," "nothing else in the entire history of the world compares with," "no other country has such an extensive system," etc., etc. Chapter after chapter begins with this sort of magniloquence, till there is no more spirit left in us. There is, however, one notable exception. It is admitted that the British Navy is the most powerful in the world, the United States being a good second.

With such crumb of comfort we return to our own insignificant country, all agape at this demonstration of the land that "licks creation."

The Church of Armenia. By MALACHIA ORMANIAN, formerly Armenian Patriarch of Constantinople. Translated from the French Edition by G. M. GREGORY, V.D. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 5s. net.)

ARMENIA was converted to Christianity at the beginning of the fourth century by the preaching of Gregory the Parthian (S. Gregory the Illuminator), who died in the year of the Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325. Since his day the Church of Armenia has maintained a national independence through all the throes of religious and political persecution and the horror of "massacres which, with periodic recurrence for centuries, have played havoc with the nation's Fatherland and Church." The Armenians are a democratic race of sturdy highlanders, ready to make any sacrifice for their religion, and their history illustrates the importance to the State of maintaining a national Church as the symbol and bond of nationality. Dr. Neale and Dean Stanley long ago pointed out the parallelism between the cases of the Armenian and English Churches. In both lies the principle of national independence, compatible with true Catholicism, yet protesting against the infallibility of any one branch of the Church Catholic. In this work there is first a short history of the Church in Armenia, followed by a lengthy survey of its doctrine, rule, discipline, liturgy, and literature, with an appreciation of its present position and influence in the Near East. The account of doctrine, local customs, and ritual, of the clergy, and of the power of the laity is full and excellent. The book should be indispensable to students of comparative ecclesiology. Its chief value lies in the fact that it is written from within by a learned man who for many years held a high and important position in the Church. Colonel Gregory has given us a careful and sympathetic translation.

Through Dante's Land: Impressions in Tuscany. By MRS. COLQUHAN GRANT. Illustrated. John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

IN this book Dante's land is made the scene of some adventures on the part of quite modern folk. We have first of all a squire from the County of Crowshire, whose conversation with his sister elucidates the treasures of the historic soil. The advent of a lady with second-rate airs and graces from the same county leads, by way of a reluctant companionship, to further explanations and discussions concerning the monuments of Sunny Italy. Before long the undesirable lady is disposed of, and her situation as receiver of information is carried on by two charming Americans, one of whom provides food for a most unexpected tragedy of the affections in the course of the final couple of pages. The book is pleasantly enough written, and contains some admirable photographs of Florence, Camaldoli, the Castle of Poppi, Vallambrosa, and similar spots. The scheme on which it has been elaborated is, nevertheless, not a happy one. The incidents of fiction seem to blend somewhat ill with the realities of travel and information, and vice versa. It is not always wise to attempt to kill two birds with

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

one stone; in this instance both have been merely wounded. Not that the book should be misjudged from this latter phrase. It is both readable and useful—but it might have been better.

Gates of the Dolomites. By L. MARION DAVIDSON. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

THE Dolomites could scarcely have found a champion more ardent than Miss Davidson. Since 1905, she explains, "it has been my endeavour to enter and leave the Dolomites by every possible and sometimes seemingly impossible way during my thirteen visits, which, all counted up, together represent well over a year spent in the Mountain-land." The present book is the result of her numerous visits to the country of picturesque peaks, the geography of which, as the author explains, is familiar to so very few of the travelling world.

It will not be Miss Davidson's fault if this ignorance continues; for her book is comprehensive and thorough, and leads the reader to many of the least accessible and most fascinating neighbourhoods of this curious region. In many respects the work falls within the guide-book category; but the details of the various centres, routes, and hotels are pleasantly varied by the numerous incidents and minor adventures which are inevitable in a country such as this. In order, moreover, to add to the scope of the subject, Miss Davidson has enlisted the services of allied pens. Thus Sir Melville Beachcroft supplies an introductory couple of pages, and Miss Adeline Edwards the details of some very interesting ascents, while Mr. F. M. Spencer Thomson contributes some valuable matter on the Flora of the Dolomites and on the Tyrolese and their origin. To lovers of the mountain country the book cannot fail to be of interest.

Early History of the Christian Church from its Foundation to the End of the Fifth Century. By MONSIGNOR LOUIS DUCHESNE. Rendered into English from the Fourth Edition. Volume II. (John Murray. 9s. net.)

THERE are many histories of the Early Church, yet the student will surely find room in his library for a work from so learned a scholar as Mgr. Duchesne. This volume is in effect the story of the great Arian controversy and partly of the Donatist schism. Mgr. Duchesne is a writer of judicial mind and impartial criticism. He does not waste time in tilting at ecclesiastical windmills, but where criticism is necessary he is unsparing. His historical method is that of Lord Acton. He deals with the mistakes of the orthodox in the same spirit with which he judges the enemies of the Church. He is not devoid of humour. The faithful historian is not always a *grata persona* with the rigid ecclesiastic, whether Roman or Protestant. But this fact is one of the best tests of his claim to write history. The days of Froude and Macaulay are passing, and we live in an age when history must, as it were, stand the searchlight of a court of justice. Historical research must be as keen as scientific investigation. There can be no *suppressio veri* in the interests of persons or parties. Here Acton and Creighton clashed. Mgr. Duchesne is fearless. His judgments are refreshing. Thus alone can any true estimate be formed of periods of raging controversy. Therefore his work will be read and appreciated by all who are able to understand history in a spirit of detachment.

An Athenian Critic of Athenian Democracy. Being a Translation of the "De Republica Atheniensium." By FRANCIS BROOKS, M.A. (David Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)

THE little essay of "The Old Oligarch," as Professor Gilbert Murray dubbed the anonymous author of "The Athenian Polity," is almost as pregnant with political interest for us as for those amongst whom its author moved. No man has ever appreciated more fully the strength of an island having command of the sea, and the weakness of a democracy. With regard to the tone of the essay, we are at variance with Mr. Brooks when he adopts the view that "the effect of irony is due solely to a cold and passionless detachment on the part of the writer, who sets forth his facts statistically and without emotion, and leaves the reader to pass upon them what judgment he pleases." Such a view is in our opinion unjustifiable in the face of the biting irony and bitter scorn with which the whole composition is impregnated, and the obvious insincerity of such praise as is bestowed. However, this is a question which does not affect the value of the translation, which is sufficiently close to convey the spirit of the original. But why does Mr. Brooks call the latter the "De Republica Atheniensium"? For all that appears to the contrary, one might imagine that the work was composed in the Latin tongue.

Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti. With Translations of them and an Introduction by EZRA POUND. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

GUIDO CAVALCANTI, little known in England, has been considered by some Italian critics of repute as second to Dante alone among their lyrical poets. In spite of an occasional exaggerated preciosity and an occasional crabbedness, Mr. Ezra Pound has made it possible for the English reader to understand him. For the most part the translation keeps pace admirably with the text, and he that, unconversant with Italian, will read Mr. Pound will have read also Guido Cavalcanti. Mr. Pound believes in an absolute rhythm, and, finding its perfection in Cavalcanti, he has aimed at repeating it in his own verses. Originally he intended a prose translation, but, as he whimsically observes, "I cannot trust the reader to read the Italian for the music after he has read my English for the sense." Love and Death are the matter of the Sonnets and the Ballate, as they are of the "Vita Nuova." The identity of Guido's lady is lost with "les neiges d'antan." The colours of his palette are many, but his favourite harmonies are born of the sunshine and the spring—

> Avete in voi li fiori, e la verdura,
> E ciò che luce, o è bello a vedere.
> Risplende più, che 'l sol vostra figura.

—"Thou hast in thee the flower and the green."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Fiction

Darnely Place. By RICHARD BAGOT. (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

SETTING aside the deference due to the consideration of the work of an expert in his own line, as is Mr. Bagot on Italian people, we must confess that "Darnely Place" wearied us, and would further venture to hazard a guess that it wearied the author too. There is nothing pronouncedly Italian, particularly English, nor especially anything about the setting of the story. The characters, unless we except the dog—who is charming—are not alive enough to excite any real interest in what they do or in what becomes of them, and they show a tendency to play with old nursery toys in the way of stage-properties, disappointing in children of so experienced a parent as Mr. Bagot. The people seem to be in the author's mind merely as puppets, used to demonstrate a theory. The theory does grasp our attention when it is first introduced, for the idea of visible psychic phenomena produced at third hand, traceable to a memory in the brain of a dead man and controlling the destinies of several living people, is certainly a scheme worth dressing puppets for.

This idea is all there is in the book, and Mr. Bagot has not had the courage to carry the thing through. In fact, having allowed us to see exciting visions of, as it were, the whole Cheshire cat, he withdraws, as the story goes on, more and more of the body and head of the animal, leaving us at length gazing in disappointment at a mere grin, and a half-hearted one at that. We are led to believe that either the materialist or Mr. Bagot, or some other agency out to spoil a good idea, must have suggested that a scene in the memory of a man, cast into the brain of another man, and out at length through a third brain—was a longer chain of psychic connection than any "reasonable Public" would accept. Hence the end of the story, where we find the second link, as we are led to think him, shedding false names and everything else, and declaring himself to be—with all the proofs that novelists keep in their store cupboards—the original villain of the original drama, "not dead after all."

This is a disappointment, for we had really hoped that when, through his gifts as a medium, this rather unconvincing person cast pictures of ancient events casually before a young descendant of the actors in the old story, he was passing on impressions conveyed to him by a dead and repentant villain. That would have been splendid and rather exciting—the whole bag of tricks exploited psychically—love, villainy, remorse, revenge, and restitution. Mr. Bagot, however, does us out of this, and really anyone who can delight us—as, in one grateful recollection, he has done—ought to show better stage management.

The book, on its own declaration, should figure for classification on the list headed "Ideas"; it does not claim a place among those catalogued as stories, tragedies, comedies, or character studies: it should, of course, be judged accordingly. When, however, the author maliciously deprives it of the greater force of the very idea itself, the critic feels inclined to shake his head and declare that he "won't play."

Rusted Hinges. By ST. CLAIR HARNETT. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

A PUBLISHER'S note concerning this book states that it is "a thing so novel in its form as to prick the interest of the most jaded reviewer." We would fain corroborate this statement, but confess that we find in "Rusted Hinges" a hotch-potch of mediæval romance—variety carried to such lengths that it becomes wearisome through its disconnectedness. Here and there, in the earlier chapters, we catch glimpses, faint though they may be, of that spirit of romance which the author invokes, but hardly evokes. Toward the end of the book we begin to feel that its author has grasped at the spirit in half a hundred different ways, and somehow has failed to clutch it. Had he made one decided grasp rather than these many little efforts, he would probably have achieved greater success.

His direct address to the reader is rather out of date, yet Mr. Harnett insists on using it. He affects mediæval style, too, to a rather irritating extent: "'proaching" for "approaching" strikes us as an unfortunate mannerism, rather than a means of conveying the spirit and atmosphere of a half-forgotten period. But we have said enough by way of criticism, and we grant that here and there Mr. Harnett evokes a real thrill, and betrays a capacity for writing fiction of a certain order which causes us to hope that we may hear of him again in work of more solid and—we regret to confess it—a more conventional form. It is unwise for the beginner, as Mr. Harnett appears to be, to attempt a reversal of the accepted forms of fiction writing. Innovations of that kind may be attempted when a man has won his spurs in whatever field he elects to fight. To attain success in the setting of a new fashion demands genius of a very high order, or extraordinary luck. When the possession of such genius has been proved, the attempt may be made, but it is unwise for a beginner to trust to luck to such an extent as is displayed here.

Told by the Ayah. By ADVENA HEARLE. (J. Baker and Son, Clifton. 1s. net.)

THE ayah, or Indian nurse, is a personage of some importance in an Anglo-Indian household, especially in the care of the children, whom she has to look after day and night. These stories, told by an ayah to her little charges in India, in the hot weather, when the hours pass wearily, will carry back many an English mother and child to the happy days of the latter's early youth, before the inevitable separation of Anglo-Indian families dealt its deadly blow on family life. The subjects are of common kind, of Indians of various classes from the Raja to the dacoit, and of animals from the crocodile to the jackal, in a setting of fairyland. They were taken down from the ayah's narrative, and have been well and clearly translated. They will entertain all young children and their parents too. It is a cheap gift-book for the young folk which they will value greatly.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Shorter Notices

FOLLOWING the example set by Lytton in his great historical romances, Lieut.-Colonel Haggard permits fiction to lead history blindfold in "THE ROMANCE OF BAYARD" (Stanley Paul and Co., 6s.), and relates how Marguerite, sister of the then King of France, followed Bayard to his battles after disguising herself as a trumpeter, in company with no less a figure from English history than Anne Boleyn, also disguised in male attire. How far history countenances these extravagances it is not for us to say, but they make up an exceedingly diverting story until the moment in which the *preux chevalier* expires in his Marguerite's arms. The characters are well presented, though the author insists too much on their virtues and vices. It is quite unnecessary to describe a brave or contemptible deed, and then write a paragraph, or mayhap a page, informing the reader that the aforesaid deed was brave or contemptible, as the case might be; it is, moreover, but a poor compliment to the reader's intelligence. Still, Colonel Haggard has caught the flavour of the times concerning which he writes, and we wish he had given us all the story of Bayard, rather than the story of the only love-affair in which—so we are assured—the great knight played a part.

A rather slender love story is used in "THE BROAD WALK" (Constable and Co., 6s.) as a peg on which to hang certain descriptions of Russian life and character. M. Leonie Aminoff is decidedly epigrammatic, using that word in its best sense, and there are a number of witty little passages in the book which atone, in some measure, for the disjointed style in which it is written. This latter, doubtless, is consequent on the nationality of the author, who, however, displays a remarkable familiarity with English writers, classic and otherwise, in a number of extremely apposite quotations. Viewing the book as a whole, it forms a well-told series of incidents, but these are so loosely strung together, and the reader's attention is switched to such an extent from one to another that, at the end, one is left with the sense of a series of unrelated stories rather than of one tale. It is, however, excellent light reading, and, as such, will find its public.

Summing up his own work, and finally disposing of his characters, Mr. Bohun Lynch terms his book, GLAMOUR (John Murray, 6s.), "a fitful commentary," and the phrase is most apt. The story concerns modern Greece, an unlikely spot in which to find glamour of the sort which the hero set out to find, but Chrysoula, the little Greek heroine of the story, contents him—when he has won her. In the winning lies all the plot that the book possesses. We confess to a genuine regard for Hull, the adventurer for whom glamour no longer exists, but confess, also, that we find his strenuous career a trifle overdrawn. Hull is too complete; he has lived too many lives in too many parts of the world to be quite real. The writer knows his Greece, and the Greek character, in so far as the book expresses it, is well drawn. The Homeric fight with which the story concludes will provide a thrill even for the most hardened and *blasé* novel-reader. For that alone the book is worth reading.

Ianthe Cavendish has thoroughly enjoyed writing every line of what was evidently no task. Without the smallest effort, and with a great deal of spontaneous belief in them and herself, she presents us with three delightful people in "DOCTOR BROWN'S PARTNER" (Ham-Smith, 6s.), moving in a crowd of very reasonable satellites. The setting of the story, a "Cure House" run on novel lines by a young doctor with a personality, allied to a thoroughly well-bred snob of a partner, may not be new, but the author's conviction of the freshness and glory of her *mise-en-scène* persuades the reader into believing the idea to be a new one. Doctor Jack is a delightful person. He poses as the son of a Jewish rag-and-bone merchant in order the more triumphantly to subdue the young arrogance and girlish stubbornness of his guest and patient—the daughter of a Ducal Viceroy; and later on turns into a Duke, with a subtle sense of humour and the opportune quite as irresistible to the reader as the man himself becomes to the haughty young woman whom he loves. The patients are carefully not allowed to become caricatures—although the American Mrs. Locke narrowly escapes that fate. From her, however, we get one sentence so splendid that we can forgive much, both to the widow of Josias P. Locke and her creator: "No one could doubt the respect I show to the memory of Josias P. Locke in all Kensal Green Cemetery, and I reckon you won't find such a real sweet sarcophagus as I had erected over him, myself in marble weeping on the top!"

Much is being written just now on Wales and its people, and students who are unable to study on the spot may find in "PICTURE TALES FROM WELSH HILLS" (T. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.) many illustrations of habits of thought and life as foreign to their ken as those of a far country. Speaking from personal knowledge, we can say that there is no corner of the world in which an Englishman feels so strange and out of touch as in some Welsh valley where the people cannot or will not speak English. The best of the stories, and the most characteristic, is "The Way He Went." The authoress gives a new version of a well-known rhyme:—

> Taffy was a Welshman and a thief was he;
> Taffy came to my house, and stole my heart from me.
> I went to Taffy's house as one goes from home,
> There I set my own house and seek no more to roam.

In "THE WOOING OF MARGARET TREVENNA," by Roy Meldrum (Andrew Melrose, 6s.) we have a tale of the seventeenth century well told, and full of incident from beginning to end. The wooing of Margaret—the reputed daughter of a country squire—by a highwayman, a heretofore gentleman of title and estate, is delightful and exciting. Her escape from a tyrannical stepmother who tries to induce her to marry a man she does not love; his escape from the officers of the King, a price having been put on his head; and their subsequent devotion in helping a plague-stricken village of three hundred poor souls furnish ample material for a story well worth the reading.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Literary Traveller

By W. H. KOEBEL.

FOR a good many decades the English Channel has been the subject of much ingenious thought. The unpopularity of its waves has given rise to innumerable schemes for their avoidance. Indeed, were someone to take the trouble to write a really comprehensive article concerning the various plans—sane and otherwise—which have been brought forward to this particular end, the result would be notable in the way of a revelation in the workings of the more imaginative human mind. For, as regards the general schemes contemplated, the famous tunnel, which not only was discussed and argued about, but the working of which was actually begun, formed only one of the numerous feats of the imagination. Although ambitious, there was, in the light of modern achievements, nothing wild or bizarre in the plan. It was otherwise with the amazing and wonderful bridges pictured by those experts whose minds had apparently become heated to an altogether undue extent in their frenzied efforts to foil the particular waters which have probably exerted a more malign influence over a larger number of human interiors than any other stretch of sea in the world. There is no doubt that in one sense the evil reputation of the Channel has been unjustly come by. It is due, that is to say, rather to the number of passengers who float uncomfortably on its surface than to any especial demerits of its own. In this respect the waters of the English Channel have much in common with those of the Bay of Biscay. In marine life both these places answer very closely to the Clapham Junction of the railway world. All three are spots of peculiarly crowded traffic, and are therefore subject a thousandfold to the ordinary run of criticism and complaints which attends the general path of the traveller.

. . . . . .

It is true that of late years not a few winged men have flown from the coast of one country to that of the other, thus ignoring the waves of the English Channel for the first time in the history of mankind since restless spirits took to trusting themselves on the face of the waters. But such journeys still remain something in the nature of feats, and the ordinary passenger from England to France, or vice versâ, is quite content to remain profoundly unconcerned with any personal experiences of this nature. The methods accepted by the multitude of his fellow-passengers are quite good enough for him, and in this he is no doubt quite right. Hence any new scheme by which he is enabled to travel in company with his fellow ticket-holders is much more likely to meet with general approval than one which involves individual attempt. The latest of these—one, moreover, which seems to be receiving really serious attention from practical and interested quarters—is a project to institute a railway ferry service between England and France. The mail trains, instead of concluding their journey at the water's edge, will be run on to the deck of a great vessel and, having been carried in this way over the Channel, will continue, intact, their journey to the other side. By this means the passenger would be enabled to enter his compartment in London, and remain within it—whether completely undisturbed or not remains to be seen—until the train had reached its destination at Paris or any of the minor French towns.

. . . . . .

Once instituted, the possibilities of the scheme are endless. The extension of the various termini of a direct route then would be nothing beyond a matter of arrangement and schedule. For the practical purposes of travel the definition of an island has already been destroyed by the invention of flight. But this, of course, as I have already said, is at present restricted to the very few. So far as unbroken communication is concerned, this ferry would serve the same purpose, less perfectly, it is true, but efficiently enough for all ordinary needs. The idea in itself is fascinating to those who love to travel in sublime ease. To be enabled to see one's impedimenta stored in a compartment at Victoria, Charing Cross, or any other of the London stations, and to remain in undisturbed possession of one's own particular itinerant corner until the arrival at some very distant destination affords a distinctly pleasant prospect. Given the ferry, St. Petersburg—that town which, for some reason or other, we in England alone have canonised—would come very easily within the category of the direct route. And why should not one see at Charing Cross a train embellished with such legends as "Through carriage to China"? There is no reason on earth why this should not come about. On the continent they have already become more or less accustomed to such things. It is only in our island that they would strike with the amazement of the utterly novel.

. . . . . .

Railway ferries themselves are, of course, no new things. One of the most important I have seen is in South America. It harnesses the great river Paraná, and connects the former isolated province of Entre Rios with the main centre of Buenos Aires. The length of the journey is, so far as I remember, about sixty miles, and the passage of the steamer-borne train along the silent waters is not a little remarkable to witness. As regards mere length, the enterprise of the Channel is as nothing compared with this. But there are possibilities in the Channel which do not obtain in the sheltered stream of the Paraná. The question naturally arises here: What would happen in the event of a gale? The majority of folk are only too familiar with the sensations caused by a continued disturbance of their bodily equilibrium. What difference is there between rolling in a ship pure and simple, or confined in a railway compartment attached to the deck of a vessel? It is here that one may feel some discouragement concerning the venture; for it seems possible enough that the second state might well prove worse than the first. But this is a matter which the experts have doubtless taken into consideration, and much comfort may be derived from the feats which modern science has achieved in such directions as these.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Theatre

Three New Plays at the Duke of York's

ROSALIND.

MR. J. M. BARRIE displays all his most charming, most arresting qualities in this tiny comedy. It epitomises his knowledge of the heart of man and his gay and tender imagination. It engages your interest from the first moment to the last; it may touch you to tears, or compel your laughter by a turn of phrase or a fanciful, gay thought. The story is the elemental truth that a woman can be young and middle-aged, in years, at the same time, and that she can enjoy both states with equal delight. But there are a thousand more things than this in the play which Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. Donald Calthrop, and Miss Haye act with fine feeling and deep sincerity and a sense of gaiety and of pathos which is as rare as it is welcome on the English stage. Miss Vanbrugh plays the part of a greatly admired actress who appears like every other woman to be about twenty-nine. She is really middle-aged—"forty and a bittock." So this year, when the summer comes, she goes away, and hides in comfortable, commonplace lodgings, and feels and looks just as old as she likes. But there is her friend Charles, one of a thousand admirers of her youth and liveliness, who happens upon her secret dwelling and mistakes her for the mother of the girl he loves. The most delicious comedy scenes follow upon this situation, for Mr. Donald Calthrop, who plays the boy of twenty-three, is almost as skilful and as resourceful as Miss Vanbrugh herself. How the famous actress disillusionises the boy about his love, how she makes him love the middle-aged woman she is for the moment, how she changes again to the young girl and so off to London to play Rosalind, these things must be seen—and, if you are fortunate, seen several times. The whole play is a pure delight, instinct with the poetry and the sorrow of life; rich in laughter, yet deeply freighted with those half-suppressed tears which such great artists as Mr. Barrie and the lady who plays his heroine allow us to feel rather than to see. Mr. Frohman is, of course, a master of the arts of the theatre, and so he prepares for the enjoyment of the most charming little comedy of our time by presenting us with two dull plays.

OVERRULED.

This is, I am told, admired by those who follow the works of Mr. Bernard Shaw with blind appreciation. The period is yesterday night, and the humour and the acting of the piece appear to belong to the same time, unless, indeed, they have more in common with the day-before-yesterday. The fortunate may find Mr. Shaw's attempted satire on English conventions highly amusing; to us it seems stale and unprofitable. The actors appear well aware that they are boring the audience. The audience shows every sign of sympathy with the actors. The play, in which two husbands and two wives talk of love and separation, and about it and about, is described as a demonstration, and it certainly makes clear the interesting fact that the amusing author of "Fanny's First Play" can be intensely tedious.

THE WIDOW OF WASDALE HEAD.

The reign of George III supplies the period for Sir Arthur Pinero's so-called fantasy, and Mr. Byam Shaw has designed the costumes. As for the rest, it is a made-up story which does not convince us for a moment after the manner of true fantasy. It may be said that Miss Maude, as the widow, and Mr. Fred Kerr, as the ghost of her dead husband, do everything in their power to make us feel interested—but it is not very much. It is not a play to be criticised, but it serves an admirable purpose. It adds by simple contrast to the grace and charm and truth of "Rosalind." After all, to be able to give us one beautiful and successful play out of three is an achievement on which any management should be warmly congratulated.

"Zaza" at Queen's Theatre

THERE is the ring of old, forgotten, far-off theatrical things about the revival of Mr. David Belasco's adaptation of this once widely popular play. Old-fashioned stage characters, old-world pseudo-emotions, passé hysteria, half-remembered tricks, make up the sum of this production. It would appear that the active life of the stage during the last ten years has in no way affected the mind of the management at the Queen's; they have learnt nothing, they have forgotten nothing. All the work of the younger race—from, say, Mr. Shaw to Mr. Macdonald Hastings, counts as of no worth. The outworn conventions of the last century are good enough for the producers of the present "Zaza," and we are glad to admit that they make these effects as telling as it is possible. Just as there are many people who only visit the operas of their youth, so there must be many who enjoy almost extinct plays of long ago. Miss Ethel Warwick, who plays the rôle made famous by Mrs. Leslie Carter and Mrs. Lewis Waller, brings youth and beauty, splendid physical organisation, and a certain unrestrained freshness and strength to her rather ill-requited labour. Zaza is certainly a long and trying part—but Miss Warwick undertakes it with high confidence and bravery. The result is not quite as agreeable as we could wish, but that is one of the faults that is of the essence of the play itself. Miss Warwick's natural gifts and her evident efforts make one wish that she could be seen in some real part, something at least not quite so artificial, theatrical, and of yesterday. As to the play, the story of the café singer who determines to enslave a rather sophisticated man of the world, and does it with the greatest ease although he is happily married, loses him and gains him again when he is free, is already familiar and quite unbelievable. The fact that Mr. Guy Standing plays the part of the willing victim of Zaza's passion makes the story seem a little more improbable than it has sometimes seemed in the past. For he shows us the sort of man who knows his world, the kind of person little inclined to be very de-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

voted—in the last act—to this unreal heroine. However, both he and Miss Warwick look splendid, and present their curious stage characters with even more conviction than one has any right to expect. Occasionally, it is true, both seem a little doubtful as to how to bring their various actions into harmony. But there are scenes in which they understand the theatricality of the situations and play them for even more than they are worth. Some of the minor characters are admirably played. Miss Kate Keary as the aunt of Zaza makes the most of the well-worn humours of a more or less secret alcoholist. Mr. Heath Haviland, too, is excellent as the stage-manager, Joly, but he, like many another accomplished actor in the cast, makes us long for a real play in which they might all shine instead of this thankless souvenir of days that are over, and stage dreams that are done.

"Captain Brassbound's Conversion" at the Little Theatre

THE brilliant attractiveness of Miss Gertrude Kingston's method, and the sincerity and clarity of Mr. Charles Sugden's stage manner, give something more than a touch of freshness and reality to this somewhat tentative and unimportant work by Mr. Bernard Shaw. It was, he tells us, written in 1899, a period when he was feeling his way towards later successes. But the author and many other people consider "Captain Brassbound" an admirable piece of work, epoch-making in its day and for all time. Personally, we think it is an attempt which has rather missed fire, and that although Sir Howard Ballam, the judge, and Lady Cicely Waynflete, his sister-in-law, are clearly drawn, delightful characters, Brassbound and the rest are uncertain, of the world of shadows, unconvincing in a marked degree. And yet with all its crudities and careless faults it is a far better entertainment than half of those produced in town. And the revival at the Little Theatre—with its pleasant, fresh decoration, its intimate and agreeable atmosphere—should be seen by all who are interested in the rapid progress of the stage. As we have said, two at least of the actors are immensely attractive in themselves, and then, from the point of view of the history of the stage, it is intensely interesting to note just how wayward and old-fashioned a play of 1899 stands forth in 1912.

EGAN MEW.

Foreign Reviews

DIE DEUTSCHE RUNDSCHAU.

IN the October number we find an account by Herr Ermatinger of the relations between Gottfried Keller and the Dunckers—a Berlin publisher and his relations. The problem of Keller's passion for Frau Duncker's sister is only partially solved by the hitherto unpublished letters contained in the article; the next number, however, may help us. It is interesting to note that some of the first-hand materials for the characterisation of the persons concerned are due to the veteran editor of the *Rundschau*, Herr Julius Rodenberg. Herr August Fournier tells the story of the Viennese secret police, from its origins under Joseph II to its complicated activities during the Congress of Vienna; we learn, for instance, that Lord Castlereagh was careful to engage his maid-servants without the assistance of the native authorities; even that did not save him from police observation. Professor Federico Hermanin explains, with the aid of a map, the excavations planned in Rome by Professor Ricci; the scheme is to include the restoration of the forums of Augustus and Nerva, and the extension of the forum of Trajan to something like its original limits. Professor Hermanin incidentally defends these excavations from an æsthetic point of view. Herr Schneegans gives a study of Rousseau, and Herr Ernst Zahn contributes a story, to be concluded in the next number.

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

September 16.—The correspondence between Baudelaire's mother and his intimate friend, Charles Asselineau, contains some very pathetic passages. For instance, during the last illness of the poet, his mother writes:—"On m'a dit qu'il peut dire maintenant: *bonjour, Monsieur*. Je désirerais savoir s'il le dit spontanément, de lui-même, quand on va le voir, ou bien s'il le répète après M. Duval qui l'exerce à prononcer quelques mots." The disintegration and swan-song of geniuses are studied from a more powerful point of view by Dr. Paul Voivenel—Nietzsche, Rousseau, Schumann, and Maupassant serving as his examples. M. Georges Batault, in his long article—"Les Tendances de la Poésie Contemporaine"—is optimistic and informing. He recognises in modern French poetry a loss of interest in history, but claims for it "la redécouverte de la vie."

October 1.—Mme. Alexandra Davidson contributes a *spirituel* account of her interview at Kalimpong, "l'Avignon du Dalaï-Lama," with that august personage. Anne-Marie and Charles Lalo discuss at some length the abuse of the man of science as a dramatic character. M. Lauret writes of the Prussian poet-patriot von Kleist and his decadent notions. Tschaikowsky is also shown in a bad light, as inflated with ambition, and as jealously unjust to such names as Beethoven and Wagner, by M. Gauthier-Villars. M. Charles Chassé's investigations into Mallarmé's career as "professeur d'anglais" make delightful reading. The poet seems to have been very incompetent, but, in his own way, extremely conscientious. The verdict of a pupil is given: "Le père Mallarmé, on ne fiche rien dans sa classe; pas étonnant, il écrit tout le temps pour des journaux de mode." Space forbids us to explain the grounds of this charge. As a specimen of Mallarmé's educational writings, the translation of "fell a rubbing" by "tomba un frottant" should suffice.

LA REVUE.

September 15.—An "enquête" on "le monde sans l'or," conducted by M. Finot, does not impress us very

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

much, except by the eminence of the contributors. The hypothesis is that the mediæval problem is about to be solved, and that it will be possible to manufacture gold; the general verdict is that it will make very little difference. Two great historical examples of platonic affection—Saint François de Sales and Jeanne de Chantal, Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna—are treated by M. Faguet and M. Edouard Schuré respectively. M. Mikaal Warandian waxes eloquent to the point of bombast on the Armenians as successful revolutionaries in Turkey, Russia, and Persia. M. de Tarlé discusses military service in Australia, and Mme. Marguerite Coleman gives an amusing account of "les clubs excentriques de Londres."

La Revue Bleue.

September 7.—M. Werner Söderhjelm explains the Finnish grievance against Russia; the Finns are neither Russians nor Swedes; "chacun sait ici que notre culture dépend tout entière de notre indépendance politique," and Russia is trying to destroy both. M. Régis Michaud writes at length on Walter Pater. M. Jacques Lux reviews a translation of Mr. Churton Collins' book on Voltaire, Rousseau, and Montesquieu in England, and also the Comte d'Antioche's work on Chateaubriand as ambassador to this country. M. Cleray narrates the fortunes of the Chancellerie at its old home in the Place Vendôme, M. Albalat tells us how to read Bossuet, and M. Duboscq discusses the results for France of the Tripoli campaign.

September 14.—Madame de Bovet knocks to pieces a dictum of Nietzsche's against learning foreign languages. M. Sanzède gives the history of the hospitality which the University of Grenoble has extended to foreign students. The souvenirs of de Pastoret conclude with some vivid pictures of the débâcle of 1812, and with some naive reflexions on the ingratitude of, for instance, the Prussians. M. J. Giraud recounts Musset's protests against Thiers' press-law of 1835; they seem to illustrate the incapacity of inspired poets for effective satire. M. Lucien Maury discusses Wagner's Memoirs.

September 21.—M. Paul Flat has a turn at Wagner, his theme being the insincerity of formal memoirs. In this and the following numbers chapters are given of M. Romain Rolland's impending tenth volume of "Jean Christophe." M. Lémonon considers the Mediterranean situation; he enumerates the factors that excuse Mr. Churchill's move, and believes in "l'effort militaire considérable qu'a fait et que fait chaque jour l'Angleterre," whereby her land forces will soon offer a *quid pro quo* for French naval co-operation. M. Henri Jacoubet begins some "Notes d'un Passant" in the Far East. M. Jacques Gautier sees in the recent Congress of Moral Education at The Hague the beginnings of an understanding between the representatives of religious and secular education.

September 28.—Letters of Goethe to his young admirer and interpreter, Carlyle, are given. They illustrate the "grand seigneur," and contain an amusing passage, very much in the style of a tourist agency, recommending Gotha as an educational centre for the English "young person." A misprint that seems to reveal a futurist compositor tells us that "l'intérêt suprême pour l'homme c'est en définitive l'ohmme." M. de Lada introduces the Polish dramatist, Stanislas Wyspianski, who is in course of being translated. M. Charles Bernard talks about Giotto, St. Francis, and Assisi. M. Dumont-Wilden points out the danger to French culture of a Walloon separatist movement in Belgium.

L'Action Nationale.

In the September number General Lebas concludes his reflections on the command of the French Army, M. Jèze answers M. Guyot and defends Italian national insurance, and M. Paul Louis makes out a terrible indictment against home industries. M. Norel deprecates the insufficient testing in the recent manœuvres of submarines, an arm of warfare which, he thinks, will dominate the future; in another place he ridicules the Franco-Russian naval convention. M. Auge-Laribé estimates that French agriculture is holding its own, and, with adaptations, will continue its sound and beneficial career. M. Leroy begins a historical sketch of internationalism.

La Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Litterature.

September 7.—M. Maspero partly reviews and partly uses as a peg for his own theories Herr Kurt Sethe's account of the myth of the eyes of the Sun, and Dr. Boeser's contribution to the Egyptology of the Leyden Museum: "Quand on a vécu longtemps en Egypte," certain things are more easily explained. M. Plattard reviews M. Oulmont's "Pierre Gringore," who seems to have really been a very "bourgeois" poet. M. de Curzon praises M. Pichon's "Fra Angelico," lately noticed in THE ACADEMY.

September 14.—M. G. Maspero's contribution deals in the most complimentary fashion with the Theban excavations of Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter. M. Jean Maspero reviews Mr. Quibell's "Excavations at Saggara." M. Biovès considers that M. Raymond Guyot, in his big work on the Foreign Policy of the Directory, has not refuted Sorel nor justified the Directors.

September 21.—M. Maspero notices, among other works, M. Raymond Weill's "Décrets Royaux de l'Ancien Empire Egyptien," and Herr Junker's account of excavations at Tourah—"un début des fouilles autrichiennes en Egypte et un début particulièrement heureux."

September 28.—M. Fossey reviews books on Oriental religions, among them M. Nils Nilsson's study of Ishtar-worship. This and the first volume of M. Waddington's "History of Prussia," which is discussed by "R.," have been noticed in THE ACADEMY. "R." also notices the eighteenth volume of "Instructions aux Ambassadeurs et Ministres de France"; while "E." deals severely with M. Baudrillart's "Histoire de France," written from a Catholic standpoint.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Art and Life—II

LET us take a glance at what we know of Life, so far as the human brain has been able to tear aside the veil. First let us put aside religion and morals, with which we are wont to befog our concept of life—for religion, when all's said, from a workaday point of view, is the rough and ready compromise between the general concept of conduct of an age on the one hand and a vague following of the ideals of some great founder of conduct on the other. For instance, the white Western peoples affect Christianity, but they are torn with wrangles as to what each man considers to be Christianity, whilst in the bulk they set up a rude law of conduct which is often wholly inimical to the basic ideal of their Teacher—let us take the business community which is concerned from morning to night with profit by usury, with screwing down one neighbour to part with what he has at the lowest price, so that they may sell to another neighbour at the highest price they can compel upon him; here we have the commerce of the people absolutely opposed to the ordering of Christ, who bitterly assailed usury! And so with all religions. Morals again vary from generation to generation, and from people to people. Therefore let us try to see what is known of life by us to-day so far as it can be said to be generally accepted by all civilised folk, whatever their nationality, creed, or codes. Put roughly, and rid of all bias of religion, morals, systems and the rest of it, the general concept of Life, so far as we know of it, runs somewhat thus:

Whence Life comes, whither it goes, these remain the eternal mystery; but that it exists, and that *it has increased in fulness*, we know. At the back of all, away in the myriads of years, this mystic thing that we call Life essayed from the first to find the fittest lamp in which the flame may burn. Life essayed to fulfil itself in crystals. Baulked by the rigidity of rocks, it dived into the ooze, at first attached to a spot, slowly freeing itself into moving things. Baulked by the waters, it advanced from the fish in the seas to the reptile that could move on sea or land; and for æons, in the forms of mighty reptiles, it sought a wider fulfilment; baulked again, it evolved for itself the forms that could fly in the air, and from the great flying pterodactyl it took to itself the feathered flight of birds. Baulked again, but in each endeavour finding ever fuller and higher forms, it evolved for itself the forms of animals, essayed fleetness, power, strength, bulk, ferocity; built for itself the great forms of lithe cats and essayed to fulfil itself in the brutal ferocity of lions. Baulked again, life turned and sought fuller intelligence in the agile bodies of apes. At last, out of the mystic way, the eager life that is at the core of all existing things, evolving from stage to stage, and, in order further to fulfil itself, requiring to create for itself a more perfect lamp in which to flame, finds its supreme habitation in a wondering creature that drops from its ape-like habits in the trees and with ungainly straddle on the firm earth, takes its upright stand upon tentative hind legs—falteringly, hesitatingly, ready to drop on all fours at a stumble, bodying itself forth as Man, the Thinking Thing! Life's cunning, with increase of cunning, notes the hand's use and the value of that wondrous thumb that is on the hand—to grip, to throw, to hold. That Cunning, that is become reason in this blinking thing that thinks! That Thumb that, with the brain's cunning for guidance, is to chip tools and weapons from the flint, and give confidence to this otherwise defenceless being and lead him from his lair in the thicket and the cave out into the open strife that, for the body's sustenance and welfare, with pitfall and with gin, is to put to naught the lion's strength, the wolf's tooth, the wild-boar's fury, so that he shall wrap the skins of these powerful brutes about him against the frost's nipping cold, and use their hides to save his feet from wounds; that is to strike fire from the chill flint and bring warmth in the chattering winter, and give rise to the potter's art whereby also the earth's metals shall yield their ductile strength to his further enfranchisement; that is to break the dog and the horse to his bidding, and gather together flocks and herds that he may roam the pastures of the world; and, the wander-years being done, that is to fashion the plough whereby he shall settle on the land, and till the ruddy earth, and gather in the harvest to his body's use; that is to invent the distaff and the spinning-wheel to the weaving of cloth; that is to achieve the making of the fisher's net; that is to make the vast wide world tributary to him—the elements and the brutes, the valley and the plain and rock and stream and the raging seas, so that the exquisite eye of man shall see the stars a myriad leagues beyond the eagle's ken, his skill of transit make the swiftness of antelopes a sluggard's pace, his calculating hand cage the strength of many horses in the machinery's intricacies.

Now, mark this well! Life evolves; creating for its increase of fulfilment always a higher type. At the same time, it persists in all its earliest forms, the types degrading as they fall away from forward endeavour, and becoming subject to the higher types.

Mark well also another fact. Man, the thinking thing, from his lair in cave and thicket, increases his strength in the close-knit brotherhood of the clan. He foregathers in the valley Councils; thence makes fellowship in the village, uniting his strength with the skill and strength of others, until he that has the potter's skill barters his skill with him who has skill in battle; and he that has the builder's skill barters with these and with him that has the metal-worker's skill; and thus and so the trades and crafts arose to the mutual strengthening of the people; and power and increase of fulness of life, passing from the wild fellow of the cavern and the lake to the wandering tribe, passed therefrom to the settled village, and from them that made their narrow habitations in villages to them that foregathered within the stout walls of the populous city—from the city to the state, that crumbled the city's walls, grown inadequate against the power of states; from the state to the mighty races that are fenced about to their uttermost frontiers solely by the vast bulwarks of their daring spirits.

Now let us note well, as we go, as life fulfils itself

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

towards fuller power and experience as it pushes forward, that the simple speech of grunts that was the stammering intercourse of the naked thing which, with low frowning brow, brooded upon but the scant desires and mean wants of his narrow cave, yielded a larger converse that demanded a fuller range of words at the valley's gatherings; speech that in turn acquired a fuller gamut in the village's debate; this in its turn brought forth the richer communion of the orchestral city's multitudinous voice; which by turn passed into the twilight of dead discarded things, giving birth to the wider accents of the state; until even the language of the state, grown parochial, fades and slowly dies, and in dying gives place to the deep august, far-reaching communion of the race.

Grasping this rough tangle through which life has developed the body in which it shall fulfil itself to the uttermost, so far as it has developed, let us next seek the means by which, through the human, it has achieved the fulness. It is clear that in evolving man as its supreme lamp in which to flame, life in man has thereby arrived above the brutes by some faculty that is denied to the brutes. That faculty is as clearly *the power to commune with the intelligence of one's fellows, and to become partakers in their intelligence.* Obviously, this faculty of intelligent communion is, next to life itself, the most important and significant factor in the life of man. In what manner has it been granted to us so to commune with our fellows? On the answer depends our significance, as men above the brutes; and the answer is clear. We are granted the power to exchange our intelligence by two means: we can exchange our *thoughts* and we can exchange our *feelings*. Speech is the means whereby we exchange our thoughts, or, if you will, the means whereby we exchange our reasons. Art is the means whereby we exchange our feelings—the means whereby we pour into the sensing of our fellow-men that which we have sensed. It may seem at first blush to the unthinking that speech is only a part of the communing of our sensing, but it is not so; it is only when speech is employed in such a way that it disregards reason and is compelled into such forms as to create illusion and so arouse our sensing that it becomes Art—or what we call the poetry of prose or verse.

HALDANE MACFALL.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

THERE has been a good deal of quiet sniping going on during the week about the recent Chinese loan in the shape of questions—all leading up to why the Government have acted as they did. It is clear that Edward Grey is very angry with Charles Birch Crisp; the Six-Power Group appear to have acted exactly like an Oxford moneylender, inasmuch as they attempted to treat the heathen Chinee like a simple undergraduate. Instead of lending him hard cash, they wanted to fob off part of it in metaphorical bad cigars and worthless works of art. China knew her own business best, and, advised by Dr. Morrison, concluded a loan with the audacious young Crisp, who gave her hard cash untrammelled by onerous conditions. Questions have been answered acidly, and Ministers have done their best to queer Crisp's pitch by "bearing" his stock; I should not be at all surprised if one day soon we have a debate on the subject, when the whole story will be told, and I understand the Foreign Office will not come too well out of it.

William O'Brien, with that sprite-like spirit of mischief which sometimes possesses him, continued to make both the Government and the Nationalists sit up by an amendment on Wednesday to the effect that, if the Land Purchase scheme was not complete within three years after the passing of Home Rule, the Dublin Parliament might take it over. He declared that Gladstone had given a similar pledge in 1893.

Birrell jumped up at once. He could not accept the amendment, but he gave the sacred word of honour of the Government that they would not leave Land Purchase where it was, and he went on to say, in a remark which I think will be much quoted, that "Land Purchase was more important than Home Rule." Carson replied: When the Unionist Government agreed to lend 120 millions of money to Ireland, they did not anticipate Home Rule; 80 millions had been advanced; but, if Ireland wanted to manage her own affairs, why should she look to England to finance her? Both parties were pledged to Land Purchase, but that was so long as the countries were one.

Redmond was evidently alarmed; honestly it did not seem to have occurred to him. He was taken by surprise, and talked about this being a great Imperial policy; to suggest anything else was dishonourable and treacherous. Austen did not mince matters. As an Englishman, he was not at all sure he considered himself bound to the bargain when the conditions were so different; and in the end O'Brien withdrew his *petit ballon d'essai.*

The closure has a demoralising effect on the House, quite apart from the obvious disadvantages. When it is arranged that the guillotine falls at 7.30 and 10.30, members soon pick out the amendments which will last, and the bulk of them leave the Chamber and go about their business until quite close to the time when they think the division will be taken. An empty House is always discouraging, and the debate becomes mechanical.

The financial relations came up on Thursday, and Hayes Fisher—who, to our delight, is coming to the fore again—upset a lot of Radical Scotsmen by describing how Ireland might act if she were free to make her own fiscal arrangements. Gigantic Eugene Wason, Captain Pirie, and MacCallum Scott were all on their feet. They did not like the idea at all. With the mechanical gag on the House, their own gags have been removed; they are free to talk as much as they please—it leaves less time for Unionist criticism—and they

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

availed themselves of it, but in a way the Government did not like.

Birrell was not in command, so the Infant Samuel, smooth-lipped and calm, went on to the bridge. He said the powers under the Bill were very limited; if Ireland reduced taxation, she would lose by it. "Yes," said Bonar Law, "but if the Imperial Chancellor reduced the duty on tobacco and tea before the Irish Parliament reduced it, the British would lose by it, but the Irish Exchequer would not be a penny the worse." This rather gravelled Samuel, but he got a large mechanical majority, who had not the faintest idea what it was all about.

On the question of the Post Office, the policy of the Unionists was further developed by Carson. In effect, he said, we do not mind losing money in Ireland when she is a part of the whole: because it was only right that the richer partner should contribute to the poorer. Bonar Law subscribed to the same doctrine; the moment Ireland chose to set herself up as practically an independent kingdom or colony, from that moment, without any spirit of revenge, but simply on the principle that our first duty was to our own people, the Unionists would put their own interests first, and money would be spent on Ireland afterwards.

"What becomes of Colonial preference?" sneered Churchill. "We intend to treat the Colonies," was the reply, "better than we treat any foreign country, but we do not intend to treat them as we treat ourselves. They do not do it to us, or expect it. Ireland cannot have it both ways"; and he ended by saying he thought the division of the Post Office a grave danger in case of war.

Friday is rapidly becoming what hunting men call a "bye-day." We have Home Rule all the week, and on Fridays oddments. Last Friday we had the Foot and Mouth Disease in Ireland. The veteran Squire of Blankney moved that the matter be considered, and it was—all the afternoon. The Irish naturally want the embargo removed, and declare that all risk of infection is over; moreover, it is causing enormous loss to the Irish cattle trade. T. W. Russell and Runciman vigorously defended the action of their respective departments, and promised to relax the operations of the order directly they could see their way to do so.

There was something more than a ripple on the placid waters of the debate at one time. T. W. Russell, with champing bit, complained of the action of some Unionist members in spreading rumours which had the effect of poisoning the public mind against the Irish Department, and pointedly referred to a question Lord Balcarres had put in the summer. The usually calm Unionist Whip was on his feet in an instant—in fact, I feared he was going to vault the table. He described it as a gross personal attack, of a most unjustifiable character, of which he had had no notice; he denied it *in toto*, and challenged the Right Hon. T. W. to quote his words. T. W. shrank from his square-shouldered opponent, and at once withdrew everything.

The motion was talked out. It is true it had been considered, but that was about all.

Monday was a dullish day. The Premier, Mr. Balfour, and Mr. Long were welcomed back to their places. The latter would have received cheers from all parts of the House after his Canadian tour if he had not quietly slipped in when Bonar Law was speaking. At question time Asquith denied that he said "my" Government in his telephone dispatch—the words were "His Majesty's" Government, and it was a mistake by somebody else that it appeared otherwise.

The first amendment was to omit the control of the Protestant Universities from the Home Rule Government. Birrell was at first inclined to refuse, under the searching criticism of James Campbell; but Mr. Redmond unexpectedly gave way, saying testily, "If any body of his countrymen said they really wanted these safeguards, in God's name let them have them." Upon this, Birrell also abandoned the position; but William Moore chaffed him so much at being so obviously under the thumb of the Dictator that he sulkily said, "It does not encourage the Government to grant concessions if this is the spirit in which they are received."

Sydney Goldman, the little member for Falmouth, immersed in matters of big finance in the City, always finds time to study carefully and to consider his agenda-paper, and from time to time puts down questions or motions which have real substance in them. This afternoon he started what, in Committee language, is called a "runner," which ran for the rest of the evening; it was briefly to the effect that labour legislation should be removed from the purview of the Dublin House of Commons. He made an interesting speech, which was replied to by Ramsay MacDonald. The Labour leader, as usual, meekly supported the Government. This brought Mr. Balfour to his feet; time was, when the new Labour men came into the House in 1906, that they were very rude to the ex-Tory leader. When they heard his deliberate and hesitating method of speech—often retracing his steps two or even three times to get the exact word to express his shade of meaning—they looked at each other and said, "Is this the great Mr. Balfour? Why, he can't speak for nuts!" They howled him down with contemptuous unparliamentary cries; but they know better now. His gentle manner, the light, graceful touch of his epigram, and the ingenuity of his arguments charmed them as he captured the older members long ago. One shrewd observer whispered to me, "They take from Balfour what they would not take from Bonar Law." Mr. Balfour, in a searching analysis, tied the Labour men up in a knot. Home Rule has been declared to be the model on which a far larger and more comprehensive scheme of delegation is to be founded. He quoted Winston's idea of Home Rule for Lancashire, Yorkshire, and London—was there to be separate Labour legislation for these places also? Were the peasant farmers of Ireland competent to deal with complex industrial questions that would arise in Belfast? He received unexpected support from Chiozza Money, who lectured the House in his usual pedantic manner. Ireland was admittedly behind England in its ideas of industrial legislation, and, although he was an out-and-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

out Home Ruler, he implored the Government not to set the clock back.

The Government went to a division, and the Labour men once more sold their friends and voted with the majority.

After 11 the House was switched on to discuss the validity of certain marriages in Japan; but, as that did not interest me, I went home, "and so to bed," as Pepys says.

One of the greatest impostures of the Nationalist Party is their pretended devotion to their native language, Gaelic. On Tuesday we put down an amendment to the effect that English should be the official language. Ian Malcolm, a curly-headed Celt himself, reminded the House of previous movements in Ireland to force Celtic to the front, and "thus sever the last link between Ireland and England." The last links, by the way, are legion. The amendment was more serious than it appeared, for the Irish have more than once, in the past, slipped in a stipulation that ignorance of the Irish language would be a bar to this or that public office: a slim habit adopted by the Boers with far more justification, since the native Taal is largely spoken, whilst Gaelic is used very little; John Redmond himself cannot speak it. "Tay Pay" amused the house by reciting twenty words, but candidly admitted that the language of Shakespeare was good enough for him.

Birrell was in his element—he joked about it and played around it—in fact, he "birrelled" for all he was worth. Bonar Law pointed out what a powerful political weapon could be forged by these means if there was no such safeguard, but the Government would have none of it, and, when the chopper fell, a majority of 109 declared that the Irish could bar English altogether if they liked.

After that we sat up to a late hour, discussing the Expiring Laws Continuance Act—a subject always rich in debate for those who do not want to go to bed and wish to keep others up.

Notes and News

Mrs. Walford, the well-known novelist, has written her "Memories of Victorian London," and the book will be published next week by Mr. Arnold.

A new novel by Mr. James Lane Allen will be published in November by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. It will have as title "The Heroine in Bronze," and is a love story of modern New York.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces for immediate publication a new work by Mr. Harold M. Wiener, M.A., LL.B., entitled "Pentateuchal Studies." This book is a sequel to "Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism."

The Year-Book Press will publish shortly a volume of fairy tales by Margaret Gibbons, entitled "Good Night Stories." The book will be issued in crown 4to, with charming illustrations, by Gladys Thompson and Beryl Reid.

This week Mr. Herbert Jenkins will publish a new book by Mr. Hugh Stokes, entitled "A Prince of Pleasure," being the life of Philip of France, together with an account of his Court, 1640--1701; and within the next fortnight Mr. W. L. George's new book, "Woman and To-morrow."

Mr. Henry Frowde, of the Oxford University Press, will publish at the end of the month an important contribution to Syriac and Folk-lore literature by the Rev. Dr. Hermann Gollancz. It is called "The Book of Protection"—a collection of Syriac charms and incantations in the original, with translation, introduction and notes.

"The International Whitaker," a new departure, gives a graphic and succinct account of every country in the world, and concerning every nation there is a mass of detail in a handy and convenient form, such as has never before been presented in a single volume. The book is to be published early in December; and its price, in cloth binding, is two shillings net.

Messrs. Chatto and Windus hope to publish this week "The Poem Book of the Gael," selected and edited by Miss Eleanor Hull, containing verse-translations of Irish Gaelic poetry of all periods. Another book to be expected from the same publishers is Mr. Edward McCurdy's collection of critical and historical papers entitled "Essays in Fresco"—studies of men and books, with a few impressions of travel.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are bringing out at once a novel by Mark Allerton, entitled "Let Justice be Done"; the story of a Chief Justice who kills a scoundrel to save his son from dishonour, and eventually finds himself trying at Old Bailey another man who is accused of this crime. There is a description of a national strike which is a grim commentary on the prevalent industrial unrest.

"The Physiology of Faith and Fear; or, the Mind in Health and Disease," by William S. Sadler, M.D., will be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. The author approaches the subject from the standpoint of the physiologist and separates its study from association, not with religion as a state of mind, but with any and all particular systems, sects, or forms of religious belief.

Mr. Murray is able at last to announce the early publication of the important new addition, in three volumes, of Crowe and Cavalcaselle's "History of Painting in North Italy." The work, which was entrusted to Dr. Tancred Borenius, while carefully preserving the essential and detailed information of the original authors, is supplemented with notes containing the new facts which have been brought to light in recent years.

South America will not for long be among the few countries unrepresented in Black's series of colour-books. A volume has been written by Mr. W. H. Koebel and illustrated by Mr. A. S. Forrest which will be published immediately. Mr. Koebel is a well-known authority on matters South American, and he has described in an attractive and entertaining style the republics of the Continent topographically, historically, and socially.

The first and second numbers of a new weekly paper, "Machinery," of value to all engineers and power-users, have just appeared. The paper is likely to be a success;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

its technical articles are excellent, and its practical hints —such as the admirable "Don'ts for Draughtsmen"— are a good feature. Messrs. Bonner and Co., of the Chancery Lane Press, are to be congratulated upon the high quality of printing shown in these issues—which are plentifully illustrated.

Those who are following with attention the startling course of events in the Near East will find of use two books which have been published by Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, Ltd. "Servia of the Servians," by M. Chedo Mijatovich, formerly Servian Minister at the Court of St. James's, is an intimate account of the Servian people; and "Turkey of the Ottomans," which is also one of the volumes in the "Countries and Peoples Series," is the work of Miss L. M. J. Garnett, a writer of note on Eastern subjects.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish immediately "The Adventures of an Elephant Hunter," by Mr. James Sutherland. The author holds the world's record in the branch of sport with which his book is concerned, and in this volume he has made a selection from his experiences for the ordinary reader, who knows little of the technicalities of big-game hunting. The stories are in every case absolutely faithful records of facts, elaborated from rough notes made within a day or two of the actual occurrence of the events.

The Pioneer Players open early in November with "The Good Hope," a play in four acts by the Dutch dramatist Heijermans, in the English translation of Christopher St. John. This will be followed by the production of three new one-act plays, one by Harold Chapin, "The Thumbscrew," by the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, and "Honour Thy Father," by H. M. Harwood. Later in the season a new three-act play by Cicely Hamilton, a play by a new Irish author, and a play by Mr. W. B. Yeats, new to London, will be presented.

The inaugural meeting of the eighteenth session of the Library Assistants' Association was held on Wednesday, October 16th, when the Worshipful Master of the Stationers' Company, G. E. Briscoe Eyre, Esq., presided, and the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's, delivered the inaugural address, in which he deprecated the lack of appreciation the general public showed for good literature. About 70 members and friends attended, and during the spirited discussion which followed the Dean's address several speakers took a more hopeful view of the people's reading propensities.

Miss Gabrielle Festing, author of "From the Land of Princes," "On the Distaff Side," etc., has now written a History of India from the beginning of the eleventh to the middle of the eighteenth century, which Messrs. Blackwood are publishing this week, at 7s. 6d. net, under the title of "When Kings Rode to Delhi." The publishers claim for the book an interest far exceeding that of most fiction. On the same day Messrs. Blackwood issue in book form the stories and pen-sketches which have been appearing in "Blackwood's" and other magazines, at the price of 6s., under the title of "Pike and Carronade."

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By Lancelot Lawton.

THE MODERN CAMP-FOLLOWER.

October 23.

In spite of the elaborate arrangements made by the daily Press, with a view to describing the campaign in the Near East, little news of real importance has been allowed to reach this country. For the most part, the dispatches of the correspondents have consisted of picturesque descriptions of scenes to be witnessed in towns almost as far from the front as Liverpool is from London, not unmingled with those rumours of overwhelming victory which, in time of war, invariably originate in the café or the market-place. Up to the present not a single newspaper representative, with the exception of Captain Butler, who, on behalf of the *Daily Mail*, accompanies the Greek forces, has succeeded in reaching the actual area of operations. The Bulgarian and Servian regulations in regard to correspondents are far more severe than those adopted by either combatant in the Russo-Japanese War. In the case of Bulgaria the authorities have announced that any individual attempting to evade the censorship will be subjected to trial by court-martial; while the Servian Government has declared that correspondents who proceed into neutral territory for the purpose of availing themselves of an uncensored wire will not be allowed to re-enter the country. On the Turkish side we find that the correspondents and attachés are still detained at Constantinople, and are told that, when they accompany the headquarters staff to the scene of operations, they are to be kept under strict surveillance. Not only are telegrams arriving from all parts of the theatre of war hopelessly mutilated, but, as a re-insurance against risk of leakage, they are invariably delayed, in some instances as much as several days.

That the authorities are thoroughly justified in taking extraordinary measures to mask the movements of armies is beyond question. Daily in London the staffs of the various Legations representing the belligerent States search the Press for information likely to be useful to their Governments, and an indiscreet item telegraphed from one point in the Near East may within a few hours of its publication in London become common property throughout the theatre of war. The Servian Government was led to adopt stringent regulations only after a glaring instance, illustrating the danger of leniency, had occurred. A correspondent crossed the Danube into Hungary, and, taking advantage of neutral wires, promptly proceeded to telegraph the plans of the Servian War Ministry, including the movements and destinations of the various armies in the field. The journal which he represented, obviously delighted at his enterprise, gave prominence to the dispatch, and, a few days later, in publishing a further telegram, pompously announced that its contents proved that the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

armies were moving in accordance with the plans of the War Ministry which had previously been set forth in its columns. Then, in Bulgaria, another correspondent, whose enterprise was greater than his discretion, tore himself away from the bonds of restraint and made a dash for the front in a motor-car. After eluding at one place an armed guard which was placed outside the hotel where he was refreshing himself, he continued his journey until he actually got so near the front that he heard guns booming in the distance. Thereupon he penned a vivid dispatch, in the course of which he imparted to the British public his chauffeur's information that the pass over which he traversed was usually haunted with wolves and bears. Fortunately he did not meet with any of these wild beasts, and was able to give to the world an account of this circumstance. It only remains to be added that this adventurous individual is back at Sofia, safe and sound in wind and limb, and at Sofia he is likely to remain, beyond hearing distance of the booming of those terrible guns!

When the lives of thousands of brave men are at stake, it is altogether inconceivable that the authorities should be hampered by the eccentric antics of excitable scribblers. A modest estimate places the number of correspondents in the Near East at something like two hundred. A special train was requisitioned to convey no fewer than eighty of these men to Stara Zagora, representing every nationality and speaking diverse tongues. The *Times* correspondent writes that their arrival provided "the only ripple of excitement which has disturbed the air of absolute peacefulness in this quiet town." And he adds despairingly: "What will become of them all, as many of them are quite unprepared for campaigning, except in a train or taxicab, is still the secret of the authorities." He goes on to say that the weather continues to be perfect, with brilliant sunshine, and warm as in an early English September. One cannot help reflecting that this last circumstance is particularly fortunate. Stara Zagora, after all, will seem like home.

So far we have dealt only with the motley throng of correspondents. Some mention must be made of the battalions or corps of photographers and cinematograph operators who have thronged to the scene in large numbers, anxious to secure thrilling illustrations for the readers of the halfpenny picture-papers and the crowds who nightly fill the picture-palaces of Balham, Tooting, and elsewhere. With these latter, the army of modern camp-followers is completed—"followers" is indeed the correct term for such a strange assortment of commercial travellers, who are always going to the front and who never get there, passing over newly made battlefields, meeting the wounded returning, and ever and anon hearing the booming of guns away in the distance. The thought instantly flashes across the mind: How would Napoleon or Wellington have treated such pedlars in news and pictures? And the question is not difficult to answer.

MOTORING

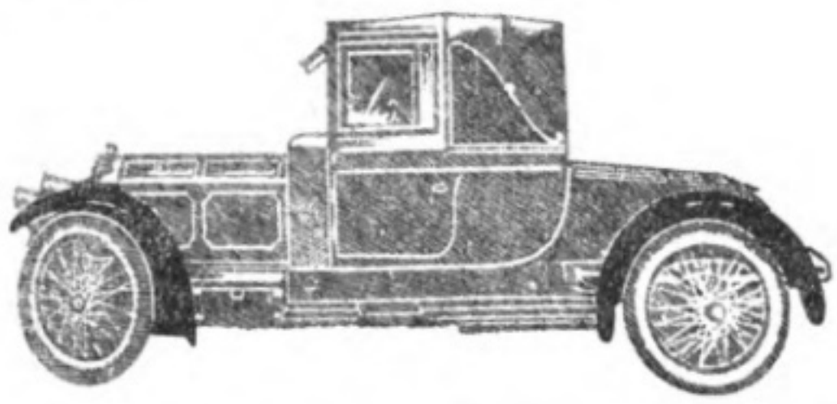
THE unequal, not to say erratic, manner in which the Motor Car Acts are administered in different parts of the country has at last led to the issue by the Home Office of a circular designed to introduce some degree of uniformity into conflicting decisions. In the document it is pointed out that, occasionally at any rate, hardened and deliberate offenders are treated leniently, while trivial and first offences are sometimes punished with unnecessary severity. As a matter of fact, from the inception of the Motor Car Acts the unequal sentences passed by different benches upon motorist for similar offences have constituted occasionally a cause for comment, and the attitude of the respective magistrates towards the motoring movement is not always clear. As the circular in question merely expresses Mr. McKenna's "opinion" as to the nature of the penalties which should be inflicted for various offences, it will not, perhaps, have much effect. So long as the range of penalties imposable at the discretion of a bench for a specific offence is so wide, so long will the administration of justice to motorists be a matter which demands an unusual amount of patient investigation.

What would have been the most interesting sporting event in the motoring world this year—a level race between a Vauxhall and a Sunbeam of similar power—has, we regret to say, fallen through. The past season has been noteworthy for the keen and persistent rivalry between these famous British cars, first one and then the other setting up world's records, only to be promptly demolished by its rival. It is probably known to most motorists that a week or two ago Mr. Gordon Watney offered a prize of £100 for a ten-lap race between the 2,983 c.c. Vauxhall and the 2,996 c.c. Sunbeam, on the Brooklands track. In view of Resta's recent performance with the latter car at Brooklands, the suggested match on level terms would have been *the* motoring event of the year, but we are informed that the directors of the Sunbeam Company have finally decided not to accept Mr. Watney's proposal. No doubt the Vauxhall people think they are wise in their generation.

Messrs. Barimar, Ltd., of Poland Street, London, W., send us for notice a copy of a booklet descriptive of the Frankonia mudguard, of which they are the sole concessionaires in this country. Many of our motoring readers must be familiar with the design of this handsome and really effective car-protector, which increases in popularity every year, and is now to be seen as a regular fitment of most of our highest-class automobiles. For the benefit of those who are not familiar with it, it may be said that it is dome-shaped, and is stamped in one piece from a high-grade steel plate, the edges being wired and swaged to make rattling impossible. The car fitted with Frankonias practically never requires cleaning, no matter how muddy the roads may be, while on the score of appearance alone these guards are well

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

worth the small increase in initial cost over that of the ordinary flat or "lipped" sheet-iron mudguard. We recommend those motorists who attach importance to the cleanliness and appearance of their cars to write Messrs. Barimar (Dept. A.B.) for a copy of the booklet referred to. It shows clearly the great advantages of Frankonias over any other existing type of mudguard. The illustration herewith depicts a Rolls-Royce equipped with them.



The many friends and well-wishers of Mr. Stenson Cooke, the secretary and leading spirit of the Automobile Association and Motor Union, will be pleased to hear that he is recovering, although slowly, from the effects of his accident a month or so ago. What the A.A. and M.U. would do without the energetic and ubiquitous "S. C." to superintend its far-flung organisation and manifold activities it is difficult to imagine.

The reputation abroad of the British flying machine appears to grow apace. It was announced the other day by Sir George White, chairman of the British and Colonial Aeroplane Company, of Bristol, that the Italian Government have just ordered 28 "Bristol" monoplanes of the military type, at a cost of over £30,000. It is true that the machines are to be built in Italy, but their construction and manufacture will be carried out under the supervision of the experts of the British company referred to.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE great slump on the war news which engulfed the world of speculation was followed by a curious recovery—peculiarly interesting because I do not think that ever before has the small man come in and supported a market. The moment the war news became known every stockbroker told his gambling clients that they must close their accounts. He had no choice. And the accounts were closed. Big finance houses turned as much of their paper into cash as they dare. Prices fell all over the world. But the world is prosperous—it has made money. It does not know anything about war, and as prices fell so it bought. Not only in England, but in Paris where the little rentier came along to the *guichets* and bought. In Russia the slump caused a feeling of intense indignation and Paris was blamed. The whole phenomenon was curious. There was the big man getting out regardless of loss, and the little men coming in. The question may be asked: Who is right? I cannot hesitate as to the answer—the big men were right and the little men, as always, were wrong. War is a terrible thing—as bad in its immediate effects as in its after results. It destroys credit—it makes paper worthless. Therefore the only thing that tells is hard cash, and this the little man exchanged for shares which he thought were cheap. But were they? Time will show.

The promoter has made his arrangements, some of which he cannot break. Therefore we shall see a few companies launched during the next few months. But they will be few and they will not be successful. Mr. Arthur Du Cros and his group have asked the public to give them over £300,000 for the Clyde-Aboyne Estates—capitalised at something over £28,000 in Ceylon. The planters of this island know their tea and rubber, and they are rich. They would hardly allow an estate of 1,200 acres to be going a-begging if it were worth £310,000. No working capital is provided, and the whole promotion is negligible. Even the amiable *Statist* cannot speak with the patience that befits its age.

There seems to be no end to Canadian ventures. The South Ontario Land is the latest land company which the long suffering public is asked to subscribe for. It comes from 3, Lombard Street, whence some other audacious schemes have been launched. My readers should leave it alone.

MONEY can hardly be called plentiful. I notice some people think that the Bank of England should not have put up its rate. I do not understand their arguments. The whole of the Near East is at war. The Bank of France has raised its rate. Trade is booming all over the world. Harvests are magnificent. Everybody wants money. There was never a time when we needed to keep our money at home more urgently. And we can only do this by raising our rates. We all hope that we shall not have to pay six per cent. But that will assuredly be the price charged by the Bank of England if the war continues.

HOME RAILS interest nobody to-day. Towards the end of the year when the traffic figures begin to bulk large a few buyers will be tempted by the large increases and the small investor will pick up gilt-edged stocks to pay him five per cent. The big buyer is afraid of the Government. He thinks that it does not mean to keep its pledge to the railway directors. In Scotland an agitation is on foot to force the leading railways to put up both goods and passenger rates. Goods rates they cannot move without the consent of Parliament. Passenger rates are low, but Scotland says she will not travel at all if she cannot travel cheap. Passenger rates have risen all over England, and the effect will be seen in the accounts. But north of the Tweed no attempt has been made to advance fares. Metropolitans are deadly weak. The "bull" account here is being disposed of in summary style. When it has gone we may get another rise. The cheap things to buy to-day are Great Central '89 Prefs.

YANKEES have not been able to stand up against the tide of selling that has come from Berlin. The big bankers took many millions of stock in the slump, but they did not exhaust the sellers. To-day those who must get out have to be content with low prices. Clearly the great houses in Wall Street foresee lower levels and dearer money. They stand on one side. Perhaps their portfolios are full. They have to finance the huge crops as well as the railways, and the task grows bigger each year. The Louisville report is good. This line has made big progress. Atchison is doing well, Chesapeakes also. Indeed, all the companies have not only a big trade to carry, but they have big prospects in front of them. Canadian Pacifics are very weak. The news that the proposed new issue of shares is not the issue for which consent was asked of the Government, but will be made under a forgotten clause which allows the Canadian Pacific to issue common stock in lieu of debentures, has upset everybody both in Berlin and in Montreal. The C.P.R. is so prosperous that it dare not pay more than 10 per cent.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

dividend. Therefore it goes on watering its capital and giving shareholders huge bonuses instead of dividends. But surely an end will be reached to this very unsound finance one day. Yet Canada is so prosperous and the C.P.R. so powerful and well managed that it is not safe to prophesy disaster. We have done it so often and have always been proved wrong by the extraordinary growth of the country and the astute management of the Railway. But, as I say, Montreal is aghast at the proposal.

RUBBER remains dull. The little buying and selling does not affect prices. The "bulls" dare not make another raid, for they had a nasty experience the last time they tried to put up prices. They found hundreds of small sellers anxious to realise, and they had some difficulty in getting out without loss. Indeed, they possibly hold many more of the cheap shares than they like. All the reports that come out are colourless. Sumatra Para and United Sumatra have held their own and show small increases. But Tebrau, an Edinburgh company, did not do well.

OIL.—At last the great Gadjinsky property in the island of Cheleken is registered, and will presumably be floated for a huge sum, just about double what it is worth. Mr. Boxall, of Premier Pipe, will join the board of the Galician Oil Trust as chairman, and this will thus fight alongside Premier and the Deutsche Erdol against the big Imperial Petroleum that is to smash Standard Oil. We shall see some fun here. Urals have, it is said, come to terms with the Government over the concession which has now expired, and they will take up about 6,000 claims. The Diaz outbreak in Mexico will not help Mexican Eagle unless the nephew of the late President is successful. The oil market is very dull. Spies look cheap, but no bull has the heart to buy anything. Not even the really useful news from Maikop has been able to put heart into the dealers in oil shares.

MINES interest no one. Paris sells on every chance and London will not buy. As for Kaffirs and Rhodesians, they are dead. It seems the moment to pick up a few of the best Kaffirs because the big houses are now really determined to crush only the rich ore and take the values regardless of working costs. This is the true theory of mining, though few people believe it. Copper shares could not withstand the war scare. The dividend on Amalgamated rose as I expected, but it had no effect. Yet copper will recover, for the position is sound. There is some talk of a shareholders' meeting in Akwara, that foolish trust floated by the Nassarawa crowd. I wish the agitation success, but I am afraid they are up against a tricky combination.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are almost as dull as the rest of the Stock Exchange. Electrics keep firm as the story of the big combine grows and grows. But P. and O. are now reduced to a very modest figure, and each week wilder tales are told, none of which help the "bulls." Marconis are sure to have been helped by the foolish management of the debate, and the contract is as good as signed. The tactics of the Government were good. Those of the Archer-Shee and Lansbury crowd bad as bad could be. It is a pity, as it may encourage more to buy Marconis and lose their money.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

"BACON IS SHAKESPEARE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—A friend of mine some years ago pointed out to me that the words "shake" and "spear" were to be found in the forty-sixth Psalm, the first the forty-sixth word from the beginning, the other forty-sixth from the end, and laughingly spoke of it as being, according to Baconian methods, a proof that Shakespeare was the author of the Psalms. I am ignorant of what value or mystery there may be in the number forty-six, and I cannot imagine the object of counting the position of the letters in the alphabet that form the name Bacon. Andrew Lang, in an essay on "The Shakespeare-Bacon Embroglio," quotes someone—he calls him a sage—as saying "There are foolisher fellows than the Baconians, those who argue against them," and adds, "The Baconian creed, of course, is scouted equally by special students of Bacon, special students of Shakespeare, and by almost all persons who devote themselves to sound literature." The writer of a letter in THE ACADEMY two weeks ago alludes to the "gentle Shakespeare" as a drunken, illiterate clown. I protest against such a piece of foul-mouthed fanatical folly. An illiterate clown could not have taken part in those wit combats at the "Mermaid," described by Fuller in his "Worthies of England," especially when his combatant was the formidable, rare Ben Jonson, who, besides writing the famous line, "He was not of an age, but for all time," also wrote of Shakespeare, "I loved the man and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry as much as any." Of an illiterate clown it could not be affirmed, as Hemminge and Condell write, "What he thought, he uttered with such easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Their object in collecting these papers was "to keepe the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare." These extracts are from the dedication of the first folio. The prefatory verses include the splendid lines of Ben Jonson and those of Leonard Digger, who says, "This booke, While brasse and marble fade, will make thee looke Fresh to all ages." I prefer such sentiments—there are many more like them—to all that may emanate even from such an exalted region as Carlton House Terrace. I am, yours truly,

Peebles, N.B. JAMES R. FERGUSSON.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your last issue Tom Jones furnishes some extracts from paraphrases of some of the Psalms which were written by Bacon on a bed of sickness a short time before his death. Tom Jones draws the deduction that, because these extracts were very poor stuff, Bacon could not have written the Shakespeare plays. Some of these paraphrases, however, are by no means devoid of merit. The fact is that it is no easy task to paraphrase the Psalms.

If there ever lived a man who might be expected to possess all the qualifications requisite for reproducing "the devout strains of Hebrew melody," that man was John Milton. Unfortunately for his poetical reputation, Milton attempted nineteen paraphrases of Psalms. Here are extracts from that of Psalm VII :—

Lord my God, to Thee I fly,
Save me and secure me under
Thy protection while I cry;
Lest as a lion (and no wonder)
He haste to tear my soul asunder,
Tearing and no rescue nigh.

* * * *

God is a just judge and severe,
And God is every day offended.
If the unjust will not forbear,
His sword he whets, His bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purposely made He
For them to persecute.) Behold,
He travails big with vanity;
Trouble He hath conceived of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a lie.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

To apply the same argument it must be held to be impossible that John Milton wrote "Paradise Lost" or the lyrics in Comus.

But Shakespeare himself might confidently enter the lists in a competition for the worse verse. How would this, from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," rank in competition with Bacon and Milton?:—

"When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye?"

Pope said that, as Shakespeare "has written better, so has he perhaps written worse than any other."

After these, the real force of any argument founded thereon must be held to be rather in favour of Bacon's authorship of the Shakespeare plays than against. But really no reliable deduction can be drawn from such data.

11, Hart Street, W.C., October 16, 1912. WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Tom Jones, asks for proof that Bacon assumed the pseudonym of Shakespeare. In a very large number of books of the period, upon page 53—frequently a false page 53—we find some reference to Bacon. In the first English edition of Bacon's "De Augmentis," called "The Advancement of Learning," we read upon page 55 (falsely numbered page 53), in the margin, in capital letters (almost the only capital letters in the margin of that book), "S. Fran. Bacon"; in Drayton's "Polyolbion," 1622, upon page 53, "Beconus"; in Florio's second "Frutes," upon page 53, "A slice of bacon"; and upon the next line, "gammon of bakon," to tell us that Bacon may be spelled in different ways. Now let us look at the first folio of Shakespeare's Plays. Upon the first page 53 we find "Hang hog is fatten for Bacon." Upon the second page 53, "Gammon of Bacon." These are the two visible pillars (the "Booz and Iactin," if you will). The third example (the shibboleth) must be upon the invisible page 53—that is, upon page 53 from the end. There, upon page 53 from the end, as the 53rd from the commencement of a new scene, we find "Wilde-Boores." Bacon's crest was a wild boar. The word "Wilde-Boores" is lugged in by means of a ridiculous story of eight wilde-boores roasted whole as a breakfast for twelve persons. The folio is also signed by Bacon upon the first page and upon the last page, and in very numerous ways throughout the folio. But what your correspondent fails to perceive is that there was not, and that there could not be, any writer of the new English in the golden age of Elizabethan literature outside of the "Baconian net," because Bacon created the new English language. When, as a youth, he resolved to undertake that task, almost the only literary works in the English tongue were "The Schoolmaster," by Roger Ascham; "The Governor," by Sir Thos. Eliot; and "Arts of Rhetoric," by Thos. Wright. Ere he died he had made the English language the noblest vehicle of thought ever possessed by man by means of *his* translation of the Bible and *his* Shakespeare. Upon these two works every writer now confesses that our glorious English language depends. We are mourning the death of a great scholar of Chaucer. Why did not he tell us that *our* "Chaucer" is not the Chaucer of 1532, but the Chaucer re-Englished by Bacon in 1598, to which edition is prefixed a poem telling us the story? This poem is perhaps too long for your columns, but the essential part is:—

Reader:

"But who is he that hath these books repar'd,
And added more, whereby thou art more graced?"

Chaucer:

"The self-same man who hath no labor spar'd
To helpe what time and writers had defaced,
And made old words that were unknoun of many
So plaine that now they may be knoun of any."

Watts, in his edition of "Don Quixote," is struck by the fact that Shelton is quite unknown, yet his translation (so called) is in the language of Shakespeare. Watts, however, fails to notice that Cervantes, in the prologue, says: "But I (though in shew a father, yet in truth but a step-father to Don Quixote)," which tells us quite plainly that Cervantes is not the "author"—the father—but only the step-father—the translator of "Don Quixote." Yours,

EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

13, Carlton House Terrace, S.W., October 15, 1912.

"THE LOVE-SEEKER."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I agree with your critic that the sentences he quotes from my book, "The Love-Seeker," are ridiculous when thus misinterpreted. I stated that "the deepest of women's wrongs will never be altered by any political liberty, nor honours of citizenship," but what inconsistency is there between this and the belief that "some day the long-awaited feminist prophet will arise, bearing the golden gospel that is going to make a new heaven and a new earth for us"? Must the golden gospel, then, necessarily be political liberty? What a paltry, limited idea of a gospel! Your reviewer is evidently an ardent suffragist, to whom the vote is the panacea for all ills.

Similarly there seems no inconsistency between the two statements that men and women now meet on equal ground, and that engaged couples generally act and sham to each other. Cannot one act and sham to one's equals just as one's inferiors?

My book is concerned with a very serious subject, perhaps the most serious in the world, and I certainly took it extremely seriously. To accuse me of sharing his own levity on so grave a matter, merely on the ground of an alleged inconsistency which he entirely fails to prove, would seem to indicate that, to say the least of it, your reviewer is no sportsman!—I am, Sir, faithfully yours,

MAUD CHURTON BRABY.

Holmwood, Hendon, N.W. October 6.

A mythical gospel in the dim and distant future is poor consolation for "wrongs" existing at the present time; for myself I should prefer something available here and now, although I cannot claim to be an "ardent suffragist," and have always opposed the franchise being extended to women.

I suppose Mrs. Braby would agree that a man and woman meeting "on equal ground, as friends," could not sham to one another, the very word friend forbidding such a contingency. Would it, then, not be probable, should this friendship ripen into something deeper, that the man and woman would prefer each other to remain the exact personalities they had learned to love, and not sham editions? In fact, would not an alteration such as Mrs. Braby suggests be a subject for ridicule, or, at any rate, of questioning, on the part of one or both of the lovers?

In conclusion, I can only regret that Mrs. Braby objects to my being entertained by her book.

THE REVIEWER.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The opening of a new gallery in Bond Street under the old name which is historical in connection with Bond Street shows a poverty in invention or an excess of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the audacious, and makes one wish for copyright in names.

The mention of the Grosvenor Gallery revives pleasant memories to those who were acquainted with the work of Sir Coutts Lindsay, which, if not so successful in the end as could have been wished, was great work, and left its mark on the nineteenth century.

To Sir Coutts Lindsay and the Grosvenor Gallery the country owes a debt of gratitude for the support given to the Sunday Opening movement in the days when the reformers were few and the Sabbatarians many. There are signs that the shilly-shally policy of the London County Council in connection with the Sunday Opening will lead to a reopening of the Sunday question, so that it may be of interest to recall the connection of the Grosvenor Gallery with the movement.

Not only was the Gallery open to the members of the Sunday Society, but to very large numbers of the public, who made written application for tickets. So great was the crowd attending that often there was a current of visitors passing from Bond Street into the Gallery and out by way of the exits at the back. The announcement of the first Sunday opening was made on July 10, 1878, in a letter by Lord Rosebery as president of the Society, the late Professor Corfield as chairman of committee, and myself as honorary secretary, and published in the *Times*.

It was at the Grosvenor Gallery, on May 7, 1892, under the presidency of Lord Brassey, that the Memorial to the Convocation of Canterbury was adopted and presented by Dr. Randall Davidson immediately on his appointment to the Bishopric of Rochester.

The Memorial set out the facts which led the Sunday Society to ask for the opening of museums, art galleries, libraries, and gardens on Sundays, and concluded as follows :—" If the facts herein set forth are not sufficient to induce your lordships to support measures for adding to Hampton Court Palace, Kew Gardens, etc., now open on Sundays, the national institutions of a like character in the metropolis, your petitioners respectfully ask that steps may be taken by your lordships to ascertain the opinion of the clergy on the question in the places in this country where such institutions are opened on Sundays by national or municipal authorities."

On May 13, 1892, Convocation appointed a committee with Dr. Davidson as chairman, and after a wide inquiry the committee submitted an exhaustive report, concluding as follows :—

" Your committee desires the adoption of every possible safeguard against unfairness or misuse in the case of the libraries, museums, or art galleries now open on Sundays under the sanction of the law as it stands. Subject to these conditions, your committee is of opinion that the cause of the religion of Christ has nothing to fear from the reasonable and careful extension of the principle of Sunday opening described in the report, which it now respectively submits to the consideration of the Convocation of the province."

This put the Church of England on the side of a reasonable observance of Sunday, and was one great factor in the ultimate success of the movement for the opening of museums and galleries on Sundays, now, happily, accepted as a matter of course. I am, yours faithfully,

MARK H. JUDGE,
Honorary Secretary.

The Sunday Society, 7, Pall Mall, London,
October 12, 1912.

ART AND LIFE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It will be conceded that a work of art is, in the highest sense of the term, a work of art only when it is "lived"—that is, when the artist has produced it as a result of his own experience. A truly great poem, therefore, is a "lived" poem ; any other is a mere conceit.

When Mr. Masefield wrote "Dauber," do you think he imagined it within the four walls of his study? I do not believe it. He wrote for the " land-lubbers " what he saw and " lived," in the same way as the poet of the " Seafarer " before him.

This brings me to the question : Is it within the province of a man to write of human passion, love, etc., without his having " sensed " human passion, love, etc.? "The height to which a man may rise can only be measured by the depths to which he can fall. . . Some men of genius have been foul rogues," says Mr. Haldane Macfall (ACADEMY, October 12, 1912, " Art and Life," page 490). I agree with him, and flout, as he does, Ruskin's theory that no great artist can be a bad man at heart. Some of the greatest geniuses have led most immoral lives, have gone through the whole gamut of vice. Again, some of the greatest men of genius have led most moral lives, have *not* followed " false fires of passion." Is the literary world the gainer by the one class or by the other?

An article from an unbiased pen will perhaps oblige others of your constant readers—and certainly yours faithfully,

H. LONSDALE.

Maidenhead, October 21, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Ecrits de Musiciens (XVe—XVIIIe Siècles). By J. G. Prod'homme. ("Mercure de France," Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)

What the Judge Saw, Being Twenty-Five Years in Manchester by One who has done it. By His Honour Judge Edward Abbott Parry. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

William Hone : His Life and Times. By Frederick Wm. Hackwood. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Letters of George Meredith. Collected and Edited by his Son. 2 vols. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 21s. net.)

History of the Philharmonic Society of London, 1813-1912 : A Record of a Hundred Years' Work in the Cause of Music. Compiled by Myles Birket Foster, F.R.A.M. Illustrated. (John Lane. 10s. 6d. net.)

"Hail and Farewell!" Salve. By George Moore. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

Correspondence of Lord Burghersh, 1808-1840. Edited By His Granddaughter, Rachel Weigall. Illustrated. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

English Epic and Heroic Poetry. By W. Macneile Dixon, M.A. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.)

Shakespeare's Patrons, and Other Essays. By the late Henry Brown. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Beginnings of Modern Ireland. By Philip Wilson. (Maunsel and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

In Jesuit Land : The Jesuit Missions of Paraguay. By W. H. Koebel. With an Introduction by R. B. Cunninghame-Graham. Illustrated. (Stanley Paul and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

Our Book of Memories ; Letters of Justin McCarthy to Mrs. Campbell Praed. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. net.)

Histoire de l'Antiquité. Vol. I. Introduction à l'Etude des Sociétés Anciennes. (Evolution des Groupements Humains.) By Eduard Meyer. Translated from the German into French by Maxime David. (Paul Geuthner, Paris. 7 fr. 50 c.)

Germany. Painted by E. T. Compton and E. H. Compton, Described by the Rev. J. F. Dickie. (A. and C. Black. 20s. net.)

Moscow. Painted by F. de Haenen, Described by H. M. Grove. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO

THE ONLY WAY

LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

FICTION.

Her Marriage Lines. By Marie Connor Leighton. With Coloured Frontispiece. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)

Two Kings, and Other Romances. By Cosmo Hamilton. (Chatto and Windus. 2s. net.)

Wild Justice. By Francis Clare. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

The Weaving of the Shuttle. By C. Holmes Cautley. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

Elizabeth, Betsy and Bess. By Lily Schofield. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

The Streets of Ascalon: Episodes in the Unfinished Career of Richard Quarren, Esq. By Robert W. Chambers. Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson. (D. Appleton and Co. 6s.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Vox Humana. By Naomi Nunes Carvalho. (Kegan Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

Solon of Athens: The Poet, the Merchant, and the Statesman. By G. F. Lehmann-Haupt, LL.D., Ph.D. (The University Press, Liverpool. 1s.)

For Love of Beasts. By John Galsworthy. (Animals' Friend Society. 2d. post free.)

Writing the Short Story: A Practical Handbook on the Rise, Structure, Writing, and Sale of the Modern Short Story. By J. Berg Esenwein, A.M., Lit.D. (Andrew Melrose. 6s. net.)

A Miscellany of Men. By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen and Co. 5s.)

Jewish Legends of the Middle Ages. By Wolff Pascheles and Others. Selected and translated by Claud Field. Illustrated by May Mulliner. (Robert Scott. 2s. 6d.)

Curtain Raisers. By Eden Phillpotts. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

Peter's Chance. A Play in Three Acts by Edith Lyttelton. (Duckworth and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

Allegories of the Land. By Major Gambier-Parry. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

The Sheep and Its Cousins. By R. Lydekker, F.R.S. Illustrated. (G. Allen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Divorce Problems of To-day. By E. S. P. Haynes. (W. Heffer and Sons, Cambridge. 2s. net.)

The "Daily Mail" War Map of the Balkan Peninsula. (G. Philip and Son. 1s. net.)

Dog-Stealing. By Charles R. Johns. (Animals' Friend Society. 4d. post free.)

Myths and Legends of Japan. By F. Hadland Davis. Illustrated by Evelyn Paul. (G. G. Harrap and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde": An Essay on the Wagnerian Drama. By George Ainslie Height. (Stephen Swift and Co. 5s. net.)

John Jonathan and Company. By James Milne. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)

Woman and To-Morrow. By W. L. George. (Herbert Jenkins. 2s. 6d. net.)

A Midsummer Night's Dream, with Glossary. Edited by Howard de Walden and Acton Bond. (George Routledge and Sons. 6d. net.)

Picturesque Nepal. By Percy Brown. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Literary Monthly; Constitution Papers; University Correspondent; Cambridge University Reporter; L'Action Nationale; Mercure de France; Dublin Review; Quarterly Review; Bookseller; The Periodical; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Mind; The Dawn, Calcutta; Journal of the Gypsy Lore Society; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; The Amateur Photographer; Canadian News; Publishers' Circular; Eugenics Review; La Revue; The Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. TRANSCANADA—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. TRANSPACIFIC—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Vià the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

CRUISES TO NORWAY.
Mediterranean, Holy Land, Egypt, etc., by Ocean Yachting Steamer "ARCADIAN" during Summer and Autumn.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	563
The Spirit of the Summit...	564
Travelling Moments	564
The Shining Pen	565
The Music of Venice	566
Reviews:	
A French Historian of "Our Own Times" ...	568
Sixty Years Ago	569
Tigers and Police	571
George Borrow	572
Men and Manners of Modern China	572
A Safe Guide to Print Collecting	574
Shorter Reviews	574
Fiction	576
Shorter Notices	577
The Theatre:	
"Tantrums" at the Criterion	578
"The Only Way" at the Hippodrome	578
The New "Revue" at the Alhambra	579
The Morris Dancers	579
Melodrama versus Music-Drama: A Protest	580
Indian Reviews	581
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	582
Notes and News	584
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	584
Motoring	586
In the Temple of Mammon	586
Correspondence	587
Books Received	590

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

THE general condition and state of readiness of the Servian people for emergencies, as shown by events in the present crisis in the Balkans, points a lesson which we in England may well take to heart. There was no laxity, there were no pleasant assurances that when war chanced to involve their country they would be perfectly willing to fight—unequipped, save by enthusiasm, and an easy prey to the invader; every man was thoroughly trained, familiar with the use and capabilities of his weapons, and was able to fall into his place in the general scheme of things at an hour's notice. Here, on the other hand, the prevailing spirit seems to be one of lamentable placidity. "We are quite ready to fight if necessary," say the young men of this country; "send us along to the front when war comes." An admirable sentiment; but entirely useless, as it happens, without practicality to back it up. It is common knowledge, as we remarked last week, that in a population of 7,000 not one response was forthcoming to the invitations sent out to join the Territorial Force.

Without endorsing Lord Roberts' references to Germany, in the speech which he made at Manchester last week, and which has raised such a display of peculiarly unpatriotic comment in the Radical Press, we may say that in our view the position he took up is absolutely sound. It would have been better, perhaps, had he seen fit to "gild the philosophic pill" by taking a leaf from the books of Mr. Anthony Hope, and inventing some hypothetical state or kingdom with a pretty name by means of which to point his remarks; but this is the only criticism we can offer. "There is a way," said Lord Roberts, "in which Britain is certain to have war and its horrors and calamities; it is by persisting in her present course of unpreparedness, her apathy, unintelligence, and blindness, and in her disregard of the warnings of the most ordinary political insight, as well as of the example of history." These are weighty words from a veteran soldier. Until our present ineffective military system is superseded by some scheme that shall make us as alert and prepared as was Servia when the moment of trial came, we are as a nation in a distinctly unsafe position.

The various ways in which Shakespeare's plays are produced would form an interesting theme for an essay. In some towns people will flock to the theatre simply because the play is by Shakespeare; in others they go eagerly because some favourite actor is taking a principal part; but in many places a system of elaborate coaxing is the only method of filling the auditorium. We have before us the record of an enterprising American manager who worked on the principle that almost any play would be a success if it was "billed right"; thus, acceding to the wish of an actress to interpret a Shakespearean part, he placarded the town with announcements of "Six Car-loads of Scenery," "Greatly Augmented Orchestra," "A Hundred and Fifty Fairies," "Eighty Thousand Dollar Production," and so on, not forgetting to repeat the clamorous print in the local papers. The play, of course, was the triumph he meant it to be; but what proportion of the crowd came because it was "billed like a circus"? And how many of them had ever read twenty lines of the text?

A Cookery Exhibition is a thing to be taken seriously; for who knows how great a proportion of national trouble may arise from individual indigestion? "The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell," in spite of all the charms of French culinary art, means more to an Englishman than many orchestral triumphs; Pope knew his readers when he wrote, "Swearing and supperless, the hero sat," since we may presume that his "supper" was the equivalent of dinner. For the first time, the inaugural luncheon of the present Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall was prepared by the young cooks now being trained by the London County Council, and served by boy waiters also under the same auspices. It seems a pity, however, that little attention is paid to British possibilities; judging from the menu, we might as well have been lunching at an ordinary West End hotel.

Congratulations to *The World* on the attainment of its two thousandth number, and on the excellent manner in which those at present ruling its destinies are preserving the traditions of the paper handed down from the days of 1874. They have done wisely in giving a tone of reminiscence to the current issue, and the various articles by well-known friends, dealing with literary adventures of years that are past, make fascinating reading, albeit at times tinged with sadness—as when Sir Squire Bancroft tells of the tragically sudden death of Edmund Yates.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Spirit of the Summit

UPON the untrodden height she dwelt alone,
Where sheer rock-bastions sunder world from world,
Whose swarming plains the girdling clouds, close-furled
Around the summit, ne'er avow. A zone
Of filmy cloud she wore; like fashioned stone
Her white limbs gleamed; her shadowy tresses curled
About her brow, all virgin dew-empearled;
Her brooding eyes twin blazing beryls shone.

And with her face upturned to the arching sky
She pierced the hallowed stillness with a cry
That brimmed all longing: "O Infinitude,
Homed in the Height, so long, so vain pursued,
How shall I compass Thee, who from my birth
Press heavy feet on this low mound of earth?"

PHIL. J. FISHER.

Travelling Moments

WHENCE comes the true joy of travel? The question may be answered superficially in several ways: one will say that the charm lies in change of scene, another in rapid motion, a third in the various hostelries that are visited or the different languages and customs heard and experienced. But it needed not the recommendation of Borrow and the host of other writers who have loved and expounded the beauty of the open road to tell us that the very finest joy of travel often comes to him who leaves the rail for those who are in a hurry, leaves the wheeled conveyance—be it motor, horse and trap, or bath chair—for those who are tender of foot, and, his pockets handsomely bulging with whatever fare he may fancy—in case of emergencies—takes to the lanes, the moors, or the downs.

Even then, however, the opening query is not answered. To tramp the miles merely to boast subsequently of the distances covered labels you as of a pedestrian soul as well as body; and that will never do. The truest joy of travel, it seems to me, comes in certain intermittent "moments," as they might be called; glorious times when, as you pass through a sunlit wood, or stand in buffeting wind at the edge of a cliff, or take the bounty of an unexpected wayside inn, the sensation of being thoroughly alive thrills the blood like a draught of wine. Three such moments came to me in a day's tramp a week or two ago.

The first was when, after four miles of fairly steady climbing, I stumbled down a spur of Dartmoor into a village of fairyland. The narrow road crossed a bridge; beneath the bridge a little brown stream—I know not its name, save that it is a tributary of the Dart—fussed and laughed and twinkled among many boulders. The parapet had a tempting shoulder of mossy stones; indeed, the whole bridge was dark with velvety moss; and I stretched myself upon it. Before me, six thatched cottages slept in the sunshine, set at all curious angles. A few minutes ago, on the hill, a gale had striven to deafen me; here, so deep and sheltered was the spot, the leaves hardly whispered. Two or three cottage doors stood open, but nothing moved, no voice spoke. Evidently, I thought, the place is enchanted, and I am one with the magic spell that dwells over it all. Greatly daring, I smoked a pipe as I lay on the warm moss and listened to the stream, determined to stay until something happened.

It seemed that one might wait till nightfall, so intense was the quiet. But presently—it may be a quarter of an hour had passed—a woman came from one of the open doors, singing; as she stood there, a cow lowed plaintively. The woman saw me, laughed, nodded greeting, and disappeared; and the spell was broken. I went on my way; but it was good to have had that moment.

The second memorable moment of the day came when, having climbed a lane of incredible steepness from Widecombe-in-the-Moor (that is not the name of my fairy village, by the way) and chatted with one old crinkled and weather-beaten gentleman who might have passed for the veritable "Uncle Tom Cobleigh," or at least for "Dan'l Whidden," I looked back and saw the church tower of Widecombe—the Cathedral of the Moor—grey against a blue-grey breast of hill; all far below me, shadowed by wide spaces and huge tors against which threatening clouds began to stream and break. The tall, lonely tower of stone—how immeasurably it gained in significance from its setting!

And the third thrill of that day, which even now seems long ago, was when, drenched almost to the skin by an hour of tramping in heavy rain across the wildest corner of Dartmoor, where not a tree offered its friendly shelter, and the great tors frowned from their granite brows through a shaggy hair of cloud, I stood in the kitchen of an old-fashioned moorland inn before a roaring fire, and received a real Devonshire welcome from people I had never before seen in my life. There, in borrowed clothes, while my own steamed mightily on chair-backs in the blaze, I sat and took tea with one of those worthy gentlemen of the road whose business it is to sell small draperies and fineries to country damsels who dwell far from shops; and good company he was, too. There I made friends with three jolly fellows of dogs, and two sleek, condescending cats; there, also, came curious youngsters of the hamlet to peep and run away; there, again, I was startled by the sight of a cow gazing mildly at me through a window. The bill for the two hours' shelter and refreshment was ninepence, and it was one of the pleasantest times I have ever spent.

The charm of these "moments" lies in their surprise. They are upon you, from the ordinary level of life, before you realise it; therefore they are sometimes missed. To know them when they come—to be receptive, to recognise that an hour to be remembered is now born—is the test of the true traveller, whether he go after all, by road, or rail, or sea.

W. L. R.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Shining Pen*

AMONG the frequently recurring platitudes which so assist conversation when ideas and imaginative flowers refuse to unfold, the saying that "the art of letter-writing is extinct" takes a foremost position. It bridges many an awkward gap, leads comfortably across chilly silences to gentle, meandering discussions on the prevalence of the picture-postcard—from which grateful divergence may easily and safely be made to holidays and the comparative virtues of Blankenberghe and Billericay. Yet, if we consider the words for a moment, they are a platitude merely by favour of an oversight. For the true letter eliminates art; it is merry, sad, sarcastic, grave, what you will—even spiritual—but it is essentially natural. Friend communing with friend discards art and all its *minutiæ;* a letter of envy, spite, or hate bears the genuine elemental fury—even the curb of convention is slackened. A lover may seek the choice word, the acceptable phrase, for his mistress, but he does so precisely as he would gather for her the sweetest flower, unconscious save of the sense of preference and fitness. And what we assume to be "art" in the words of the great letter-writers of the world is more often the irresistible signal of the mind and soul betraying itself, often hurriedly, but always unmistakably, to its fellow.

Thus we get the love-letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett—full of exquisite, peculiar cadences as of a song half heard, sprinkled with queer and sometimes forced allusions, ragged with scraps of Greek and truncated sentences, but all perfectly natural—to the Brownings. Or we have the rather stately letters of Goethe, who, whether he wrote to his "Dear little Aunt, how like a sleigh-ride goes my life—swiftly away, and tinkling and careering up and down!" or to Kestner that "it is very abominable and unkind of you not to entrust me the commission of the rings," seems always to hold a certain unapproachable dignity in reserve. Or we find Swift writing in impeccable English his portentous epistles to Archbishop King, and in English that might be another language his playful letters to "Stella"—both free from art, both natural expressions of the man, though in the one case guarded, in the other riotous. And so we could go on, giving instances from the correspondence of Lamb, of Cowper, and a dozen more indefatigable scribes, until we came by simple lapse of time to Meredith, whose inimitably natural letters are now before us.

We look to letters to give us the man, far more than we expect to discover him in his books; for the reason that the published word is chosen with two minds—one on expression, the other on the opinion of a hydra-headed and possibly unfriendly public; a public which will be critical, even when its sole exhibition of immatured criticism is a splenetic throwing of the book aside as incomprehensible. For another reason, perhaps: that most letters are little vessels of personality filled to the brim; draughts clear and sparkling or dull and turgid, according to the soul that dictates to the flying pen. And, in the present case, for a third reason: that there was in George Meredith a fine fearlessness arising from purity of life and a leonine heart which forbade him to use, as uncongenial, those phrases of dissimulation and insincerity that cloud the meaning of the writer and baulk the understanding of the reader. In his wildest, fiercest metaphors there is the rush of naturalness; they are the play of a happy mind that invents images and sets them down swifty as they come, not the laboriously polished and suspiciously clever similes of the study. "Last night," he writes to Mrs. Sturgis, his daughter, "we had a Bird of Storm brooding on us for hours, and away and back, with fifty million Electric lights and all the world's Cathedral organs crashing!" To another lady, concerning a gift of fruit, he says: "The Madeira apples were custardy and curious. Perhaps Eve would have fallen for them. I am not so sure about Adam. The pips furnish an agreeable entertainment. A high propulsion would enable them to kill." "My breakfast would supply a Workhouse," he laughs to his "Dear Tuck" (William Hardman): "my luncheons are equal to the refections of four fat Friars; my dinner would satiate the soul of a ticket-of-leave man. I go to bed when Apollo lays his red nose over the Eastern hill, and light-foot hours carry it on their shoulders in triumph to 27, Gordon Street, what time Tuck, with a final snore, says 'Blow it!' and consents to rise!"

These are the lighter passages, the glistening foam on the surface of deep waters, and they are plentiful on very many pages; but, as a whole, these letters, finely joyous and amusing as some of them may be, demand from the careful reader an attention far other than mere glances at humour or considerations of style. They demand no less than the acceptance of George Meredith as one of the most true-hearted, high-spirited men of his age; unworldly, yet loving the world; spiritual in thought; laughing in the face of death, yet clinging to Earth, his life-long love. "It is hard that one should strike the solemn peal of 80, and not be able to caper with the legs, though the mind and heart are elastically harlequin," he wrote on February 10, 1908, to Sir Francis Burnand; "however, good things come at this big age." To another friend he says, in the following year: "For me, I drag on, counting more years and not knowing why. I have to lean on an arm when I would walk, and I am humiliated by requiring at times a repetition of sentences. This is my state of old age. But my religion of life is always to be cheerful. Though I see little of my friends, I live with them." Splendid armour against the shafts of death, even then taking aim at him, that resolve "always to

---

**The Letters of George Meredith.* Collected and Edited by his Son. 2 vols. (Constable and Co. 21s. net.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

be cheerful"! And in all sorrows of separation, of loss of friends, of illness, comes the same heartiness of comfort, the same refusal to dwell in the shadows, the indomitable decision to capture what gleams of sunshine may appear. Only occasionally, and then chiefly in connection with his work and the slowness of the public to welcome it, do we find a touch of cynicism. On a puzzling verse in "In Memoriam" he wrote to Captain Maxse:—

> If I had written such a line, what vehement reprobation of me from Ploverfield! what cunning efforts to construe! and, finally, what a lecture on my wilfulness! In Tennyson it is interesting. In Browning you are accustomed to gnaw a bone, and would be surprised to find him simple. But "G.M.," who is not known, not acknowledged, he shall be trounced if he offers us a difficulty—we insist upon his thinking in our style. Very well, Fred; I am used to it.

With regard to such passages, and others here and there acidly commenting on similar themes, we cannot but feel profoundly glad that George Meredith lived until his was one of the honoured names in English literature—honoured in a wide circle, as it long had been among such intimates as Lord Morley, Mr. and Mrs. Meynell, Frederick Greenwood, Leslie Stephen, William Hardman, and many more to whom his letters are as gems in an unbreakable girdle of friendship. The little home at Box Hill was a centre from which rays of affection sprang forth in all directions, towards which bent the steps of those whose admiration of its owner as man and writer came nigh to reverence. To few men, perhaps, were close friendships more necessary. Some temperaments can shut themselves off as with a door of silence, living, thinking, and working in a lonely, soundless cavern, giving their brain and soul only the careful relief of the ultimate, printed word; not so was it with Meredith. He craved the instant pen, caught the winged minute, and his gusts of enthusiasm flew post-haste to those whom he knew were most fit to understand. Delicate little notes, rippling with fun, went to his children in their youth, and, a generation after, to his grandchildren; explanations of passages in his own novels he would write patiently to those who were practically strangers; frequent pages of mingled frolic and criticism delighted his literary compeers, and are here reproduced; and there are letters which seem almost too sacred for cold print, betraying his love for the one who was to be his wife. One can hardly read them without a catching of the breath; they sing for happiness.

It is inevitable that in reading so many letters, all from one hand, we long for some of the hidden ones to which they were answers, or for some of the replies which they incited. Mr. W. M. Meredith has chosen carefully and wisely, and it is but a very small admixture of dispraise to say that in several cases he might have given more annotations for the benefit of readers who were not personal friends of his father; that these would be many he could not have doubted. It is not a complete collection, and we notice in some quarters a hope for further volumes. If any issue of trivial consequence is contemplated, bearing no interest beyond the mere fact that the same hand wrote its contents that gave us "The Egoist," we take exception to that hope. It is difficult to think of any following volume as forming anything but an anti-climax to these inspiring books, and, just as we think it was a pity to include much of Meredith's "Miscellaneous Prose" in a series that was artistically satisfactory without it, we think it would be a mistake to attempt an addition to this entirely admirable selection. The man is here, living vividly in his brilliant words; what more is there to be said?

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

The Music of Venice

WHICH is the most musical city in Europe? Let Paris, Vienna, Munich, and Berlin sift the evidence and decide that question so far as the cultivation of artificial music is concerned, music that can be manufactured by the twin genius of heart and brain, and executed at will by those who are cunning of finger or throat. But this kind of music is but a makeshift after all. There are times when we rejoice devoutly that the gods have given it as a solace in those moments when the truest music is withheld from us; and those appreciate it the most who are readiest to acknowledge that it is only a substitute. So beautiful is some of this music of man, music of Palestrina, of Gluck, of Mozart, of Schubert, of Franck, that, hearing its sweetness, we are often tempted to forget the other and better strains which come and go, as the wind bloweth where it listeth, without our asking, utterly and entirely outside of any power or influence we possess over them. Perhaps, as Shelley thought, the sound of Silence is the most perfect manifestation of the true music. Let us listen to the silence, he said, for its tones impart what words can never render into music.

This music is very rarely heard in those cities which are thoughtlessly assumed to be the most musical. You might suppose, indeed, that the keenest listener would hearken in vain for the music of Silence in a city. Go to some unexplored cañon in the mountains, visit the lemon groves beyond the Epipolæ of Syracuse at midnight, row out upon a summer sea and ship your oars, when winds are hushed and the last fishing-boat is out of sight. You think it is in such spots, at such seasons, that you shall hear the diviner songs! And yet they are to be heard in crowded cities, too, these rapturous songs of silence; and even better heard. For then they seem more magical when you, the listener, are surrounded by objects which at any moment may burst out with the clamour of ten thousand tongues. In Rome,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the august, we have heard this majestic music of Silence. If you can obtain permission to sit in the Forum or on the Palatine just before cock-crow you shall hear it, too. You will think from time to time that your ear catches the undertones in which dead Cæsars talk together, but it is only the passage of a Dryad from one cypress to another, and, her flight accomplished, the harmonies of Silence vibrate again unchallenged. In the cloister of the Terme also they have been heard at early dawn, but still more rarely, for the Ferrovia is near, and the plashing of the fountain in the Piazza can interrupt.

But Italy owns one city where the melodies of Silence, and those others which, even though they depend on men in one way or another, have nothing to do with the music of chamber, theatre, or concert-hall, may every day and night be heard to perfection. Its name is Venice. Lately we have sat at our window in the *Grande Rue*, between three and four o'clock in the morning, listening to music so magnificent that some of its cadences were almost intolerable in their beauty. Right before us in the sky shone great Orion, Sirius, and their attendants; their shining so brilliant that their reflection, in the Canal made the jade-coloured floor seem as if some celestial hand had sprinkled it with sharp-cut fragments from the pavement of emerald and yellow diamond that encircles the Throne on high. The morning stars were singing together, and all the sons of God were shouting for joy. Palace after palace, erect in the clear air, and seen in the mirror of the still waters, echoed the song. The bells of the Salute trembled with eagerness to swell the splendid noise, and we knew that great Marangona, restored to his belfry, was listening to the concert, but waiting the accustomed hour when the Silence having died away into earthly sound, he should be bidden to add the unapproachable dignity of that voice which speaks as if it were the sum of all the illustrious voices that ever were heard in Venice to the gathering hum of the rising music-makers going forth to their work and to their labour until the evening. This was music, indeed, yet until the bells began at half-past five those stars looked down upon what in the ordinary sense of language was an absolutely noiseless city.

Almost as enchanting are the semi-silences of evening, when only the occasional plash of the gondola's oar is heard, or the waves washing the marble steps, and the distant whisperings of the narrow streets; when the touching, mournful lines from Verlaine's prison come to the mind:—

> Cette paisible rumeur là
> Vient de la ville.

You must make the most of the rare minutes when these quiet concerts are given, for too soon a *vaporetto* will hurry by, and dispel the peace. But we do not hold that the noiseless music of Venice, though, to be sure, it is the most beautiful, is the only kind for which an hourly Laudamus should be uttered. For Venice has the secret of capturing what may be ugly in and by itself and turning it to a golden use. By this alchemy the horror of the chimney-stacks, and the new houses on the Lido, and the telegraph wires over the lagoon, and the merciless glare of incandescent lights, is transmuted; Venice uplifts her finger, and all that would be ugly hides itself, decently, and loses its identity among the ever-changing processions of lovely things. Venice has the same magical power over what in other cities would be disagreeable sounds. The little bells of S. Samuele and S. Barnaba wake you with an *aubade* performed, as it were, by sweetened flutes and the clangour, led by S. Stefano and the Frari becomes the most majestic of polyphony chanted, it seems, by deep-throated archangels. We lean over the wall of our friend's garden on the Giudecca and listen to the song of a boatman who is bringing his load of gorgeous fruits from Pelestrina.

Judged by ordinary standards, his voice is harsh and husky, and his tune is commonplace, but Venice makes it seem so beautiful that our pleasure in listening is immeasurably greater than that with which we heard Caruso, a few weeks since, in the hot Opera House at Vienna. The very wailings of the sirens, and the insolent whistlings of the steam-tugs, the riotous screaming of children, the violin practisings of schoolgirls, the murderous altercations of gondoliers at their traghetti — even these unmelodious sounds are caught up by Venice and used to enhance the glory of her music, as if she were some Debussy of Olympus, knowing well what is the value of a rightly-introduced dissonance. Her names as you read them on her walls are music. It needs not that you should speak aloud such a title as that of "Santa Maria Gloriosa dei Frari" to know that its music is like a rich sentence of Beethoven. And Venice gives you Beethoven also. His symphonies were not, it is true, written entirely for wind instruments, but when the Banda Municipale played some selections from them the other day in the Piazza they seemed to sound more gloriously under the shadow of S. Marco and the Campanile than they do in Queen's Hall.

Nor were we conscious of any other sense but an added delight when at the Angelus great Marangona joined in with a voice richer than a hundred thousand double-basses playing in unison. Exquisite music, too, is being made at this moment in Venice which all the world will presently be running to hear. For Signor Wolf-Ferrari lives here, and we have been privileged to make the acquaintance of his new opera, on a play of Molière, an opera which we do not hesitate to affirm will set the seal of fame and greatness on the career of the composer of "Il Segreto di Susanna." We must not speak further of this work, which is not yet completed, but we know already that its music is worthy of the beauty and wonder of the incomparable city in which it has had its birth. Yes, Venice, all melody herself, is now inspiring her young composer with something of her own delicious radiancy of heart. One must be glad at Venice, and here, by the side of one of her canals, music is being written which we are sure will add to the gladness of the world.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

A French Historian of "Our Own Times"

Histoire du Peuple Anglais au XIXe Siècle. Vol. I—L'Angleterre en 1815. By ELIE HALEVY. (Hachette and Co. 15 fr.)

IN undertaking a history of England in the Nineteenth Century M. Halévy has demonstrated that he is truly brave, but, like the man with the five talents, he has made them other five, for he has shown himself modest as well as brave. We wish that some of the foreign commentators of English literature could take lessons at his school; their need of initial apology is, if anything, greater than his, since nothing, not even its customs and institutions, belongs more intimately to a nation than its language and its literature. M. Halévy's deprecative introduction exhibits one rather curious feature that supplies food for thought—he addresses himself formally and it would seem exclusively to his compatriots. This appears to us to illustrate a point of national difference; we find it difficult not to be personal or insular even in the region of ideas—to the Frenchman that region is a No-man's-land; we like to reserve a technical right of invitation to walk in paths we call our own—the Frenchman carries a *passe-partout*.

But there is another and a more obvious point to consider. When the eminent professor of the Ecole Libre des Sciences Politiques addresses his justification solely to his compatriots, he seems to imply that his book is intended solely for them—that it will be read, in fact, by Frenchmen alone. If so, it is carrying modesty too far. We shall be surprised if this work does not gain very general recognition in England. In the first place it supplies a great want—no one has done for the Nineteenth Century what Lecky has done for the Eighteenth—and in the second place it is admirably executed. Frenchmen have a secret recipe for writing modern history; we would quote, for example, the work of M. Seignobos and the lectures of M. Denis. They thread the most complicated maze with unerring instinct, and at the darkest corners they hang the guiding lamp of epigram. M. Halévy has all his countrymen's gifts in this matter. Nor does he weaken his qualifications when he suggests that a foreigner may see more of the soul of a country than a native of that country; the physician hands over the medical treatment of his own family to another physician. The foreigner has the capacity for wonder—"une bienfaisante faculté d'étonnement"—and wonder is the gate of knowledge. In M. Halévy's case this capacity is keen and effective; a very favourite expression of his—"dans aucun pays d'Europe" with its implied "except England"—exemplifies this. We do not know if M. Halévy knows all the countries of Europe, but he certainly knows the difference between France and England.

We believe in compliments. The truest history of a country during a period would be obtained by reading first a native and then a foreign historian. Of these the latter at least should be a genius. A symposium, even if it includes one or two foreigners, is very unsatisfactory.

M. Halévy, we have said, has the faculty of wonder. He displays it continually, and with abundant reason. No people has more consistently baffled expectation than the English of the early Nineteenth Century. Their polity was an organised weakness; their army was an organised anarchy; there was no reason why their navy should rise superior to its terrific task. Every time M. Halévy sums up at the close of some particular subject, he finds it necessary to defer his explanation of averted disaster to some later moment. When he gets to this explanation, it may be true, but it is scarcely heroic or impressive. It is most probably true—it is the unprejudiced outside observer, with the "faculté d'étonnement" who gives it to us. Here, at any rate, it is, this explanation:—

> Si le matérialisme historique état vrai, s'il fallait chercher, dans la série des faits économiques, la cause explicative de toute l'histoire, l'Angleterre du XIXe siècle devrait être le pays prédestiné de la révolution politique et de la révolution religieuse.

But—

> L'Angleterre a été le théâtre, au XVIIIe siècle, d'un grand mouvement religieux qui n'a pas eu son équivalent sur le continent, du dernier mouvement d'opinion protestante qui ait réussi à fonder des institutions durables; et c'est le "réveil méthodiste," le "réveil évangélique" qui

founded, for instance, modern English Liberalism, and enables us to account for

> la stabilité exceptionnelle dont la société anglaise est destinée à jouir, dans un siècle de révolutions et de crises, et ce qu'on peut appeler le miracle de l'Angleterre moderne, anarchiste et cépendant bien ordonnée, positive, industrielle, et cependant religieuse jusqu'au piétisme.

Even while searching for the miracle that saved England from the European earthquake, M. Halévy by no means excludes sympathy for the institutions, imperfect or "anarchistes" as they might be, that distinguished her at this epoch:—

> Si elles sont librement acceptées [aristocratical institutions, for instance, in army organisation] consciemment voulues par tous les membres d'une société, même par ceux qui, dans cette société, ne font point partie de l'aristocratie dirigeante, elles sont de nature à répandre, dans tous les rangs, une sorte d'orgueil collectif, source d'énergie et de puissance.

The English electoral system may have been corrupt, but there was nothing as good on the Continent, and it worked well enough to find many imitators. The ruinous scale of electioneering expenses and the orgies that accompanied a contested election, though no doubt exaggerated, were not wholly indefensible, for, apart

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

from the fact that they might be regarded as the price of power and as a "sport national," they implied a large measure of political liberty, a possession that M. Halévy does not refuse to England during this period.

This work makes no pretence to being a "political" history, in the ordinary sense; it is a very complete "social" survey of modern England. The present volume is divided into three almost equal parts, dealing respectively with "Les Institutions Politiques," "La Société Economique" and "Les Croyances et la Culture." The last part, with its two sub-divisions, is perhaps the most interesting. We have seen how crucial the religious question is for the author. But he is also very much concerned with literary and philosophical currents; he has already published a considerable work on the history of philosophical Radicalism, and in the present work he devotes a good deal of space to the theories of Malthus, Bentham, Ricardo, and Mill.

We have already indicated roughly the lines on which the political institutions are considered. M. Halévy starts from the classical accounts of the British Constitution due to Montesquieu and Blackstone, and he concludes that by 1815 "les intérêts de la Couronne, de la Chambre Haute et de la Chambre Basse sont devenus solidaires, au lieu de se faire opposition et équilibre. C'est donc que la Constitution est faussée." Interesting in this connection and in relation to even more modern conditions is the account of Cobbett and his attacks on both political parties. The first part includes sections on the Army and the Navy. M. Halévy distinguishes between them as being respectively the Tory and Whig services; the Navy never came under popular suspicion; as to the Army:—

> A cause des vices mêmes de son organisation, les victoires remportées par l'armée anglaise n'ont pas mis en péril les libertés traditionnelles de la nation.

In Part II we find a very clear and exhaustive account of economical problems and conditions. The paradoxical triumph of laissez-faire, at the moment when it was condemning itself by its worst abuses, and at the very moment when the slave trade was being abolished in the name of humanity, is made quite intelligible. It was so easy to make a fortune in those days, and the way was potentially open to almost all. The fluctuations of the great war emphasised the speculative basis of wealth. It may be news to many that Napoleon had finally to defend French industry by conniving at the infringement of his own Blockade; nothing could more vividly illustrate the power that was in English commerce at this date.

The "snobisme" that is bound to come in somewhere in a work on England makes one rather curious appearance; we do not refer to "l'armée de snobs" as a description of the Peninsular army; but we think that it is taking rather a narrow view of human nature to say that it was principally "par snobisme" that self-made manufacturers were comparatively humane to their employees.

We will conclude by congratulating M. Halévy on a fine piece of work. May the other volumes not tarry too long, and may they be worthy of their predecessor! Above all, let us pray that the fourth volume may contain an index! It might be the one thing wanting to complete a monumental work, and as there are many French works that suffer from this defect, we venture to make the suggestion. R. F. SMALLEY.

Sixty Years Ago

The Battle of Life. By T. E. KEBBEL. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THOSE who wish to understand something of the great difference between life in England sixty years ago and to-day should read this interesting autobiography, which covers the period of the writer's boyhood, youth, and early manhood from about the year 1833 to 1865. Mr. Kebbel contends, and we are inclined to agree with him, that "there is a much greater difference between the England of to-day and the England of 1840 than there was between the England of George I and the England of Charles II." The human boy is much the same in every age. Yet even this natural product is affected by the spirit of the age, and modern faddists, "education" folk, hygienists, and sentimental philanthropists do their best to lick him into an artificial shape. As the author humorously observes, "Well, well, School Boards, County Councils, competitive examinations, mown stubbles, French partridges, an improved moral tone, New Zealand mutton, University Extensions, threshing-machines, have made us the very superior people we are now."

From this it may be inferred that he is a sportsman and naturalist of the old-fashioned type, who learnt something of nature's secrets at the fountain-head. Certainly anything more ludicrous than the laboured attempt of town and college teachers in the primary country schools to teach children nature from handbooks and diagrams can hardly be imagined. It is, perhaps, only equalled by the modern absurdity of teaching children to play. The spontaneous games of children thirty years ago, many of them a part of traditional folk-lore, were worth dozens of the sickly, even if highly proper, inculcated relaxations of sophisticated teachers.

Mr. Kebbel's schooldays were sufficiently breezy, and afforded much valuable help towards the Battle of Life. It is a question whether the luxury and softness which has invaded schools in our day will be so efficacious. But the chapters which will be read with greatest interest, at least by University men, are those which tell the graphic story of Oxford life more than sixty years ago. Mr. Kebbel went up to Oxford from Merchant Taylors' School in January, 1846, and matriculated at Exeter College. Then frock-coats were beginning to supersede tail-coats, green or brown cutaways with brass buttons of 1837 being rarely seen. Men out for walks or rides, or even going down to the river, were expected to be in "beaver"—so called from the time when all tall hats were beaver hats.

Evening chapel was at 4.30 p.m., dinner at 5 o'clock. "Tankards of college ale were emptied" at breakfast

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

parties. Port and sherry were chiefly drunk of "wines," though "men did not sit down to a wine party as a general rule with the intention of drinking a bottle apiece, and perhaps more." So even then there was a change from John Thorpe's assurance in "Northanger Abbey" that "there is no drinking at Oxford now. You would hardly meet a man who goes beyond his four pints."

And what a change to-day! Someone recently observed that the dull, serious conversation of modern common-rooms, and the absence of wit and humour, were in direct ratio to the flatness of the insipid mineral waters consumed at high tables, and had the hardihood to propose as a remedy the formation of a Society for the Promotion of Drinking among Oxford Dons. Anyhow, we remember dining in the common-room of St. John's a few years ago, and being felicitated by the host of the evening for not letting the port wine pass by. In the "forties" there was a curious passion among reading men for having the most elementary text-books expensively bound. One man had Trendelenburg's Logic bound in russia, another a lexicon to Æschylus. Handsome furniture and costly engravings were common. Indeed, "more luxury was displayed in the decoration of their rooms by most men than in eating and drinking," though "select circles" gave "select little dinners" with champagne and claret. At Exeter College routine appears to have been the first duty of man. "Never to miss chapel, never to 'cut lecture,' never to lurch in late, always to dine in hall, gained a man more credit with the dons than if he had spent half his nights in mastering Thucydides and half his days in pondering the Ethics." It was said that Sewell used gravely to caution too hard readers against "the pride of intellect." However, Mr. Kebbel, gaining an exhibition, migrated to Lincoln, where things were "very different." These were the early days of Mark Pattison, Kaye, and Perry.

Mr. Kebbel's love of sport and nature led him to explore the country round Oxford in a way little known to the average undergraduate. Godstow we all know, but we wonder whether the men of to-day dine at the riverside inn on "fresh-caught eels, spatch-cocked and fried," or, after a day's shooting in Eynsham Woods, at its "very good inn, boasting some real old port." Then there was Witney, where, after a day's roam through Wychwood Forest, "untouched by the reformer, *curvique immunis aratri*, you might dine out of doors in the garden; or Otmoor, a wide, marshy flat, good for a snipe or a widgeon; or The Oak in Stow Wood, half-inn, half-farmhouse, with its grand old oak-tree and the honest old farmer with his red face, the son coming up with his gun over his shoulder, and his pretty sister wishing you a smiling good-bye at the door." During one Long Vacation Mr. Kebbel stayed up at Oxford, ostensibly for the purpose of reading Roman history. But "staying up meant taking country lodgings at Elsfield, and reading Livy meant shooting partridges at Stow Wood." Yet after sixty years he gives us a delightful chapter on Oxford in a real vacation time, before the modern annexation of the month of July for examination work.

These, too, were the days before the mushroom growth of "tutoropolis" and suburbia between St. Giles's and Summertown. Oxford in vacation became simply the great county town. All University life was dormant. The silent colleges were like despoiled monasteries. The solitary University man "began to feel like a stranger in his own stronghold." And then, paradoxical as it may appear, he began to realise the *genius loci* of Oxford's memories and unique history, freed from "the tumult of term time, when the talk is of nothing but schools and wines, and eights and elevens, and who has got the Latin verse, and who has won the drag or the long jump." Then "he sees fair Oxford aright," and may call up her matchless associations, and all the charming romance of her history, religion, and literature, and of her great personalities, through the splendid traditions of a thousand years. Elsfield and partridges were not conducive to hard work, and to this vacation episode the author partly attributes the loss of his First Class. Being the son of a country rector, clerical topics are lightly touched, and there is a good picture of home life in the rectory, where so many country clergy were "squarsons" and sportsmen. It was thoroughly honest and wholesome, though it would shock the serious so-called Christian Socialist modern ecclesiastic. In one sense it was probably more Socialistic than much of the sentimental sham Socialism affected by that serious young person of to-day. Probably more was done by individuals to cheer and brighten the life of the agricultural labourer than is effected by the present State legislation and that dreaded bogie, the ubiquitous inspector. As to the "squarsons," it is worthy of note "that acceptance of the Anglo-Catholic idea as revived by Keble, Newman, and Pusey was not confined to a few ascetics or weak-minded enthusiasts, or ambitious sacerdotalists, but that it was embraced by clergymen who had passed middle life under the old regime, who were scholars, sportsmen, and men of the world, as soon as they understood its meaning and recognised 'its historic basis.'"

From Oxford Mr. Kebbel passes to London life in the Temple, and we read of the pleasures of a by-gone generation, of Cremorne, Evans's, the Casinos, the Cider Cellars, and dinners at the "Trafalgar" at Greenwich, at the old "Falcon" at Gravesend, and at the Eel-pie Island at Twickenham, till serious money difficulties arose, low water, and the perennial trouble with money-lenders, all bravely told as part of the Battle of Life. After much tossing on stormy seas, the author steers at last into the haven of the Press, and we find him at the annual *Saturday Review* dinner at Greenwich, in company with Mr. Beresford Hope, Sir W. Harcourt ("Historicus"), Saunders (the editor of Justinian), G. Venables, and G. H. Lewes; and, later, the present Lord Morley and Charles Austin of the *Times*.

It is difficult now to realise the England of sixty years ago, but a remarkable picture of some aspects of life in a period whose every traces are rapidly being eliminated will be found in this well-written and fascinating volume.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Tigers and Police

Life in the Indian Police. By C. E. GOULDSBURY. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE apologies which Mr. Gouldsbury offers in his postscript for any imperfections in his work indicate his modesty, but were hardly required. He has produced a book which will be enjoyed by all sportsmen who have pursued big game. Many Anglo-Indians, too, and others will read it with interest as describing the characteristic scenes and familiar incidents of a life spent in India. It is not the author's first literary effort. Mr. Gouldsbury gave a small sample of his adventures in his "Dulal, the Forest Guard," but he has now drawn more largely on his repertoire, and it may be hoped that he has not yet exhausted it. His numerous stories have a reality and freshness that carry conviction of their truth, and of his accuracy as an observer. It would have been easy for him to make the police portion of his book more prominent, but he has wisely said nothing of his departmental life that cannot be read with interest. The Indian police have, as we have had occasion to say before, been under searching inquiry, and no branch of the Indian services is better known or more bitterly abused. Improvements are being effected, but can only be gradual. Mr. Gouldsbury shows how useful the police are, even under present conditions, and how dependent the English police officers are upon their native subordinates. The instances narrated of torture inflicted by the police in old days to extort confessions are hardly credible, instances, indeed, of devilish ingenuity, as they are termed: they are becoming rarer, as severe punishment follows upon conviction of any policeman offending. In the backward districts, as an Inspector admitted to the author, "the peoples not being in advanced education state, there is not much work for police, but of hunting there is plenty, no doubt, especially royal tiger"; and, again, "No, your worship, there is no such important crimes, for the people are yet like barbarian rustic, and cannot read and write, but when there are more schools they will become intelligent, no doubt, and make organisation of criminal nature like in more advanced districts." In such localities the author evidently had much time for sport. Tiger-shooting had an extraordinary charm, an indescribable fascination, for him, and fortunately his nerve never failed, even in the most trying situations. On one occasion he had to get a tiger out of a cave where it was heard crunching human bones; on another a tiger had climbed out along the branch of a tree. But Mr. Gouldsbury always had the valuable assistance of an experienced *shikari*, and generally of staunch elephants. The former was, through excess of zeal, nearly demolished by a tiger. When the man was almost in extremities the civil surgeon's skill, aided by the old man's delight at finding two sahibs had come to see him, worked wonders, and from that moment he began to mend, eventually recovering. He survived for many years, falling a victim at last to a cobra-bite. The stories of elephants and their habits are equally interesting as those of the tigers. Few people perhaps know how frightened tame elephants are of a herd of their wild brethren, especially of the leading tuskers. The death of an elephant in a quicksand must have been a painful sight.

Though sport occupies the major portion of Mr. Gouldsbury's volume, he has observations to offer on many other matters. In one district where sport was wanting he found crime astonishingly prevalent, "yet, strangely enough, sordid, cunning, and intriguing as was the general character of these people, they were by no means deficient in courage," and they indulged freely in sanguinary contentions and riots, often ending in loss of life. He alludes to the "kindliness and good feeling which existed between natives and Europeans before discontent and sedition—the products possibly of a supererogatory education system—had laid their baneful hold upon the people," and, again, "it must be evident to anyone with lengthened experience of the country that, apart from the spirit of anarchy and socialism, now generally prevalent, the condition of unrest in Bengal is due in a great measure to over-education." Education was not the author's only antipathy. The Judicial Courts in India often require what appears to the executive and police officers an unreasonably high standard of evidence, unattainable under the existing conditions of the country, which favour untruthfulness and inaccuracy. Mr. Gouldsbury writes of a British officer, "As a Judge McTavish really was impossible, his unreasoning antipathy to the police blinding his eyes to any skill or virtue they might occasionally exhibit," and later he alludes to "that august and time-honoured assemblage of learned prætors known as the High Court." The description of a local Raja is not flattering—"Built on a scale even the Claimant would not rival, he stood about 5 feet 2 inches in height, with a form as rotund in full and profile as it is possible for the human frame to be, and arrayed in garments of startling hue. His coat was of pea-green satin, with stripes of yellow and purple, worn over trousers of crimson silk, sprinkled with gold stars and fitting closely to the legs, giving the impression of bolsters such as are sometimes seen on an ottoman of Oriental design": the "fractional portion of a rainbow," the "huge jelly-bag-like carcase of the potentate," "the porpoise-like proportions of our visitor" are picturesque expressions, but perhaps somewhat severe upon the Raja. The camp life, the Durbar on the frontier, the Frenchman's adventure, the planter's hospitality, the smaller matters of everyday existence in a station, are well described, without any effort or high-falutin. Mr. Gouldsbury had good luck in indulging his special love of big-game sport, and he has been equally successful in writing a book which provides plenty of entertainment.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

George Borrow

George Borrow, the Man and his Books. By EDWARD THOMAS. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

"HE went out into the wilderness, and he savoured of it." This sentence, culled from the concluding chapter of Mr. Thomas's excellent biography, is perhaps as perfect a description of Borrow as it would be possible to give. Borrow was a many-sided man, and he presents himself to the reader under a variety of aspects. But one thing at least may be said about him: he dwelt always in the wilderness.

Perhaps it is for this reason that one of the most universal figures in English literature has merely succeeded in establishing a cult. Borrow is not for all. If you are not enthusiastic about him you will probably dislike him. It is possible to care greatly for English literature, and to care very little indeed for George Borrow. The genuine Borrovian is born, not made. That—or something like it—is one of the *obiter dicta* of Mr. Augustine Birrell, who is one of the chosen band. And Mr. Birrell is right—as, indeed, he invariably is in his judgments on letters. To appreciate Borrow you must rid your mind of a thousand prejudices; more, you will have to trample ruthlessly—for the time at least—upon some of your most cherished convictions.

For the man is full of faults—faults which would wreck the reputation of a lesser writer. His exaggerated Protestantism is always in the way, until one learns to accept it as a necessary part of his mental outfit. After a time one can even tolerate his violent tirades against the Pope. What reader of "Westward Ho!"—with the possible exception of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch—ever enjoyed that stirring romance the less for Kingsley's ridiculous travesty of the Roman Catholic religion? So it is with Borrow. His essential greatness carries him easily over a hundred such obstacles. His occasional lapses into a slipshod Victorianism, his cavalier treatment of facts, his inadequate knowledge of Romany (for the authorities now maintain that his Romany studies need a very rigid revision)—these things, seen in just perspective, are but spots upon the surface of the sun.

He eludes classification. No author has ever been to a greater extent the despair of the system-mongers. He belonged to no school, and he has left no successor. He claims affinity with Cervantes, with Defoe, with Le Sage, and with Sterne, and yet it cannot be said that he resembles any of these writers.

For Borrow was before all things individual. No writer was ever more consistently and exclusively himself. He strikes always a note of bigness. "Big," indeed, is the only word that will fit him. His personality is at times almost overpowering in its forcefulness. By his side the men and women that we know—and we are forced to include ourselves—appear as pigmies. The petty restraints of civilisation are not for a man cast in this Olympian mould. There are evidences in this book that Borrow was a bear in a drawing-room. But he ought never to have been in a drawing-room. The sky of heaven was his natural roof; the sun and the stars his candles. He reminds one of those old Norse heroes whose biographies formed the inspiration of his childhood. A Protestant by accident, he was a Pagan by divine necessity.

In writing of Borrow, we have been in danger of forgetting Mr. Thomas. Borrow's latest biographer has followed in the wake of some distinguished predecessors. Both Dr. Knapp and Mr. Herbert Jenkins have made careful studies of Borrow, and the former has added considerably to our knowledge of his relations with the British and Foreign Bible Society. But Mr. Thomas, if he supplies us with no new facts, provides us with a new interpretation. As a reasoned estimate of Borrow's work and influence the book is far and away the best that has appeared on the subject, and the illustrations will be welcomed by all readers. The purely biographical portions of the volume are admirably done, while, as an example of Mr. Thomas's method at its best we may perhaps be permitted to quote the following summary from the concluding chapter:—

> He kept good company from his youth up. Wistful or fancifully envious admiration for the fortunate simple yeomen, or careless poor men, or noble savages, or unstatesmanlike fishermen, or unromanised *Germani*, or animals who do not fret about their souls, admiration for those in any class who are not for the fashion of these days, is a deep-seated and ancient sentiment, akin to the sentiment for childhood and the golden age. Borrow met a hundred men fit to awaken and satisfy this admiration in an age when thousands can over-eat and overdress in comfort all the days of their life. Sometimes he shows that he himself admires in this way, but more often he mingles with them as one almost on an equality with them, though his melancholy or his book-knowledge is at times something of a foil. He introduces us to fighting men, jockeys, thieves, and ratcatchers, without our running any risk of contamination. Above all, he introduces us to the Gypsies, people who are either young and beautiful or strong, or else witchlike, in a fierce old age.

If. Mr. Thomas succeeds in adding to the select band of Borrow-worshippers he will have rendered a by no means inconsiderable service to his generation. Even sublimity may pall, and the "mighty organ music" of a Milton is not for all moments. But one returns to Borrow as to the company of a loved and trusted friend. And there are those to whom Dingley Dell offers delights which they fail to find even in the Forest of Arden.

Men and Manners of Modern China

Men and Manners of Modern China. By the Rev. J. MACGOWAN. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. MACGOWAN has lived in China for fifty years, and has come to the conclusion that the Chinese are "a very lovable people, and when seen in their happiest moods, or when sorrow has been clouding their lives, or when

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

aroused by some sense of injustice, they prove that they really possess the fibre of a great people." With due regard for foreign missionary enterprise, when it is conducted on the right lines, we are aware, now and again, that the author's zest for souls—however praiseworthy it may be within its own sphere—rather mitigates against the value of his book in certain chapters. It was Lafcadio Hearn's method to glorify Buddhism at the expense of Christianity. It is Mr. Macgowan's method to extol Christianity, to reveal the worst side of Chinese superstition, and to refrain from doing full justice to the ethical value of Confucianism. He gives us a fine description of the temple of "The White Deer," and warmly praises the Buddhist's unerring judgment in selecting a beautiful situation for his place of retirement and meditation; but surely all the Buddhist priests in China are not like the opium victim in the temple of "The White Deer"? The author is much too fond of those very objectionable words, "idol" and "heathen." We are scarcely given time to appreciate the quaintness of Chinese superstition, when the author, who is evidently not a folklorist, is busy in pointing out its villainies. His treatment of the Chinese classics is rather patronising. "The Spring and Autumn Annals" is certainly not a great book, but he might have spared us the following:—"A railway porter's memoranda of the arrival and departure of certain trains have quite as much enthusiasm as these records of men that lived in the ancient past." Mr. Macgowan has nothing to say about Taoism or the "Tao-Tê-Ching."

Apart from the author's outlook in regard to Christianity in China, he has written a most admirable book, and touched upon a variety of subjects with considerable charm and freshness. Ancestor-worship and *fêngshui* are treated in a most illuminating way. His description of "The Temple of the Emperor of the City" and "The Spokesman of the Gods" is replete with valuable material, presented with an eye to dramatic effect, and his comments on Chinese doctoring are very diverting.

Mr. Macgowan writes concerning the Goddess of Mercy:—"Her home originally was in far-off India, and the story goes that she was the daughter of a king, and she was so touched by the miseries of the women who lived in the neighbourhood of her father's palace that she made a solemn vow that she would never get married, but would dedicate her life to the service of her own sex. This she did, and when she died she was deified, and her worship became a widespread one." We do not think that this is the correct version, for, according to Dr. William Anderson, the Chinese claim that Kwanjin, the Goddess of Mercy, is of native origin, the daughter of the King of the Chow dynasty. She was sentenced to death by her father because she refused to marry, but the executioner's sword broke without inflicting a wound. When eventually her spirit went to Hell, we are told that there was something so radiantly beautiful about Kwanjin that her very presence turned the mournful abode into Paradise. The King of the Imperial Regions, in order to maintain the gloomy

Mr. Heinemann's New Books

The Childhood of Animals.
By P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, F.R.S. With many Illustrations, including 12 Plates in colour. Royal 8vo, **10s.** net.

A Xmas Garland.
Woven by MAX BEERBOHM. Cr. 8vo. **5s.** net.

Epochs of Chinese & Japanese Art.
By E. F. FENOLLOSA. In 2 vols. With 230 Plates. Cr. 4to, **36s.** net.

Wild Life and the Camera.
By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE. Cr. 4to. With plates from special photographs. **6s.** net.

The Steamship Conquest of the World. By P. A. TALBOT. (Author of The Railway Conquest of the World.) Illustrated. Crown 8vo. **6s.** net.

Portraits and Sketches.
By EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., LL.D. Cr. 8vo. **6s.** net.

Salve!
By GEORGE MOORE. (Uniform with AVE!) Cr. 8vo. **6s.**

The Inn of Tranquillity.
By JOHN GALSWORTHY. Cr. 8vo. **6s.**

The Promised Land.
By MARY ANTIN. Demy 8vo. **7s. 6d.** net.

Reviews and Appreciations of some Old Italian Masters. By H. COOK, M.A., F.S.A. Cr. 4to. Illustrated, **10s.** net.

French Artists of Our Day.
Each with 48 Plates from their works. **3s. 6d.** net. The First Vols. are: (1) **Puvis de Chavannes**, by ANDRÉ MICHEL; (2) **Manet**, by LOUIS HOURTICQ.

The Great Engravers.
Edited by ARTHUR M. HIND. Each **2s. 6d.** net. New Volumes: (1) **Marcantonio**; (2) **Holbein**; (3) **Rembrandt.**

TWO NEW VOLUMES OF POETRY.

A Legend of Old Persia and other Verses. By A. B. S. TENNYSON. Demy 8vo. **5s.** net.

The Bird of Time.
By SAROJINI NAIDU. Introduction by EDMUND GOSSE, C.B. LL.D. Demy 8vo, **5s.** net.

WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

PUBLISHED TO-DAY.

An intensely interesting Book by the Author of "THE COURT OF THE TUILERIES," &c.

REPUBLICAN FRANCE: 1870-1912.

Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes and Social Life.

By LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE.

Over 500 Pages. Demy 8vo, Cloth gilt. 10 Portraits.
12s. 6d. net.

This work is the most important that the gifted Author has attempted. His long residence in France and his relations with many distinguished Frenchmen enable him to write largely at first hand. The book appeals to both readers of lighter literature and to students of history, for on one hand it contains a great variety of amusing and interesting anecdotes and on the other a full record of French Statesmanship and Policy.

"A golden thread of romance runs through the story of these thrilling adventures."

ST. LO.

A Powerful New Novel. **6s.**
By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.
Author of "Martin the Mummer," &c.

May Crommelin's Powerful Novel.

THE GOLDEN BOW.

By the Author of "Lovers on the Green." **6s.**

Admirers of the late Allen Raine's Novels will appreciate

THE WOOING OF MIFANWY.

By EDITH C. KENYON. **6s.**

HOLDEN & HARDINGHAM, Adelphi, London.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

aspect of his realm and also to preserve the proprieties, caused Kwanjin to be miraculously transported on a lotus flower to the Island of Pootoo. There is nothing philanthropic about this version, but it is infinitely more romantic than the story given by Mr. Macgowan.

Mr. Macgowan is at his best when he is depicting some phase of Chinese life—in the home, in the highways and byways, on the river. No one has written more delightfully or more accurately about the actors of the Celestial Kingdom, and we are grateful to him for presenting the plot of a play called "Sir Serious." The chapter we have read with most pleasure is entitled "A Ramble through a Chinese City." We like the placid tradespeople, as contented as a brooding hen or a cow chewing the cud. We admire still more the barber who shaves with a rough-hewn piece of iron, and uses a hot, damp cloth instead of soap. When this deft fellow has shaved round his customer's head, he proceeds to render ears and eyes less hirsute. "It makes one tremble to see how he plays amongst the eyelashes, trimming them here and there, and turning down the eyelids and letting the sharp razor meander along the inside of them." When the barber has massaged his customer's spine and replaited his queue, the clever man receives about a penny for his dexterous and daring services. If the barber is clever and placid, so, too, is the charming old letter-writer, who will pen a long epistle on any subject and in most flowery language for a halfpenny. Now we meet a fat mandarin, and now a quack doctor, who also puts in other people's teeth with a piece of wire. Further down this fascinating street we encounter two angry Chinamen, who thrust forth their second fingers as a sign of contempt—cowardly fellows who want to fight, but are lacking in the necessary courage. Only one with deep human sympathies could have depicted such scenes in the way Mr. Macgowan has done. The Chinese, with all their faults, have won the author's heart, and we warmly commend this volume because it reveals the character of a great people.

A Safe Guide to Print Collecting

Whitman's Print-Collector's Handbook. Sixth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. With Additional Chapters by MALCOLM C. SALAMAN. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

AN essential volume in every art-lover's library was Whitman's "Print Collector's Handbook," out of date though it had long become. Edition after edition proved it. But that it required complete revision—"a scouring revision"—even poor Whitman realised during the long illness that ended by robbing the British Museum of one of its most helpful guides and one of the best friends of the public, which is eulogy, for no man who has had to work in the print-room but has found the lords of that realm most helpful and kindly guides. Whitman stood out even in such company. The publishers must have known some heart-searchings as to whom to entrust with the revision; and the volume that now emerges proves them to have been inspired—in Mr. Malcolm Salaman they have found an ideal re-writer of the book, which will be sought after by every collector. I know no better work to put into the hands of the man about to launch on this fascinating hobby. I have tested the book from end to end, without petty search for slips of the pen; and it is pleasant to find a man writing upon the subject with the breadth of sympathy and looking upon it with the largeness of vision that Mr. Salaman has brought to his labour of love. It is true, as it is inevitable, that the author walks too much in the harness of so-called "experts" and bookish men; but even here he breaks from servitude so frequently that we feel a personality behind all that he writes. The moderns he is inclined to rate at their high value—and he *will* rate them higher the day that he shuts up other men's books and regards their work fearlessly, for he has the right stuff in him.

The greatest living lithographer—probably the supreme lithographer of all time—is the Frenchman Steinlen; to miss that is to miss the whole significance of the thing. Mr. Salaman seems never to have heard of Old Crawhall, one of the supreme masters of pure woodcut, whose pupils and disciples to-day are amongst the greatest masters of the craft. Yet it must count for righteousness to Mr. Salaman that he seems to realise the splendour of Gordon Craig, one of the finest artists in the woodcut that we have ever known. Craig and Nicholson were inspired through Pryde from Old Crawhall. And the younger men like Lovat Fraser are their kin. Again, whilst Mr. Salaman pays a little bookish-taught homage to some lesser men in lithography and etching, at heart it is good to see that he feels the greater majesty of Brangwyn in both these realms. In these things alone he steps forward at a stride as a greater authority than the men whom he too modestly quotes. But whilst Mr. Salaman surrenders somewhat too much to fashion, even estimating works of art by the dealer's scales, he should realise that the work of Seymour Haden will drop in value as inevitably as the masterwork of such as Brangwyn will rise, nevertheless the whole balance of the book is extraordinarily just; and the sense of proportion is excellent—all the more excellent when it is realised that so small a space had to hold so vast a subject. It is a pleasure to praise so sound a piece of work; nor must the publishers be passed over, since they have loyally supported the man of their choice with the right illustrations scattered plentifully throughout this valuable volume, a thorough and workmanlike volume that does credit to all concerned in it. HALDANE MACFALL.

Shorter Reviews

Leading Figures in European History. By R. P. DUNN PATTISON, M.A. (Rivingtons. 6s. net.)

MR. PATTISON'S object in writing this book has been to present to the general reader, and to all who do not specialise in European history, "a succession of sketches of the leading

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

figures of the past, illustrating the growth of ideas and principles which have contributed to form present-day Europe." In his selection he has been guided not so much by the greatness of his hero as by his representativeness of the period to which he belonged. Thus no two contemporaries have in any instance been chosen, and some of Mr. Pattison's heroes are not men who are in the forefront of European history. Mr. Pattison also has been careful not to include any English name in his list. With such a programme before him the author has had an almost inexhaustible field wherein to work, and no fault can, on the whole, be found with his selection. His opening figure is Charlemagne. Next comes a less known hero, Richard the Fearless of Normandy, and after him Hildebrand and Philip Augustus of France. Other names that stand out in Mr. Pattison's narrative are as varied in their spheres of action as Luther, Columbus, Lorenzo de' Medici, Frederick the Great, Louis XIV, and Cavour. The biographical sketches are connected one with the other by brief narratives of the events which intervened between the different epochs with which Mr. Pattison deals in detail. To the ordinary reader the most interesting of these sketches are those which deal with men and events nearest to his own time. Of these that on Bismarck certainly deserves as much attention as any of the others. Without proceeding to inordinate length Mr. Pattison brings out very clearly this statesman's complex character and complicated policy, and enables his readers to gain a fair and clear estimate of the politics of Prussia of last century. The author's style may be described as similar to that of a popular lecturer.

Among Congo Cannibals. By JOHN H. WEEKS. Illustrated. (Seeley, Service and Co. 16s. net.)

THE travel works of missionaries have of late years taken an important place in literature. Mr. Weeks' contribution to the already lengthy list is a notable one, breathing out as it does a tale of adventure, peril, and varied experiences among the Boloki tribe in the land of the Congo. It must not be thought that because the book is the work of a missionary, it is intended for those interested in missionary endeavour alone. It has been written for the general public, and he who fails to open its pages will undoubtedly be the loser of much information won at a terrible cost. The chronicles of those who go out among really savage humanity cannot fail to be enthralling, and Mr. Weeks, though he does not deal in horrors for horror's sake, has some terrible scenes to portray. Here is a passage which describes the return of a victorious tribe from battle:—

> While we were sitting at our tea the last party of returning warriors filed past our house, carrying the limbs of those who had been slain in the fight. Some had human legs over their shoulders, others had threaded arms through slits in the stomachs of their dismembered foes, and had tied the ends of the arms together, thus forming loops, and through these ghastly loops they had thrust their own living arms and were carrying them thus with the gory trunks dangling to and fro. . . . The sight worked on our nerves, and in the night we would start from our sleep, having seen in our dreams exaggerated processions passing before us burdened with sanguinary loads of slain and dismembered bodies.

This was not surprising! Surely few scenes more ghastly have ever been pictured. It was among folk such as these that Mr. Weeks pursued his work, and the author, dealing with the lighter hours of these strange people as well as with the moments of tragedy, has produced a volume which is not only absorbing in itself, but which must be considered as one of the most valuable contributions of modern times to the knowledge concerning the anthropology of a portion of Africa that is still very dark.

Handbook of Idiomatic English as now Written and Spoken. Containing Idioms, Phrases, and Locutions collected by JOHN KIRKPATRICK, M.A. (Boyveau and Chevillet, Paris. 4s. net.)

A Combined Concordance to the Bible. (Thomas Nelson and Sons. 1s. net.)

A Dictionary of Argot (French-English). By W. VON KNOBLAUCH. (George Routledge and Sons. 1s. net.)

PROFESSOR KIRKPATRICK'S "Handbook," the result of long experience and study, is intended to help students and travellers of all nationalities to speak and to write English correctly. The author lays no claim to his work being exhaustive, but it certainly contains a lengthy and carefully-selected list of such words and phrases in everyday use which are idiomatic, and which are rarely to be found in any ordinary grammar or dictionary. The various idioms given have long been stamped as "English" by popular or literary usage, or by historical tradition, and they are adequately explained in the "Handbook" by synonymous or analogous phrases. The addition of some of the best-known proverbs and quotations from more or less ancient authors, but solely those in daily modern use, still further serves to familiarise the reader with this important branch of the English language. In the matter of pronunciation needful help is given by means of phonetic and other symbols in a section devoted to the subject and throughout the body of the work; while a few exercises in the appendix sum up most of its difficulties.

The latest addition to "Nelson's Encyclopædic Library" is "A Combined Concordance to the Bible," a volume of nearly 600 pages, comprising also a Dictionary of Proper Names and a Subject Index. To facilitate ready reference the headings of each section are respectively distinguished by a different style of type, while obsolete and ambiguous words are explained. The text of the Authorised Version, with the most important changes of the Revised Version, and all the changes of proper names in the latter, are given, together with various renderings preferred by the American com-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

mittee. It is a valuable work of reference within the reach of all.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons' tiny volume—it is so small it could be carried in a waistcoat pocket—must not be judged by its size, for it will prove most useful to students of French. There are, of course, more ambitious and more expensive works on the same subject, but the amount of information contained in the hundred and odd pages before us will prove, we believe, quite sufficient for all ordinary purposes.

A History of the British Nation, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By A. D. INNES. Illustrated. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN this massive volume of a thousand royal octavo pages, embellished with some four hundred illustrations and maps, chiefly from contemporary sources, we have a truly monumental "History of the British Nation" which does justice to its subject. It is no dry-as-dust chronicle intended for the use of youthful scholars—indeed, its size alone forbids it a place in the satchel of "the whining schoolboy . . . creeping like snail unwillingly to school." On the contrary, Mr. Innes, well known as an historical expert, especially of the Tudor period, has produced a brightly written narrative of the growth of the British nation from the earliest to the present time, which cannot fail to appeal to everyone who understands or wishes to understand and enjoy our empire's story. The contemporary illustrations selected by Mr. S. G. Stubbs derive an additional value from his descriptive and historical notes; and there are fifty maps to further elucidate the text. The publishers boast that they are offering a 30s. book for 3s. 6d., and there is no denying that it is a marvel of cheapness which should meet with a large and ready sale.

Revelations. By ROBERT BRYANT. (Stephen Swift and Co. 5s. net.)

THE first part of this book consists of various maxims, learnt, so the author tells us, "from Elizabetus, my nurse," and from various other people as time went on. It is not stated whether or no all these pearls of wisdom were followed. Probably they were sifted, or some taken and others left. There does not appear to be anything very new or original in them; we think we have read similar things in a Book very much older than Mr. Bryant's.

"Dona Deorum," Part II, is much more interesting, and tells of youths and maidens as they go to crave their chosen gifts from the gods. There is, however, about the book rather too much an air of rewards for good people and punishment for bad. Not that we would wish the sentences reversed, but it is better that these little matters should be delicately implied than baldly stated.

Fiction

Sally. By DOROTHEA CONYERS. (Methuen & Co. 6s.)

SALLY is a charming, irrepressible little person who makes friends with everyone, and weaves a romance for herself with every man she meets. She counts, as she thinks, at least three strings to her bow, and as each fails her she turns for support and comfort to a guide very suitable to take charge of her wayward person. The scene of the story is laid in Ireland, and one or two hunts are described in excellent fashion. If there is a weak spot in the book, it is in the easy way in which the man who had been a recluse for years, who never spoke, conveying all his wishes and commands by writing, and even went to the extent of engaging a dumb footman, not only allows Sally to join him in the hunt, but sends her a note of the next meeting, and soon after asks her to tea. With this reservation, the remainder of the book makes most exhilarating reading; there is no lack of real Irish humour, and a healthy and invigorating atmosphere pervades the story.

Left in Charge. By VICTOR L. WHITECHURCH. (John Long. 6s.)

THROUGHOUT this story there are two quite distinct and separate parts; on the one hand there is the story connected almost entirely with the people at the rectory and their immediate neighbours; on the other we are given glimpses of the villagers and the lives they lead, but these latter folk have little or no bearing on the plot. It is hard to say which of the two portions we like the better. In their different ways both are good. The vicar's daughter is wonderfully well drawn, and her outburst to her brother when he, in his selfishness, reviles her on the narrow life she leads is very human, and reveals the pent-up passion of a girl who longed for a wider scope, but was restrained by a keen sense of duty. The shepherd, and Jim Thatcher, the poacher, are interesting specimens of their class, and with others fall under the influence of the energetic young priest who is left in charge while the vicar takes an enforced rest. The results of his ministration the reader must see for himself, and in doing so he will spend a very enjoyable time.

Old Brent's Daughter. By HELEN C. ROBERTS. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

THIS is a rather disappointing novel. It is an incongruous blend of realism and romanticism. When, in Chapter I, Roden Scardeville, schoolmaster, meets Lucy Brent, schoolmistress, in a railway train at Lausanne, the reader feels morally certain that, before the book is finished, these twain shall be made one. Nor is the reader disappointed. In the meanwhile, however, there are cross-currents in the stream of love. For Scardeville is a member of an ancient and honourable county family, while Lucy is but the daughter of a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

village butcher. In the end love proves stronger than class distinctions, and triumphant virtue gains its own. So far the story moves along the approved lines, and so far it is entirely satisfactory. The author has a quite delicate sense of humour, and her studies of lower middle-class society in a small Sussex town are admirably done. It is when Miss Roberts attempts to deal with the deeper passions of man that she fails so lamentably. Hugh Ridsdale will deceive no one. A young man who regards murder as a mere episode in the day's work has no existence outside Bedlam—or the imagination of the lady-novelist. Equally unconvincing is the villainous Harvey Watson. Our English villages are not peopled with human monsters. We advise Miss Roberts to shun sensationalism. As a chronicler of small happenings she is charming. When, however, she aspires to scale the dizzy heights of melodrama, she achieves a tediousness which has to be read to be believed.

The Upas Tree. By FLORENCE L. BARCLAY. Coloured Frontispiece. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3s. 6d. net.)

IN "The Upas Tree" Mrs. Barclay tells a powerful and moving story which will take a front place amongst the novels of the present publishing season. Love, music, literature, medicine, and evil passions are freely exploited by her facile pen in a way that keeps the reader's attention continuously on the *qui-vive* throughout this Christmas Story of Love Triumphant. There are the usual loving married couple and the villain who does his best to estrange them, though on this occasion he is overcome by remorse and confesses his sins. There is also "the deadly, mysterious, poisonous upas tree," which the husband encounters in the jungle in Central Africa, with dire results to himself. He has gone thither in search of a vivid and correct setting for his new novel, and, having camped one night beneath the fatal tree, he returns to civilisation with a diseased mind, a prey to constant nightmares, due to "some subtle malarial poison." But perhaps the most engrossing part of the story is that describing some psychical phenomena in which a violoncello, an old Florentine chair, and a huge mirror, together with two men and a woman of a century before play weird parts. Helen, the wife, is a fine portrait of a noble woman.

Shorter Notices

MR. STACPOOLE has caught the spirit of the time of which he writes in "THE STREET OF THE FLUTE PLAYER" (John Murray, 6s.). He has reconstructed Great Athens for us, and shown us that the men and women of old Greece were people of like passions to ourselves, yet different in that they lived in a younger world. The virility of the book impresses one; the keen Athenian wit is faithfully reproduced, and there are passages that bubble and sparkle like good old wine. The one drawback is that there is rather a slow opening; we are given rather too much of Pheidon, a fisher lad, before we reach through to Diomed, the Athenian aristocrat, whose love for Nitetis, the banker's daughter, brought about his doom and hers. Having read the first six chapters, we are forced on from incident to incident, from scene to scene lighted by the true spirit of romance, until the great tragedy of the end leaves us almost appalled. These two characters of Diomed and Nitetis are faithfully and consistently portrayed, as is that of Pheidon, the half wild fisher lad. For the rest, the book has the fine quality of inevitability; there was no other solution to the problem which Diomed set himself than that which the author gives. Greek in conception, setting and execution, the book is arresting in quality, and stands high out of the rut of modern novels.

As a period in which to set romances the end of the eighteenth century is somewhat outworn, but the story which Miss Fox has to tell in "THE BOUNTIFUL HOUR" (John Lane, 6s.) is one that never grows old, and the telling thereof is accomplished in an entertaining manner. The characters are not flung at us ready made, but are traced from early childhood; thus we feel that we grow into these lives, especially with that of Charlotte, the heroine, who is a woman born before her time, if she is to be judged by her acts. The ultimate sacrifice which she makes in order to go with the man of her choice is outlined for us in a piece of very fine writing, and in the unconventional end she retains all our sympathy. There is little excuse so far as can be seen for introducing Newton and the poet Cowper in the earlier chapters; their presence serves no definite purpose—they are rather irrelevant to the story itself. Still, there is sufficient of merit in it to atone for any slight defects, and the book may be considered as a welcome addition to the fiction of the year.

Mr. Whitham sets out to disprove the truth of the axiom that men make their own fates, and while the spell of his book remains, he succeeds; reflection convinces the reader, however, that he has failed, for both Casel and Clem, the twin brothers in "BROOM" (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.), made their own fates, with the help of the inevitable woman. With this as a first book, its author should go far, if he will only avoid split infinitives and remember that "different to" reads badly. He is addicted, also, to a certain grandiloquence of expression, and evinces a liking for such words as "impulsion" for "impulse," and "incidents of exemplification" in place of "examples." As the story concerns simple country people, dwelling in rural atmosphere, such instances of over-expression are doubly noticeable. We shall await Mr. Whitham's next book with interest, for in spite of its faults this sombre story compels attention until its last page is turned. The hopeless outlook at the end, the apparent desire to indicate the barrenness of life and futility of effort, are features of this work which we trust the author will endeavour to suppress in future, for it is of little use to point out the evils of life, unless one can suggest a palliative; we shall never look to a man of Mr. Whitham's temperament for a remedy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

One must fain confess to some disappointment in "SIMON BRANDIN" (John Murray, 6s.), for from Mr. Neuman's previous work we expected something above the average of the usual sensational novels which deal with modern Russia. It is to be feared, however, that there is very little reason to prefer the present story to any of the numerous other volumes of imaginative sensation with which the habitual novel-reader is regaled when he turns to Russia as a relaxation from Mayfair. In one aspect, however, of the subject with which he deals, Mr. Neumann carries conviction, and that is when he deals with the persecution of the Jews in Russia. Otherwise the narrative gives the impression of being crude, unreal, and unconvincing.

"THE GUILTY MAN," by François Coppée, translated by Helen Ruth Davis (Greening and Co., 6s.), is not a pleasant story, and as a novel it cannot be considered a success. The book, in fact, reads in parts more as a sociological treatise than as a work of fiction. The story is for the most part unconvincing, and the characterisation can properly be described only as crude. Yet at times the author is extremely powerful and rises to exceptional heights of eloquence. Pathetic eloquence, in fact, rather than skill in telling a story, strikes the critic of this piece of work. The book is in reality a commentary on that portion of the Decalogue which threatens the children with visitation on account of the iniquities of their ancestors, and thus it is not only a tragedy, except for the last chapter, but also leaves a bitter taste in the mouth.

No small amount of dramatic skill is displayed in the handling of the situations in "THE ORDEAL OF SILENCE" (John Long, 6s.), and the problem of a man whose youth has been spent in a hothouse atmosphere from which has been rigidly excluded all suspicion of vice, and even all feminine personalities, works itself out in an interesting fashion. This is inevitably followed by the compensating outbreaks which the first contact with the real and outer world engenders. With the advent of the "rare pale Margaret" we are led into purity, complications, and a whirlwind of "chic" society, which will doubtless cause the book to be read with avidity by those who possess no opportunity of knowing the socially important at first hand. We have a faint suspicion, however, that to those who move in the circles described the work will prove less convincing. But it is the larger public which is the more profitable.

The Theatre

"Tantrums" at the Criterion

THERE is an ingenious idea in Mr. Frank Stayton's play, and the first act, which ends with the marriage of the modern Petruchio and Kate, goes as merrily as bells should at that service. In the first act, too, Mr. O. B. Clarence and Miss Nellie Bouverie make the parents of the rather ill-bred, shrewish young lady, Virginia (Miss Marjorie Day) very amusing. And Miss Christine Silver, as their younger daughter, and Mr. John Deverell, as her cleverly stupid lover, all help to make us hope for better things. Unfortunately, the idea that the young husband, an American millionaire, who begins by telling the ill-tempered Virginia that she ought to be spanked three times a day, and ends by being entirely transformed into a "door-mat" by her, is not clearly or well developed. Still, there are many amusing situations, and all the characters are as admirably acted as their parts will permit. For the easily pleased playgoer who can believe in the violent changes that overtake Virginia, Miss Day, and Charles Vansittart, Mr. Charles Maude, there must be a feast of fun in store. That there remain such playgoers in large masses was clearly shown by the long run of "Ann," a play produced under the same management, which one hardly dared to think would reward its producers. In "Tantrums" the story is perhaps rather more possible, and the acting is certainly more sincere throughout the cast. It must be owned, however, that Mr. Stayton does not make the best of his acting material, and throws away his excellent friends of the first act—and they are heard no more. This is, in a way, like life, but it is not wise from the point of view of stagecraft. It is to be hoped that the author may not be other than heartened to higher efforts by the reception of his present play. Those who seriously considered even the least effective parts of "Tantrums"—the name, for example, is trivial, and suitable only to the first act—must have concluded that he possessed the qualities necessary for the writing of a really interesting comedy. He has had a good chance this time with an excellent group of players; next time, we feel sure, he will advance much nearer to complete success.

"The Only Way" at the Hippodrome

THIS is by no means Miss Fannie Ward's first play, and I am glad to hear that she is shortly to follow it with a larger effort elsewhere. In the meantime it may be noted that Miss Ward has developed immensely as an actress of late. Her present character, that of an American girl reporter, who breaks into the house of a doubtful financier—and lies, and lies, and lies—is not an agreeable one or very real. But Miss Ward grasps her nettle, and, with the aid of Mr. Dean and Mr. Ames, makes Mr. Megrue's very American little play swing along very smartly, greatly to the satisfaction of the Hippodrome audience. This theatre, by the way, appears to be particularly devoted to the rather obvious qualities of American humour. After listening here to the rich charm of Leoncavallo's enthralling music in "Pagliacci" or "Zingari," it is a little difficult to submit to the harsh methods of the "American Rag-Time Octette." I should think these eight gentlemen had uttered the last cry in regard to this unfortunate craze, and that in future, having brought the matter to its zenith of hurry and noise, it may be allowed to drift into the limbo that eagerly awaits such vulgar absurdities.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The New "Revue" at the New Alhambra

THIS form of entertainment, which Mr. George Grossmith calls, with the appropriate irrelevant note, "Kill That Fly," has at last come to dwell among us and make its home here. For years most people who know the past delights of Parisian *revues* have again and again urged someone to give us brilliant and amusing satire in this, the most easy-going and casual of forms. Many have tried, and most have failed completely. The nearest approaches to victory were, first, long ago, "Under the Clock," and, secondly, some scenes in the various performances of the Follies. The immense phantasmagoria of futile fooling which Mr. Grossmith puts together always enables one to hope that something amusing will happen, and one waits quite cheerfully, but somehow the great point is never made. The fun peters out, the laughter merely mocks at merriment. It is curious that so much care, such vast expense, such an inordinate amount of effort should produce results of such modest value. That there will be found plenty of bright music, crowds of lovely ladies, energetic comedians, and clever tableaux is, of course, understood; but, with all this gorgeous background, how welcome a little genuine wit would be! Fortunately there are moments that are engaging. The "Lucille" song in "Robes et Modes" seems, as do some of the other incidents, a little like advertisement, but it is very charmingly done, very gay and neat. And then the shadowgraph interlude is beyond praise. In this the most agreeable dancers appear to spring from the stage over the heads of the audience, becoming mysterious giants, after a manner which is at once simple and beautiful. This dance, doubtless already ages old, holds the audience far more firmly than, say, the pointless tableau of "The Maîtres d'Hôtel," or the weak attempt to satirise an American musical comedy. But the *revue* form is the most plastic of all stage productions, and, no doubt, long before these lines are in print, Mr. Grossmith, Mr. Leveaux, Mr. Charlot, and eight or nine other gentlemen connected with "Kill That Fly," will have added the touch of wit, the drop of vital essence, which will give life and merriment to the *revue* as a whole, and joy will reign in the box-office of the New Alhambra.

EGAN MEW.

The Morris Dancers

IN going to see Mr. Cecil Sharp's School of Morris Dancing at Stratford-on-Avon we went in a frankly sceptical spirit. We were glad we did so, for it is always more satisfactory to have one's hostility overridden than to have lurking in the mind a suspicion that the mind was too suddenly caught into enthusiasm. Nor did we go, as it is conceivable that many go, out of a stirring love for an old English ideal. A difference of nationality held one immune from that. Moreover, to fulfil the account, we did not go because we had been stirred by the previous and other Morris dancers we had seen. We had been somewhat less than stirred.

We went because we were taken. And to give the brief of the matter at the outset, we came away with feelings as different from enthusiasm as thoughtfulness is different from praise. For there was something about some of the dances we saw that took us back to the days when wonder and awe were things alive on the earth. In our pride of what we are pleased to call civilisation —without a moment's examination of what we mean by civilisation—we prefer to think that the earlier inhabitants of the world were ingenious people with an itch for turning things into tales and myths—having, presumably, no better occupation for their minds than tale-telling and hunting. We never imagine that they believed in their Nature-beings. We should be astonished to think that they saw, with the two eyes in their heads, these Nature-beings, and that they caught them within their sight by means of certain rituals and symbols which were therefore to them the agencies of power, authority, and worship. Caught in great cities full of puny souls, we have no sense of the mighty Beings that are abroad, with wonder and splendour in their train, none the less because we, by the choice of an automatic and intellectual order of Life, have cancelled our sight of them.

Sometimes, under the oppression of the little imaginations of modern life, we lament the loss of splendour in Being; yet we never stop to inquire how it is that splendour has been lost, or how it may possibly be regained. And some of these dances made one think that its recovery need not be so difficult or so remote as it might appear. The function of the old rituals obviously was, as we have said, to perpetuate by enshrining the high moods once experienced. Poetry, when it does not forget itself and become a mere matter of direct statement or intellectual inquiry, elaborates its own new rituals, of metaphor, tone and phrase, for the same end. If we could pass ourselves through one of these ancient rituals presumably it would be possible to recover the old emotions of wonder and awe.

It is not at all a question of old England; nor is it merely a question of nationality or archæology. Whatever of this may prevail at Mr. Sharp's school is, to our way of thinking, a necessary or unnecessary impediment. We saw some dozen to fifteen dances; dances for men, dances for women, and dances for men and women; dances for as few as two, and dances for as many as eight. These were all covered by the wide term of "Morris-dances." Moreover, whether they were Moorish in origin does not, in the main, matter. For ourselves, we do not think they were. We think with Mr. E. K. Chambers that the origin of the name Morris was because the dancers were in the habit of blacking their faces, and so came to look Moorish; and that they blacked their faces for the same reasons that the old Greek dancers wore masks, on the principle that with a mask on his face and good wine in his veins there were no heights a man could not reach, free of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

recognition and consequent self-consciousness. It was the dances themselves that mattered; and they mattered in varying degrees.

There was one in particular. The name of it we do not know; probably it has no name. It was undertaken by eight men; and as it passed through its ritual there was no doubt as to what it implied, though it would not be so easy to put down the whole implication in words. It was something beyond the reach of words; at least, beyond the reach of words used logically and intellectually, and not used ritualistically as in the highest poetry. One could see quite clearly the old majestic Druids on the green sward passing through that mighty beat and measure. A certain well-known actor was sitting beside us; and, without any previous interchange of words, he said to us at the conclusion, "How would you feel if you were the sacrifice, though?" It was not a little remarkable to think that we should both have caught the same mood from the passing of the ritual. And one could imagine, too, if the sacrifice were a human one, that he or she would not have gone to the death without a feeling of exaltation and triumph.

It was not a sword dance. To judge from emotions, which are the only possible guide in the matter, the sword dances, with all their wonder and intricacy, were something considerably less primitive. For example, we do not think it would have been possible for anyone there to have associated them with a human sacrifice. They clearly demanded animal sacrifices, whereas the other, with all its majestic fierceness, had far more of terror in it. The intricacy of the sword dances, their perfect timing and organisation, was wonderful. And the precise moment when the sacrifice was slain, as the dancers moved out of their figure, still holding their swords, and lined out with a long, sharp action of their blades, was quite clear to see. But they had not the simplicity of the other. In it there was little intricacy; indeed, it was not easy to see how the mystical effect was achieved, though in that it only partook of the eternal mystery of Art.

There were others, too, catching lighter and less fierce moods. There were moods of gaiety and moods of riot. It was curious to notice that the fiercer, primitive moods were in dances rendered by men. It was also noticeable that the sexual element, as given in some of the dances of early Southern Europe, was absent. Some of the dances were sexual; but there was not the note of riotous abandon in them, attesting the northern origin of them. Yet it was the fiercer Druidical dances that had the highest spiritual import. Were one to participate in such a dance, and continue it till physical exhaustion, what extraordinary spiritual mood would it not produce?

DARRELL FIGGIS.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce the publication in the beginning of the year of "Charles Dickens: Social Reformer," by Mr. W. Walter Crotch, who was the founder of the Dickens Fellowship, now 20,000 strong, as well as the editor, some ten years ago, of *Household Words*.

Melodrama versus Music-Drama: A Protest

THE music-drama owes its origin to a remarkable discovery made by Richard Wagner. Just as Plato once discovered that, whatever man could do, woman could do also, and on this theory built up a new system of social organisation, so Wagner discovered that, whatever language can do, music can do likewise, and on this theory built up a new form of Art. "The eternal right of women to grow beards," as Mr. Barrie has pleasantly expressed it, is now the watchword of a great political movement, and the eternal right of music to represent or to attempt to represent any and every notion which language can convey is the basis of a great artistic movement. No music is considered to-day up to date which does not attempt to portray natural phenomena with the minuteness of the painter and spiritual phenomena with the subtlety of the novelist.

There are many reasons against acquiescing in this view of the office of music. In the first place, it is clear that the aim of all art is the same: to excite feeling. This, which music does directly, literature does indirectly by means of ideas; and the worth of these ideas is neither more nor less than the worth of the feelings which they arouse. Feeling is the grain and ideas are but the coin which we value for its power to purchase grain. Now, it would be strange if music which commands the true grain of emotion should desire to change it for the coin of ideas, in order that it may be exchanged a second time and at a great loss for its equivalent in feeling.

Moreover, if music can convey ideas, it cannot convey them with the same clearness and precision as language. Now, when music is united with language as in the music-drama, it must either convey the same ideas as the language or different ideas. If it conveys different ideas, it will merely produce confusion in the mind of the listener. If it conveys the same ideas, the same thing will be stated in two ways, of which the second is far less clear and effective than the first, which is absurd. Let us consider the case of another art which appeals to the mind simultaneously through two different channels: the scenic drama. The forms of natural objects can be translated to the mind by verbal description or by scenic representation. Let us suppose that a dramatist wishes to convey to his audience the idea of a wood. If the drama was being enacted on bare boards, it would be legitimate for the dramatist to give his audience a verbal description of the scene which was in his mind, but if he had employed a scene-painter to work out his fancies in paint and canvas it would be absurd to give by word of mouth a detailed description of those objects which were already present in perfect clearness to the eyes of his audience. He would be employing a slow and ineffective method to supplement a quick and effective one.

On the other hand, there are moments in any good tragedy in which the thing to be conveyed transcends the utterance of words. It is the fundamental weakness

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of the ordinary drama that the movement of dialogue or soliloquy must never cease from the first moment to the last, although it is a fact that in moments of great emotion men do not express themselves in eloquent prose or verse, or indeed in any articulate sounds at all. If the reader has witnessed the progress of a melodrama in that now fast-decaying institution, the threepenny gaff, and observed the part played in these performances by the young lady at the piano, he will have a better idea of the true and natural marriage of melody and drama than he will derive from any opera of Wagner. Through the greater part of the piece the music is silent, but just at that moment, when the emotional tension is approaching its maximum, when the capacity of language and gesture to excite our sympathy is taxed to the uttermost, although our emotion must rise yet higher or fall miserably into the abyss of bathos; when we must either weep or laugh, and language has failed to make us weep, at that moment music intervenes with a few poignant chords from the piano, a few bars of mellifluous melody; and in a moment all earthy impediments drop from our souls —the awkward mouthing of the hero, the daubed cheeks of the heroine, the stilted prose of the dramatist—for the time all are forgotten; by the magic of sound our souls are held aloft till the moment of peril is passed. Music has come to the aid of her faltering sister at the moment when no other could save her, and having executed her modest but essential part, retires from view, and the drama proceeds quietly as before.

Contrast this with the obstreperous, insistent, irrelevant, irrepressible orchestra in an opera of Wagner. No passage is so essentially ambulant and commonplace but it must be punctuated with bombastic chords and futile scales; no situation is so transparently clear, but music must intrude with pointless comments and explanations, which delay everything and advance nothing. Hence a drama of Wagner seems like a prolonged struggle between the desire of the drama to proceed and the determination of the orchestra that it shall not proceed till music has had her say on every point as it arises, no matter how inane her utterances on most of the things under discussion.

Wagner was, perhaps, the greatest musician that ever lived, and one of the ablest dramatists, and if his greatness in the latter capacity is often overlooked, it is because he employed one of his great gifts to neutralise the other. It may be doubted whether anyone for this reason ever enjoyed one of Wagner's later operas at the first hearing; the constant succession of musical explosions, crescendos and alarms, which accompany the action of the piece exhaust the emotions of the hearer long before the great crises are reached. It is not till we have learnt to beware of these false alarms and to reserve our store of sensibility for the great moments that we can extract the maximum of pleasure from the whole.

In short, the whole attempt to make music and drama play a game of follow-my-leader is doomed to undignified failure, by reason of the complete dissimilarity of their gait. Music has wings, but no feet; she must either fly or flounder, and it is an ill service to urge her clumsily for hours along the level road, where she has no room to spread her wings. Not emulation, but division of labour is the basis of all harmonious co-operation, whether in life or in Art. JOHN RIVERS.

Indian Reviews

THE dull season has left its mark on the *Wednesday Review* (Trichinopoly) of September 11-18. The Indian Government have had recourse, perhaps more frequently lately, to Press *communiqués* as a means of removing popular misapprehensions. The editor deprecates the issue of such communications when executive officers are censured by the Law Courts. But the Government are morally bound to protect their officers: misapprehensions uncorrected are believed to be correct. It is disappointing to read that a conference of fifty pundits took retrogressive views on such questions of social reform as sea-voyages, deferred marriages, readmission of repentant converts: social reforms constitute India's present need. An Englishman recommends that the people of India should be taught to finance their own railways. This is a counsel of perfection. Opportunities of making railways and investing in them have been afforded, and the natives have not accepted them. Mr. Dadabhai Naoroji, aged eighty-eight, continues to advocate the Colonial form of self-government for India. He will never learn now. The Calcutta Marwaris have done well in founding a college for their community at a cost of £60,000. Demonstrative teaching of agriculture in the vernacular suitable to farmers is the right line for an agricultural college.

The *Collegian* (Calcutta), No. I, for September, has nothing very exciting, but the education of India is a prolific topic, and there are always new developments. The last scheme is for a medical college for women at Delhi, the new Capital, to include Lady Hardinge's project for a school for training Indian women as nurses and midwives. Subscriptions are being received. This is a good move, and not the only one. A college for women is contemplated at Dacca, and more girls' schools are to be opened by Government in Madras. Papers on the teaching of science and the contributions specially addressed to students supply ample material for the reader's instruction, if he has time and inclination to peruse them.

The *Herald of Revolt*, Savarkar issue (London) for October is an astonishing production. It calls itself "an organ of the coming social revolution," and has a picture of "Savarkar, the Hindu Patriot, who will be released from the Andamans Prison, December 24, 1960" (sic). This is the person who, after escaping temporarily from a P. and O. steamer at Marseilles, was recaptured, tried in India on various charges (waging war against the King, etc.) under the Penal Code, and sentenced nearly two years ago to transportation for life. The whole journal is a tirade against all govern-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ment and all concerned with the Savarkar case. It is not stated whether copies are furnished to the India Office and the Government of India, who ought to know of this publication.

The *Hindustan Review* (Allahabad) for September continues its historical inquiry into the employment of natives of India in the public service, and shows a remarkable acquaintance with the official literature and the proceedings in Parliament connected with the subject. The House of Commons in 1893 passed a Resolution in favour of simultaneous examinations in England and India, which no political party has ever found itself able to enforce. An article on Christianity in India, by a Hindu, explains the author's antagonism in twenty-nine statements, with a number of comments. To meet the issues raised by such a writer a volume would be required. In spite of official explanations by Lord Crewe —whose name is persistently mis-spelt—that nothing like colonial government was ever intended in a dispatch, a writer harps on the subject of provincial autonomy, and asserts that the best efforts will be directed towards its development on the wider lines of the Dominions. Some people will not take "No" for an answer. The paper, among the reviews, on "The Sacred Books of the Hindus" announces the publication at Allahabad of this new series. The object is to propagate Hindu literature, and apparently the contributors are among the best-known native scholars in India. The English method of literal translation, with notes, is said to have been followed. A collection of recent works on China and Chinese problems is analysed, and will be useful to students of Oriental politics.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WHENEVER a public man gets hauled over the coals for a rash remark in a speech, he has one unfailing refuge—he can always blame the unfortunate reporters for not being sufficiently proficient in shorthand; this is what Masterman-ever-Ready sought to do on Wednesday when Wolmer accused the Secretary of the Treasury of taking sides in the war. Asquith did not protect his young friend much, and added severely: "I say most emphatically that the attitude of his Majesty's Government in the war is one of strict neutrality, and it is the duty of Ministers and of everybody else to use no language inconsistent with that neutrality."

The doctors have beaten Lloyd George. They stood out for 8s. 6d. He artfully offered the same sum, but it is inclusive, and has so many conditions tacked on to it that it is not nearly so good as it looks. However, it is a substantial rise, and it is a question whether the doctors will not be wise to accept it. They have presented an unbroken front hitherto, but it will be difficult to maintain, in face of the undoubtedly substantial increase they have wrung from him.

These two subjects having been dealt with, Home Rule was continued. It is impossible in a short sketch like this to give even the briefest account of the intricate questions involved in the amendments. The dreary and bitter controversy arising over sectarian jealousy, which is one of the great difficulties of the whole question, is always skulking in the background, ever and anon to lift its ugly head and rouse fierce passions. "If Irishmen were all Roman Catholics or all Protestants, there would be no Irish question," said a leading statesman to me many years ago. I do not myself go as far as this, as I think the Irish temperament has as much to do with it; but it is clear that religious passion smoulders.

Birrell is a most irresponsible talker. Masterman blamed the reporters for not taking down his speech correctly: it is a marvel to me how anyone ever reports Birrell. I counted three sentences this afternoon, and they were five, six, and seven minutes long; sentences, I mean, without a full stop, but also full of parentheses and parentheses inside them. He rattles on, too, at such a rate that he makes most amusing blunders. For instance—"I hope it will not be thought I am doing this at the bidding of our leaders—I mean our Irish friends." The Opposition roared at this accidental revelation of the truth.

At the next amendment William Moore read out extracts from speeches made by various Nationalists in the past—before the days "when they all love Jack," he repeated tauntingly. This always leads to ructions, and Lynch made a lame excuse for a recent speech. "All right," said Moore, "I'll leave it at this: You fought for the Boers against us; you came here and were convicted of treason, and now you have been given a safe Nationalist seat."

Vengeance had been vowed against soldiers and police, and the Opposition were defeated in the lobbies in their attempts to protect them.

It is very aggravating to think that no amount of argument—however unanswerable it may be, and however much it may remain unanswered—has the slightest effect in changing the opinions of the majority. They voted solidly all the time at the direction of the party Whips. Take Thursday, for instance. There was an amendment to the effect that the executive control should remain at Westminster. Balfour, Bonar Law, and Walter Long riddled the present proposals, and showed the absurdity of them. The Irish Parliament was to be responsible for law and order, and yet for six long years they were not to have control of the police. Power was no use without force behind it. Mr. Balfour sketched the position of an unhappy Lord Lieutenant confronted with an Irish Government who resigned. He could call on no one to take their place; he would be forced to take the advice of the Imperial Government, and a deadlock between the two Houses of Parliament must ensue. Even angels could not avoid friction under such a scheme, said Carson. Rufus Isaacs thought he had scored a point when he said: "You would grant a Home Rule Parliament with far greater rights and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

powers." "Yes," said Bonar Law boldly, "if you turn Ireland into a self-governing colony, then we know where we are, but this is a hybrid monster—neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring." The Irish want control without interference, and also want all the money they can get out of the British taxpayer; in addition to this, they want to tax industrious Ulster, who declares she will never submit to be governed by an Irish Parliament.

Herbert Samuel and Rufus Isaacs fought gallantly, but all the arguments were convincingly on the side of the Opposition, and the Coalition looked glum until the guillotine fell, and we were once more voted down by large majorities. I am glad to think that there are so many Unionists absent and not taking part in this farce; they are doing far better service talking up and down the country and putting the facts before the electors in their true light—spade work which will bear fruit in the next election.

On Friday a House full of lawyers debated the question of the appointment of another judge. It is clear that the Bench is undermanned, and Rufus Isaacs stated that the Committee of the Cabinet who settled the matter, while declaring that an extra judge was indispensable, could not consent to the appointment of two. He said he could not vote for the amendment to increase the number to two, although he said he would not put on the Government tellers.

J. W. Hills, a hard-working solicitor, made an excellent speech, in which he proved that judges actually earned more than they received—in fact, that they were a source of profit to the country, and that hundreds of thousands of pounds were lost and justice denied to hundreds by the delay; but the laymen showed their old distrust of the law; the amendment was lost by thirty, and the petition will go up to the Throne for one judge only.

Who will get it? There are many rumours, but unfortunately deserving men in the House do not always have big majorities, and the Government do not like risky elections just now.

The Radical Party hate the motor-'bus; they see that in the end it will kill their beloved tramways, and prove once more that private enterprise and the march of mechanism will always beat municipal enterprise in the long run. On Monday a shower of questions on the subject of noise and danger and damage by the motor-'bus showed which way the wind was blowing. The London General Omnibus Company has a powerful group of enemies, and you will find that legislation will be invoked in some directions to tax them or curtail their profits and energy.

Mr. Runciman has put his foot in it again. He appears to have boasted somewhere in the country "that the fire-eaters of Ulster have settled down to the humdrum work of the Committee stage of the Home Rule Bill, as though that were of no more importance than the diseases of bees." He taunted the leaders with insincerity, and jeered at them for their moderation.

At the adjournment on Monday night Lord Castlereagh called attention to the matter, and Runciman did not improve matters by answering in rather a flippant tone. He declared that he was complimenting the Opposition on the admirable good temper and courtesy they had shown. He had used the words that he "would not for one moment underrate the seriousness of the feeling in *some parts of Ulster* about the passage of the Home Rule Bill."

Bonar Law castigated Runciman severely. Runciman's humorous tone "was an additional insult." The Unionist Party attach great importance to preserving the dignity of the House of Commons. He accused the honourable member of using language which was a direct incitement to people in Belfast to show by deeds the reality of the opposition to Home Rule.

Lloyd George, who understands the temper of the House thoroughly, saw at once that it was a serious matter. "If you take a phrase here and there," he said, "it is possible to make out a case against the honourable gentleman," but he was sure his friend "realised the earnestness of the feeling of the Ulster people." He was not surprised that the Opposition should be sensitive when anybody challenges a conviction which is almost a religion with them. When he sat down, the Unionists shouted "Withdraw!" but Runciman walked out, and the Unionists shouted, "Run away, coward!" In our opinion, both sides missed the real point. Runciman attacked the Ulstermen in the House for taking it so quietly in the House; it was not a question how the rank and file in Ulster would take it or how they felt.

All the afternoon the position of the Royal Irish Constabulary under the Bill had been discussed. Carson wanted to know if the Imperial Government kept the R.I.C. under their control for six years because, in the case of disturbance, they could suppress it without any odium being cast on the Irish Parliament.

Stephen Collins, who has the air of a vestryman, quoted poetry, and the Liberals urged that, under Home Rule, the military character of the force would entirely disappear.

Colonel Burn, Gilbert Parker, and Bonar Law all drove home the illogical position, but to no purpose, for at 10.30 the guillotine fell and Clauses 5 and 6 were added to the Bill. Carson was so angry that as a protest he stopped the Japanese Marriage Bill by moving to report progress; but it was only for a few minutes.

On Tuesday the Little Englanders held up their hands in holy horror at Lord Roberts' outspoken description of German preparations for war; Edward Grey, with bated breath, deprecated all such speeches, and rather sneered at the gallant Field-Marshal. Recently we have had nothing but useless debates on sham safeguards. To-day it was the veto of the Crown over Irish legislation. The Radicals say that we are perfectly safe, because, if the Irish Parliament pass any outrageous piece of legislation, the Lord Lieutenant can always refuse his sanction and veto it. That looks excellent on paper, but suppose the Irish Parliament—awful thought!—defied the Lord Lieutenant? That is the real question, and this afternoon it was shown that there is really no answer to it. "That it will never arise" is no answer at all.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

I think Featherstonhaugh put the case in a nutshell when he said he did not value the safeguards one pin's point.

The Government, by means of a confidence trick, was asking them to entrust all they held dear to people whom they did not trust at all. The Government, with cheerful optimism, was setting up a fair-weather Constitution, regardless of the known conditions in Ulster; but it was no good. The lethargic majority strolled in from the smoking-rooms and libraries, and voted as they were told by the vigilant Whips stationed at the door. Eleven amendments were shut out and the clause added to the Bill.

Notes and News

Captain Harry Maitland has in the press with Messrs. John Ouseley for early publication a book entitled "The Dash for the Winter Sports." It will be illustrated by Alfred Leete.

Messrs. John Long will shortly publish (at 3s. 6d.) a new novel entitled "Céline: A True Story of the French Revolution," translated from the French of Mlle. V. de Regnier by Frances Elizabeth Fishbourne.

A course of five lectures on "The Rulers of the Balkans" will be given on Wednesdays at 5 p.m., beginning on November 6, at the London School of Economics, by G. P. Gooch, M.A. The fee for the course is 10s. 6d.

"The Man of Pleasure" is the title of a new book by Mr. Ralph Nevill, which Messrs. Chatto and Windus are publishing this week. The book contains a number of illustrations, plain and coloured, some of which have unusual historical interest.

The final performance of "Bunty Pulls the Strings" at the Haymarket Theatre will take place on Saturday evening, November 16. Mr. Harrison will produce Mr. Stanley Houghton's three-act comedy, "The Younger Generation," and Lord Dunsany's play, "The Golden Doom," on the following Tuesday evening, November 19.

The Navy League is taking a great interest in "Drake," and many members who have seen the play have become its ardent advocates. It is now proposed to give a special Navy League matinée, and after that His Majesty's Theatre may be filled on two occasions by audiences drawn entirely from the League's branches at Birmingham and Bristol.

On Wednesdays, November 6 and 13, and Monday, November 11, the Schweich Lectures on Biblical Archæology will be delivered in the theatre of the Academy, Burlington Gardens, at 5 o'clock, by the Rev. C. H. W. Johns, Litt.D. These lectures are open to the public, and free; those interested are cordially invited to attend by the secretary, Professor Gollancz.

"Romantic Ballads" (George Borrow) is announced for publication by Messrs. Jarrold and Sons. The book will be an almost facsimile reproduction of that only once issued and exceedingly rare volume, "Romantic Ballads translated from the Danish and Miscellaneous Pieces" by Borrow. The issue will be limited to 300 copies numbered.

"The War Drama of the Eagles," by Mr. Edward Fraser, which Mr. Murray is to publish within a few weeks, breaks fresh ground in a field of romantic interest, and should prove attractive to that wide public who are students of Napoleon and the European turmoil caused by him. The record of Napoleon's Eagles in war has never before been set forth.

The "Classification of Books on Photography" is the subject of a special article in the forthcoming number of the *Librarian*, to be published by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. In the same number Mr. Kenneth Cotton, of the London School of Economics, makes an interesting suggestion, by which librarians and library assistants would make exchanges with other libraries at home and abroad.

A series of three lectures on Modern French Poetry is to be given in connection with the Exhibition of Modern French Art at the Grafton Galleries, by M. Charles Vildrac; the poetry which forms the subject of his lectures will be interpreted by M. Jacques Copeau, director of *La Nouvelle Revue Française* and adaptor of the acting version of "Les Frères Kamarazof" by Dostoievski. The work of such poets as Verlaine, Verhaeren, Maeterlinck, Duhamel, etc., will be passed in review, and the lectures will take place at the Galleries on the afternoons of November 4, 7, and 11.

Messrs. Hutchinson announce two important books immediately. "My Life in Four Continents," by Col. Chaille-Long, tells the story of an adventurous career. The author played an important part in the Egyptian drama, under Gordon, and his narrative throws much new light on the character and methods of that famous soldier. One of the most interesting parts of Col. Chaille-Long's story relates to his exploration of the upper reaches of the Nile, the discovery of Lake Ibrahim, and the sources of the great river. This book will be in two volumes, handsomely illustrated. "Further Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife," by Mrs. Hugh Fraser, though really an independent work, to some extent continues the story of her life from the finishing point of her last book. Among other subjects she has much to say of her brother, Marion Crawford.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE FATE OF THE OTTOMAN EMPIRE.

October 30, 1912.

AT the moment of writing, the news reaches us that in Thrace there has begun a general engagement between the Turkish and Bulgarian forces which must inevitably develop into one of the decisive battles in the world's history. Concerning the military movements that have immediately preceded this great

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

clash of arms little is known. So far, the swift and daring strategy of the Allies has been crowned with the glory of uninterrupted success. No doubts are any longer entertained as to the sweeping character of their victories in Macedonia. The Turkish army in the west has been literally routed, and its communications with the east, if not irreparably severed, are at least in grave peril. It is, however, upon the battle-line in Thrace that the attention of Europe is at present concentrated; for the issue of the stupendous conflict now being waged with relentless fury in this part of the field will decide the fate of the Ottoman Empire, and may conceivably shatter to atoms the delicate structure of the world's peace.

However much we are inclined to sympathise with Turkey in her extreme plight, we cannot blind ourselves to the causes that have brought her to the verge of downfall. Again and again in this column we have not failed to warn our readers that her supreme crisis was pending—that, in short, unless she set her house in order with miraculous haste, events would so shape themselves that the Ottoman Empire in Europe would be placed in deadly peril. The long period of internal dissension that followed upon the deposition of Abdul Hamid has undermined that only foundation upon which a State can continue to exist as a power in the world—the morale of the masses. Military organisation, no matter how perfect, is merely the skeleton of security; the eagerness of the soldier to sacrifice all for his country is at once the flesh that clothes this skeleton and the breath that gives it life. Thus, in the collapse of the Turkish forces we find that it is the soul of the nation which has fled.

In saying this we do not wish in any way to detract from the brilliant qualities exhibited by their enemies. For the Turk, even in his death-agony, is a magnificent soldier, a man who is inured to hardship, and who, in spite of the despair that afflicts his spirit, remains a fatalistic, almost a mechanical, fighter to the end. But the Bulgarians possess all the valiant qualities which are known to be inherent in their foes, with the added advantages that they are brilliantly led and that their heart is in their work. It is because we recognise these circumstances that we place no confidence in the prospect of a complete reversal of the fortunes of the campaign. The success of the Bulgarian arms has been solely due to their conspicuous ability to accomplish that which all experts must hold to be the supreme aim of offensive warfare. They have so commanded their own movements that they have dictated the strategy of their enemy, thus destroying completely his preconceived plan of campaign and paralysing his capacity for initiative. As a consequence, the decisive issue of the campaign is now being contested upon ground virtually chosen by the Bulgarian General Staff.

Too much importance need not be attached to the well-founded reports that the communications in the rear of Nazim Pasha's troops have been severed. The lay mind must not imagine that the destruction of a bridge accomplishes the isolation of an army. But were such an act to imply the presence of a considerable Bulgarian force in the immediate neighbourhood, then the Turkish position would indeed be hopeless. An interruption of the communications upon which Nazim Pasha is dependent for reinforcements, supplies, and munitions is, nevertheless, without doubt, of serious and significant moment. The mere fact that such an adventurous exploit has been accomplished points to carelessness and disorganisation in the Turkish forces; and although military engineering has reached so high a state of perfection that a break in the line of communications can be quickly repaired, delay and embarrassment at this critical juncture in the rear of the field forces will tend to spread confusion among troops already showing symptoms of wavering.

When all the available reports from the scene of conflict are carefully sifted and weighed, it is clear that, although the Turks are, as it were, in the last ditch, their grand army is still intact and unbeaten; in other words, a fighting, though somewhat forlorn, chance remains in them. As to the issue of the battle now in progress, much depends upon the fortunes of the Bulgarian flanking force which, in the extreme east, is creeping towards the last line of defence works which oppose the road to Constantinople. That the Turkish position is well-nigh desperate is abundantly clear. If with their back to the only wall that separates them from ruin they should rally and triumph, then, paradoxical as it may seem, they will owe their fortune to the very hopelessness of their present situation. For it is now only the courage born of despair that can save them.

Were it not for the plain evidence so far forthcoming during the short period of the campaign concerning the utter demoralisation that has seized upon the rank and file of the soldiery, we might attach some slight importance to the ray of hope always to be found centred in situations of desperation. But it is only too apparent that the Turkish soldier has lost his sublime faith in Mahomed. He lifts his sword as of old, but there is no strength left in his arm because there is no fire in his soul. Nazim Pasha telegraphs optimistic messages to Constantinople. He has declared his intention either to win a glorious victory or leave his body on the field of battle. Thus, on the eve of one of the greatest conflicts in history, the Generalissimo passes sentence of death upon himself. For the issue now being contested on the plains of Thrace is beyond the control of any Commander-in-Chief, no matter how skilful he may be. It was decided during the years that have passed, while the people of the Balkan States, with single purpose and willing obedience, patiently prepared for the hour. Throughout those years the Ottoman Empire, aided by German instructors, has kept its armour from rusting, but it has neglected the man within the armour and the soul within the man. History is at the present moment repeating itself with an accuracy that is positively awesome, pointing once again the eternal lesson that it is arrogance and ease, not alone foes from without, that throttle the lives of nations.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

MOTORING

THE annual Motor Show is almost upon us, and, although it is becoming something like a platitude to state that it will be as interesting as ever, in spite of the fact that no striking innovations in motor-car design are to be looked for, the remark must be repeated on this occasion. According to present indications, based upon the preliminary announcements of the leading manufacturers, the car of 1913 will be essentially the same as the car of 1912, both in general design and in price. It goes without saying that practically every make of car will embody detail improvements and refinements, but that is practically all the visitor to Olympia this year may expect. Things are different in the accessory department, which has been growing in importance year by year, and which on this occasion is likely to be more voluminous and interesting than ever. We hope to describe some of the more important features of the Show in due course.

Universal surprise has been caused by the announcement, made a few days ago, that Mr. S. F. Edge has not only severed his connection with the famous Napier firm, but with the motor industry altogether. It is not too much to say that from the inception of the motoring movement in this country he has been the most prominent personality associated with it. His activities in every department—experimental, manufacturing, sporting, and social—have been most indefatigable, and have been continued with unabated vigour up to the very moment of his retirement. Apart from the invaluable services he has rendered to the industry and to the private motorist by the careful and exhaustive tests to which he has personally subjected almost every new motoring device, he has easily done more than anyone else to remove the reproach of incompetence from the British motor manufacturer, and to establish the high reputation now held by the high-class British car all over the world. The popularity of the six-cylinder car as the ideal automobile de luxe is almost entirely due to his persistent advocacy, the leading car manufacturers of the world having followed his lead in the adoption of the multi-cylindered engine. His achievements in the sporting and racing side of motoring are far too numerous to recapitulate here, but mention may be made of a performance which stands out as the greatest feat of skill and endurance in the annals of motoring—namely, his driving of a Napier for twenty-four consecutive hours at a continuous speed of over sixty miles an hour. This extraordinary performance was accomplished about six years ago at Brooklands, and is one which no one else has even attempted to rival.

On January 1 next the new regulations for motor-car taxation will come into force. It will be recollected that in September last the Special Committee, which had been sitting for some time to consider whether any alteration should be recommended, issued its report, which was to the effect that there should be no alteration so far as petrol cars are concerned; that the steam car should be rated upon its effective heating surface instead of upon its cylinder bores; and that the tax on electric cars should be reduced. These recommendations have been accepted by the Treasury, and, unless something unexpected happens in the meantime, will form the basis of the new taxation. Steam and electric cars being relatively insignificant in number, the broad position is that the old state of affairs remains. The principal grievance is upon the part of owners of old and second-hand cars, who have to pay an altogether disproportionate tax under the existing system, which is based entirely upon bore-dimension. Horse-power is the basis of taxation, and it is not disputed that old cars of a certain bore do not really develop more than about half the power developed by modern cars of similar bore. On the face of it, it appears, therefore, that they should not be liable to the same tax. It is stated that the R.A.C. and the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders intend to make representations to the Treasury on the subject, and there is nothing for the old-car owner but to wait and see whether these representations will have the desired effect.

A further batch of "guide cards" through towns, etc., has just been issued by the Automobile Association and Motor Union for the benefit of its members. The new centres dealt with are Birmingham, Bournemouth, Bristol, Cambridge, Durham, Edinburgh, Exeter, Glasgow, Gloucester, Guildford, Leicester, Lincoln, Manchester, Northampton, Nottingham, Oxford, Shrewsbury, and Worcester. To the touring motorist these cards are invaluable. In addition to indicating clearly the best roads into, through, and out of the various towns and cities, they show where the authorised hotels, agents, and garages of the Association are situated, and the mileages to the other important towns in the neighbourhood.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE rash public that came in and bought as soon as the panic began are now regretting their haste. Prices do not rush up wildly. They tremble, and it would not take much to send them back to the levels of "Black Saturday." Stocks and shares have not found any permanent home. They were picked up by bankers and moneylenders whose sole object in buying was to make money. The philanthropy of the City is but skin deep. Those who support markets in panics are merely bargain hunters with big cash balances. The small people who came in will want to sell. Then they will find that the Banker who was so ready to buy at the bottom is not quite so ready a purchaser at to-day's levels. I expect that when the settlement has ended we shall find sagging markets.

Some few new issues have come out, but they none of them "went"; most indeed, did not deserve to go—for they were unattractive. The Motor Traction Co. was grossly over-capitalised, and the promotion profits were

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

excessive. The New South Wales short loan was a useful floater for the banks. The Railway Loan guaranteed by the Province of Alberta was good, but will be a poor market. The Canadian Brewery debentures were but a poor security, for the prospectus contained no valuation. And an offer of common stock at 15 with a far-distant coupon attached, savoured of cynicism or impudence. Canada has assuredly lost her head. The plantation from the spare land of Telegoredjo would appeal to no one. The days of such rubber flotations have gone by.

MONEY grows tighter day by day. The banks put up their rates at the settlement, and brokers whose clients were in dire need charged as high as ten per cent. Gambling shares were roughly treated. But the banks seemed quite glad to lend good clients money to take up stock, and on the whole less trouble was experienced than anyone expected. Still the talk is of a six per cent rate.

FOREIGNERS are gradually recovering. Paris has financed all the Balkan States and she is mightily pleased at their success. There is a business side to this war which will help French trade. The guns and the ammunition are French, and they have proved better than those of the Turks, which are German. So France gets not only the money, but also a good advertisement. Greeks, Bulgarians, Servians, have been quite firm. These States will benefit greatly by the war. They will acquire rich provinces which France will finance. They will build railways which French engineers will construct. They will grow rich. Greece will take Salonica; Montenegro, Scutari; Servia will secure Old Servia, and Bulgaria will annex a large slice of land which will include Adrianople. This means added wealth. Roumania has arranged that she shall get her share—her neutrality will be paid for. Paris sees all this, and hard as she was hit in the panic, is now happy again.

HOME RAILS do not move. We must wait for a few weeks before the big traffics have any effect upon the thinking public. The Government intend to keep their promise and bring in a Bill. Not as good a Bill as the Companies wanted, but one that will help to pay the increased cost of wages and insurance. The companies could readily double their dividends if they ran upon Yankee lines. But they have lost all initiation. The officials only think of safety, the directors of precedent. Hundreds of thousands of pounds are wasted all over England every week. It is now said that the Midland is backing the Metropolitan purchase of the Great Northern and City. It would open up a large district and give the Midland a chance of getting a huge suburban traffic. If they are not interested in the deal they have missed the chance of their lives, and of all the companies the Midland misses less chances than most of the lines. The line is of no use to the Metropolitan unless it is linked up with one of the trunk lines, and if the Great Northern had wished the railway surely they would not have quarrelled with it in the way they did.

YANKEES don't move. The bankers bought, but they seem to have sold much larger blocks than anyone thought, for the markets are by no means strong, although business is good. A rise is therefore one of the certainties of the New Year. Except that the war ties up Continental money, and therefore cuts off the Berlin buyer, it should not affect American industries in any way. Indeed, it should do them good. I again say that those who buy Unions, Atchisons, and Southern Pacific will make money. Southern Common are also a very cheap lock-up for the line is doing very well indeed, and is now earning big dividends on the common stock, which have been used in putting the road in order and paying off the cost of the various bond issues. The South is prosperous, and as soon as the Panama Canal is opened Southerns will benefit as much if not more than any other road.

RUBBER is now 4s. 6d. a pound, and in spite of the prosperity of the United States does not improve. But the leading companies are doing well, and at present prices are certainly able to maintain their dividends. The well-known Antwerp Company, the F.M.S., whose 50 frc. shares are quoted 600 frcs., has issued a splendid report. It will increase its planted area to 5,000 acres, and this year will harvest three million pounds and pay 100 per cent. dividend. The shares at 500 frcs. are cheap, as the balance-sheet is strong and the planted area works out at only about £20 an acre. But the price seldom touches this figure, for the Belgians usually come in buyers on any fall. Singapore United is holding its own, but I see nothing attractive in the price either of the shares or the planted area. It is a long shot—and long shots in rubber are too risky to please me.

OIL shares were sold by the "bears" in the slump, and as a result they have been very hard indeed all the week. Indeed, Urals were scrambled for by those who had sold short and could not buy back. It is said that the agreement with Shell has been settled. A Maikop deal is on which will sweep up Maikop Props—Russian Maikop and the Deep Drilling Co., and International Maikop. It was said that Oilfields Finance would make the deal, but Mr. Barnett says, "No." Some of the companies have good plots and no money, others poor land and fat purses; so if they can come to terms they may do well. The New German Imperial Company, which is to compete against Standard Oil, is said to have made arrangements to purchase all the Mexican Eagle oil. It will want it badly, for Germany uses huge quantities of oil, which it cannot get from Galicia and Roumania.

MINES are more dead than the leaves on the trees. No one seems to care what happens to the market. The Kaffir houses say that they will now wait till the New Year. In the meantime prices sag away. The good Kaffirs are beginning to look cheap. For there are good Kaffirs—City Deep, were it well managed, would be cheap; Village Deep, were it cheap, would be good. Knights are good; Modder B is good, but I do not say buy to-day, for the whole position is uncertain, and in gambling counters like Kaffirs it is wise to wait till the bottom is touched. Some big blocks of shares have been pawned this account.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are hardly discussed. Yet the reports of all the companies are good. Aerated Bread showed a capacity to cut down expenses, which shows that the management is not so bad as the critics declared. The dealers in the House who pretended that they had the figures of the Wallpaper Combine were either deceived or deceivers, for the preliminary report actually shows reduced profits. We must wait for the full report before making any criticism. Roneo has done well, but defers the dividend. The insiders appear to be getting out of Telephone Deferred. But I am assured that £190 is the price that will be paid. The sale of the Perth Tramways will be agreed to. I congratulate Mr. Allan Stoneham upon his adroitness. To ask £500,000 and get £475,000 for a system that, to speak mildly, has been greatly neglected, was a piece of clever diplomacy. Some people grumble, but I do not see why.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Dixon has now told your readers again what he told them in his previous letter—that he was led to become a Christian Scientist by the observation of certain cases in which Christian Science had, in his opinion, done good. This is surely quite beside the point. I believe the questions at issue are, in general, whether Christian Scientists as a class are people to whom a hypothesis is as good as a fact, and in particular whether the evidence

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

which led Mr. Dixon to his belief was of the sort which ordinary people demand before looking on any thesis as proved. As far as I can judge, Mr. Dixon has so far contributed nothing to the elucidation of these questions; yet he, of all men, could, if he were willing, do a great deal in that direction. The ordinary run of Christian Science testimonies are couched in much the same language, and have as evidence much the same value, as the testimonials to the virtues of patent medicines. "The doctor (name and qualifications not stated) said I was suffering from chronic small-pox. I took so many boxes of pills or went through so much Christian Science treatment. I am now quite well." The composition of the pills is for obvious reasons not stated, and it is manifestly impossible for anyone to say what the practitioner was doing during the treatment. Most characteristic of all, no evidence is as a rule given, beyond the patient's statement of his or her "sense perceptions," as to whether he or she was physically any better at the end of the process than before. Now it is to be presumed that Mr. Dixon, when he was testing the value of Christian Science treatment, was not satisfied with such evidence as this, and if he would give your readers some details about some of the cases he has seen, and bring forward, with regard to the condition of the patients before and after treatment, some evidence of the sort usually demanded and produced in the case of other curative systems, your readers would then know whether there is among Christian Scientists any higher standard of evidence than is to be found in their publications.

Mr. Dixon's latest letter contains a dictum which (if he really means it) would, I think, make it the merest impertinence ever to ask any man why he believes in anything. "The reason why an individual Christian Scientist" (or any other individual?) "arrives at a conclusion is very much better evidence of the reliability of that conclusion than the opinion of an outsider as to the train of reasoning in other people's minds." Assuming that this is a general proposition and that the words "other people's minds" mean "the mind of the individual in question" the effect of this dictum seems to me to be that any man who arrives at any conclusion is to be the sole judge of the validity of his reasons and of the correctness of his reasoning. The people who believed in the movement of the sun round the earth no doubt had reasons, or thought they had. The opinion of the outsider as to what went on in their minds was, therefore, of no value? If I am misrepresenting Mr. Dixon, perhaps he will explain: and I promise to make no reference to Browning. This promise is not due to any lack of reverence for antiquity or of a healthy taste for chestnuts. Many of your readers are, I am sure, anxious that Mr. Dixon should say something relevant about the questions at issue. I am equally sure that none of them takes any interest in my mental peculiarities. The usual explanation of the use of these controversial methods—that the user is actuated by a conscious or sub-conscious desire to evade the point—is, I am sure, not applicable in this case. Still, the tendency to wander away from the point into discussion of one's opponent's peculiarities is a hindrance and not a help. Mr. Dixon could, no doubt, go on showing how closely I resemble Browning and George Meredith from now till next week. I do not think your readers care, and I am sure that the process tends to prevent Mr. Dixon from realising the essence of the question which he has undertaken to discuss. If he would pay a little less attention to me, and a little more to the question, he would, I think, see that non-Christian Scientists are, from their point of view as to what evidence is, justified in saying that there is no evidence of any case of organic disease ever having been cured or ameliorated by Christian Science treatment, and that the idea of the thing being possible is merely a hypothesis in support of which no evidence has ever been adduced.

Mr. Dixon entirely agrees with my view that "what differentiates the Christian Scientist from ordinary people is that in his eyes the reason why the man recovered is just as much a question of fact as his recovery," and he adds, "I have given my own reasons for coming to that conclusion." The words "my own reasons" refer doubtless to the repeated statement "I had accumulated a vast mass of evidence, all tending to prove the fact of spiritual causation and all demonstrating the fact that inharmony of whatever description could be overcome by obedience to the law of divine principle." Now if Mr. Dixon wants to persuade your readers that it is rational to arrive at the conclusion on the strength of the evidence, the first step surely is to produce the evidence. Mr. Dixon's assurance that the evidence satisfies him is, of course, conclusive as far as he is concerned, but it is not likely to carry conviction to anyone else.

I can, perhaps, make my contention clear by putting it in a concrete form. A man leads for twenty years a life of reckless self-indulgence, with the natural result that he is crippled with disease. He becomes a Christian Scientist and leads a clean life, to the manifest advantage of everybody. There can, I suppose, be no doubt about what Mr. Dixon calls "the fact of spiritual causation," but what evidence is there that the inharmony has been overcome? Christian Science seems to say to this man, "Your heart and lungs and digestive apparatus are as sound as if you had led a decent life. You are as able to do good work for yourself and for the community as anybody else. If you have children, there will be no danger of their being handicapped in any way by the life you have led." It is, to my mind, difficult to imagine anything more immoral than such teaching. That, however, is not the immediate point. The question is: What evidence is there in support of this attitude? One can easily see the attractiveness of such a doctrine. Nothing one could say to this man would be so likely to make him happy, and as long as he is never asked to endure any mental or physical strain, and refrains from inquiring too closely into the physical or mental condition of his children, he may very likely be able to shamble through the rest of his life in the belief that all inharmony has been overcome. Ordinary people are not likely to believe it until they are supplied with far more evidence than has been laid before them so far regarding the present condition of the man's heart and lungs, and the condition of his children.

There is, of course, a large number of people to whom Christian Science has done great good. People whose troubles were entirely or largely imaginary have been led by it to take a more hopeful view of themselves and their condition; to pay less attention to their woes. In most of these cases no evidence is attainable: they used to feel ill or unhappy, and now they feel all right, and they and the world have every reason to be grateful to Christian Science for what it has done for them. There is, however, a considerable amount of real disease and trouble in the world, regarding which evidence is attainable. When Christian Scientists say that Christian Science can cure tuberculosis or a decayed tooth, they are saying something which, if it were true, could be proved; not on the lines of "The doctor thought I had tuberculosis and now I think I am cured," but according to the laws of evidence which are generally accepted as valid. If Mr. Dixon will produce a few cases of tuberculosis or decayed teeth, the existence of the disease and its disappearance being proved by analogous tests made by men of equal competence, he will have gone far towards proving his hypothesis that inharmony of whatever description can be overcome by obedience to the law of divine principle. Then the decks will be clear for the discussion of the further question: "What caused the disease to disappear? Good food, fresh air, favourable surroundings, or Christian Science treatment?" That question, too, could be tested. All

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

that is necessary for the accumulation of valid evidence is greater willingness on the part of Christian Scientists to submit their ideas to the sort of tests which other people who have a thesis to prove are only glad to resort to whenever they have a chance. I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

October 21, 1912. T. G. MARTIN.

"TACITAE" AND "SILENTIA" IN AENEID II, 255.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—If Mr. Dodgson will refer to Conington's edition of Vergil he will find this difficult passage fully discussed; although the note may leave him still undecided, a result not unusual where Vergil and his great commentator are concerned! Conington saw that the poet's meaning might be that there was no moon, and Mr. Dodgson's interesting quotation from Dante lends support to this interpretation. It was said jestingly of a certain living art critic that he "battens on the vague," and Vergil is certainly not averse from vagueness. Whether he meant us to think of the night of Troy's downfall as moonlit or moonless is a nice point. There is the passage under consideration; a little later some comrades confront Æneas "in the moonlight"; and a few moments afterwards "dark night enfolds us in its hollow covert."

If anyone will read the whole description anew, remarking at the start the lines—

"Vertitur interea cælum et ruit Oceano nox,
Involvens umbra magna terramque polumque"

—where the impression conveyed is of "a darkness that may be felt"—he will probably incline to understand Vergil as meaning that the goddess gave the Danai a moonless crossing. The orb may have risen later, when the fighting was in progress. But as to the torch on the leading vessel, Mr. Dodgson is wrong in thinking it was lit for purposes of exploration—those shores being, in truth, familiar to the Danai—since it was a signal to Sinon to release the warriors from the wooden horse. Characteristically, Vergil says elsewhere that it was Helen who gave the signal.

One may the more favour the "moonless" theory when one remembers that repeatedly in Vergil the wind is said, presumably by its absence, to calm the waters. (See Ec. 2, 26, Georg. 4, 484, Æn. 1, 66 and 5,673; also a passage in Sophocles, Ajax 674, which may be their common source.) Similarly, may not the moon be regarded as, by a like complacency, effecting darkness? The moderns have not a monopoly of paradox! I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Farnham, October 20. H. C. MINCHIN.

THE DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The remarks made by "Scotus, Edinburgh," were quite in order.

Allow me to supplement them. Nearly two years ago there appeared an article in an art journal asking the public to send particulars, etc., of any (well-known) men of importance.

I replied by sending to (Sir) Sidney Lee a biographical sketch of the late Admiral Lindesay Brine, R.N., F.R.G.S., containing such items as follows: Commanded a Battery in the Crimea 1854, in the Baltic 1855, Capture of Taku Forts 1860, Naval Assessor to the House of Lords, Asst. Superintendent of Naval Reserves, Brother of Trinity House, received six or more medals, and author of various works, etc., etc.

I gave more details and wrote the biography in the usual style. From that day to this (nearly two years ago) I have never received any acknowledgment of the biographical sketch.

I presume Sir Sidney Lee may wish to be the author of my work, or, he is still vexed with me for having asked him on a previous occasion "on what authority he published the biography of John Baverstock Knight, 1785-1859, as the account was not only misleading, but parts of it were absolutely untrue."

The author of this last-named biography was Mr. Lionel Cust, the Director of the National Gallery, to whom I wrote, also, for an explanation. Mr. Lionel Cust apologised to me and said he obtained his information solely from the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Sir (then Mr.) Sidney Lee also apologised and said the biography should be amended in the next publication.

I contend that a copy from any work ought to state the fact of its being so extracted, and not be handed down in the "Dictionary of National Biography" as original.

I also contend that biographers ought to verify their statements before they put matters forward as part of a certain individual's life.

I am the author of the biography of the said John Baverstock Knight, which I published in order to place on record the actual facts of this most prolific and versatile painter, whose career would never have been truly known had I not done so, and who would have been under gross misrepresentation if left to the "Dict. Nat. Biog." account of the man.

The British Museum and other Libraries and Galleries possess copies of the Biography by me.

Yet with all the expense I have been put to, and apologies from Sir S. Lee and Mr. Cust, I have not yet received any intimation from either of them that the promise made has taken effect in the recently published new volume, and as I have not seen a copy, I am doubtful.

But why should Admiral Lindesay Brine not be included? He died 1906? Believe me, yours very truly,

Ravenscroft, Shirley Avenue, FRANCIS KNIGHT.
Southampton, October 21, 1912.

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The Baconian syllogism is this: "Shakespeare" is the work of a learned man. Bacon was a learned man, therefore Bacon wrote Shakespeare. But the notion that "Shakespeare" is the work of a learned man is comparatively of modern date. John Hales, of Eton, writing before 1633, and referring to a conversation concerning Shakespeare in which Sir John Suckling, Sir William Davenant, Ben Jonson, and he himself were engaged, says that, "hearing Ben frequently reproaching him [Shakespeare] with the want of learning and ignorance of the Ancients, he [Hales] told him that, if Mr. Shakespeare had not read the Ancients, he had likewise not stolen anything from them (a fault the other made no conscience of); and that, if he would produce any one topic finely treated by any of them, he would undertake to find something upon the same subject at least as well written by Shakespeare." Dryden said that Shakespeare "was wanting that learning and care which Jonson had." Naham Tate admitted, "however it fared with our author for book-learning, it was evident that no man was better studied in men and things, the most useful knowledge for a dramatic writer." Lady Margaret Cavendish, in the "General Prologue" to her "Plays," 1682, after praising Ben Jonson, says:—

"Yet gentle Shakespeare had a fluent wit,
Although less learning, yet full well he writ,
For all his plays were writ by Nature's light," etc.

And many other instances could be cited from notable judges of the seventeenth century to the same effect. But in the succeeding century there arose a contrary view; George Colman the elder, and others, thought the plays indicated an acquaintance with Greek, Latin, and later foreign authors whose works had not been translated into English when Shakespeare wrote. But Farmer, in his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

celebrated "Essay on the Learning of Shakespeare," 1766, completely refutes that idea. Dr. Warton refers to it "as a work by which an end is put forever to the dispute concerning the learning of Shakespeare." Another century passes, and it is again asserted that the plays must be the work of a scholar, and as Bacon was a scholar —then Bacon is Shakespeare. To persist in this fiction is not creditable. The lines quoted by Mr. Smedley from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," II ii., 124-127, are anything but "poor stuff." It should be recognised that they are dramatic, expressing excitement in the speaker. Shakespeare answers Mr. Smedley in line 129 in the same speech: "Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do." I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

London, E.C. TOM JONES.

"ANTONINUS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your article on the present hypocritical state of man you ask a very significant question.

"Why at this stage—the Cross and the Crescent?" And then, by referring to Gibbon's well-known satire on the Crusades, you introduce an original historic indictment.

Indeed, it may be asked—"Why at any stage—the Cross and the Crescent?" It will be as well for us to remember that the Cross is not emblematic of world power, though, as you further have the happiness to state, the "monopoly of righteousness" by Whitefield's Tabernacle and the singular justice of our House of Commons make for the contradiction of this great fact. However, as the state of Antoninus' time proved, there is always the consolation that "Quos Deus vult perdere, prins dementat." Yours obediently,

Hillcroft, Eastwood, Essex. H. C. DANIEL.

October 22, 1912.

"ON LUCIDITY IN PROSE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In the article with this title in your last issue, Mr. Belloc gives us a very interesting quotation—a "text" which was a favourite of his old schoolmaster's, viz., "They shall file and flee into the valley of Beth-Ramon, where the lion roareth and the flap-doodle mourneth the loss of her first-born." Some years ago I bought for a ha'penny in a little East End shop a leaflet on which was printed a Yankee mock-sermon supposed to have been preached by what the Americans term a "hard-shell Baptist"; and one of the sentences in this sermon was the "text" mentioned above. But it differed from the schoolmaster's version in several vital particulars. It ran as follows: "They shall gnaw a file and flee unto the mountains of Rephsidim, where the lion roareth for his prey and the whang-doodle mourneth for her first-born." It would be interesting to know which of these gems is the correct one. It would also be useful to know how it would read if translated into the English language. Yours faithfully,

J. G. G.

London, N.W. October 24, 1912.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Allow me to propound the following question for consideration by your numerous grammatical correspondents:—

"What is the actual logical connection between 'relative' and 'interrogative' pronouns?" Your obedient servant,

QUIS.

London Institution, Finsbury Circus, E.C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Edinburgh. By R. L. Stevenson. Illustrated in Colour by James Heron. (Seeley, Service and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

The Life of Sir Howard Vincent. By S. H. Jeyes. Concluded by F. D. How. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

By Flood and Field: Adventures Ashore and Afloat in North Australia. By Alfred Searcy. Illustrated. (G. Bell and Sons. 6s. net.)

Memorials of the Cathedral and Priory of Christ in Canterbury. By C. Eveleigh Woodruff, M.A., and William Danks, M.A. Illustrated by Louis Weirter, R.B.A. (Chapman and Hall. 16s. net.)

The Diaries of William Charles Macready, 1833-1851. Edited by William Toynbee. Two vols. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 32s. net.)

Eton in the 'Seventies. By the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

A Prince of Pleasure: Philip of France and his Court, 1640-1701. By Hugh Stokes. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins. 12s. 6d. net.)

The Memoir of Sir Horace Mann. By I. Giberne Sieveking. Illustrated. (Kegan, Paul and Co. 10s. net.)

Francis Thompson, the Preston-Born Poet, with Notes on Some of his Works. By John Thomson. Illustrated. (Alfred Halewood, Preston. 2s. 6d. net.)

Six Lectures on the Inns of Court and of Chancery, Delivered in Middle Temple Hall during Easter and Trinity Terms, 1912. By W. Blake Odgers, K.C., and Others. With Plan. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

The Adventures of an Elephant-Hunter. By James Sutherland. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Principles of Economics. By Dr. N. G. Pierson. Translated from the Dutch by A. A. Wotzel. Vol. II. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

Persian Literature. By Claude Field. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)

Scotland and the French Revolution. By Henry W. Meikle, M.A., D.Litt. (James Maclehose and Sons. 10s. net.)

Monaco and Monte Carlo. By Adolphe Smith. (Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 15s. net.)

A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830. By Oliver Elton. 2 vols. (Edward Arnold. 21s. net.)

Boswell the Biographer. By George Mallory. With Portrait. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

John Forster and His Friendships. By Richard Renton. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

Marie-Antoinette, Her Early Youth (1770-1774). By Lady Younghusband. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

Republican France, 1870-1912, Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes, and Social Life. By Le Petit Homme Rouge (Ernest Alfred Vizetelly). With Portraits. (Holden and Hardingham, 12s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Bunch Grass: A Chronicle of Life on a Cattle Ranch. By Horace Annesley Vachell. (John Murray. 6s.)

Adnam's Orchard. By Sarah Grand. (Wm. Heinemann. 6s.)

Muddling Through. By Lady Napier of Magdala. (John Murray. 6s.)

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. By Wm. J. Locke. Illustrated by Alec. Ball. (John Lane. 6s.)

Dr. Phillips: A Maida Vale Idyll. By Frank Danby. New and Revised Edition. (Stanley Paul and Co. 1s. net.)

A Struggle for a Ring. By Charlotte M. Brame. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6d.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO

THE ONLY WAY

LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Folk-Tales of Bengal. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day. Illustrated by Warwick Goble. (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

The Experimentalists: An Unusual Comedy in Three Acts. By Rathmell Wilson and Muriel Hutchinson. (John Ouseley. 1s.)

The Tallyman, and Other Plays. By Edward A. Parry. (Sherratt and Hughes. 1s. 6d. net.)

Two Plays. By J. Kahane. (Sherratt and Hughes. 1s. net.)

Letters from Solitude, and Other Essays. By Filson Young. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)

The Voice of One Crying. By Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne. Arranged in Cycles by T. K. C. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

Home Life: Being Addresses given at a Retreat for the Wives of Clergy. By Edward King, D.D. Edited by B. W. Randolph, D.D. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. net.)

The Social Obligations of a Christian. By the Right Rev. Charles Gore, D.D., and *The Attitude of the Church towards Social Problems of To-Day.* By the Rev. G. W. Hockley. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 3d. net.)

Essays in Fresco. By Edward McCurdy. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Sunday at Home; Friendly Greetings; Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine; The Boy's Own Paper; Night and Day; The Economic Review; The Independent Theatre-Goer; Anglo-Russian Gazette; Cambridge University Reporter; Bookseller; The R.P.A. Annual and Ethical Review; St. Nicholas; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Harper's Monthly Magazine; Windsor Magazine; Fortnightly Review; Cornhill Magazine; Atlantic Monthly; Church Quarterly Review; Modern Language Teaching.

MANY REJECTED MSS.
simply need expert revision to make them available. This I can give, securing results that count. Such firms as Appleton, Putnam's, etc., publish my own books, and I was recently editor for a leading magazine. Why not increase your profits by publication in the United States? Address: EDITOR, BOX 4L, 435 WEST 119TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK IN POWDER FORM.
THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.
DELICIOUS, NOURISHING AND REFRESHING.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, 1/6, 2/6, 11/-, at all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

TO

SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.

WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.

Via the SUEZ CANAL:

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.

(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE

PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the

MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC

by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

. . . Ports of Call . . .

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.

(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

Throughout the Year, according to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, 102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

CRUISES TO NORWAY.

Mediterranean, Holy Land, Egypt, etc., by Ocean Yachting Steamer "ARCADIAN" during the Autumn.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,

London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C. Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban. Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	595
Song of a Good-for-Nothing	596
Notre Dame	596
The Honest Brokers ...	596
Reviews:	
Germany—and England...	597
Marcus Aurelius in Colour	599
A Flood of Light on the Oriental Arts	600
The Indian Borderers ...	601
Home Rule Reviewed ...	601
The Mastery of the World	603
Shorter Reviews	604
Fiction	605
Shorter Notices	606
The Theatre:	
"Sandy and His Eliza" on Tour	607
"The Dancing Mistress" at the Adelphi	607
"The Good Hope" at the King's Hall	608
Aspects of Ireland: The Old Irish Faith	608
The Menagerie of Travel...	610
Some New French Books...	611
Some Christmas Books ...	612
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	613
Notes and News	615
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	616
Motoring	617
In the Temple of Mammon	618
Correspondence	620
Books Received	622

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

AMONG the many surprises that the present government have supplied the legislative sanction of flogging stands out pre-eminently. Everyone who is connected with the administration of the law is perfectly well aware that flogging is more deterrent than any other form of punishment. Despite Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who wrote to the press on Monday last in a manner reminiscent of his Tower Hill speeches, it is a matter of common knowledge that garotting was entirely suppressed by this efficient instrument when every other description of punishment had failed. Ranters suggest that the punishment is degrading to those who inflict it, as well as to those by whom it is inflicted. Such a contention is absolutely fantastic. Flogging is inflicted to-day for offences of violence committed in prisons. The concurrent evidence of everyone of authority who is acquainted with the punishment as a means of preserving discipline is to the effect that neither the person who is flogged nor the person who inflicts the punishment is in the least debased or degraded in consequence. When we observe robberies with violence occurring every day, in many cases accompanied with the latest substitute for the Burgundy pitch plaster of the garotting times, the efficiency of flogging as a deterrent is brought inevitably to remembrance. If Radicals—or rather some of them—do not think the White Slave traffic is sufficiently hideous to be suppressed in the most efficient manner, we do not think they will succeed in carrying wholesome public opinion with them.

Believing, as we do, that it is advisable, in the present state of affairs, that there should be a censor to supervise proposed productions on our stage, we may yet submit the criticism that the duties of this official are not carried out in the most satisfactory fashion. We say nothing as to the morality or otherwise of "A Venetian Night," recently forbidden, knowing nothing save the sketchy plot of the wordless play as given in the papers; but it certainly seems unfair and unbusinesslike to leave the prohibition of a piece until the very eve of its production. On another occasion, not very long ago, permission to proceed was only obtained, we believe, on the afternoon of the advertised opening night. These things should surely be managed more smartly, and not in a way which would disgrace any commercial office; at present the prohibition arriving at the eleventh hour means unnecessary expense, and may mean much hardship to a crowd of "supers," whose living is at no time too secure. Another objection is that if the ban is subsequently removed, the play has received a form of advertisement which is in questionable taste; it is labelled as at least "risky," and draws an audience fully prepared, in the cant of the day, to cloak its prurience under the plea of art.

We treat with becoming respect the story of an "antiseptic lady" which reaches us, not from America, but from one of the French scientific papers. This remarkable person seems to possess the power of preserving everything with which she comes into contact; oysters, wine, cut flowers, fish—she simply has to touch or handle these things, and they remain, as it were, in their pristine beauty, undergoing all tests for incipient decomposition with complete success. We cannot think that so desirable a lady will be allowed for long to blush unseen; what an acquisition she would be, for example, to any first-class hotel! At the same time, we grieve at the deliberate scepticism which inspires the editorial note: "It is not to be expected that the results will be accepted until someone else has repeated them."

Enthusiasm is a splendid thing when directed to a good cause, but we doubt whether Dr. Woodrow Wilson, the new President of the United States, wants to undergo again an hour and five minutes of uninterrupted cheering such as greeted him at one of his New York meetings last week. Fifteen thousand people shouted themselves hoarse, waved flags, blew whistles, rang bells, and sang patriotic songs; and then, when at last the hero rose to speak, his voice for a time was drowned by the "steady tramp of departing enthusiasts, who, having seen and cheered him, considered their duty was done." Compared with our own little election fervours, this is a veritable tornado: but was it so great a compliment, after all, to yell a frantic welcome to the lion of the evening, and then, when he wanted to do a little roaring on his own account, to get up and go?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Song of a Good-for-Nothing

WERE I a hearty husbandman it's happy I would be
With a loaf of rye and honey, twelve brown eggs, and apples three,
To make my daily faring for the bonny wife and me.

And had I half the wisdom that I've read about in books,
I'd leave the world of wranglers, and I'd love the world of brooks,
And willow-shaded shepherd lads a-leaning on their crooks:

A world where sleep holds out her hand and leads you, down the hill,
To a green untroubled valley where the wind has no more will,
And the songs of streams are memories that the city's noise would kill.

There with my lass my life I'd pass, and dream no more of towns;
There'd be crow's-foot and crane's-bill a-growing on the downs
For careless girls o' holidays to fasten in their gowns.

I'd toil for life, I'd toil for wife, and then when I'd be old
I'd like to keep a toll-bar and gather in the gold
To give to ragged wayfarers to clothe them from the cold.

I'll never keep, save in my sleep, a toll-bar nor a farm;
I'll live with strangers all my life, and some will do me harm.
If only I'd a strong will and a strong right arm!

WILFRID THORLEY.

Notre Dame

THE white clouds linger near thy stately towers
As wistful thoughts round some forgotten theme;
Sorrows that lived, and brave, impassioned hours
That died, are lost, and all things holy seem;
Like a sweet tale half-told,
Vague, magical murmur of a secret old,
The voice of the world is hushed to the song of a dream.

R.

The Honest Brokers

WE are much afraid that the Great Powers are sorry for themselves. The event of the struggle in South-Eastern Europe may yet be remote, but the present aspect is terribly disquieting for them as to the realisation of their immemorial policy on the Eastern question.

Mr. Gladstone's orations and perorations, "fierce as Frenzy's fever'd blood," ranging from "Abdul the Damned" to the expulsion of the Turk from Europe, "bag and baggage," would not be repeated at the present day by any responsible politician. Now that the Turk, despite the heroism he has displayed, is in a parlous state and almost ready for expulsion from Europe, the Great Powers are realising the peril with which his disappearance is inevitably involved. Abuse him as you will, the Turk has yet been in effect the safety-valve which has for long prevented an European explosion.

In 1876 the late Lord Stratheden and Campbell, whose knowledge and authority on the Eastern question was never appraised at its true value, in a speech delivered in the House of Lords, said: "It is now seen more clearly that the interests of Great Britain on the Bosphorus continue, whether the administration of the Porte is good or bad among its subjects." That statement is true, not only of Great Britain, but of every important Power in Europe. Hysteria has to a certain extent hidden the essential truth, whilst it was possible to cherish the secret hope that the Ottoman forces would at least achieve a sufficient success to cripple their opponents. When the material bankruptcy of both belligerents should become obvious, the Brokers looked forward to being put in possession. They would exact from the Turk the uttermost farthing they could, without abolishing him as the buffer which was the sole obstacle to an abysmal crash.

It was intended to reward the froward children of the kindergarten with a few garish toys and complimentary speeches—and then all would go on as before. The people of Macedonia would undergo extermination for another thirty years, and at the end of that period exclaim, as is usual about Christmas-time: "Here we are again!" Some Power in Europe would then feel constrained to reveal the horrors of which it and all the Powers had been complacently aware for the preceding twenty-nine years. After a certain number of the oppressed and oppressors had been horribly done to death, the Christian Powers would impose a truce.

Viewed solely from the standpoint of La Haute Politique, it is impossible to quarrel with the soundness of mundane wisdom enshrined in such a policy, but the children who were intended after a flogging to return to their normal subservience, have most unaccountably proved themselves to be so formidable that their mentors would really have to put themselves to some inconvenience to restrain them, and worse than all, would probably collide with each other with distinctly regrettable results. It was all very well to shout: "Que la Suisse soit libre, et que nos noms périssent" so long as there did not appear to be the remotest chance that the burden of the prayer would be granted, but only that the chestnuts would be nicely roasted when the benevolent onlookers were ready to partake of them.

The event, although as we have already said it is not yet decided, would appear to be tending towards inconvenience for the Powers. In any case, the usual farce "The protection of nationals," has become urgent, and Mr. Churchill has despatched many semi-obsolete vessels to the Levant.

CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

Germany—and England

Germany and the German Emperor. By HERBERT PERRIS. (Andrew Melrose. 12s. 6d. net.)
Les Embarras de l'Allemagne. By GEORGES BLONDEL. (Plon-Nourrit, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)
Grundzüge der auswärtigen Politik Deutschlands. By PAUL ARNDT. (Eugen Diederichs, Jena.)
The Secret of Germany's Expansion. By "44." (David Nutt. 1s. net.)

THERE are many ways of looking at the problem of modern Germany. One view, not a very popular one, but held by some persons of undoubted intelligence, is that there is no German problem, except possibly for the Germans. Another view is that there is a problem, and a very grave one indeed, especially for England, and that the solution demanded is a homœopathic one, compounded of blood and iron:

" 's ist ein Gesetz der Teufel und Gespenster:
Wo sie hereingeschlüpft, da müssen sie hinaus."

Among representatives of this point of view we may cite Mr. Blatchford, Captain Pierre Félix and "44," the author of one of the brochures before us. A third view admits the difficulty but believes that it can be overcome by the "paternal admonitions" and "well-meant feasts of brotherly love" that our German Ambassador legitimately satirised.

Of the works we are considering "Germany and the German Emperor" stands in a class by itself. Sometimes incoherent, and often irritating—in a healthy way—it gives as complete a survey as could be wished of the conditions of the German problem. There is no forcing of a solution; the facts are all there, and the door is open. Knowledge is the solution of most human difficulties, and Mr. Perris gives us abundantly the means of knowing. He leaves no side of Germany untouched, and nearly everything he says has a definite relation to the great question he prepares the way for answering. Thus, nothing could be more relevant than the section on German music: he who does not understand music can never understand Germany, and Mr. Perris shows that the development of music and of national sentiment have, in Germany at any rate, followed parallel lines. For the Englishman wishing to see German affairs through the right spectacles we can think of no better oculist than Mr. Perris—or, better still, Mr. Perris and Dr. Arndt in consultation. They are both patriots, which is the main thing, and neither of them believes in "paternal admonitions" or vague talk about the absurdity of national quarrels.

It is extraordinary that anyone should, after all these centuries, continue to believe that war can be abolished by a *reductio ad absurdum*. Nations, like individuals, are to be recognised by their passions. When a man has been a single week in love with a woman of, perhaps, no very apparent charm, his capacity for ill-considered action is perceptibly increased; when a nation has nourished for a week or a decade a possibly obscure grievance against another nation, it is likely at any moment to embark upon a course of action that might almost be described as altruistic, inasmuch as little will be gained and much may be lost. If we argue from purely positive data, no war is inevitable, but in all human affairs it is the "imponderables" that count, and he would be a rash man who would prophesy that war will follow close upon the hansom-cab into the limbo of forgotten institutions.

We are not sure if reference is made to the days of upon the string of war, when the subject under discussion is merely the position of modern Germany, and we had better at once explain that the connection of our ideas was not based on a possible etymology of the word "German." It is unfortunately too notorious that the names "England" and "Germany," set down side by side, evoke ideas of rivalry, distrust, objurgation, and potential war. Mr. Blatchford said two or three years ago that a state of war did actually exist between the two countries, and "44" seems to-day to be of the same opinion. Certainly, if ink could kill, there would be no lack of fresh graves in the two countries. Each possesses scores of writers who consider that the rulers of the other cherish designs on civilisation and the world's peace. Here is "44," for instance, who maintains that the manœuvres of Germany are so dangerous in view of the rise of China and Japan, that the proper course for a self-respecting English statesman is obviously to ally himself with these Oriental bogies, as a preliminary to allying himself with everybody else for the destruction of Germany. We have seldom seen a more cynical proposal, but "44" seems to think that it requires no defence. We will quote such justification as he gives: "Should it be necessary to justify such tactics, it may be said that Germany has set Europe the example, and is but being done unto as she has done unto others."

We are not sure if reference is made to the days of Bismarck or to more recent events. "44" has no dearth of rather wild statements and accusations to support his contention that Germany is treating the world in general, and England in particular, with contemptuous treachery. The weak point about this procedure is that it is of almost universal applicability. Dr. Arndt, for instance, marshals quite an array of counter-facts indicating consistent malice on the part of England against Germany. No good object is served by such an exercise; it can be performed for any two given countries at almost any given time. International law and international relations are really only in their school-boy stage, and "tu quoque" is an effective weapon of offence. As Dr. Arndt very truly remarks: "The reproaches that one nation casts in the teeth of another are nearly always the same—unscrupulousness, brutality, treachery, hypocrisy, etc. *Intra muros peccatur et extra!*"

The flaw in the German case is Bismarck. The ghost of that efficient statesman is, if we may say so, the most tangible thing in European politics. If we are beset on all sides by rumours of war and the clash of an armed peace it is due to the Chancellor who made three wars

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

in eight years, who said: "It is not by Parliamentary speeches and majority votes that these great problems will be settled, but by iron and blood," and who taught a younger generation to say, and to draw their full significance from, the words "Universal history teaches us that the right of the strongest created states." We are not sure that either Mr. Perris or M. Blondel is quite just to Bismarck; the French writer is particularly explicit: "Nous pouvons constater adjourd'hui," he says, "qu'il a été plutôt un destructeur qu'un constructeur," and Mr. Perris says substantially the same thing. As for "44," his only allusion to Bismarck is concerned with the "falsified telegram" and "deliberate lie" of Ems.

Mr. Perris regards Bismarck—quite rightly, according to our ideas—as the key to the whole situation. He devotes a large part of his space to the career and character of the Iron Chancellor. The result is a long indictment, relieved by moments of ringing sympathy. Bismarck "faced facts, and he respected stout manhood, as he hated weaklings and dreamers," and when near the end of his career, some one quoted Goethe, "Blessed is he who retires without hatred from the world," he replied: "What! without hatred? What a tailor's soul he must have!" Mr. Perris has this great virtue—he can admire; many of his *boutades* seem to batter the causes he has most at heart. But he is no hero-worshipper; he has no great good to say of any of the central figures of history; the hero is "the *n*th power of the ordinary." We were early prepared to find him joining issue with Carlyle, and, about half way through the book comes the collision. Mr. Perris here pours ridicule on the hero-worshipper's conception of Bismarck as one of his "noble, patient, deep, and solid" Germans. The citation is from a *Times* article of 1870, and it is interesting to compare Dr. Arndt's use of a similar quotation from the same writer about the war of 1866.

Dr. Arndt is unfortunately anchored in the belief in him whom he calls "der Meister der Politik." We say "unfortunately," because, so long as Germans continue to regard Bismarck as the model man and statesman, rather than as a being of superlative mind and will-power who, spoiled by success, deliberately sowed tares in the fields of national and international policy, they will find it difficult to gain much external sympathy. It may be objected that Bismarck has been dead these fourteen years and ceased to rule Germany more than twenty years ago; we would reply that Bismarck lives so long as his system of politics remains an ideal for the more serious and cultivated of his compatriots. Twenty years are as nothing in the history of the world; least of all will they be insisted on by a nation that alleged a robbery of more than two centuries' standing to justify its annexation of Alsace. We see no end to the Anglo-German incompatibility of temper, till the Germans give up Bismarck. Let them admire the man as much as they like—we ask nothing better than to join in their homage—but let them also admit that the statesman was wrong. Let them admit that war erected into a principle, systematic deceit in diplomacy and the inoculation of the Press by official and semi-official poison are works of the devil. Hypocrisy is not the least of the vices, but, as compared with cynicism, she is a pale and ineffectual shadow; hypocrisy acknowledges the sovereignty of virtue, cynicism would banish her altogether from the world, and indefinitely postpone the Kingdom of God upon earth.

We find Dr. Arndt, usually so sane and conciliatory, very difficult to understand on this particular subject. He reminds us at times of some shallow commentator of a classical author. The formation of the Triple Alliance was, it seems, one of the noblest contributions to the cause of peace—peace having become for the moment necessary in order to secure the spoils of war. As for the Entente, "It has not served the interests of European peace, it has, on the contrary, increased the risk of war." Finally, for we cannot go on neglecting our other authors or the more practical and conciliatory part of Dr. Arndt's own work, why should he allow himself to entertain, even for an instant, such a possibility as "The conquest of Constantinople by Russia *or England*"?

We are convinced by Dr. Arndt's reasons for wishing for a great German fleet, but, so long as the ghost of Bismarck continues to walk, we shall continue to stipulate for a greater English fleet. Meantime we sincerely endorse the plea for co-operation in "Welt politik," at any rate as a principle. Circumstances may make it difficult, but, where it is possible, it is certain that the co-operation of two great Powers will give better results for both of them than their rivalry. Let neither country twit the other with "ambition" or designs of "hegemony"; these words form part of the "tu quoque" baggage to which we have referred, and "der Wille zur Macht" is a perfectly respectable possession.

Three of the four books before us are largely concerned with the history and present position of German institutions. In "Germany and the German Emperor" we have it on the grand scale, starting from before Arminius, and with an epigram to every century or so. M. Blondel is not quite so encyclopædic, but he manages to convey a pretty good impression of the development of modern Germany; his avowed object is to show the seamy side—he feels he has earned the right to do so by his previous books, in which a more general view is taken.

Dr. Arndt's retrospective glance displays a gloomy vista, broken by the blaze from the altar of Bismarck, and a lesser gleam from the chapel of Bülow. All three writers are agreed that the worst features of modern Germany are due to the lack of political traditions, and to centuries of small States with no central authority. Both non-German authors are moreover at one in condemning the Prussian Constitution as a national mistake. On the subject of German materialism the unanimity is more striking still; the too sudden industrial advance is the obvious reason for this apparently undisputed phenomenon. Dr. Arndt is inclined to leave out "Blut und Eisen" as ingredients, but admits that diplomacy has been "voreilig" through a mistaken analogy between commerce and politics.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

We think that there is in the non-German books a disposition to underrate the solidarity of the Empire. Alsace-Lorraine and the Polish provinces are no doubt disaffected, but Bavaria, Saxony, and the rest have given substantial pledges of their loyalty. The campaign of 1812 is a good instance of the welding power of war and an Imperial banner on even the most heterogeneous elements. Against the many circumstances making for peace we must place one that does not seem to occur in any of these works—an inelastic constitution may be an encouragement to aggression, through the desire of those in power to turn public attention away from themselves. On the difficult subject of German finance M. Blondel is very instructive; his picture of over-tasked capital suggests the James Pinkerton of the "Wrecker" with his "Into the mill again." "44" in the same connection develops a lurid scheme for the "peaceful persuasion" of Germany by the wrecking of her credit system; an international bank is to be formed to carry out the plot and to compensate alien victims. But as we believe Bismarck to have been wrong, so we know "44" to be completely and utterly wrong, not so much through his irresponsible suggestions, as through his whole point of view.

After all it is the point of view that matters. A solution of the German problem cannot be forced, but it will be attained if knowledge and sincerity are allowed to do their part. We will conclude with two memorable quotations from Mr. Perris, to whom we feel we have hardly done justice.

"Life is a perpetual solution of apparently insoluble problems by a change in the elements"; and "Ideas are not immaculately conceived, but born in wedlock of fact with fact."

R. F. SMALLEY.

Marcus Aurelius in Colour

The Thoughts of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antoninus. Translated by GEORGE LONG. Illustrated after the Water-Colour Drawings by W. RUSSELL FLINT. (Philip Lee Warner. 10s. 6d. net.)

FOR the last three or four years publishers have poured forth a steady stream of sumptuous colour-books under the impression that grown-up people, as well as children, revel in the expensive reproductions of Messrs. Rackham, Dulac, Pogány, and other clever artists. So they do, and even those who possess twenty different editions of Omar will buy another provided it has coloured plates. Certain learned writers would have us believe the very feasible theory that the ancients were not cognisant of some of the colours we recognise to-day. Hundreds of modern novelists use a colour in the titles of their books. Purple patches and references to all manner of shades, tints and hues, are at a discount, while people who go in for soul-culture study the esoteric significance of colour. Swinburne was particularly fond of scarlet and purple; Hearn wanted to have all his books bound in sky-blue, while the railway porter and the Socialist are very partial to red ties.

We have grown excessively artistic of late, and are prone to attach a greater importance to book illustrations than to the text itself. We seem to have lost a sense of proportion in this direction. Illustrations, whether in line or colour, should reflect the author's work. They should possess imagination, but at the same time take a subordinate place, and not seek to oust, or distort, the writer's and reader's conception. Dickens was more than happy in his illustrators; but there are certain writers, such as Hardy, Borrow, George Eliot, and Jefferies, whose work we do not wish to see illustrated. Publishers, it would seem, having exhausted their legitimate sphere of colour production, have now trespassed into realms where illustrations border on the sacrilegious.

Mr. Lee Warner, justly celebrated for his superbly produced books and Medici prints, has, perhaps, made a mistake in getting an artist to illustrate Marcus Aurelius. Philosophy cannot be illustrated in either line or colour. Mr. Russell Flint was successful in dealing with "The Song of Solomon," but in the present volume he fails simply because he has attempted the impossible, and as Marcus Aurelius has observed, "to seek that which is impossible is madness." His productions are delightful pictures, but they have no bearing whatever upon the Emperor-philosopher's meditations. On the slightest pretext, and sometimes without a pretext at all, he introduces graceful nude and semi-nude women in all manner of postures; and this is the *motif* of most of his work. The simple words of Marcus Aurelius: "Tiberius at Capreae," immediately suggest to the artist's fertile imagination a dark-haired woman dancing against a purple night sky and juggling with hoops, while Tiberius is reclining amid women with fair and auburn tresses. It is an exquisite piece of colour work, which would have passed as an illustration for an Anacreon ode, somewhat after the manner of the designs by Girodet de Roussy, but seems strangely out of place amid so much chaste Roman wisdom.

Again: "Do not act as if thou were going to live ten thousand years," affords Mr. Flint the opportunity of depicting a youth with a bandage round his eyes, so that he cannot see the approach of death while he is being diverted by his women. We admire some of Mr. Flint's pictures immensely, especially the one portraying "certain islands of the happy"; but we must confess we should like to cut it out and hang it on the wall, partly because it is a fine piece of work, and partly because it is only vastly incongruous in this volume. Imagination has carried Mr. Flint away from philosophy into a sensuous realm of azure sea and fair women. Marcus Aurelius wrote: "What then art thou doing here, O imagination? Go away, I entreat thee by the gods, as thou didst come, for I want thee not." Philosophy and exotic imagination have nothing in common, and beautiful as these pictures are, we think that when the wisest of emperors wrote his meditations, he would have exclaimed, could he have seen these water-colour drawings, "I want thee not."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

A Flood of Light on the Oriental Arts

Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art. By ERNEST FENOLLOSA. Illustrated. (Wm. Heinemann. 36s. net.)

THERE is to-day room for a great, coherent, and simple history of the Art of China and Japan, seen by a man of broad vision, recorded by an artist of the pen. We await it. That the two handsome volumes before us fulfil all these conditions it would be fantastic to affirm; they are written with dry ink, and phrased with not a little professorial colourlessness and lack of imagery, but they draw one by the inestimable boon of their simplicity, their clarity, and the coherence of view. That a man who has little power of artistic utterance in the medium of literature, to which he has given a life's service, is prone to have a deep sensing of any art, is not very likely; but that he may by careful culture give us the history of an art through the arrangement and codifying of other men's researches and biographies, and make an illuminating record of these things, is an affair of scholarship. Still, Fenollosa has done more than that—he has seen the history of the Chinese and Japanese endeavour as a whole; has dug down to its origins; and has brought the whole into relationship with the genius and development of the peoples. He has thereby come as near to the masterwork as in any book I know on the subject. Here at least is a work that every student and lover of Oriental art must possess. In its realm we have been given an "authority." And, be it remembered, these volumes tackle a subject difficult for the Western ear and mind—Chinese and Japanese names do not readily trip into nor easily remain in the memory. It is the supreme triumph of Fenollosa's work that he conquered this difficult task—his habit of professor has done him this splendid service.

And he brought to his endeavour a sincerity and enthusiasm which enabled him to triumph over his defects. He essayed to give a clear history of the rise and development and achievement of Oriental Art; I do not say that he wins us without a certain severity of study under his guidance, for, after all, it is a tough subject; but it will remain to the long credit of the dead man who planned the large task, and of his widow's whole-souled execution of her husband's life-desire, that a clear history has been set before us of the artistic achievement of China and Japan that may be understood of the Western peoples. Even as an ardent admirer of the arts of the East, and, judging others by myself, and presuming a like difficulty in these others that I experience when essaying to come to closer grips with Eastern art—that is to say with the essential basis of it, which is to arouse the senses through the utterance of that art—I find the volumes "tough reading." At the same time, they are clearly the presentation of first-hand material, codified into something like clear evolution; and in spite of the dryness of the manner of presentment, they add prodigiously to one's general impression of the rise and progress of the powers of utterance of the Eastern genius. They are not the sort of books that even Lord Avebury would take with him on a fortnight's holiday-making, I fancy; and I feel bound to confess that I feel it something approaching presumption to write upon so serious a lifework without going through a heavy course of the subject—the which, however, rather bears out what I have said, that they are scarcely as exciting as a novel.

That requires a rare gift of words which was denied to the dogged talents of Fenollosa, who was bred in a professorial atmosphere and could not, though he strove so to do, wholly rid himself of professorial greyness. Nevertheless, in spite of his dryness, and because of his clarity and orderliness of mind, Fenollosa will stand forth as an authority on the history of Eastern art; for he rids his survey of the huge subject of much of the blight that has heretofore lain upon it. He does not wholly confuse art with the technique that is the instrument whereby art is expressed, and by that alone he leaps forward to the essential grip of the subject. He confuses art with beauty, 'tis true—that was inevitable to the age in which he wrote. But he arranges periods by their creative intention instead of by their craftsmanship, which is a marvellous achievement for a man writing on any history of art—above all the art of the East. He nevertheless does to a certain extent confuse art with craft; and thereby lessens his high intention. But his deep Eastern culture has done this great service to the Eastern genius, that he realises the oneness of all art, particularly of the Chinese and Japanese, which must have struck everyone who has ever looked upon these things untrammelled by bookish theories.

He sees that art evolves; and that the art of China and Japan developed side by side as the arts of the West developed. Nay, more—he realises that the movements in the Orient were akin to the movements in our Western art. His theory of art is as precise balderdash as all other professorial theories of art; but, as it is all balderdash, this matters little. He speaks seriously of "principles of criticism"—his own conflict with all other principles of criticism proves that there are none such. He tells us that he only treats of "imaginative or creative art"—there is no other form of art whatsover. His definition of art as being "the power of the imagination to transform materials" is utterly paltry, and false as it is paltry. But the moment that Fenollosa gets to work in the origin and development of the Eastern genius as revealed by its art he becomes convincing; and had he been alive to-day he would probably have answered that that precisely was his aim and his endeavour; and is his reward.

Perhaps nothing could show more simply the clarity of Fenollosa's mind than the use of the small map in which he makes us realise how the Pacific, with its "stepping-stones of islands" was a wide centre of art. He brings home the obvious fact that primitive American art was blown abroad from a Pacific centre—a fact we find it hard to realise, since we always look upon

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

America as the New World—a fact which at once convinces since without it we are in a whirl of confusion. I have but touched upon the threshold of Fenollosa's great work; and it would be impossible to handle it in detail in the space of a short review; but to the skill and dogged ordering of the evidences with which he proceeds to develop the rise and progress of the Oriental arts, and of the peoples who created them, one is compelled to pay the highest tribute that can be paid—that he is wholly convincing. He builds up his case with increasing force of logic. His rich volumes will vastly add to the study and interest in the Oriental achievement. He saw the prodigious eagle flight of the Chinese genius. He gave his life's work to glorify it and testify to it. And he has given to the world, through the devotion of his helpmate, a work which most fitly crowns a lifelong service to his chosen career.

HALDANE MACFALL.

The Indian Borderers

From the Black Mountain to Waziristan. By COLONEL H. C. WYLLY, C.B. With an Introduction by LIEUT.-GEN. SIR HORACE L. SMITH-DORRIEN, K.C.B., D.S.O., and Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Lushei Kuki Clans. By LIEUT.-COLONEL J. SHAKESPEAR. With Coloured Frontispiece, Map, and other Illustrations. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

THE land frontier of India measures, roughly speaking, about seventeen hundred miles from sea to sea. For half its length the border is fringed by tribes forming small independent communities, with each of which the Government of India is obliged to maintain direct relations. The simultaneous appearance of two works, under official patronage, dealing respectively with the tribes on the North-West and North-East frontiers, is a seasonable reminder of the unceasing vigilance required to deal with the innumerable and complex problems that are constantly arising.

Colonel Wylly brings together in a compact form all the necessary information regarding the Pathan tribes dwelling east of the Indus, down to the Beloochistan frontier, with their geographical distribution, their relations with their neighbours, including ourselves, and a brief account of the many military expeditions for punitive purposes that have been forced upon us since the first Sikh war. One a year seems to be the exact average of military expeditions found necessary at one point or another of the Pathan frontier in a period of sixty-two years; and such an expedition may mean simply a military promenade of less than a thousand men, or some weeks of hard fighting with twenty or thirty thousand men in the field and a casualty roll equal to that of a Crimean battle. The 25,000 square miles of North-West frontier, occupied by independent tribes are inhabited by the most turbulent and unruly race in the world.

The Pathan frontiersman is the survival of a type that is now hardly to be met with elsewhere. A murderous, treacherous ruffian, fierce and bloodthirsty, he is brought up from his earliest childhood amid scenes of appalling treachery and merciless revenge. Every tribe and section of a tribe has its internecine wars, every family its hereditary blood feuds, and every individual his personal foes. Compared with a Pathan blood feud the Corsican vendetta is a tame and anæmic affair. But the Pathan has only to be taken away from his own valley to become one of the finest soldiers it is possible to conceive, serving his employer with the loyalty of a true Highlander. To deal successfully with such people, over a long series of years, requires powers of no common order, and the fact that these men who have fought us again and again are ready to enlist in our native regiments by the thousand, and do faithful service, when the humour takes them, speaks volumes for the confidence with which our frontier officials have inspired them, both as friends and foes. The most urgent question on the frontier to-day is that connected with the illicit trade in firearms of the latest type. The Indian Government, which is now overruled from Whitehall, lives from hand to mouth, and resolutely shut its ears to the reports of its officers, until the magnitude of the evil could no longer be ignored. It is likely to cost us many anxious moments and many valuable lives in the future.

The tribes dealt with in Lieut.-Colonel Shakespear's work are of a very different calibre. They are the dwellers in the hill tracts north-east of Chittagong, and about Manipur. Under the generic term Lushai, literally head cutters, are included a number of tribes speaking different languages, off-shoots of the great Tibeto-Burman family inhabiting the still unexplored hill country that stretches eastward from the Bay of Bengal to Yunan. Lieut.-Colonel Shakespear, who has before this published a work on these clans, now tells us that the name is properly applicable to one clan only, who are the overlords of a tract of hill country, part of which is still inhabited by conquered clans. To distinguish them he applies the term Lushei to the clan entitled to the name, using the term Lushai in a wider sense to include the other tribes dwelling in the same area. It is a subtle distinction that can only be made good in print.

Exhaustive accounts are given of their customs, religion, and folk-lore, and the interest of the work is almost entirely ethnological. The book is dedicated to Lieut.-Colonel Lewin, the pioneer of British influence among the Lushai tribes, a reprint of whose work on these tribes was reviewed in the pages of THE ACADEMY on September 28 last.

Home Rule Reviewed

Home Rule from the Treasury Bench: Speeches during the First and Second Reading Debate. With Portraits. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a handsome book of over three hundred pages, well printed in large type and adorned with excellent up-to-date portraits of eight leading Liberal statesmen. It may be useful as a party handbook, but it is not and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

cannot be a contribution to the history of the period. It has this fatal defect: it only presents one-half of the question, and is unilateral in its argument. It is like listening to a man talking into a telephone—you hear only one side of the conversation. The editor or compiler, whoever he may be, seems to have been conscious of this, for he eagerly seizes—with some exceptions—opportunities to report interruptions and questions, so as to give a slight hint of controversy, but this is a very poor substitute for the powerful speeches which answered the arguments put forward, or to which they were defences. For a real contribution to the literature on the subject the compiler should have come to terms with the other side, and arranged to print the speeches in their proper sequence. But we suspect that this would not have suited his purpose. An answer always sounds more powerful and convincing when you have not heard the question, and it would have been dangerous to report both sides.

It comes, then, to this—that, stripped of its dignified surroundings, the book is merely a pamphlet which might any day have been issued by the Liberal Publication Committee in stiff paper covers—at 6d. As this is probably its purpose, perhaps it would be useful for reference to record here the speakers and whom they followed:—

First Reading.		
Mr. Asquith led off	11 April,	1912.
Mr. Herbert Samuel replied to Mr. Balfour	15 ,,	,,
Mr. Birrell replied to Mr. Balfour...	16 ,,	,,
Second Reading.		
Mr. Churchill led off	30 April,	1912.
Col. Seely replied to Sir R. Finlay	1 May,	1912.
Sir Edward Grey replied to Mr. Balfour	2 ,,	,,
Sir Rufus Isaacs replied to Mr. J. H. Campbell	6 ,,	,,
Mr. Herbert Samuel replied to Mr. Austen Chamberlain	7 ,,	,,
Mr. Birrell replied to Mr. Geo. Wyndham	8 ,,	,,
Mr. T. W. Russell replied to Mr. Chaplin	9 ,,	,,
Mr. Asquith replied to Mr. Bonar Law	9 ,,	,,

The Premier's introduction is characteristically brief, but his statement is not quite accurate when he declares that "the people of England, Scotland, and Wales are now ready to consider the question stripped of prejudice and passion, and to come to a settlement based on justice, common-sense, and Imperial convenience." To criticise the book at any length would be to review the whole Irish question.

Mr. Asquith's two speeches are models of English prose, and might with advantage be included in any collection of speeches for the use of budding orators. They are examples of terse brevity and close reasoning combined with all the barrister's skill in skating over the weak spots.

Herbert Samuel began with an exceedingly graceful and well-turned welcome to Mr. Balfour on his return to the House of Commons "from those of us who on political grounds have most reason to regret the return to our debates of so formidable a controversialist." He claimed their title to legislate on the question by saying there is no man in Great Britain who, if he voted for the Liberal Party, did not know that he was voting for the Parliament Bill in order that the road might be clear through the veto of the House of Lords for measures of Liberal reform—and first and foremost amongst them for a measure of Home Rule for Ireland.

Birrell was not at his best, and he drew a storm on himself when he said there was no need to invoke elderly barristers to lead them (the Ulstermen) into the field. This extracted a bitter taunt from Carson which I do not see recorded among the interruptions. Winston Churchill's speech is well worth reperusal—in the light of his subsequent speech on the Heptarchy. Colonel Seely's speech was in his most superior manner, and seemed to irritate Mr. Walter Long.

Sir Edward Grey followed Mr. Balfour, and Rufus Isaacs replied to Mr. J. H. Campbell, but both speeches lose a good deal by not being able to compare them with the charges they are refuting. Herbert Samuel spoke again on the eighth day, and made a closely reasoned speech in reply to Austen Chamberlain, who naturally dwelt with the financial side of the question.

The Postmaster-General concluded by declaring that the debate showed—to his satisfaction—that all the larger arguments of policy are in favour of the Bill, and that only the petty ones can be advanced against it. So far as finance is concerned, he claimed that, viewed in detail, the Bill offers a just and stable foundation for the future financial relations between the two countries—equitable both to one party and the other. Birrell answered Wyndham, and paid him many compliments for his great and most beneficial measure of land purchase.

The nervousness which T. W. Russell showed whilst making his speech is not indicated in the book. He had a difficult task, for, as he said, he opposed the Bill of 1886, resisted the Bill of 1893, and was now supporting this one. Mr. Asquith's second speech on May 9 completes the anthology. He replied to Mr. Bonar Law, and wound up the debate.

On the whole, reading the book after listening to the spoken words, we are of opinion that the debate was a fine one—worthy of the House of Commons and worthy of the great issues involved. We were present during some days in the great debates of '86 and '93, and have refreshed our memory by glancing through Hansard. The style of speaking has changed—the speeches then were fiercer and far more voluminous, the periods rounder and more sonorous. This was a contest very much briefer, without so much eloquence, but more closely reasoned and more business-like.

Every man who took part in it on both sides had the subject at his fingers'-ends, and they do not smell of the lamp as some did in the earlier years.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

We can only conclude as we began. The Radical Party are quite within their rights in extracting so many speeches from Hansard, but it is merely an artful way of putting their case before the public, and as a book is beyond criticism.

The Mastery of the World

Empires of the Far East: A Study of Japan and of Her Colonial Possessions, of China and Manchuria, and of the Political Question of Eastern Asia and the Pacific. By LANCELOT LAWTON. 2 vols. (Grant Richards. 1912.)

THE historical student who reflects on the developments of the last half-century cannot help feeling grave misgivings as to the future of our Empire in the next hundred years. The fate of Venice and Genoa, of Portugal, Spain, and Holland, left stranded on half-deserted highways of commerce, seems to warn the greatest commercial Power of modern times of possible reverses in store for it. When the Mediterranean was the great highway of trade, Venice and Genoa struggled for the monopoly of the exchange between Europe and the East. The discovery of the Eastern sea-route to the Indies, followed by that of America towards the West, brought the centre of trade to the shores of the Atlantic, and Spain, Holland, and England in turn became the centre of the markets of the world. In our own time a new ocean has been opened up to trade, new nations have grown to vigorous life on the shores of the Pacific, and ancient empires are awakening to take their share in competition with European civilisation.

The outcome of this struggle, of which we have seen only the merest preliminaries, is fateful for the human race, and we may rest assured that decisions which our rulers may be called on to make at any moment will have the greatest consequences in the future. Such decisions should only be made after deep consideration, and with a full knowledge of the character and resources of the protagonists in the drama, a knowledge which has been up to the present difficult to obtain. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that we welcome a work from Mr. Lancelot Lawton, whose writing is familiar to readers of THE ACADEMY, on the "Empires of the Far East," which will go far to supply that knowledge to the public. The East Coast of the Pacific, as far as international questions of commerce and politics are concerned, is shared between China, Korea, Manchuria, and Japan, and it is significant of the disturbance of the "Eternal East" that, since the title of the book was chosen, two ancient dynasties, those of Korea and of China, have fallen. Mr. Lawton has aimed at giving us, as near as may be, an account of the peoples of these realms, of their resources and activities, and of the political problems to which their contact with Europeans have given rise. The chief of these, the one on which all others turn, is the question whether Japan will become Mistress of the Pacific, uniting under one control the resources of these Empires of the Far East, and using them against the West—whether she has the material wealth, the moral qualities, the character, necessary to build up a World-State of this magnitude.

The answer may be gathered from the book before us. In it we have the most complete account of Japan from this point of view that has ever been put together—her history, her law and constitution, her administration, religion, and social life, her finances and industries. All of these are of deep interest, but the most valuable section of the first volume is undoubtedly that in which Mr. Lawton speaks with a first-hand authority, which can be claimed by very few—the chapters on the results of the Russo-Japanese War and the importance of the Amur Railway. His conclusion is, put in terms of historical criticism, that Japan has exhausted herself in that great struggle with Russia, as Portugal did in the early days of the conflict for the mastery of the Atlantic, and that her morality, social and commercial, betokens a character which does not promise recuperative power. His account of Japan is naturally followed by one of Korea and of the Japanese colonies, such as Formosa, and this by an invaluable section on Manchuria. It is hardly exaggeration to call this immense country the richest in the world, and it behoves British merchants to see that they get a due share of its trade, from which they are in considerable danger of being excluded. Lastly, there is a full account of the political and financial history of modern China.

It is not easy to pass a considered judgment on such a monumental work. There are probably not more than half a dozen men in our country who have the right to praise or blame it from the standpoint of equal or superior knowledge. From the literary point of view we may be less reserved. The book suffers, no doubt, as a work of art from the fact that Mr. Lawton has often been obliged to quote at length from his authorities—to sacrifice beauty to use. But this does not interfere with the fact that his book is clearly conceived, well planned, and admirably executed; that in its historical and descriptive chapters the interest does not flag for a single moment, and that the impartiality and accuracy which the author aimed at seem to have been attained. The immense accumulation of facts brought together is made accessible at a moment's notice by a very good index, and the whole is elucidated by a number of sketch-maps.

The problems of the Pacific, with which Mr. Lawton deals with the authority derived from long study and intimate personal knowledge, are, we repeat, of vital importance to this country, and it is the urgent duty of public men to acquaint themselves with their conditions. On the next few years depends the question of who shall obtain the trade of Manchuria and China, and whether Anglo-Saxon or Japanese shall be rulers of the Pacific. Mr. Lawton has rendered a great public service by the issue of these invaluable volumes, which bring together a complete statement of the conditions of the problem and suggest its answer.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Shorter Reviews

The British Empire Shakespeare: A Midsummer Night's Dream. Edited by HOWARD DE WALDEN and ACTON BOND. (George Routledge and Sons, Ltd.)

WE have noticed on previous occasions these neat booklets of the British Empire Shakespeare Society; this, the third volume, well satisfies the anticipations we had formed. The object of the production of the plays in this style, with certain passages in smaller type, is, as all our readers may not know, to enable each play to be rendered within a limit of about two hours, without sacrificing either dramatic continuity or beauty in the verse. Inevitably opinions must differ as to what can, with least damage to the whole effect, be omitted; especially, perhaps, in dealing with so famous a fantasy as "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Suffice it to say that in the edition before us we find no reason to complain; nearly all the well-known and beloved dialogue is untouched, and the general result, if not enhanced in its charm by compression—presuming the omission of the parts in small type—is, at any rate, unspoiled.

Legends: Autobiographical Studies. By AUGUST STRINDBERG. (Andrew Melrose. 5s. net.)

AUGUST STRINDBERG, perverter of youth, anti-Christian, scoffer of mysticism, is represented in these pages as longing to embrace the very teachings which in the past he had so strongly denounced. His search for the spiritual, or the spiritual search for him, is very different from that revealed in "The Everlasting Mercy" or "The Hound of Heaven." We do not doubt the sincerity of these confessions. The pitiful cry of anguish, the awful doubts, the self-revelations, remind most of us of certain days when our souls had no abiding harbour. Strindberg longs for peace, for one glimpse of the Christ Child that shall heal his wounds; but he is tormented day and night by malignant forces. He hears devils dancing strange measures, to say nothing of a horrible paw of some nameless animal scratching on his bedroom wall. He imagines that he is capable of invisibility, and on another occasion half believes that he is the Wandering Jew. He tells the story of a wicked friend of his who had a cigar snatched from his lips no less than three times by spirit hands, and frequently sees spots of blood on his own hand without being able to account for its presence. The man who has a cold bath in the morning and does exercises before breakfast will exclaim, rather contemptuously, "Nerves!" Granted, and we also admit that, when a man is consciously or unconsciously suffering from neurasthenia, he has no business to pore over Swedenborg, much less to dabble in spiritualism and mediæval magic. But the fact remains that we are given the study of a poor, nerve-racked outcast trying to lift a corner of the veil and failing, always failing. The heart that is not moved by such a spectacle is cold indeed.

The Ethical and Religious Value of the Novel. By RAMSDEN BALMFORTH. (George Allen and Co. 5s. net.)

THE title of this book is an ambitious one, leading the reader to expect a treatise in which literary, as well as ethical, canons are more or less scientifically applied. When we open it, however, we discover it to be a series of addresses—really sermons of an unconventional type—in which a whole novel takes the place of the usual Scripture text; Mr. Balmforth tells us that he delivered the contents of this volume to his congregation at Cape Town on Sunday evenings. The method of the author is so simple as almost to disarm criticism; he first tells briefly the plot of the novel he is dealing with, and then proceeds to moralise rather obviously thereon. His own religious attitude appears to be thoroughly modern and free from narrowness. The novels he has chosen are, however, of a kind that yield their moral quite easily to any thoughtful reader. This will be seen if we name a few of his sub-titles: "'Adam Bede' and the supreme moral law;" "'The Scarlet Letter' and the law of retribution;" "'The Increasing Purpose' and the law of development." A reader of any of these novels would have to be very dull if something of their moral import did not strike him. With strictly literary criticism our author has nothing to do; he keeps wholly to the ethical and moral aspects. Considering the nature of his work we suppose he could hardly do otherwise. We think, however, that there is room for a work on this subject of a more thorough-going and scientific type; done by a competent man it would be a valuable contribution to the vexed question of the precise relationship between literature and life. Such a work would sweep with a very wide net, and would include many novels in which the moral was by no means obvious. Meanwhile we commend Mr. Balmforth's volume to those who like that hybrid production which is neither a sermon nor an essay, but a little of both.

Bohemia in London. By ARTHUR RANSOME. (Stephen Swift and Co. 2s. net.)

THIS re-issue of Mr. Ransome's exhilarating book is welcome, for few other volumes paint so well the joys and sorrows, the hopes and despairs of the young artist who comes to conquer London. Only those who have been "through the mill" can truly understand the subject; to them the description of the arrival, the bare rooms furnished chiefly with unlimited faith and hope, the studio-life, the gay parties in Soho—still to be found by those who know where to seek—will make an irresistible appeal. The illustrations to this edition are by Fred Taylor, and add much to the pleasure of re-reading.

Browning's Teaching on Faith, Life and Love. By W. ARTHUR HIND. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

IN the strict sense of the word "teach," Browning was not a teacher, and it is erroneous to suppose, as one unacquainted with his works might be led by

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

this little volume of essays to imagine, that the poet ever deliberately set out to preach a sermon, or even to point a moral. What he aimed at, what he was supremely skilled in achieving, was the unravelling of the tangled skein of men's hopes, fears, beliefs, and doubts. Ever and anon, it may be, there gleams from some subtle analysis of motives and emotions the suggestion that "all's well with the world," but the poet is stronger than the preacher, and, many as be his parables, there is never a sermon on the mount.

Mr. Hind, in his zealous propagation of that which he holds for truth, is apt to overrun his master. In his rendering of the story of Andrea del Sarto we lose the infinite pathos of a life ruined for despised love: "There's still Lucrezia—as I choose." Mr. Hind takes it for granted that Gigadibs' reading of the "latest chapter of St. John" was conclusive. Was it? And is not the final message of the Epistle of Karshish, "It is strange"? Indeed, the "strangeness" of it all is the predominant note in Browning's religious studies. "How very hard it is to be a Christian!" he sings, in the opening lines of "Easter Day," and the concluding words of that poem are the significant question, "Who can say?" The poet's mind was too vast and free to submit to the yoke of any dogmatism, Christian or otherwise, and one cannot but regret any attempt to call the wares of proselytism for sale beneath his sign. "Toleration above all things!" is his cry: "Mercy every way is infinite—and who can say?"

Take another of those examples upon which Mr. Hind bases his argument, "A Death in the Desert." The poem is very far from being the triumphant vindication of Christian faith which Mr. Hind sees in it. It insists rather upon the difficulties and inconsistencies of that faith—yea, through the very mouth of the last and best loved of the disciples. Cerinthus the heretic stands out in high and suggestive relief, and the caustic comment that, if anybody is "lost," it is Cerinthus is not that of the poet. Such was the way of him whose study was the heart and mind of man. To "cling to faith beyond the forms of faith," in the words of that other seeker after truth, availed not to blind his vision to the possibility of philosophic doubt. Therefore, from the point of view of orthodoxy, we doubt if Mr. Hind's fervour is wisely applied.

Fiction

St. Lô. By DOROTHY M. STUART. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)

IT is good to read such a romance as this, for too often a story of mediæval times is wearisome by reason of vain attempts at atmosphere and long descriptive passages that thwart the reader. For, except in definite historical studies, the charm of olden time is best conveyed by the expression of character through action, and that action should be swift from beginning to end.

Here in "St. Lô" we have it, the swiftly moving story of a brave man and the just reward of his deeds. We are interested in the unmarquised marquis of old France before the first chapter is left behind, and long before half the pages are turned we are as deeply in love with him as was Elizabeth de la Vère. This probably is because the author has not paused to describe the man or his attributes, but has visualised him through his actions, and in terse, strong style made him alive and real. It is a book to be read at a sitting, for the interest does not flag for one page. Perhaps at one time we chafed at being kept in the dark—as in the case of Namur's lying letter—as to the reason for an act or the identity of an actor, but for the most part we were content to read on, and regretful when the last page ended a journey into the land of true romance. Miss Stuart's book must rank as a fine piece of work; it is a clean, brave story, bravely told.

Until that Day. By HAROLD WINTLE. (John Ouseley. 6s.)

MR. WINTLE is an enthusiastic yachtsman, and also a novelist-politician. We like him best on the sea, where he is quite at home, and can make one feel the rush of a great racing-yacht, with sails drawing freely the wind broad on the beam, speeding quickly over dancing sunlit waves towards her winning mark.

The political part of the book, which is very earnest in tone, deals with the question of party government as practised in these latter days—its abuses and selfishness and utter disregard of the interest of the nation as an Imperial nation. With all this we cordially agree. The degradation of politics to party uses is recognised by all thinking persons, and there are many who will agree with every word the author says; but the suggested remedy—viz., to restore the divine right of kings and make the monarch of these realms an absolute one—is out of the question. In the first place, no monarch, or even a President of the United States, craving for absolute power could or would go so far. His ambition would o'erleap itself.

The new movement in favour of an absolute monarchy is well described, and eloquent speeches are made by its adherents. The King himself is forcibly dealt with, but to no ultimate good purpose; but all this is part of the story, and we must leave our readers to study the cause and effect which form the two halves of the book itself.

Some of the characters we have met before in earlier books of the same author, and there is an undercurrent life history of one of them which prevents the reader from being for a moment bored by the political issue if politics are not to his fancy.

Jean Cameron. By WILLIAM OTTERSTOUN. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 6s.)

WHAT is truth, and what is the law? This novel introduces some interesting Scotch characters, both of men and women, but the life stories are only a medium for introducing what we suppose are the writer's ideas on

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

hypnotism, the position of women especially with reference to marriage, and the conventions attaching thereto, and religion generally. One or two of the men think they have godlike characters; but, if society were reconstituted on the basis suggested by the author, there would be but few children brought into the world, and these would not have a father to call their own. The ultimate result is easy to foresee. The sex problem is dealt with in quite a nauseating and brutal way, all in favour of women. The author's experience, if his ideas are founded on experience, are of a very unhappy nature; if not founded on experience, they are problematical and consequently worthless. In any case, he had much better have kept his opinions out of print. His medical knowledge is childish to a degree.

One protest we must make on behalf of general readers and parents and guardians who are responsible for the education of the rising generation—that is, books like the one under review should be labelled, and should not be thrown on the general book market under an innocent title which gives no idea of their special contents. Freedom of thought is one thing, its expression without any warning to an audience not desirous of hearing is another, and we are surprised that such a book should be placed on the market.

John. By STRAHAN RICHARDS. (Andrew Melrose and Co. 6s.)

WE make acquaintance with John at the point where he is tempted by a lady of greater charm than virtue from allegiance to his betrothed, and, despairing at his own weakness and conduct unfitting to a clerk in holy orders, he commits suicide. We follow him through some two or three hundred years of adventure as a disembodied spirit, and, half-way through the book, meet him in the flesh once more—he is reincarnated into the same family, set to withstand the identical temptation of old time—again as a clerk in holy orders. He is finally left chastened in spirit to await reunion with his true lady love, who has been reincarnated with him only to fade away into another life, rather than to die, in the manner of a very romantic and very consumptive damsel of early Victorian romance—although we are not definitely informed of the nature of this lady's disease. The book is a tangle of religion, superstition, theosophy, and Christianity, and since Mr. Strahan Richards attempts to reconcile orthodox Christianity with the doctrine of reincarnation, we are not deeply impressed by his conclusions—nor, as a matter of fact, by his book.

Shorter Notices

THE Napoleonic era has been productive of whole libraries of books, but we remember few dealing with the French and American prisoners on Dartmoor, and telling how they fared at the hands of their captors. In "THE LOVERS" (Ward, Lock, and Co., 6s.) Mr. Phillpotts has given us a realistic work on this subject, and, of course, he is at home on Dartmoor; still, there is something alien about this book. From some mysterious cause it is not the Eden Phillpotts of "Sons of the Morning" and other earlier works; it is as if an acknowledged master of his craft had grown somewhat careless, though there are passages, notably those which tell of the death of Richard Bolt, containing as fine work as any that this writer has accomplished. Again, that grim chapter which tells of executions on the Hill of Heavitree is sufficiently realistic to satisfy the most exacting. We own to a sincere affection for the young Godolphin and his love, as well as for his father; we feel that the author has tangled a number of threads to a certain extent, and then laid them out neatly and in order—and that is all. For the story lacks that fine quality of inevitableness which characterises such works of this writer as are built up on character alone, rather than character combined with period and historic effect. To put it briefly, we do not quite know this Eden Phillpotts, nor take to him quite so kindly as we did to that one who tells us stories of the Dartmoor of to-day.

Seymour King, actor, bore a striking resemblance to the King of Mysonia, which is yet another of those imaginary little Balkan States. At the last limit of an empty pocket, Seymour finds an opportunity of personating the other king and breaking up a certain gang of anarchists who had bombs in their possession which were to have terminated the life of Mysonia's monarch. Result—much glory for Seymour. That is practically all the story in "TWO KINGS," by Cosmo Hamilton (Chatto and Windus, 2s. net), but there are eight more sketches, in nearly all of which this business of the double is dragged in, and in practically every case the double succeeds in bringing off his scheme and securing affluence or whatever else he may happen to desire. This is all very well for one story, or even for two stories, but we must confess that it grows rather monotonous after a time. For the rest, the stories are written in entertaining magazine style, and are somewhat interesting—they do not bite very deeply, nor leave much impression on the reader's mind: in fact, they read rather like pot-boilers, collected and republished—which, in all probability, they are.

"THE MODERN MARKET PLACE," by "Coronet" (John Long, 6s.), might be acceptable as a novel for a wet day, but that could be the only excuse for reading such a book. Beautiful society ladies—a defaulting smooth-haired bank-clerk who becomes Prime Minister—plenty of whisky-and-soda, and cigarettes which are always lit by matches out of gold match-boxes, make up the story, together with caricatures of well-known men in not very good taste, and a beautiful Russian spy—they are all beautiful, these Russian lady spies. The total is supposed—but only supposed—to be a true account of the manners and customs of the highest English society of to-day. Let us hope for fine weather, and have no excuse for reading light literature of this sort.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Most books written about Ceylon are interesting, and in "THE PEARL OF THE EAST," by M. T. Hainselin (Greening and Co., 6s.), there is much fresh and forcible description of that pleasant country. The ancient history of the Island, the Kandian war of 1803-1815, etc., are well known to few people. This tale is founded on an old legend, and also on the theme of the transmigration of souls. The principal characters are skilfully and consistently portrayed. The heroine, nicknamed by the natives the Pearl of the East, is supposed by them to be the incarnate spirit of a beloved princess of Kandy who died with and for her lover a hundred years ago. It is somewhat incongruous, however, to suppose that a forest and jungle had entirely overgrown the ancient cities of Kandy in a hundred years, while the royal city of Sigri was found in the centre of the jungle, clear and clean, with its temples and other buildings in good condition, and containing the original Pearl of the East among other treasures. A somewhat problematical character is that of the Buddhist priest Goonetilleke, who is not only a clairvoyant—and incidentally a graduate of Oxford—but has the power of rendering himself invisible. On one occasion, a leopard, on the point of attacking the priest, passed clean through his body, an experience calculated to upset the nerves of any self-respecting feline.

"THE RACE OF CIRCUMSTANCE," by H. R. Campbell (Stephen Swift and Co., 6s.), is founded on the will of an American millionaire, who wishes to ruin the son of a lady who refused to marry him years before, and espoused his brother instead. John Manxe, a young man of fair ability as a lawyer, and a general favourite in a small provincial American township, has his life and character ruined by the temptations of the huge fortune he unexpectedly inherits from the uncle who had always done his utmost to harm him. He also derived from his father and his uncle the dreadful vice of drink, which he became incapable of checking after the inheritance of his uncle's great wealth. Mrs. Manxe, his mother, is passionately fond of him, and devotes her whole life to the attempt to check, if not to cure, this terrible curse. Her prayer is answered, partly by his own mad act and subsequent repentance, and partly by the benign influence of his playmate and life-long friend, Anne Denny. The story is interesting, although somewhat morbid in parts.

The Theatre

"Sandy and His Eliza" on Tour

IN a new play by Mr. H. V. Esmond, who has done so much interesting work, produced at Folkestone, both Miss Eva Moore and he are fitted with parts which keep them pretty constantly on the stage, and they play their by no means easy characters after a fashion which gets every ounce of fun out of them.

The author of a very successful play, the interesting development of which was founded on a very, very complicated will, told me, when I complained of this, that he was sure the public would accept anything, provided it was merely an initial circumstance—and led on to a powerful entertainment. Mr. Esmond, I apprehend, agrees with the writer of "The New Sin," for his premisses are a little difficult to swallow, but the fun he evolves is very real.

The Hon. Sandy Verrall is a young man about town—with all Mr. Esmond's liveliness and charm—who once had his life saved by a Salvation Army captain, Van Dam. The captain dies, and leaves his daugther for Verrall to "cherish." The hero engages an excellent old nurse, arranges a nursery in his flat, and awaits a blue-eyed, golden-haired little girl who will fill his home with sunshine and delight the actress, Vera Laurence—cleverly played by the beautiful Miss Diana Cortis—who is about to marry him.

Of course, the lady who appears is something quite other from his idea of an agreeable ward. She is really Miss Eva Moore, Eliza Van Dam, made up to look so extremely disagreeable that she was quite unrecognisable. But beneath this unfortunate appearance she has a heart of gold and all that sort of thing. She takes a fancy to Sandy, succeeds, of course, in usurping the place of Miss Laurence in his easy affections, and all ends well. As the play progresses, through many ingenious windings, she sometimes appears altogether beautiful and engaging, or over-dressed and ridiculous, or as one first saw her—the awkward, middle-class, badly dressed woman. These changes are a little difficult, both for the audience and the play. While Miss Moore is transforming herself "off," something has to be done, and thus there are pauses and rather dull passages which rob the new farcical comedy of the gaiety and *élan* so necessary to this kind of play. No doubt, however, if we in town are to see "Sandy and His Eliza"—renamed in the course of the action Dorothy, to match with her pretty frocks—the slowness will be taken out of the dialogue and the three acts played much more quickly. As it stands, it is difficult to take any interest in the minor characters, but they will improve their pace, I feel sure, and then "Sandy and His Eliza" may have a fortunate future.

"The Dancing Mistress" at the Adelphi

MR. GEORGE EDWARDES has recently been telling the world of changed stage ideals, and has hinted pretty broadly that he often anticipates or leads the London taste in those matters that concern musical comedy. He has certainly done many surprising things during the last twenty-five years, but for the moment, with "The Dancing Mistress," he does not produce an epoch-making change. In fact, the new musical play repeats the victories of many an old one, especially, perhaps, "The Quaker Girl." But that it will be none the less

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

successful on that account there is not the slightest doubt. Notwithstanding Mr. Edwardes' truism that musical comedy is not what it used to be a quarter of a century ago, the latest production is at least uncommonly like a good many we have had during the last five years, with the exception of "The Girl in the Taxi." Mr. Launa, Mr. Ross, Mr. Greenbank, Mr. Lionel Monckton, and Mr. Malone do not desire to do anything other than follow the old roads of good fortune. Beautiful backgrounds, a gorgeous chorus, and a cast which is a constellation of stars will do the rest. The play begins with the delightful girls' school, near Brighton, where Miss Gertie Millar, a veritable mistress of the art, teaches dancing, and the amusing Mlle. Caumont gives lessons in French. After many gay airs, much more or less lively dialogue, and a little musical-comedy sadness over Miss Gertie Millar's dismissal from the school on account of the amusing "Porcupine Patrol," everybody arrives at the second act and the winter sports of Oberwald. But the well-versed reader does not care to learn just what happens. He is sure to see "The Dancing Mistress" for himself, and will find it as he wishes, an improved echo of a dozen such plays that have gone before, or an entirely new and delightful comedy, with the cleverest possible music, by Mr. Monckton, and all sorts of gay humours on the part of Miss Gracie Leigh, Mr. Joseph Coyne, Miss Elsie Spain, and other gifted people who do all that is needed in these splendid, if somewhat reminiscent productions. In some points the management has certainly outdistanced even its own records—the ladies are even more beautiful and the dresses a degree more *ravissant* than usual.

EGAN MEW.

"The Good Hope" at the King's Hall

THERE was some very fine acting and some excellent scenes in Herr Herman Heijermans' play, "The Good Hope," produced on Sunday evening by the Pioneer Players, but it is doubtful whether the theme of the story is likely to appeal very greatly to English audiences at the present day. We do not know the exact method of procedure in Holland, but in this country insurance companies are now too astute to insure unseaworthy ships of unscrupulous shipowners, and merchants are not bent upon sending their employees to their doom in a "floating coffin" such as "The Good Hope." Three of the acts take place in Kniertje's cottage in a Dutch fishing village; Geert, Kniertje's elder son, has been imprisoned for insubordination in the navy, and returns to his mother's house in time to be taken as one of the crew of "The Good Hope." Barend, the second son, is an arrant coward, and requires two members of the police force to take him on board. The ship is wrecked, and in the last act at the shipowner's office wild scenes take place, as one after another the womenfolk come and learn the fate of the men.

As we have said, the play cannot make a universal appeal, but praise must be accorded to several of the scenes. It is sometimes asked, wherein lies the charm of some of the younger actresses? And the question might with equal reason be asked of the great favourite of the stage, Ellen Terry. As Kniertje she was excellent; always the respectful fishwife, she presented a great contrast to Geert, the soured Socialist, and Barend, the miserable ne'er-do-well. Her reception of the news at the shipowner's office is a very fine piece of acting. Miss Edith Craig as Saart, a lively widow, Miss Ellen O'Malley as Jo, Geert's sweetheart, Mr. E. Harcourt Williams as Barend, and Mr. Stanley Turnbull all do the best possible with their parts. We must, however, make two small complaints. We wish that less prompting was necessary, and why should there be such a long wait between each act when there is comparatively no change made in the scene?

Aspects of Ireland: The Old Irish Faith*

EVEN as new philosophies usually contrive to adjust themselves into creed and practice, so old faiths fell on either hand into cosmogony and ritual. And the ritual will often perpetuate itself through the years when the cosmogony has either passed away or been so kneaded into the substance of other things that it is not easy to believe that it was once a living and healthy faith. There can be few who have travelled through the western parts of Ireland without feeling continually that the remnants of an ancient thing spin through the whole of the social life like a web, holding it together often, like a pattern picked out on an older woof. Only a short while ago, for instance, in a remote end of the County Mayo, we noticed a deserted cottage of a strange appearance. It is no very strange thing to see a deserted cottage in Ireland, to be sure. When a cottage falls badly into disrepair, it is often as easy to build a new one as revise the old. But this cottage was not in disrepair: neither it nor its outbuildings looked as if it had been abandoned because the winds and the rains proved untimely bedfellows. Moreover, it stood alone, away from the cluster that formed the village, on a green headland. Inquiries showed that the headland was a fairy site; and, as we were told, "It was a widow woman, and she's a wiser woman at the present time, I think. She was advised, but she had a wilful way with her, and the first night her cow was took ill, the next night her horse died on her, then she fell lame, and, what with one trouble on another, she left the place she built, and she'll tell you so much herself if you'd like

* *The Religions of the Ancient Celts.* By J. A. MACCULLOCH, D.D. (T. and T. Clark. 10s. net.)
The Fairy-Faith in Celtic Countries. By W. Y. EVANS WENTZ. (Frowde. 12s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

to step down to her." It was not necessary. There stood a good tenable cottage in proof of something more than the ordinary.

Yet this was only a more dramatic instance of something that is always occurring in the life of the people. The detailed memory of all that it once meant has perished, but its significances are quick and supple in their consciousness. Beltane and Samhain rites are still observed in many places, not, as in England, as mere festive occasions, but with all realisation of their religious and magical significance. Fairies are still seen and recognised, not, as in the Highlands of Scotland, in fear and a malign dread, but with a frank perception of their power, and even with respect and affection in certain cases. Yet the knowledge of who they are and what they are supposed to be has so far passed away that it is a frequent thing to hear certain knolls spoken of as Danish forts when it is fairly obvious that they are the "side," or raths, of the Dé Dananns. How truly alive the ritual of the faith is, and the vision that gave rise to the faith is abundantly shown in the numerous instances, personally procured, that Dr. Evans Wentz gives in his book. It is not very well arranged; and there is an unfortunate feeling sometimes that his zeal has run before his discretion: yet some such collection was called for; and no one who has come into any manner of touch with the instincts and emotions of a very purely lived people but will find his experiences reduplicated in many of the instances that Dr. Wentz gives. The fairy-faith is not a fantasticality; it is not a decoration; it is a living thing grounded on experience. The word "fairy," in its present meaning in England, is unfortunate. What is meant is certain hierarchies of Earth-presences, widely different in appearance, but seemingly similar in way of life, towards whose indisputable being many of the foremost minds of to-day are coming by different roads.

Who, and what, then, are these "Earth-presences"? It is truly a far wider question than appears in its more particular reference to Ireland. It is a significant thing that the Greeks had visions of such presences very closely similar to that which to this hour weaves its way through the earth-consciousness in, chiefly, the West and South of Ireland. That is a larger matter, and one for the poet to express. But in Ireland it has behind it a cosmogony that is more or less well defined. Professor Rhys, in his "Celtic Folk-Lore," has already dealt with it from one aspect; and Dr. MacCulloch approaches it from another point of view in the attempt to give the whole field a unity. Unfortunately the value of his book is a little apt to be lost in his display of learning for its own sake, and the omission of some differences that lie at the base of his whole inquiry. For example, from one way of regarding the question, these presences seem to be of two different orders: there are the fairies properly so called, water-spirits, tree-spirits, leprechauns, bocanachs, and so on, and there are the Tuatha Dé Danann. The former seem to be small and slight of build, whereas the latter are tall, white, and exceedingly beautiful. Then, again, there are those who appear to be identified with the spirits of the dead; and there are those who have an existence independent of men. Dr. MacCulloch faithfully covers the whole field with indefatigable patience, but he scarcely distinguishes between these clearly enough. Indeed, once or twice he speaks of them as though they were the same thing.

With regard to the Tuatha Dé Danann, for example, whenever these are referred to, either in the old Irish literature or on the lips of a modern seer, it is always clear that they are something quite different from the ordinary fairies—bigger, more powerful, and something more akin to gods. Yet on the borders of history and legend the Dé Dananns are one of the peoples who conquered and inhabited Ireland. It is arresting to read one of the seers whom Dr. Wentz quotes, who tells of an order of beings, tall, fair, and beautiful, and then to read the annalists, who tell that the Dé Dananns, a tall, fair race, came and conquered Ireland, vanquishing the Firbolgs, a short, dark race. It is more than curious to remember that both the Firbolgs and the Dé Dananns seem to have come originally from Greece. Did they bring with them the vision of earth-spirits? How came it that they themselves passed into a separate order of spirits that haunt the soil of the fairies? Did each race that possessed the land so cling to it after defeat that they became for their successors the spirits inhabiting the earth, together with those that had their natural life with the life of lake, stream, and tree? It is such questions that one is for ever asking, and that Dr. MacCulloch does not always attempt to answer. Moreover, there were the Druids, from whom, originally, it would seem, came the undoubted powers that modern witch-doctors and rann speakers wield. What order of powers was it they called on?

Yet, although such questions do not have an answer, it is remarkable to read these two books, and to note the way they fit into one another. Dr. MacCulloch does not order the cosmogony of the ancient Celtic religion as it held its rule in Ireland, chiefly, as it seems to us, because he has too much encumbered his pages with incidental references; but since he covers the whole field with indisputable learning, he makes it clear that there was some fairly well-ordered faith. Then, as one reads the instances that Dr. Wentz has gathered together in his book, of shrewd, keen men who have seen visions with waking eyes, and known experiences such as one may easily match in the country for oneself, it is plain to see the old faith in its modern reflection. Or, as possibly it should be put, it is possible to see the same experiences repeating themselves that were the cause of the old faith. One remembers that only recently the German philosopher, Fechner, was enunciating the life and sentience of the Earth; and one sees a people to whom the Earth not only demonstrates its life in beings and presences now, but to whom the Earth has always done so since the earliest trace we have of their instinct of faith and their order of religious rite.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Menagerie of Travel

By F. G. AFLALO.

CARTOGRAPHERS of the Middle Ages employed a picturesque device for at once appealing to the popular imagination and hiding their own imperfections. Whenever they came to a vast tract of Africa, or any of the other less explored continents, they scorned to leave it as blank as their ignorance demanded of strict regard for the truth, but decorated it with a thumbnail sketch of some more or less appropriate animal vaguely supposed to be characteristic of the region. There is, for instance, the famous sixteenth century map of Africa by Diego Ribero, in which mammoth elephants and gigantic birds abound even in the Nile delta as reminder of the elephants that haunted the beaches of Morocco at the time of Hanno, as well as of the roc made famous by Sinbad the Sailor.

Yet, making some due allowance for the march of civilisation and resulting retreat of wild life to the inner sanctuaries of the virgin wilderness, it is a constant surprise to modern travellers, even off the beaten tourist track, that they should see so few animals. Truly there is more in these scenes of our travels than meets the eye. I have waited, hidden in a Russian forest a hundred miles from civilisation, for a shot at daybreak, without seeing any creature more formidable than a hare in a tract known to harbour bear, lynx, wolf, and other big game. I have camped in the Rocky Mountains, with never a glimpse of bear or puma; in Java, without a sign of tiger or rhinoceros; in the Caucasus, amid such lifeless stillness that all the wild game might have been exterminated by Demidoff, Littledale, and other famous hunters of that majestic range. That the animals of travel are so few and far between is due to the exceeding wisdom of the animals themselves, which, even more consistently since the advent of firearms than when the wise Brahmin conversed with Alexander the Great, keep as far from the lord of creation as possible.

This seeming absence of wild life from Nature's "backblocks" is, so far as tourist experiences go, in great measure due to the nocturnal habits of the greater carnivora, and even of some horned game, which thus play "Box and Cox" with the average traveller and wholly escape observation. Though he may wander for long hours of daylight in the bush, without the faintest indication of these timid neighbours, which, scenting him from afar, dash helter-skelter out of reach, he will often be awakened after the camp fire has died down to its last embers by the crack of a twig, as some curious deer or prowling bear comes nosing gingerly towards his tent, when he has but to turn in his sleep to send the intruder hot-foot back to safety. Hearing an unknown animal in the darkness, however, is very different evidence from seeing it in daylight, and it is more particularly the latter experience which—save in the case of those who deliberately beat the jungle for sport, or, as it appears, of favoured passengers by the Uganda Railway, who seem to be carried through a kind of unenclosed zoological garden—is so curiously rare. Even the silent angler, creeping along the banks of remote rivers that sing their happy way through the forest primeval, is not, as I can testify from almost barren memories in five Continents, vouchsafed a much closer intimacy with these shy freeholders of the jungle than those who travel in company and without any regard for studying to be quiet.

Here and there, it is true, an entry in old diaries tells another tale, but the occasions of these sudden encounters are so few and far between as to come at memory's bidding without even turning up the records. There was a cow moose which, with her two little calves, trotted down to the opposite bank of a Canadian salmon river one gorgeous July evening, and which, getting wind of me fully five minutes after I had first espied the family party, went crashing away through the timber, leaving her young ones to follow as best they could, a hint which they eventually took after floundering a few moments in the snow-fed water of the Miramichi. There was a rattlesnake, on which, as it lay coiled full in a sunny path close to the beach of a little island on which I lived awhile, in Florida, I came with such startling suddenness as to leave no choice but to clap over the deadly reptile a large butterfly net, with which I was, in fact, on the warpath. That done, the net had to be sacrificed to the occasion, since there was nothing for it but to break off the handle and with it batter the snake into something quite unlike its living self and effectually cleansed of its original sin. Thus died the serpent in my Eden, and I mused on the subject of such creatures. *Il y a des héros en mal comme en bien*, says La Rochefoucauld, and venomous snakes, like tigers, may serve some beneficent purpose in the great scheme of which we all are part; but I felt, even as the net descended over its yellow head, that the purpose of that particular individual was not to hurry me to a resort which, without irreverence, I purpose visiting more in my own good time.

As distinguished from such stationary types of wild life as are peculiarly associated with their own environment—the stag standing proudly on the skyline, the alligator basking grimly in the mud, the jewelled humming-bird and velvet butterfly flashing across sunlit tracks in the jungle, or the lammergeier poised between heaven and earth amid the mountains—there are those animals which, themselves travellers, are even less likely than the rest to be seen by the tourist, though residents in the country are familiar with the wonderful migrations of the Norwegian lemming or Newfoundland caribou.

On the other hand, though the creatures of the wilderness may obey the wise instinct which prompts them to give the human race a wide berth, there is, for those who travel in many latitudes far from the convenience of the railroad, a menagerie even in the beasts of burden enlisted in their wanderings. The different types of horse, from sturdy mountain ponies of the Yosemite to majestic stallions of the desert; the brutish camels, infinitely enduring and undeniably stupid; the obstinate mules and more amenable asses; not to mention elephants, yaks, reindeer and sledge-dogs. These

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"House Animals," as our German neighbours not inaptly call them, are part of the abiding interest of the wander-years to which, emancipated from the *Sturm und Drang* of restless youth, greybeards look wonderingly back with further admiration for their immature selves, that were never happy unless for ever on the move.

Some New French Books

IT is perhaps the result of the Entente Cordiale, but, in any case, England has been the *point de mire* of innumerable French writers, be they novelists, psychologists, or even physiologists. They all seem to have awakened to the fact that their English neighbours may not be so irremediably opposed to their own sensibility as was currently admitted. And it is curious to note that it is quite a new side of English life and character which specially attracts their attention. Happily French authors of to-day do not seem to be uniquely preoccupied by the English hearth and home life as was Pierre de Coulevain in the insipid "Ile Inconnue," nor by the dissection of the influence of love and the passions on the English psychology, which seemed to fascinate "Femina" to such a degree that she wrote "L'Ame des Anglais," which contains perhaps a description of the authoress's *ego*, but surely not of the soul of the English people.

The young authors of to-day strive rather to probe the innermost recesses of the English heart, and to sound and comprehend if possible the pulsations of the various important movements of the last few years. None of them has succeeded so well in this as M. J. Raymond Guasco, who has just published a book of English sketches to which he has given the title of "John Bull's Island." M. Guasco's book possesses the great merit of not pretending to initiate his readers to English life *en bloc*; he wishes simply to tell them what he has been able to see of England and the deductions he draws from his impressions. He says himself:—"Ce livre n'a pas de prétention d'apporter la définition exacte de l'âme anglaise, pour la bonne raison qu'elle n'existe pas. Je ne connais pas cette entité mystérieuse. Je connais tout simplement un millier d'Anglais de classes et d'éducation différentes et c'est l'impression qu'ils m'ont produite que j'ai essayé de fixer."

But one must not think that these notes are merely amusing superficialities. Quite the contrary; this M. Guasco himself explains:—"Ce livre, sous une apparence d'étude superficielle est, si vous le voulez bien, un ensemble de documents exacts et précis se rapportant à l'Angleterre et aux Anglais. Les littérateurs à tendance philosophique ne pourront pas me blâmer si je leur confie qu'il a été composé après une sérieuse méditation des ouvrages de Berkeley. C'est en effet de l'auteur des 'Principes de la Connaissance Humaine' que je me réclame. . . ."

M. Guasco is both bright and concise; moreover, he possesses a quality which will greatly endear him to his English readers: humour, and what is better still, English humour. He is also a keen ironist, very personal, very modern, very sportive, and all these qualities make his book the most delightful reading possible.

The sketch entitled "Travailleurs Britanniques" is a vivid description of modern English workmen, acutely observed, replete with humour, and presenting in a simple form a part of the labour problem, to the comprehension of French readers. In the chapter called "La Présence Invisible," M. Guasco has, under an appearance of imperturbable seriousness, made fun of some of the traits of English mentality, and his courteous mockery is in truth subtle criticism.

One of his most amusing notes is on the subject of "Music Halls," and is really a delightfully funny "skit" on English shows. He has noted the reply one of his friends made when he expressed his astonishment at the hilarity provoked by the "gagger," the coster, and the clog dancer:—"Vous autres Latins vous avez le goût perverti. Il vous faut des choses sales pour rire. Nous autres Anglais, nous sommes restés enfants, nous rions comme des garçons de treize ans, et si jamais sur cette scène un chanteur se permettait quelque chose de risqué, le silence réprobateur vous étonnerait."

M. Guasco's book will certainly rank, for French people, as containing some excellent sketches of England at the beginning of the twentieth century, and as seen from an impartially sympathetic and humoristic point of view.

When a new book by Rachilde is announced it always causes quite a perturbation amongst her admirers or detractors. Rachilde's romances have hitherto been quite violent, very sensual, perfectly immoral; and it is a real surprise that the author of such excessive works as "Les Hors Nature," "Monsieur Vénus," and "L'Heure Sexuelle" should suddenly present us with a delicate, pure study of a young girl's soul. As Madame Rachilde's chief desire is to be original, it is not impossible that having discovered that passion is a string not to be too much harped upon, she decided that it would be a great deal more original to assume the demure, forget-me-not style. Her analysis of the awakening of a young girl's heart is certainly worthy of the best authors. But Miane, her heroine, strangely resembles Colette Willy's enigmatical Claudine. And it would not be surprising if she grew into as unrestful and curious a young woman as the famous Claudine, whose short frocks and Eton collars are of world-wide renown. But for the present Miane is a demure little person just beginning to be conscious of the charm of her femininity, and in whom the instincts of imperious nature have not yet awakened—happily for her and Madame Rachilde's reassured readers.

It is curious that two such concise, sober, and even severe writers as Jean and Jérôme Tharaud should have undertaken to describe Algeria. For neither their style nor their way of thinking seemed to fit them for such a task.

The theory expressed in "J a Fête Arabe," is not to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

be blindly accepted as absolutely exact. The brothers Tharaud assert that in Algeria the French element is gradually being overwhelmed and eliminated by the Italian and Spanish emigrants. This is surely subject for discussion. But apart from this it is wonderful that such classical writers have better than anybody been able to describe that glowing country by adapting their qualities of soberness, preciseness, and exactitude towards avoiding any false side-lights, or exaggeration of colours and effects which would diminish the harmony and beauty of the *ensemble*.

They have simply described two journeys they took in Algeria. The first was twenty years ago, when the colony was wholly under French influence and before the civilisation they found in their second journey had introduced such solecisms as electricity, modern comforts, railroads, and motor-cars.

MM. Tharaud contrast the impressions they gathered during their two stays in Algeria, and make certain deductions which we are not competent to appreciate. But their novel—if one may so call it—is remarkable by its sobriety, by the masterly manner in which the different personages are depicted, and especially by the impression of *finesse* which emanates from the whole work.

MARC LOGE.

Some Christmas Books

THE great enterprise of our Colonies in opening their attractive departments in London must have secured a very large number of the boys and young men who, while they have British blood in their veins, will ever seek fresh fields where they believe there will be a greater scope for their energy than in the mother country. And as if these enticements were not enough, there are consistently issued, year by year, beautifully produced books further to entice our boys across one or other of the oceans which separate this island from her dominions. Sir Harry Johnston in "Pioneers in India" and "Pioneers in Australia" (Blackie and Son, 6s.) gives graphic accounts of daring deeds and hairbreadth escapes of those who helped to make these countries habitable by Europeans. Many of these adventures are claimed to be real. and there is no reason to suppose that the author, with his wide experience, had any need to draw upon fiction in order to fill the pages of the books. Both volumes are well illustrated in colour. The times of Queen Bess are responsible for "Two Gallant Sons of Devon," by Harry Collingwood (Blackie and Son, 5s.). The encounters of these two brave lads with the Spaniards make very exciting reading, and will appeal to all boys, whether they come from the county which has provided so many brave warriors or from others farther afield. Two new editions of stories by popular writers are "Foes of the Red Cockade," a story of the French Revolution, by Captain F. S. Brereton, and "At Agincourt," a tale of the White Hoods of Paris, by G. A. Henty (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d. each). Mr. Herbert Strang, in "The Air Patrol" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), writes a history of a time when an empire of the East shall attack India. How a handful of men held a pass is told in graphic style, while the whole story is brought quite up to date by the introduction of an aeroplane. Stories by Frank R. Stockton, Clive R. Fenn, Theodore Roosevelt, etc., have been collected by Mr. Alfred H. Miles, and appear "In the Lion's Mouth" (Stanley Paul and Co., 5s.). The S.P.C.K. are responsible for "By Pluck and Luck" (3s. 6d.), by Frederick Harrison, "The Fortunes of Harold Borlase" (2s. 6d.), a story of the days of Blake, by John Graeme, and "The Lost Exile" (2s.), a tale of Siberia, by Gertrude Hollis. Fleet-Surgeon Jeans does not go to warlike times for "John Graham, Sub-Lieutenant, R.N." (Blackie and Son, 6s.), but sketches a story in connection with the Atlantic Fleet in times of peace. The book is well illustrated by C. M. Padday, and is written in a lively and entertaining manner.

It is well known that girls always read their brothers' books, but that is no reason for supposing that they do not also read those published especially for them. In "The Unwilling Schoolgirl" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) Miss Marjory Royce has managed to catch the right kind of interest that will appeal to her girl readers. Ethne is a well-drawn little character, and her development from a spoilt and self-willed child into an affectionate and companionable girl is excellently portrayed, and proves that Miss Royce has what is necessary to make an interesting child-study, namely, a keen sympathy with children and their ways. "The Island of Rushes," by E. E. Cowper (S.P.C.K.), contains what is dearly loved by children—a mystery. The unravelling of this takes some 250 pages, and the book is cheap at the price of 2s. 6d. In compiling his books Mr. Miles has not overlooked his girl readers, and "Where Duty Calls" (Stanley Paul and Co., 5s.) is a good collection of incidents of courage and adventure from such well-known writers as Evelyn Everett-Green, Grace Stebbing, Ena Fitzgerald, etc. The stories are not all wild tales of daring perpetrated in moments of excitement, but deal equally with steadfast adherence to duty in homely and often humdrum circumstances—a courage much harder to maintain than that evoked by animated surroundings. The "Care of Uncle Charlie" (S.P.C.K., 2s.), by Florence Willmot, "Brandon Chase: a Tale of East Anglia" (S.P.C.K., 2s.), by William Webster, and "Her Adopted Son" (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.), by C. M. Vincent, are stories suitable for either boys or girls, and form acceptable gift-books.

The studious child will doubtless appreciate two books issued by Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, entitled "Children's Stories from Tennyson," by Nora Chesson, and "Children's Stories from Longfellow," by Doris Ashley, 2s. 6d. net each. These books are illustrated, and will make a child familiar with the principal characters in the well-known poems to which they refer. A similar book is "The Song of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Frithiof" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.), re-told in modern verse by G. C. Allen. As time goes on, more prominence seems to be given to stories and folk-lore of Norsemen and Russians. The present volume combines both amusement and instruction. There are several pages at the end, containing notes on the text in a similar manner to the school-days editions of Shakespeare and other standard works. "Stories of Old" (A. and C. Black, 2s. 6d.), by E. L. Hoskyn, consists of twelve short accounts of heroes, mythical or real, who have left their names in the history of various nations. To impress these upon the child's mind, the book is illustrated with maps of the countries referred to, and spread over the map is a figure of the person about whom the story is written. This cannot be said to add greatly to the beauty of the illustrations, and might possibly lead a child to suppose that a country was only noted as being the home of one great individual. Joan of Arc undoubtedly rendered a great service to the French, but it is questionable whether the Pied Piper of Hamelin, in the eyes of practical Germans, would be chosen as the most noteworthy figure that their country produced.

"Mac" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 6s. net) is a saucy little Scotch pup which appears in all sorts of odd places and under all kinds of conditions. The drawings by Cecil Aldin are splendid, and show up well upon the light brown paper upon which they are produced. The text is in Scotch to match Mac. "White Ear and Peter," the life story of a fox (Macmillan and Co., 6s. net), is another book which will appeal to those who are fond of animals, while "Blackie's Children's Annual" (3s. 6d.), with its gay illustrations and varied stories, is calculated to please any child, whatever its particular taste may be.

"The Big Book of Fables," edited by Walter Jerrold (Blackie and Son, 7s. 6d. net), and illustrated by Charles Robinson, is a marvellous book for the price, and consists of a collection of fables taken from those usually associated with the names of Æsop, Jean de la Fontaine, and various other writers. Other fairy stories are "Trystie's Quest" (A. C. Fifield, 5s. net), by Greville Macdonald, illustrated by Arthur Hughes, and "The Magic World" (Macmillan and Co., 6s.), by E. Nesbit, illustrated by H. R. Millar and Spencer Pryse. These stories show vivid imagination, as does also "Timothy in Bushland" (Ward, Lock, and Co., 2s. 6d.), by Mary Grant Bruce. "The Brown Fairies and Other Stories" (A. C. Fifield), by Ethel M. Gate, can be purchased for the modest price of 1s. 6d.

"The Peek-a-Boos' Holiday" (Henry Frowde and Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.), drawn by Chloë Preston and told by Tom Preston, is an attractive book for quite a small person. "Roundabout Ways" (Sidgwick and Jackson, 3s. 6d.), with verses by Ffrida Wolfe and pictures by P. A. Staynes, is an instructive book, and will convey many a geographical lesson by its dainty illustrations in blue and brown.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

I REMEMBER the days when McKenna, Ellis Griffiths, and Lloyd George used to howl and hold up their hands in holy horror at the arbitrary way in which "Bills were driven through the House," as they alleged, under Arthur Balfour's gentle rule. If they were sitting now in opposition I wonder what they would have said had A. J. B. treated the House as Asquith did on Wednesday?

We were discussing the nominated Senate. To show the high pitch of slavish discipline to which the party have been brought, imagine the Radicals tamely sitting down and listening to arguments in favour of such a doctrine. Not a popular elected body, mind you, such as they say the House of Lords should be, but a Senate nominated by the Imperial Government, with ten of them to retire every two years until the whole forty at the end of eight years would be nominated by an Irish Prime Minister.

Lees Smith, a solid Liberal lawyer, who will one day adorn the Bench, felt this was almost "too thick," and said so. He thought that it was no real safeguard for the Protestant minority. He would prefer as a compromise that the nomination should remain with the British Government. Bonar Law pointed out that as long as Asquith was in power his amendment would not amount to much, because the Prime Minister was under the heel of Redmond and his nominations would really mean Redmond's nominations. William O'Brien had a third plan; he suggested that officials should ex-officio man the Senate—Lords Lieutenant, Chairmen of County Councils, Lord Mayors, and people of like kidney. Stephen Gwynn, a literary Celt, who looks like a Saxon with his fair peaked beard, said that if Mr. Redmond had the power of nomination he would see that the majority in the Senate were Unionists. This was a bold bid for the Ulstermen, but it did not come off. "No Unionist worthy of the name would consent to serve on such an assembly," said James Craig. Tim Healy out-bid Gwynn: "I would rather be governed by Orangemen in Ireland than archangels at Westminster," he said winningly.

Birrell hinted that he had another plan, and then it all came out. Asquith proposed proportional representation! Nomination was clearly not popular with anyone; very well then—let us have proportional representation. It had often been talked about as an academic proposition; why not try it on, as part of a still greater experiment?

Bonar Law demanded an adjournment so that the House "could consider itself." Asquith demurred with that cool brazen effrontery he always displays when in a tight place—he declared it was merely a matter of machinery. Sitting quite still and saying nothing, a complete deadlock seemed imminent. The proportional "representationers" were keen to discuss this new and delightful idea—what a grand opportunity for putting

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

their views in practice! But it was found not to be practicable. Illingworth, the new Whip, had either not been told or had forgotten that an amendment ought to have been on the paper. O'Brien withdrew his amendment. There was nothing to discuss. The Opposition persisted and the Government had to give way.

"Nought could be done and nought could be said,
So my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed.'

On Wednesday the sudden *volte face* of the Government was the principal topic. Why had the Government done it? When did they make up their minds? Were they riding for a fall? "You actually let us discuss an amendment for two hours in the short time we have at our disposal, when you knew it was absolutely wasting time," said Bonar Law indignantly; "you must have made up your minds on the spur of the moment." "Not necessarily," said Asquith; "I received a deputation in June on the subject had promised to give it careful consideration." "What comes then of the Solicitor-General's undertaking that he would give all the notice possible of any change the Government proposed to make in the Bill?" Asquith did not reply; he poohpoohed the storm. "The right hon. gentleman accuses me of fresh crimes every day; it will be necessary to compile a new Newgate Calendar of Parliamentary offences." The Opposition roared a fierce acquiescence, and Asquith lost his temper. Bonar Law had said that the proceedings of the previous day formed the best example they had yet had of the Rake's Progress. Asquith is singularly sensitive to gibes of this kind. Anything which affects his position as Leader of the House he at once takes up, and he referred to Bonar Law's "illustrious predecessor," Disraeli, who one fine afternoon in 1866 accepted without notice an amendment which transformed a restricted extension of the Franchise into household suffrage. Then the Ministerialists cheered until Austen swiftly reminded the House that the circumstances were very different then—Disraeli was in a minority. At 10.30 the guillotine fell as usual; this surprising amendment of the Government was agreed to without a division, and the clause was carried by eighty-nine.

A fairly full House for a Friday assembled at twelve o'clock to discuss the White Slave Traffic Bill. It had been so knocked about in Committee by the individualists that a great many earnest people thought it was no good, so everyone was petitioned and written to and urged to put back the Bill on the report stage to the same position it was in before it went upstairs. The two Peckhams, and Atherley-Jones, who cannot forget the Cass case which nearly wrecked a Government and made him Solicitor-General, were all in favour of freedom of the subject and against the risk of blackmail. However, the House was not in a mood to listen, and it was decided that an ordinary constable, even in plain clothes, and not a sergeant, can arrest on suspicion.

The next point was should offenders be flogged. Here the sentimentalists had a turn. Mr. Lynch, the pro-Boer, described how floggers cut fringes of skin on the men with one artistic drop of blood on each, and represented that that was what Mr. McKenna wanted to encourage. Mr. McKenna gasped out: "This is outrageous!" And so the debate swayed backwards and forwards. Mr. Leif. Jones asked if any member would take the cat in his own hands. "I would," said Mark Lockwood stoutly, at which the House laughed. Bob Cecil said he would vote against the amendment to flog for a first offence, but he thought a good deal of nonsense was talked about torture; all punishment was torture. The amendment was carried by four, which shows how strongly the House feels that it is necessary to put down this trade with a high hand. Flogging is conscientiously considered by many to be a retrograde step, and yet 136 were in favour of it and 132 were actually in favour of giving it for a first offence.

The House did not rise until 5.30.

The Government have three awkward inquiries on their hands at the present time—the Marconi contract, about which a Committee is sitting upstairs; the Crisp loan, which is a fertile field for questions; and now the question of Indian finance, in which the eminent firm of Samuel Montagu and Co. had large dealings. The chairman of the firm is in the House, and his brother is Under-Secretary of State for India. Robert Harcourt, the brother of the Colonial Secretary, who poses as a bit of a free lance, had some questions down; but, although he was in the House, he did not put them. People wondered whether he was a "Government bonnet," who, left to himself, had made the questions too searching and would thus encourage supplementary questions. At any rate, he disappeared on both occasions when they were called on. It will be remembered that the great Lord Aldenham and his brother both resigned their seats in the House of Commons because their firm sold some battleships to or for the Government. The law is very strict on this point, and the action of the Government on the matter is awaited with curiosity.

After questions, Colonel Hildred Carlile wanted to know why the Irish Parliament should consist of 164 members, and suggested that they should be reduced to 103. He firmly believed that the reason was because, when the two Houses were in joint session, the Lower Chamber could always defeat the Senate. Carson's bitter comment was, "They are now disavowing every safeguard to the Bill." A languid House assembled from the libraries and smoking-rooms, and defeated the amendment. Then came along Pretyman Newman, an Essex Irish Unionist, who parts his name and his hair in the middle, with an amendment on proportional representation. Bored to tears, the House melted, and found more interesting occupations elsewhere.

Pretyman Newman declared it was "so simple," and would protect the Protestant minority in the South of Ireland. Cecil Harmsworth, who is beginning to make neat little speeches, begged the Government to accept it, as the principle had been adopted in the Senate. Carson, with lawyer-like wariness, would have none of it. He challenged any Radical M.P. to describe it, and ex-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

pressed his belief, amid laughter, that none of them knew any more about it than he did!

Alfred Mond felt hurt that the Government would not accept such a Radical proposal, but all to no purpose. The Government did not mind how illogical it was. Proportional representation was all very well as a theory, but they were not inclined to introduce such a novelty into their new model Constitution, and the amendment suffered the usual fate.

On Tuesday that "sea-green incorruptible," Philip Snowden, arose to move his amendment giving the local enfranchisement to women in Ireland. With his emaciated pathetic little face and gentle gesture he held the House for half an hour, pleading the cause of the women. Balfour always pays him the compliment of listening to him intently, and to-night supported him by voice and vote. "If this is really a bill for local government in Ireland, and not an *imperium in imperio*, surely you will allow the same franchise that obtains over here," Not a bit of it. Asquith gibed at Balfour's "dialectical dexterity"—at one time the Tories painted Home Rule as meaning a separate nation, and at others, when it suited their purpose, a twopenny-halfpenny vestry.

The voting in the division was very curious. Some Unionist anti-suffragists said, "I hate the women, but shall vote for them if there is a chance of killing Home Rule." Others said, "I loathe Home Rule, but I dread women government more. People who cannot control their tempers are not fit to take part in the government of a great Empire. I shall vote with the Coalition." Ramsay MacDonald made his usual speech. When he found that the Government were perfectly safe without him, he made a dramatic appeal to the Labour Bench, and vowed he would vote for the women. A number of Radicals and Liberals with mixed motives voted against the Government, but this was partly counterbalanced by the Unionists who voted in the other lobby, the result being a surprising defeat for the women. The amendment was lost by 173—a result received with cheers and laughter.

After this we turned on to the White Slave Traffic. Mr. Lamb wanted the Bill extended so that raids could be made on flats. Alfred Lyttelton made a splendid speech. The veteran cricketer hit to the boundary every time amid loud applause. "Nobody proposes to punish men for immorality. Why should the Government try to harass and hunt these unhappy women, who are the victims of society? They are carrying on their miserable calling as quietly and decently as possible." The amendment was withdrawn, and the House shut up at 1 a.m.

Notes and News

"The Experimentalists," the three-act comedy by Rathmell Wilson and Muriel Hutchinson, recently produced by the Drama Society, is published by John Ouseley, Ltd.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co. will shortly publish "The Sea and the Jungle," by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, a volume which describes the author's impressions and experiences of an adventurous voyage up the Amazon and its tributary, the Madeira River.

Messrs. Hurst and Blackett are bringing out at once a new novel by Gaston Leroux, author of "The Mystery of the Yellow Room." The new book, which has been translated by Edgar Jepson, will be called "The Man with the Black Feather."

"The Insanity of Genius, and the General Inequality of Human Faculty Physiologically Considered," by J. F. Nisbet, sixth and new edition, with an introduction by Dr. Bernard Hollander, is to be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co.

In his new novel, "Hocken and Hunken," which Messrs. Blackwood announce for immediate publication, "Q." returns to the field in which he first found fame as a humorist, and all who have pleasant memories of "Troy Town" should read it.

Mr. Andrew Melrose announces that Miss Mary Cholmondeley, Mr. Joseph Conrad, and Mr. W. J. Locke have agreed to act as adjudicators in his Fourth 250 Guineas "Prize Novel" Competition. All inquiries should be sent to the Literary Agency of London, 5, Henrietta Street, W.C.

Messrs. Hutchinson have almost ready "Parodies and Imitations, Old and New," edited by J. A. Stanley Adam and Bernard C. White, with a Foreword by Sir A. Quiller Couch. It is believed that this will be almost the only modern collection of poetical parodies of a really comprehensive character.

In connection with the jubilee of Gerhart Hauptmann, the celebrated German dramatist and poet, a series of matinées of his play "Lonely Lives" has been arranged by Miss Vera Tschaikowsky. The performances will be given at the Court Theatre on Friday, November 8, and on subsequent Tuesdays and Fridays.

On Sunday evening, November 10, at 7.45, the Play Actors' Society will, at the Court Theatre, open its eighth season with Ibsen's "Brand." A novelty this season will be performances on Monday afternoons, at 2.30, of the plays produced on the Sunday. To these matinées the general public will be admitted.

A loan from the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda, consisting of an interesting selection of 101 Indian drawings from the Baroda State Museum collection, will be exhibited in the Indian Section of the Victoria and Albert Museum, from Monday, November 4, for a period of three months. The collection comprises chiefly Rajput illuminated tempera paintings of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and has been arranged in Room 4 in the Lower Gallery.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York have accepted the dedication of the "Dictionary of English Church History," which has been in preparation for over two years under the editorship of Canon Ollard, of S. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and Mr. Gordon Crosse. The dictionary, which Messrs. Mowbray hope to issue on November 15, is intended both for the student and for the ordinary member of the English Church who

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

desire to know the best ascertained facts in the history of the society to which he belongs.

Messrs. Nelson and Sons announce that they will publish, about the middle of November, in their Shilling Net Library, a work on the Balkans and the Balkan problem written by Miss M. Edith Durham, at present war correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* at the front. She has travelled through every part of the Balkan States, and in "The Burden of the Balkans" she not only describes the theatre of war, but expounds the problems on which is based the whole Balkan question.

An Exhibition of Arts and Handicrafts is being held by *The Englishwoman* at the Maddox Street Galleries, 23a, Maddox Street, Regent Street, W., from November 6 to November 16, 1912, inclusive, 11 a.m. to 6 p.m., under the direct patronage of the Duchess of Marlborough, the Lady Frances Balfour, the Lady Betty Balfour, and many other well-known ladies. All the exhibits will be of a very high standard, and this should be a unique opportunity of seeing what women especially are doing in the region of applied art in 1912.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week "The Letter Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope," by A. M. W. Stirling, author of "Coke of Norfolk," "Annals of a Yorkshire House," etc., in two volumes, at 32s. net. These papers, collected from the Cannon Hall Muniments between the years 1805-1873, owe their preservation to Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope, daughter of the celebrated "Coke of Norfolk." They give a picture unrivalled in vividness of social and political life during nearly seventy years of the nineteenth century.

The Royal Agricultural College, Cirencester, having been recognised as the centre for advisory work in Forestry in Cornwall, Devon, Somerset, Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, Monmouthshire, Herefordshire, and Worcestershire, Professor H. A. Pritchard, F.S.I., has been appointed Technical Adviser, and Mr. A. D. Hopkinson, B.Sc. (Aberdeen), Lecturer in Forestry and Forest Mycology. The vacancy caused by the promotion of Professor R .G. Stapledon, M.A., to the post of Research Botanist at University College, Aberystwyth, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. C. B. Saunders, B.Sc. (London), who has for some years been Lecturer in Biology at Holmes Chapel Agricultural College.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By Lancelot Lawton.

THE DECISIVE BATTLE.

BARELY three weeks have elapsed since the Sultan ordered his armies to advance against "our small neighbours," and to-day the ever-victorious Bulgarian forces are hammering at the gates of Constantinople while the Ottoman Government pleads with the great Powers for mediation in the cause of peace. Thus the edifice of an Empire centuries old has crumbled to dust in a period that can only be measured in days. The almost incredible swiftness with which the *débâcle* was accomplished benumbs the imagination. It has, indeed, been a veritable Messina for Turkey, save that the forces of human folly, not of Nature, have wrought the wreckage. During the past week the columns of the daily Press have been filled with vivid descriptions of the decisive battle fought in Thrace, notable among which was an historic dispatch from the pen of Mr. E. Ashmead-Bartlett, who exhibits in his writing the observant faculties of the careful correspondent together with the insight and experience of the trained soldier—a rare and valuable combination.

For the first time we are made fully acquainted with the real causes that led to the great disaster. In everything that is considered necessary for a modern and efficient army, save the pluck and endurance of the common soldier, the Turks were lacking. To begin with the General Staff was hopelessly incompetent; the army was therefore without a brain. This circumstance explains everything, but it excuses nothing. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett tells us that the "grand" army had no commissariat train, that the soldiers fought with incomparable gallantry for three days without so much as the ration of a single biscuit, that not a field dressing station or a field hospital existed, that there were few surgeons, and that thousands of wounded whose lives with reasonable care might have been saved died unattended where they lay. Then the artillery went into action with only a few hours' supply of shell, ignorant peasants who never previously had carried a Mauser rifle in their hands were hastened to the front, not a single machine gun was to be seen, and there were no aeroplanes. Thus, as it were, the foe that faced the Bulgarian army was from the first blind and helpless—without brain, without eyes, without arms. The despairing character of the situation was evidenced by the lonely and isolated position of the Commander-in-Chief.

> "I will interrupt a further description of to-day's fighting," wrote Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, "to present to the reader the hopeless position of the Commander-in-Chief of the Turkish army, directing as he was, or as he should have been directing, the movements of four army corps, ranged over a front of twenty-five miles. Abdullah remained throughout the entire day, except for one brief interval, on the mound of which I have already spoken. His sole companions were his staff and his personal escort, and his sole means of obtaining any information as to what was happening elsewhere were his pair of field glasses. Not a line of telegraph or telephone had been brought to the front, and not a single wireless installation, although the Turkish army on paper possesses twelve complete outfits for its army corps; and not an effort had been made even to establish a line of messengers by relays to connect headquarters with the various army corps. I need hardly add that not a single aeroplane was anywhere within 100 miles of the front, and if any exist there was no one to fly them."

Contrast with the above pathetic incident the state of Japanese organisation at the battle of Mukden. There Marshal Oyama and his brilliant Chief of the Staff, General Kodama, practically conducted an

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

engagement, covering a front of ever one hundred miles, by means of the telephone. Spread upon a table in the centre of the little hut which they made their headquarters were a number of maps studded with coloured flags, while set apart on trestle stands were the signalling apparatus, switch-boards, and batteries from which radiated a veritable web of wires. Here, above the distant booming of hundreds of guns, the tinkling of the telephone bell seemed strangely incongruous. History repeats itself with insistent and unerring accuracy. After each great conflict the same lessons are to be learned. Similar stories as those which are now being recounted to explain the Turkish defeat were heard after the Franco-Prussian War, the South African War, and the Russo-Japanese War. So long as the world goes on, there will always be wars, and always a defeated side whose downfall will be attributed to want of foresight, of organisation, and of skill. "The most splendid material," says Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett to-day of the Turkish Army, "has been sacrificed on the altar of stupidity, conceit, self-satisfaction, and the grossest ineptitude." Elsewhere we are told that, when the Turkish soldier began to meddle in politics, the Turkish army was doomed. We cannot refrain from reversing the comment, and urging that in any country where the politician interferes in the legitimate sphere of the soldier, the inevitable effect will be to destroy the work of the soldier, and thus to deprive a State of its only bulwark against aggression. At such a moment as this, serious thoughts must be uppermost in the minds of the British citizen, who, while realising his responsibilities, is more often than not prevented from bearing them. Have we sufficient shell for our cannon, have we sufficient machine guns and aeroplanes, have we sufficient men trained in the use of the rifle? Or will it one day be written of Great Britain that she "sacrificed the most splendid material on the altar of stupidity, conceit, self-satisfaction, and the grossest ineptitude"?

THE FAR EAST.

While events in the Near East are pre-occupying the public mind, the situation in the Far East is developing in a startling manner. Russia has recognised the independence of Outer Mongolia, and as an answer to a protest from China it is expected that she will declare a protectorate over the territory. Japan will not be denied adequate compensation. Indeed, it is believed that months ago she reached an understanding with Russia on the matter. The time cannot therefore long be delayed when the division of Manchuria and Mongolia between these Powers, so often predicted in the columns of THE ACADEMY, will become an accomplished fact.

MOTORING

ONCE again the unattractive and out-of-the-way building at Olympia is the Mecca of the motorist, and for the next week, at any rate, the one topic of conversation in the motoring fraternity will be the Show. Unworthy as is Olympia for the holding of an exhibition of such national, or rather international, importance, inadequate in size, comfortless, and an architectural abomination, it still remains the only available building at all suitable for the purpose, and interest in motoring developments is now so universal that one may confidently prophesy a record attendance during the coming week. As this is necessarily written before the opening of the Show, it is, of course, not possible to give here an independent description of what is to be seen; but below we refer briefly to several of the more important and representative exhibits, the information being based partly upon preliminary inspections in exhibitors' showrooms and partly upon details supplied.

On the Napier stand (No. 48) there are only three specimens of the famous car which has done so much to demonstrate to the world that British design and workmanship in motor construction, as in every other branch of engineering, are second to none. They are sufficient, however, to show that the "Noiseless Napier" continues to represent the latest word in every department of motoring development. The exhibit consists of a 15-h.p. three-quarter landaulette, a 30-h.p. torpedo touring car, and a 38.4-h.p. Royal torpedo saloon. Of the last-mentioned it is difficult to speak in terms of moderation, but it is no exaggeration to say that a more beautiful and perfectly appointed motor-car has never been turned out. Every part and detail of the body-work bears evidence of the great amount of thought which has been brought to bear upon it by the designers, the Cunard Motor and Carriage Co., and its finish is perfection itself. We have no space here for details, but the visitor to Olympia should give this particular car his especial attention. In spite of the general advances which have been made in the coachbuilder's art in the last twelve months, the Napier Royal saloon will be a revelation to him. The body of the 15-h.p. landaulette is also by the Cunard Company, and, in its way, is an equally fine specimen of artistic workmanship; whilst the 30-h.p. (six-cylinder) will make a strong appeal to those who appreciate the combination of smartness of appearance with comfort and facilities for touring under the easiest conceivable conditions. All the Napier models for 1913 contain numerous improvements and refinements, full particulars of which may be obtained on application to the firm at New Burlington Street, W.

On Stand No. 47 will be found four examples of the new 30-h.p. six-cylinder Sheffield-Simplex, and all who are familiar with the fine qualities of this high-class British car will be curious to see the result of the association of those past-masters in motor design and construction, Messrs. Percy Richardson and Warwick Wright. The specimens shown are (1) the chassis itself, with standard finish; (2) the "Devon" Limousine (enclosed drive); (3) the "Grove" four-seater torpedo; and (4) the "Pytchley" limousine-landaulette. All the bodies are entirely original, their characteristic being a continuous graceful curve from the radiator round the body, and back again to the radiator. No dashboard is visible, and there are no

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

gable ends to collect dust or mud—two valuable points which greatly facilitate the cleaning of the car. Altogether, the fine and original bodywork of the Sheffield-Simplex exhibits renders them one of the most attractive and conspicuous features of the Show. The chassis itself embodies many new and important innovations. The radiator is of a novel and imposing design, there is a new system of springing, the frame is specially dropped to permit of low entrance bodies, and the brakes are fitted with ingenious hand-adjustments which act independently of the hand-lever and foot-pedals. The general verdict on the Sheffield-Simplex of 1913 will be that it is good enough to satisfy the most exacting connoisseur of luxurious motoring.

Of the comparatively few Continental cars which have fully maintained their popularity in this country in face of the great advances made by the British manufacturer, the Delaunay-Belleville holds pride of place. It is essentially a car for those whose purses are sufficiently deep to enable them to extract the highest joys of motoring, and in this respect it easily maintains its place in the front rank of the world's automobiles. A few of the characteristic features of the Delaunay-Belleville are its patent carburettor, which supplies the engine with gas of a constant quality, irrespective of throttle position or engine speed; the great strength of the back axle; the ample proportion of the system of springs; and the unusual power of the brakes. Another noteworthy feature of these fine French cars is the bodywork. This is by the famous Van den Plas of Belgium. Every visitor to the Exhibition who inspects the exhibits on Stand 66 will admire the beauty of design and perfection of finish.

Those visitors to the Show who actually contemplate buying cars will do well to remember that the task of making a judicious selection is now more difficult than ever, owing to the multiplicity of models on the market. Money and worry will be saved by securing the advice and services of a reliable expert adviser who knows the qualities of all the principal makes of cars and their suitability for particular requirements. One of the best-known and most efficient of these advisers is Mr. H. L. Aldersey Swann, consulting automobile engineer, of 9, Regent Street, London, S.W., who will be pleased to place his services at the disposal of any prospective buyer, free of charge. Mr. Swann has been entrusted with the selection of cars by many motorists of distinction, including the Duchess of Albany, and his advice can be implicitly relied upon in every way.

On Messrs. Bowley's stand (No. 213 in the gallery) a space has been set apart for demonstrating the Bowser system of economising fuel, and, in view of the present high price of petrol, many motorists will doubtless avail themselves of the opportunity of examining the new method of reducing their fuel bill.

One of the interesting exhibits in the accessory department of the Show is the "Airless Resilient Wheel," which is claimed to supersede all pneumatic tyres and to be adaptable for every class of motor vehicle. It is stated that over 300,000 miles have already been covered with these wheels, without a breakdown or breakage of any part. Those interested may obtain full information as to the construction of the new device at the stand of Messrs. Connolly, Ltd. (No. 175).

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

IT is evident that the public do not intend to buy stocks and shares as long as the war lasts. Business was never so stagnant; not a broker has an order. Many of them do not desire business; they are anxiously wondering how their clients will manage to pay the differences at the last account. Far too many accounts were arranged, and far too many punters had time given them, which makes the outlook unsatisfactory. Continental Bourses are jumpy. On one day Paris thinks that everything will go smoothly and she ventures to buy. The next day she is terrified lest Austria should ask for Salonica. France does not want war, neither does Austria. Indeed, the finances of that empire are not in a condition to permit war. The whole of Austria appears to have been gambling in a most insane manner. The gamble in Austrian industrials has equalled if not exceeded in violence that of St. Petersburg in Russians. Continental speculators have been buying industrial shares to pay them three per cent. There is only one end to such nonsense. Luckily that end makes for peace, as in spite of the depressed condition of markets, promoters have been offering shares, probably without success. The Southern Ontario Land was circularising all over England recklessly, and foolish statements were made as to the profits that the land would produce. It is doubtful whether any sober-minded people would subscribe. The Calthorpe Motor asks us for a small amount of money, and the certificate showed that the profits are on the increase and that the business was prosperous. The motor trade is good just now, but shares in motor companies are highly speculative. Lever Bros. offer 507,500 "C" preference shares at 1s. a share premium. The issue is attractive and the shares a first-class industrial investment. The Queensland Government loan gives us 4 per cent. on the trustee stock, and is a sound, gilt-edged security. The Dutch company for the Exploitation of Margarine Factories is offering £240,000 5½ per cent. cumulative preference at 22s. per share. The Company is a sort of trust for the investment of money in margarine factories. It is a prosperous concern, and the famous house of Van den Bergh guaranteed principal and interest. Therefore, although the shares appear over-priced, it is a sound industrial and would have been extremely attractive at par. Mexico Tramways are offering their shareholders some fresh capital. There are stories going about that the monopoly hitherto held by this Company is likely to be attacked. At the same time the shares appear a fair risk.

THE CHINESE LOAN appears to be forgotten in the excitement of the Balkan war. But the banks at the back of the Six Power Group are just as energetic as ever in their intrigues. I have before me a copy of a document that was affixed to the guichets of some of the principal Continental banks some weeks ago, in which the most astounding statements were made with regard to China and her loan. In their eagerness to discredit the Crisp group, the banks seem quite to forget the absurdity of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the position. Although they are ready and willing to lend China as much money as she wants, they never cease to declare that if anyone else lends the money they are running a terrible risk. The position would be ridiculous in the extreme were it not that it is very serious for England. The Chinese do not like the Germans, they hate the Japanese and they distrust the Americans, but they have great faith in the English, and they do not understand why Great Britain, which is always supposed to be a powerful nation, should be dragged in the mud of these intrigues. None of the Six Powers does any trade with China that is worth considering, with the exception of England, which does 52 per cent. Therefore, the sooner Sir Edward Grey intimates to the other Powers that he proposes to act on his own account, the better, and the sooner he throws over the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank, which is a semi-German institution, the sooner will he regain the confidence of the Chinese. Some months ago, the Six Power Group instructed two Japanese gentlemen to make a report on the advisability of lending China money on the Salt Tax. These gentlemen, who are admittedly experts, reported to the group that there was security for a loan of £26,000,000 on this tax alone. This report is now more or less public property. I wonder how the Six Powers can explain the figures in the report? The Foreign Office comes out of the affair very badly. Everybody in England knows that it is quite honest if stupid, but on the Continent people say that our Foreign officials must have been bought over. They cannot believe in our stupidity, for they see clearly that if we are doing this we must be doing it because of some sinister motive. Our prestige in the East has been very seriously damaged.

MONEY remains very tight, that is to say, no one who wishes to discount a three months' bill can do it under five per cent., although day to day loans can be arranged at two per cent. This shows what the monied people think of the position. If the Turks do not promptly yield, and if the Bulgarians do not realise that they cannot rule the world, we shall have a six per cent. bank rate before Christmas.

FOREIGNERS.—Paris did not like the Austrian rejection of the French overtures, and it is plain that the story that France and Austria had agreed upon a *modus vivendi* is untrue. However, there are so many "bears" in the foreign market that prices are distinctly firm. Indeed, the Bulgarian loan is now quoted at the same price as it was a year ago, and is up eight points on the last make up. German Threes are distinctly weak, but none of the nations who are deeply interested in the war appears in the least concerned, the defeated Turkey least of all. Turkish Unified at 82 are only six points lower than a year ago. This seems absurd when the newspapers are full of stories of the complete collapse of the Turkish Empire. It only shows how strong a market "bear" selling will make. The public is always abusing the "bear," but we have had a magnificent example during the past three weeks of what an aid he is in keeping a market firm. Had it not been for the "bear" selling we should have seen the most tremendous slump in all foreign securities. Indeed, wherever there has been a "bull" account, as in Tintos and Perus, the price has fallen away to nothing, and Peru Prefs., in spite of the fact that they are supposed to be worth 80, look very sick at 51½, and Tintos seem unable to lift their heads.

HOME RAILS are hardly affected at all, for there has been some heavy gambling in Dover A on the news that the Tilmanstone pits were on the coal. There is, however, no doubt that it will be twelve months before coal is shipped from these pits in any quantity. All the coal raised will have to be used by the Companies themselves, so that the railways instead of gaining traffic will have a certain loss, for to-day they are carrying the coal used by the Burr group. It is estimated that the railways now carry about two million tons of coal into Kent, and it must be understood that three or four years will elapse before the present collieries in Kent are raising such an amount. Therefore, those why buy Dover A to-day are looking at least three years ahead. No doubt in ten years' time Kent will be a great coal field, and then Dover A may go to par. The Stock Exchange always discounts the future.

YANKEES keep very firm. There seems no doubt that the democrat will get in, and as he has assured the financiers that he does not intend to attack them or indeed to interfere to any serious extent with the tariffs, we may expect a boom next year. Unions, Atchisons, Eries, and Southerns all look good, and Steels seem worth their price.

RUBBERS are dull. The event of the week has been the report of the Kwala Lumpur. A friend of mine who has lately returned from the Malay tells me that, in his opinion, this is the best of all. It has improved its dividend from 57½ to 65, in spite of the fact that the capital has been increased to £210,000. The capital cost per acre is now £43 13s., and the total acreage is 6,176. The Company harvested 859,660 lbs., which cost 1s. 6½d. and was sold at 4s. 9½d. The estate is well managed, and the accounts are admirably presented. It is a pity that other rubber companies do not attend to depreciation in the same manner as Kwala Lumpur, which has written off this year over £5,000. Nearly all the companies charge the cost of obtaining labour to capital account, but Kwala Lumpur charges these costs to revenue. This is thoroughly sound. The shares to-day can be bought under 6½, and they are a very reasonable rubber investment.

OIL.—The oil market has been dull, probably because those people who came in when the slump was on have been taking their profits, and partly because the Maikop Wells have all been giving reduced productions. Anglo Derek report was colourless, and certainly does not justify any boom in the shares. Tulsa Oil is being puffed, and the chairman has been making long speeches, no doubt with the idea of getting rid of some shares. It is clear that a market is to be made in Tulsas. The *Financial Times* on Wednesday had nearly five columns devoted to the speech of Mr. Meares. It is hardly likely that they inserted this verbatim report for the love of the beautiful eyes of the chairman of the Company. I am assured that the Maikop Deep Drilling Company have nothing whatever to do with the amalgamation that I mentioned last week, and they desire me to contradict the rumour.

MINES.—The Goldfields dividend announcement was a terrible disappointment. We all expected at least 3s. per share, but the profit available has fallen by nearly half. Nothing is written off, and after paying the dividend, there is a debit balance of £14,376, which, being deducted from the amount brought in, reduces the carry forward to £52,112. Thus the position of the Goldfields is distinctly bad, but the "bulls" say that the Company would never have paid away all its money unless it had been perfectly certain that it expected a boom next year. Goldfields has been going from bad to worse for many years past. In 1909 it had nearly one and a quarter millions available for dividend. This year it only has £335,624. The Falcon report was also very bad. We had expected great things, but instead we found that everything had been cut down, and the ore reserves which in 1911 were valued at nearly three millions are now only valued at just under one and a half millions. They have dropped 50 per cent. in a year. Falcon ore is complex, and even when the plant is started, which will not be for another eighteen months, we are not likely to get more than 20 per cent. dividend, even if every expectation is fulfilled, and I never yet found a mine that came up to expectations.

MISCELLANEOUS.—This is the period when the nitrate reports make their appearance, and they are coming out rapidly. I cannot agree with the "bulls" that these shares are under-valued. They appear to me priced at ridiculous figures. Most of the nitrate companies entirely refuse to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

realise that their grounds are being worked out. Santa Catalina has only eight years to run, yet the depreciation writen off this year is only £4,136. Colorado actually increases its dividend, but it has only a few more years to live. It has to pay off £66,000 of debentures, and the company owes £74,360. The properties stand in the books at £286,473. Liverpool, which belongs to the same group, is managed, however, on entirely different lines. It pays 50s. a share dividend, and the whole of its properties are entered in the books at £43,557. There are no debentures, and although Liverpool shares are very high, they are very safe. RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In your issue of October 26 your correspondent, Mr. James R. Fergusson, flies, as do most of the Stratfordians, to fiction for evidence.

The author of "Fuller's Worthies" was but eight years old when Shakespeare died. His supposed report of conversations between Ben Jonson and the Stratford clown is pure romance, and does not profess to be a description by an eye-witness of any real event.

Then Mr. Fergusson seems to imagine that, when I describe "Bill Shaggs" of Stratford, who could neither read nor write (See Notes and Queries, August 24 and October 26) as a drunken, illiterate clown, I am striking a blow at the mighty author of the plays who, outside of religious teachers, was the greatest of the sons of earth.

I thought that everybody who knew anything of the literature of the Elizabethan age was aware of the fact that the preface of the immortal plays was certainly not written by Hemminge and Condell. In the poem signed Leonard Digges there is a particularly clear "Biliteral Cypher," which was easily read by Mrs. Gallup as follows: "Francis of Verulam is the author of all the plays heretofore published by Marlow, Greene, Peel, Shakespeare, and the two-and-twenty now published for the first time. Some are alter'd to continue his history.—F. S. A."

In order to check Mrs. Gallup I caused Digges' verses to be photographically enlarged twenty-fold. Your readers may therefore rely on the correctness of Mrs. Gallup's reading.

In my unique library there is a copy of Bacon's complete works in Latin, published at Frankfort, which is dated 1665, and also another copy likewise issued at Frankfort bearing the same date, 1665.

To an ordinary observer the title pages of each appear alike, and when I gave a copy to the British Museum, they simply catalogued it as "*another*" copy.

The title page of one tells me that in it the mystery is solved. In this copy the printing is throughout in two founts of type. The alternative copy (in which the title page tells me the mystery is not solved) is excellently printed from a single fount of type. No one examining these two editions together, which are word for word and column for column—excepting in one special place—the same, can refuse to believe that one of them is carefully printed from two founts of type. This means that this edition contains another story, to be revealed at some future date by means of the biliteral cypher, which Bacon (in his "De Augmentis," chap. vi) tells us he invented when in Paris as a youth. It is practically the same as the Morse code, now universally used for all kinds of telegraphy, excepting that five symbols are employed for every letter. It is exceedingly simple. You write "stay in till *I* come." Then your friend reads the ordinary type as dots and the italic type as dash, and cuts them up into fives. Thus: . . — . — . — . — . — . — — . — — . which he at once reads as "Fly." (F being . . —.—; L .—.—. ; and Y —.— —.)

Bacon does not call the two founts of type dot-letters and dash-letters, but "a" letters and "b" letters, which often seems to puzzle people.

Permit me to remind your readers that a grammar school was a Latin grammar school, where the rudiments of learning were never taught, where English was never spoken, and where Latin was never translated into English. In 1580, when Bacon was twenty years old, the statutes of Harrow School provided that no boy (excepting in the lowest form) should speak anything but Latin, even in the playground.

When Bacon was born English, as we now understand it, did not exist. Ere he died he had succeeded in creating our present English language, which is the noblest vehicle of thought ever possessed by man. This he accomplished mainly by his translation of the *BIBLE* and *his SHAKESPEARE*. It is now universally admitted that the English language of to-day subsists upon these two books. Yours, etc.,

EDWIN DURNING LAWRENCE.

13, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.
October 30, 1912.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, in his pamphlet "The Shakespeare Myth," gives a photo fac-simile of the veses by B. I., descriptive of the portrait of Shakespeare, which face the title-page of the 1623 folio. As might be expected, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence finds all sorts of hidden meanings in this perfectly straightforward piece of doggerel. Here is a sample of his method:—

"B. I. never calls the ridiculous dummy a portrait, but describes it as 'the figure,' 'put for' (*i.e.*, instead of), and as 'the Print,'" etc.

Having dealt with other points, the author gives what purports to be a paraphrase of the verses, revealing their true (*i.e.*, hidden) meaning. The paraphrase begins thus:—

"The dummy that thou seest set here
Was put instead of Shake-a-speare;——"

Now, in the passage quoted above, the author distinctly asserts that B. I. describes the portrait as being "put for" (Shakespeare). This phrase "put for" he translates as "put instead of," and uses the translation in his paraphrase.

Now, "put instead of" can doubtless be used to render the meaning of "put for." But it is surely remarkable that, in spite of the author's assertion, the phrase "put for" actually does not occur in the verses! The first two lines run thus:—

"This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut;——"

To support his argument, therefore, Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence has not merely altered a phrase used by B. I. Before altering it, he has invented it! I am, Sir, yours faithfully, HENRY STACE.

Pinner, October 2, 1912.

"THE EARL OF MACCLESFIELD'S BASQUE MSS."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Under the above heading one finds on pages 168 and 306 of vol. 26, THE ACADEMY (1884), two letters from Sir J. Rhys, which led to the printing of most of those manuscripts. An account of them will be found in the works of Mr. Ll. Thomas and Mr. Wentworth Webster, graduates of Oxford, now dead; in the *Revue de Linguistique*; in the *Bibliographie Basque* of M. Julien Vinson; and in *The American Journal of Philology* for 1902. Among them is a copy, made in 1807 by Samuel Greatheed, of the translation of Genesis and part of Exodos

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

into the dialect of St. Jean de Luz, written about 1715, by Pierre d'Urte, who was in London in the reign of George I. That copy was useful for the edition of d'Urtes version, published at the Clarendon Press in 1894, because, since he saw it, some parts of the original had been cut off by a binder. With it there are notes shewing that he had read the other MSS. of d'Urte. S. Greatheed died in 1823. His grandson, Mr. W. Greatheed, of 67-69, Chancery Lane, W.C., adds to what we knew about his work this memorandum dated October 14, 1912:—

"Dear Sir,—This is a further reply to your letter of April 2 than I could give when I returned Mr. H. Jenners flattering, but very pleasant, postcard as to my father. I have been spending time at Cambridge reading the 105 letters of my grandfather upon which Mr. L. E. Tanner has been at work, and which, as you know, turned up mysteriously after dormancy for a century. S. Greatheed refers to Baskish, not this time as Portuguese, but as 'Cantabrian,' and he expects to have literary assistance from Lord Macclesfield (by the influence of Cosway, the artist, and Lord Leicester) in the shape of 12 MS. volumes of a 'Cantabrian dictionary.' The motive at the time was not 'Christian Missions'; for it was a period when he was a little soured by public inappreciation of his history, but he was being made a Fellow of the Antiquarian Society; he was kicking at the accepted theory that British were all Celts by origin; they were more probably by origin 'Iberian'; and study of the 'Cantabrian' language would help to solve the point. He subsequently published in the Society's proceedings those papers on the subject of our origin, which I remember looking at long ago, and not being much interested. It still seems to me probable that it was from the French *émigré,* the Baron Tardif, that he got the loan of d'Urte's work: that he copied it for his own purposes, and that he eventually gave the copy to Lord Macclesfield, perhaps in appreciation of the loan of the 12 MS. volumes: also that Lord Macclesfield bought the d'Urte copy, or was given it, after my grandfather's death. But this last paragraph of mine is guesswork. It is curious that in this way one should get back to the Macclesfield library, of which your letter of April 2 tells me. I presume the 12 volumes are familiar to you, and that you know why Lord Macclesfield should have specialised in this way. I don't."

I did see those MSS. at Shirburn Castle, including the "Cantabrian Dictionary," *i.e.,* Latin-Baskish, ending at "Commodus," and bound, long after 1823, in five volumes. Has any part of them been lost since Greatheed saw them? It seems that they may have been there in 1749. The Grammar, dated 1712, and a specimen of the Dictionary, were published defectively by Mr. Webster. Though not scientific, yet they are worth quoting to shew how the language was written 200 years ago, and a critical edition might be of value to a few scholars. In my letter in THE ACADEMY of May 10, 1912, read "Pembroke College, Oxford," instead of "Brasenose," as the place where Sir T. Browne graduated. I am, Sir, yours,

EDWARD SPENCER DODGSON.

The Union Society, Oxford.
October 16, 1912.

A NATIONAL REFLECTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—All lovers of fair play will welcome the article referred to in Mr. Daniel's letter last week, for, surely, nothing can be more absurd than the attempt made by the Masterman Brothers to give to a war of aggression the character of a Christian Crusade? Moreover, even if Greeks, Bulgars and Serbs had any right to pose as Christian Crusaders approval on our part would be absurd since we in this country have definitely decided that a man's religion, or want of it, is a matter of no concern to anybody but himself.

If any man doubts this let him remember that our rulers think so little of religion that they do their best to keep it out of our schools, and, further, did not think it worth while to make any inquiries at the census about our religious convictions. When we dwell on other things and also call to mind the fact that avowed atheists may be Ministers of the Crown and controllers of our destinies we begin to understand that all talk about "our common Christianity" is pure cant. To our Mussulman fellow-subjects in India it must seem like pure hypocrisy, for they know that the same Radical Statesman who denounces Mahomedanism will expect Mahomedan soldiers to give limb and life, in case of need, in the service of the Empire. How long Mahomedans will submit to be treated, alternately, as ruffians when we want to turn them out of Europe, and as heroes when we wish to exploit them to prevent ourselves being turned out of India, is a question which the future must decide. Yours faithfully,

C. F. RYDER.

Thurlow Hall, Suffolk. October 27, 1912.

CHRISTMAS HAMPERS AND CLOTHING FOR LITTLE CRIPPLES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I once again ask the courtesy of your columns to remind your generous readers of the distribution of Christmas hampers and clothing to poor crippled children?

Every year, for the last eighteen years, I have, by the kind permission of the Corporation, entertained some 1,200 poor children at the Guildhall.

I hope, as usual, to dispatch the welcome hampers to my little friends on the morning of the day when this annual banquet will again be held.

His Majesty the King is again graciously pleased to continue his subscription to this fund, which it is my privilege to bring to the annual notice of the public.

I am hoping that this year I shall be able to say I have denied no deserving applicant. As usual, I propose to hand any balance I may have to the Hospital and College for Crippled Children at Alton, which bears my name, and to the Ladies' Guild which has been formed for the purpose of clothing the 270 children residing there.

The Hon. Mrs. H. Lawson is president and Miss Treloar hon. secretary of the Guild.

With the hamper the little cripple entertains the family, and on a modest estimate the Fund brightens the lives at Christmas-time of over thirty thousand of the poor of London.

Donations may be sent as heretofore to me, addressed "Little Cripples' Christmas Hamper and Clothing Fund."—I am, Sir, yours truly,

W. P. TRELOAR.

P.S.—I may add that I intend to ask the incoming Mayors of the Metropolitan Boroughs and the London City Mission to co-operate with me, and I hope, with their kind help, to distribute the hampers on the widest possible basis in this the nineteenth year of the distribution.

Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

SIR HENRY STANLEY'S GRAVE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Having heard from a seemingly reliable source that the grave of Sir Henry Stanley was in an unsatisfactory condition, I took the opportunity, when staying with some relatitves at Woking a few days ago, of motoring to the neighbouring churchyard of Pirbright, where the great African traveller lies buried, and found to my relief that his last resting-place, which I visited for the first time in 1910, was still in perfectly good order. It is surrounded by a fine yew hedge, and the tomb consists of a massive

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

unpolished granite rock of considerable height, containing the following inscription cut into the stone in large letters: "Henry Morton Stanley, Bula Matari, 1841-1904, Africa." It is a superb monument, and in perfect keeping with the magnificently grand and rugged character of the immortal deceased. Yours very faithfully, ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead,
London, N.W.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

The Memoirs of Mimosa by Herself. Edited by Anne Elliot. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
The King's Master. By Olive Lethbridge and John de Stourton. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
The Meteoric Benson: A Romance of Actuality. By Vincent Mills-Malet. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)
The Grip of Life. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
Les Clartés Latentes: Vingt Contes et Paraboles. By Franz Hellens. (Librairie Générale des Sciences, des Arts et des Lettres, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)
Round About a Rectory. By the Author of "Leaves from a Life." (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)
Love in a Motor-Car. By Raymond Needham. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
Broken Pitchers. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)
The Return of Peter Grimm. By David Belasco. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
John: A Story of this World and the Next. By Strahan Richards. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
A White Man's Burden. By Charles Beadle. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)
The Clay's Revenge. By Helen George. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)
Delfina of the Dolphins. By Mary Argyle Taylor. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. 6d. net.)
The Forest Farm: Tales of the Austrian Tyrol. By Peter Rosegger. With an Appreciation by Maude E. King and a Biographical Note by Dr. Julius Petersen. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. net.)
Erica. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)
Private Smith. By Captain Oswald Dallas. With a Foreword by Lt.-Gen. Sir Robert Baden-Powell, K.C.B. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)
The Village Infidel. By C. E. Heanley. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)
A Year Without a Chaperon. By Elsie M. Cawthorne. (John Long. 6s.)
The Wooing of Mifanwy: A Welsh Love Story. By Edith C. Kenyon. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)
St. Lô. By Dorothy M. Stuart. (Holden and Hardingham. 6s.)
The Enlightenment of Sylvia. By A. D. Pickering. (John Murray. 6s.)
The Port of Dreams. By Miriam Alexander. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
Things that Pass. By Alice E. Robbins. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)
Seaford's Snake. By Bertram Mitford. Illustrated. (Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.)
Stories of Irish Life Past and Present. By Slieve Foy. (Lynwood and Co. 1s. net.)
Queer Little Jane. By Curtis Yorke. (John Long. 6s.)
Centene. By H. Grahame Richards. (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)
The Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina. By Jeanne Bartholomew Magoun. With Coloured Frontispiece. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2s. net.)

VERSE.

A Dream of Daffodils: Last Poems by H. D. Lowry. Arranged for the Press by G. E. Matheson and C. A. Dawson Scott. With Portrait and a Memoir by Edgar A. Preston. (G. J. Glaisher.)
Beyond. By C. A. Dawson Scott. (G. J. Glaisher.)
The Vaunt of Man, and Other Poems. By Wm. Ellery Leonard. (B. W. Huebsch, N.Y. $1.25 net.)
Foolery: A Comedy in Verse. By Robert Vansittart. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net.)
Songs from the Forests of Tane. By T. Chamberlin Chamberlin. With a Frontispiece. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)
Essays in Song. By Madame Muriel Richard. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)
Rag Time: A Collecton of Military Poems suitable for Recitation. By Lieut.-Col. J. D. F. Donegan. (Lynwood and Co. 1s. net.)
Présences. (*Poèmes—1re Série.*) By P. J. Jouve. (Georges Crès and Co., Paris.)
Far-Off Fields, and Other Poems. By Joseph Whittaker. (T. W. Jenkins, Dartford. 1s. net.)
My Nursery Window. Verses by Isabel M. Carswell. (Gowans and Gray. 1s. 6d. net.)
A Legend of Old Persia, and Other Poems. By A. B. S. Tennyson. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)
The Soul of a Gardener. By H. M. Waithman. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

The Evolution of States: An Introduction to English Politics. By J. M. Robertson. (Watts and Co. 5s. net.)
The Significance of Ancient Religions in Relation to Human Evolution and Brain Development. By E. Noel Reichardt, M.D. (George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)
American Socialism of the Present Day. By Jessie Wallace Hughan, Ph. D. With an Introduction by John Spargo. (John Lane. 5s. net.)
The Story of Don John of Austria. Told by Padre Luis Coloma, S.J. of the Real Academia Española. Translated by Lady Moreton. Illustrated. (John Lane. 16s. net.)
Letters and Character Sketches from the House of Commons. Written by the late Rt. Hon. Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P. Edited by his Son, Sir Richard Carnac Temple, Bart. (John Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)
George Palmer Putnam: A Memoir. By G. H. Putnam, Litt.D., with Portrait. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)
The Empress Eugénie and Her Circle. By Dr. E. Barthez. Translated by Bernard Miall. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)
Napoleon's Last Campaign in Germany, 1813. By F. Loraine Petre. With Maps and Plans. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)
Scenes and Memories. By Walburga, Lady Paget. With Portrait. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)
A Short History of Germany to the Present Day. By A. W. Holland. (The British-German Friendship Society. 6d.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Lord Rutland est Shakespeare. By Célestin Demblon. With Portrait. (Paul Ferdinando, Paris. 3 fr. 50 c.)
Sir Gawain and the Green Knight. Rendered Literally into Modern English by the Rev. Ernest J. B. Kirttan, B.A. Decorated by Frederic Lawrence. (C. H. Kelly. 3s. 6d. net.)
Mr. Lloyd George's Supper Party. By the Member for Britain. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1s.)
Home Rule in the Making. (P. S. King and Son. 1s. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

THE ONLY WAY

LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

What the Other Children Do. By Elizabeth Grierson. Illustrated. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

South America. Painted by A. S. Forrest. Described by W. H. Koebel. (A. and C. Black. 20s. net.)

Winter and Spring. By William Scott Palmer. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Canadian Boat Song; and Other Papers. By Thomas Newbigging. (Sherratt and Hughes. 3s. 6d. net.)

Papua, or British New Guinea. By J. H. P. Murray. With an Introduction by Sir William MacGregor, G.C.M.G. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

Through Shên-kan: The Account of the Clark Expedition in North China, 1908-1909. By R. S. Clark and A. de C. Sowerby. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 25s. net.)

THEOLOGY.

An Appeal for Unity in the Faith: Being An Appeal to Anglicans (Protestant Episcopalians) and Protestants of Other Denominations to Return to the Unity of the Faith. By Rev. John Phelan. (M. A. Donohue and Co., Chicago, and Burns and Oates. 4s. net.)

The Name of God in the Pentateuch. By Dr. A. Troelstra. Translated from the Dutch by Edmund McClure, M.A. (The S.P.C.K. 2s.)

Issues of the Incarnation: Christian Doctrine and Christian Life. By W. Edward Chadwick, D.D., B.Sc. (George Allen and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Another Plea for the Unknown God. By Chamfee. (Queenhithe Printing and Publishing Co. 1s.)

The Meaning of Christianity. By Frederick A. M. Spencer, M.A. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Within: Thoughts During Convalescence. By Sir Francis Younghusband, K.C.I.E., D.Sc. (Williams and Norgate. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Mines of Isaiah Re-Explored. By the Rev. T. K. Cheyne, D.Litt. (A. and C. Black. 5s. net.)

The Apocalypse of Jesus: Being a Step in the Search for the Historical Christ. By F. W. Worsley, M.A. (J. and J. Bennett. 7s. 6d.)

The Pilgrimage of the Cross. Adapted from an old French Allegory by Hallie Killick. (The S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d.)

The Open Sore of Christendom. By the Rev. W. J. Sexton, M.A. (J. and J. Bennett. 2s. 6d. net.)

Sketches of Georgian Church History. By Archdeacon Dowling, D.D. Illustrated. (The S.P.C.K. 2s. 6d.)

Ecce Deus: Studies of Primitive Christianity. By Professor W. B. Smith. (Watts and Co. 6s. net.)

Wind and Cloud: Selections from the Writings of Father Pollock and his Brother. With Portrait. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Meditations on Portions of St. John's Gospel. By Mrs. Romanes. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Cambridge University Reporter; Poetry, a Magazine of Verse, Chicago; Library Miscellany, Baroda; Blackwood's Magazine; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; Garden Cities and Town Planning; English Review; Educational Times; The Occult Review; Nineteenth Century and After; All the World; Representation; Oxford and Cambridge Review; School World; Bookseller; Mercure de France; Revue des Etudes Napoléoniennes; University Correspondent; University College of North Wales Calendar, 1912-13; *Deutsche Rundschau; La Revue; Publishers' Circular; Empire Review; Book Monthly; The Author; M. A. B.; The Idler; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Tourist Magazine, N.Y.; Museum of Fine Arts Bulletin, Boston, U.S.A.; Peru To-Day; The Vineyard.*

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE

TO

SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.

WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.

Vià the SUEZ CANAL:

Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.

(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.

Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE

PLEASURE CRUISES

LIVERPOOL

to the

MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC

by the

"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"

. . . Ports of Call . . .

CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.

EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.

(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)

Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises

Throughout the Year, according to Season.

AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.

Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—

PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, 102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

CRUISES TO NORWAY.

Mediterranean, Holy Land, Egypt, etc., by Ocean Yachting Steamer "ARCADIAN" during the Autumn.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,

London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	627
The Paradox	628
Politics and Pelf	628
The Work of Mr. Algernon Blackwood	629
When the Boats came Back	630
The Viceroys of Ireland ...	631
Reviews:	
The Girlhood of Queen Victoria	633
What the Judge Saw ...	634
The Letters of Lady Lyttelton	635
The Cream of Parody ...	636
The Soul of a Tramp ...	637
The Alien Immigrant ...	637
Shorter Reviews	638
Fiction	641
The Theatre:	
"Officer 666" at the Globe Theatre	642
"A Venetian Night" at the Palace	643
"A Penny Bunch" at the Vaudeville	643
Exhibitions at the Grosvenor and Leicester Galleries	643
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	644
Notes and News	647
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	648
Motoring	649
In the Temple of Mammon	650
Correspondence	651
Books Received	654

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

THE reasons for the resignation of Mr. James Bryce, the British Ambassador to the United States, have not been fully disclosed, but it is permissible to surmise that the attraction of literary affairs, which has always been strongly upon him, has not a little to do with the step he has taken. As long ago as 1862 his work on "The Holy Roman Empire" brought him fame; his book on "The American Commonwealth," published in 1888, is a classic on the subject, and in America is regarded as a text-book for all students. In the intervals of a strenuous official career—for within the recollection of many of our readers he has been Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, President of the Board of Trade, and Chief Secretary for Ireland—he has evidently found time to go thoroughly into subjects which need deep study and a well-balanced mind before any critical essay can be composed upon them. Whatever we may think of his political opinions, there is no doubt as to his qualifications as a writer; his latest volume on South America ranks high with those who are fitted to judge, and we hear that he has other works in hand, notably one on Democracy, which, if we mistake not, will embody much that is new in the treatment of a difficult theme.

Many old customs, a few of which still linger, are associated with the choosing of a Mayor and his assumption of office. In London, in the year 1825, a "precept" was issued to the Aldermen which contained some amusing instructions "for the more decent and orderly Performance of the Solemnity"; among these the beadle was to go from house to house and "acquaint the several Inhabitants that by an Act of Parliament made in the reign of King William the Third It is enacted that no Person of what degree or quality soever shall make, sell, or expose to sale, any Squibs, Serpents, or other Fireworks; or any Cases, Moulds, or other Implements whatsoever for making such Fireworks." The populace were requested "to adorn the Fronts and Balconies of their Houses with their best Hangings or other Ornaments," and to have their streets "cleanly swept, well paved and amended." Some years ago the new Mayor of Newcastle-on-Tyne had to kiss the prettiest girl he could find—and pay a sovereign for the privilege; and at Grimsby three candidates, each with a bundle of hay on his back, submitted themselves to a calf, who made choice. There was doubtless more fun in the old days than there is now, and more pageantry, especially when the barges of the City Companies accompanied the Lord Mayor-elect from Westminster to Blackfriars; but, on the whole, our choice in these more sober times is quite as sound, and the results probably better.

We shall be very sorry, from more than one point of view, if the system recently advocated by a writer in *The World's Work* of using magazines as text-books in the education of children ever becomes general. The attitude of one teacher who is "running a magazine class," and the value of her remarks, may be judged from her own words; she "can't keep up much longer the deception that De Quincey, Pope, and Addison are the best literary diet," and she hopes that "sometime an advantage of analysing these moth-eaten worthies will appear." If it were worth while, it would be interesting to hear what graceful raillery from Addison, and what bleak satiric couplet from Pope, would greet a statement so pretentious and so peculiarly expressed. Doubtless—indeed, inevitably—the popular magazines are more to the taste of this pert, self-satisfied lady than any masterpiece of English literature. Sad indeed will be the reflections of the pupils thus "educated" when, in after years, they mingle with ordinary people who happen to have enjoyed the work of Shakespeare, Spenser, Swift Pope, Addison, and other "moth-eaten worthies" who, curiously enough, have managed somehow to gain an honoured place in history, but whose charm makes no appeal to the lofty-souled "teacher running a magazine class."

China, we understand, is to have a new alphabet, in order that the task of the student in committing to memory 8,coo ideograms may no longer be necessary. The laborious duty of reforming the language has been entrusted to a distinguished Committee, one member of which is Professor Solonghello, of the School of Oriental Languages at Naples, and "one of the greatest polyglots in the world," according to *La Revue*. With no disrespect to the Professor, may we suggest that his name is prophetic, in our English colloquial speech; "so long" to the old, "hello" to the new. To reduce so complicated a tongue within the compass of forty-two letters, or rather characters, is a triumph indeed.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Paradox

I.

WHEN I have gained the Hill
Where beats the clear and rigid light of God
Full on the path by fearless comrades trod;
When I have tuned to theirs my will and word,
And by my prompting voice their ranks are stirred
To hail each height with "Higher! higher still!"
That luring glow which from the Valley streams
Warns me *I* am not what my spirit seems!

II.

But when my life descends
Into the Hollow, where no wild thoughts reach,
And all that lawful yearning can beseech
Sits at my hearth, or in my garden grows;
When I need match no more with noble foes,
Nor share the yoke with unrelenting friends,
That strange veiled star which o'er the Hill-top beams
Shows me *I* am not what my body dreams!

G. M. HORT.

Politics and Pelf.

AFTER a long experience of politics, which—if they are clean—afford an honourable career to any man, we are able to offer to Mr. Asquith and Mr. Churchill—for the latter of whom we have hardly ever had a good word to say—our cordial congratulations on their speeches in connection with the crisis in the East. Their utterances are worthy of Conservative statesmen of the most patriotic type—as indeed these statesmen, in reality, are. Their views are, of course, hateful to Sir John Brunner, Sir William Byles, and the rest of the proletariat of the Radical Party.

The only fault which can possibly be alleged against the wholesome members of the Government is that they have found salvation late in the day. For long—whilst they have not been guilty of the atrocities of the 1878 Bulgarian era—they have still clung to a pious belief in the greatest fraud of modern times—the European Concert—and the harmless, unnecessary Hague Convention.

The Ottoman Empire in Europe is to-day cursing Young Turks and their Committees, Cabinets, and kindred impostures; the day may come when the British Isles will join in the lament. You can't muddle through somehow always. Any commercial man will tell you any day that a business concern run on the lines of the hired assembly which sits at Westminster would be bankrupt in a week.

We are not in this article affecting a style, because we wish to be brusque and, if necessary, brutal in showing up shams and make-believes which are used to hoodwink a people who in their constant delusion think that they are governing themselves. Are they doing so? At the last general election and the preceding one, a quantity of gentlemen were elected who ranted and railed against the precise methods which their leaders are adopting, and which they support in the Government lobby. Only Sir John Brunner, who has done pretty well out of his workmen, protests. He is no longer a member of Parliament, and therefore his unsalaried tongue is loosed. Where is his army?

The story is told—it may be true, or it may be false—of a very celebrated actress who was performing in the provinces the part of Joan of Arc. After praying for guidance, which we believe the Radical Party never does, she summoned her Army on to the stage. Forthwith appeared two supers—one of whom was cross-eyed and club-footed—and the actress herself joined in the laughter. It was a poor show, we admit; but could Sir John Brunner muster even such an army as this?

In a review which we wrote a few weeks ago of the Plutus of Aristophanes, we quoted the passage:—

> So poverty exclaims—
> "Look at the politicians; while my restraint they feel
> The people and the State in them may safely put their trust,
> But once enriched from public funds they show themselves unjust,
> And plot against the masses and oppose the people's will."

The present Ministry and their followers are doing something of the sort. Elected as Radicals and Peace-at-any-price tabernacle spouters, they are showing themselves to be thorough-going Jingoes, out-Heroding Herod. We commend their attitude most heartily. They show themselves to be worthy of the position in which they were placed by an enlightened electorate. But what about false pretences? Don't mention the hated words! Great is Diana of the Ephesians, and greater still is the worship of four hundred sovereigns per annum.

Sir Frederick Banbury has delivered a smashing blow against the edifice of racecourse tricks which the Cocoa Evangelists hoped they could practise with impunity, and the "higher and lower branches of the profession" in conference have evolved a scheme for reducing the House of Commons to a nullity. It has got to eat "'umble pie," if not to sit in sackcloth, with ashes heaped on its head. We shall see.

The mother of Parliaments is, we think, in a parlous state, and, if her decline has been undignified, we can only hope that her sepulture will record virtues which existed—at least in imagination.

CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Work of Mr. Algernon Blackwood.

By H. BELLOC.

IT is not too early in the day to call attention to the particular position enjoyed by Mr. Algernon Blackwood among writers of English. His work is so much his own, it is so complete, it is so sincere, and it is so final that it deserves and will attain not only a high but a permanent place in English letters.

It happens not infrequently to-day with the curious—though happily waning—influence of daily-news-getting and news-reading that some writer is lifted altogether out of his due place too rapidly, and usually without sufficient judgment. He writes some one book, often his first; its subject as often as not is rather his claim to notoriety than his method; his grasp, his presentment are any title to fame. The process is familiar, and, by a metaphor drawn characteristically enough from the Stock Exchange, the result is known as a "boom." It is not universally true, of course, that reputations so made are valueless. The past, though less frequently than the present, gives us examples of artificial rumours of the kind, and in the present, as in the past, some few of them, though artificial in origin, prove themselves just in the long run. But it is generally to be observed that the reputation of a man whose art is at once novel and sober is a thing of reasonable growth. It can hardly of its nature be explosive. It must come and grow as natural things do, and if, as is the case with Mr. Blackwood, the work is, as it were, an outcrop of the man's own nature, then its advance into public recognition will necessarily be accompanied at first either by irritation or by neglect.

It has been Mr. Blackwood's singular good fortune never to provoke the first, but it is no injustice to him—rather the reverse—if we admit that for some years his really excellent management of his own subject has suffered a little from the second. It is time that this neglect, such as it is, should cease, and that we should appreciate how thorough and permanent an addition to the monuments of the language we are in process of receiving from his pen.

Mr. Blackwood has now to his account a number of books, all written within the framework of one large theme, and each of so singular a merit within that field that it is impossible to choose one volume before another, either as an illustration of his merit or as an illustration of his easy success.

That theme is what is generally and loosely called the Supernatural, and whether we look for it in that extraordinary first unique collection of stories which he called "The Empty House," in "The Listener," in "John Silence," in "Jimbo," in "The Education of Uncle Paul," in "The Human Chord," in "The Centaur," or in the last of his gifts to the public, "Pan's Garden"—wherever we see it treated, and from whatever side, we discover in the first sentences of our reading that it is treated by a master. By this I do not only mean that it is treated by one who has profoundly felt the omnipresence of things commonly unseen—that would be no more than to say that Mr. Blackwood had been granted his material by nature—it would not account for his art. No nation more than this and no literature more than the English is in contact with such theses, unless we except the Western populations: those "children of the Night" in Ireland, in the Highlands, in Brittany, and in the Galician mountains, who seem to draw their violent perception of the spiritual from some Atlantic influence. At any rate, of the great European languages our own is specially rich in the sentiment of which I speak, and it would be no appreciation of Mr. Blackwood's work to say that it was nothing more than one unit in so lengthy a series. Mr. Blackwood's position, the very high position which he must necessarily occupy among our men of letters, will reside in a much rarer thing: the invaluable power of presenting to others the conviction of the life beneath all our externals. I say "the conviction," for the mainspring of this remarkable prose is faith. He takes for granted what he makes it his business to portray. It is clear that he has never doubted it at all, and that vivid spiritual experience, the reality of which in others many recognise, and for the possibility of which many more would argue, is to him as obviously true as the daily experience of the senses is obviously true to all of us.

But here again conviction alone, or rather an impossibility of doubting, would not be sufficient to account for what he has done. It is the ability to produce in others either a similar conviction, or, at any rate, a sharp comprehension of it, that is so astonishing and arresting a character in all that he writes.

Few of us but are familiar with the effect of spiritual horror which a good ghost story well told can produce. Much more rarely we discover the power to introduce that unexplored line of interior experience developed by a writer who deals not with the traditional and narrow material of the ghost story, but with the very nature of the soul in this respect and the general capacity of any human spirit to suffer the unnamed assault of darkness. Perhaps the best modern example of this is Mgr. Benson's "The Necromancers." But Mr. Blackwood can do this and much more. He can write and has written much the best ghost stories of our time. He can describe and has described that general spiritual peril or fascination which I have just mentioned. But he can also describe the spiritual mood of creation; the spiritual mood of recognition; the exaltations of the soul and the life of everything which is not man where it is happy, where it is triumphant, where it is merely *different* from us, where it is sorrowful; in so much, at least, as man can be by some development of spiritual power in touch with all those lives that are not his. Thus in "Pan's Garden" we have a whole series of such lives woven into men's lives; the life of the sea, of the snow, of the sand. In "The Centaur" it is mythology which becomes real; in "The Human

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Chord" both the Word and Music; in "Jimbo" the atmosphere of childhood.

No one else, perhaps, has done this, and certainly to-day no one else can.

Though criticism is the dullest and the least profitable of trades, curiosity impels one to discover, if it be possible, *how* such effects are produced, and the first and most convenient answer will, of course, be to say that the effect was due to "style." So it is. It is the choice of words and the order in which the author puts them which does what no one else could do. To analyse the style in detail, to take a passage from, say, that marvellous description of the haunted eyot in the Danube, under the high, clear wind and subject to the rising flood, would be to no purpose at all. What is magical in style escapes analysis. But one can at least, for one's own comfort and perhaps for the comfort of others, consider the chief character in any writer who has so perfectly achieved his end; and in the case of Mr. Blackwood this chief character is facile exactitude.

The power to find exactly what English word one needs in some particular connection, not only its sense but its sound, its ancient connotations and its exact place in the rhythm of the sentence, all making for one end, and that the end one desires, this is not a thing which any labour or choice could produce. Exactitude thus constantly and surely repeated, and never failing to hit the mark time after time, is the fruit of facility.

The word "facility" is used by tutors and such abusively. Yet it is the rarest of human gifts. It is the gift by which long flights of poetry are made possible, unbroken fugues of rhetoric, and a native lucidity in common expression. Newman had it without a doubt, and, in quite another sphere and used for totally different objects, Cobbett had it; Byron had it, and Dryden had it; on the other hand, Rossetti had it not.

There is an unmistakable difference between that art—and it is often of a very high character—which is the product of erasure perpetually exercised and of exception and of self-doubt, and that art which is the product either of a command over, or of a necessity for, expression. Now, when to the necessity for expression is joined an instinctive command of it, we have, in their various degrees, the kind of artists of which Mr. Blackwood is one, and in that school he stands very high indeed.

If I seek for a further thing to say in the contemplation of such work, I find little of equal importance, but I must, of course, note this: that it is work wholly devoid of superfluity.

Here, as in the case of facility, we are threatened by false values and the tedious repetitions of the schools. It is so taken for granted that mere brevity is the equivalent of terseness, that an excision of adjective and adverb is a sufficient rule of thumb for strong prose, that men often speak as though the absence of superfluity were a thing commonly to be attained, and following certain easy rules. It is nothing of the kind. It is both rare and complex, and it is rare on account of its complexity. These are a few passages in Mr. Blackwood's work in which qualification is piled upon qualification; there are many in which long and intricate descriptions of a spiritual condition—especially of its advent and of the preparation of the soul for magic, for illusion, for vision or for fear—are drawn out to such a degree as lesser men would fear to admit. There is hardly one piece of work of his which is condensed. I can recollect no single sentence that could be called epigrammatic. But when I say that the work is singular for its total absence of superfluity, I mean that all that is necessary for the effect aimed at is present, and that nowhere will you find in it those floating pieces of disconnected matter which the reader's mind itches to reject as disturbing to the general concept it is in process of forming, or blurring to its distinctness of vision, or irritant to its acute and excited mood. It is not enough to say that in the crises of his stories Mr. Blackwood's outlines are as sharp as outline can be. One must also say that when he has to be long, or desires to be long, he can be long and is long without one word too many and without one word too little—*that* is the extraordinary thing.

But I will not linger upon the somewhat futile and always tedious task of analysis. It was rather my purpose in writing this to communicate to others both what I myself had so strongly enjoyed, and also what is of common interest to all of us: the presence, in the midst of our wretched turmoil and breaking up of creed, of a new but established name in English letters.

When the Boats came Back

By the late H. D. LOWRY.

THE little harbour called me. I was miles away in a small inland town, and though the stifling air might itself have suggested an escape to the sea, I had business to discharge, which made me repel the thought. It came again, and again I reflected on the foolishness of such an expedition on a day when I could not possibly reach the harbour before the hour of sunset. Nevertheless, I presently took the train, and, under the hour, was tramping over the reedy sandhills towards the harbour. To every boy who traversed those lonely dunes, they once teemed with possibilities of solitary adventure; now by the unkindness of fate, these same sandhills figure in advertisements as "the finest golf links in Cornwall." So I hurried until the path rose above the level of the towans and offered a wider view of the bay.

Sea and sky were wonderful to behold. Straight ahead the sun was a white rayless disk behind a grey smoke that rapidly became angry-looking cloud. Yet the long reaches of the bay's remoter side seemed to have sunlight upon them as they shone through the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

blue haze, and between the two a line of greyness overhung the sea and drifted, a mist, over the horizon line. Already I could see the brown sails coming round the western point of the bay, and at first I was surprised, for to land fish on a Saturday night would be the merest waste of labour. There are limits also to the activity of people who have lately been selling fresh fish to the farmer for use as manure.

I walked on more quickly. On the high ground was hardly a spray of heather but showed signs of withering. It is the chief beauty of the plant that once you have it underfoot again, you are not greatly concerned to consider whether it be newly opened or at the point of death. Moreover, the autumn gorse was all aflame and seemed to retain its fierce vitality though every little bush was cumbered with that thread-like parasite the dodder. Once, too, when I had left the waste country I passed a field, hedged with piled granite, a field in which only poppies and yellow mustard and coarse white "cherry-pie" could make shift to grow.

Already I fancied I could hear unwonted noises. When I came to the summit of the last hill and looked down upon the harbour I was certain. Also there were many people on the pier and—besides those who moved—certain black masses which might have been groups of holiday folk. I thought for a moment they had brought an excursion steamer to this Arcady! But there was no sign of such in the little narrow streets. The men, and those who would soon be men, stood about in the accustomed groups, glad indeed to have their freedom and to have donned their holiday attire, yet seeming a little at a loss for occupation. The barbers were busy. The little round meat market in the centre of the town looked like a toy. I took a narrow passage which led down to the sandy beach. Everything was eloquent of the day. Damaged fish were scattered here and there at the tide mark, but the boats lay idle, or, where drawn up high and dry, afforded resting-places to the ancients of the quarter. I crossed to the back of the harbour, passed by the rough granite building which was once a saint's chapel and is now only a shelter, and so gained the pier.

I saw at once that something was in the air. The motionless black masses I had taken for groups of people were huge piles of nets, but a multitude of men, women and children stood about, and one or two pilchard boats had come down from Lelant to be in readiness for the drift fishery when it should begin. The interest of the assemblage, however, was centred on some yawl-rigged boats, carrying seven or eight men apiece. From these the nets had been landed, as well as the great coils of rope which lay along the harbour wall and the broad step below it. Linen kit-bags, pillows and food bags had been thrown on to the quay, the great boom hauled inboard and laid with the sails and the sweeps under the starboard bulwarks. These boats were among the first which had returned from the North Sea herring fishery, and they had been long away. The women in the crowd were few; one imagined them busy with culinary matters at home. One very pretty girl walked with a youth at her side. There was something a little odd in their demeanour, a something which was presently explained by a cry from one of the boats. "Go it, Jim," said the voice, "do the best you can. You won't have much chance when Willie do come back." Evidently the swain was second string!

By this time it was grown late. Above the harbour hung a glow of dusky gold, and the clouds had broken up. I mounted the sea wall. At the extremity of the bay the revolving light shone on Godrevy. Between the flashes you could dimly see the white tower of the lighthouse. Inside of this was the vague line of low sandhills, and below them the white beaches glimmered faintly. A round moon was rising, golden at its upper edge, but mostly of an opaline pink in the blue haze. To right and left two boats were approaching the harbour. There was hardly a breath of wind. The dark sails swayed from side to side, and even to me, a mere spectator, it appeared that the boats would never get in. In one they were working the sweeps and that vessel swayed from side to side even more foolishly than the other. At length some men went out in a long white gig and gave the big boats a tow. They had hardly reached the pier head before I heard mention of a name already familiar. "Yes, Willie. You can go ashore at once," and a young fisherman clambered into the gig and so up the slippery steps to the quay. He looked about him and then disappeared.

The boats drew in, their nets were landed, the booms slowly and laboriously drawn inboard and made safe with the sails under the canvas covering. And gradually night settled down upon the harbour. Before I left on either side of it the lights were lit. At the back an old gentleman in a silk hat was giving a temperance address in the customary form of a reported dialogue between two quite impossibly idiotic persons. There was a Salvation Army service, disregarded like the address. The streets were still more crowded and now they were positively doing business in the toy meat market. I gained the station and took my place in the train. The harbour was out of sight but below me a quiet and lonely beach stretched to a low black point and above high-water mark a crowd of superannuated pilchard boats lay deserted. The moon had risen beyond the haze and taken its proper hue of gold, and the sea looked infinite.

The Viceroys of Ireland*

THE deplorable ignorance of Irish history even amongst well-informed persons cannot be better illustrated than by the appearance of such a book as Mr. O'Mahony's. It gives a true and even valuable account of the Irish viceroys of the nineteenth century, which indeed we may

* *The Viceroys of Ireland.* By CHARLES O'MAHONY. (John Long. 16s. net.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

conjecture is the reason for the existence of the book; but while the story of the Plantagenet rulers of Ireland has a certain grotesque resemblance to the truth—the author had Gilbert's generally trustworthy account before him—that of the Tudor and Stuart rulers contains hardly a single accurate statement of date or fact, and that of the early Hanoverian viceroys seems to be gleaned from a cursory study of the less trustworthy eighteenth-century pamphlet literature. When we add to these remarks that the author nowhere explains the exact position of the persons he calls "viceroys," a title unknown to English or Irish law, and gives no account of the governmental machinery of Ireland, we shall have enabled our readers to form a just idea of the value of the work, which is, however, illustrated by a good number of portraits.

The relations between the English government and that of Ireland have been conditioned, between the Conquest and the age of steam, by the fact that while a message might cross the Irish Channel in a few hours, it might, on the other hand, be delayed for weeks or even months, and accordingly, that a great amount of power must be left in the hands of the Irish executive. It thus fell out that within a few years of its conquest Ireland was constituted an appanage of the Crown, and nanded over to John (1177) as *Dominus Hiberniæ*, Lord of Ireland. When John came to the throne in 1199 he retained the title, and it was not till 1254 that Ireland was again taken out of the direct control of the Crown, Edward, afterwards Edward I, being appointed Lord of Ireland in that year. On the death of Henry III the title again fell into the Crown, and our English kings remain Lords of Ireland till Henry VIII in 1542 assumed the title of King of Ireland.

The chief governor of Ireland was, for the first two centuries of English rule, called the Justiciar when he was formally appointed by the King, and Keeper of Ireland when he was elected by the Council to fill for the moment a sudden vacancy in the office. After the visits of Richard II. to Ireland the chief governor seems to have been for the first time entitled the *locum tenens* of the King, his lieutenant, while a governor elected to fill a sudden vacancy began to be called a Lord Justice. Occasionally, when the lieutenant was needed elsewhere by the Crown, a deputy was sent to fill his place. At the accession of the Tudors, therefore, three kinds of viceroys were known: Lord Lieutenants, Lord Deputies, and Lord Justices.

In Tudor and Stuart times the title of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland was regarded as an honorary one, restricted to persons of the highest rank. The list of its holders includes Henry VII's uncle, Henry VIII when Duke of York, Sussex and Essex under Elizabeth, Strafford at the end of his career, and Ormonde. The actual government of the country was carried on by a Lord Deputy appointed by the Crown, or, in his absence, by Lord Justices nominated by the Crown and elected by the Council. The last Lord Deputy appointed was Lord Capell (1695-6); since his time the government has been carried on by Lord Lieutenants and Lord Justices. No accurate and complete list of the chief governors of Ireland exists; one of the Tudor and Stuart governors may be found in the tables of "Tudor and Stuart Proclamations."

The viceroy of Ireland had not unlimited power. The settled policy of the government was to appoint to the post, whenever possible, great English nobles unconnected with Irish affairs. Their power was always exerted through and shared by the Privy Council of Ireland, and they were continually held in check by the Lord Chancellor, who had greater patronage and controlled a larger armed force than the viceroy, and was usually a member of one of the great Anglo-Irish families. The internal politics of Ireland were for centuries ranged round this opposition of Viceroy and Chancellor, in which the nominal ruler did not always carry his point.

It is to be hoped that the History of Mediæval Ireland, which is long overdue, will be written, when it comes, by someone free from sentiment and familiar with English law as with Irish chronicles. Under the early Plantagenets Ireland, like England, was a country in which two nations dwelt side by side, one of freemen living under the King's law, and the other of serfs or outlaws outside its jurisdiction living under local customs; the difference between the countries being that in Ireland the second nation had a language and a literature preserved to our times, while in England a literature of the serf did not exist. The efforts of the Edwardian lawyers were devoted in Ireland, as in England, to extending the royal jurisdiction and bringing as many as possible of the King's subjects under his protection, until their ends were thwarted by the Scottish invasion on the one hand, and by the great earls on the other. But the royal power, which had extended over the whole island directly or mediately, never shrank to the extent that is commonly supposed. It is true that at one time the King's writ did not run outside the pale, but it must be remembered that till the reign of Henry VIII the King's writ did not run in Cheshire or Lancashire or Durham, and for the same reason the great palatinate jurisdictions of Ulster, of the Butlers, and of the FitzGeralds, had their own chanceries, and the royal writs passed through them. The authentic documents available for the writer of Irish mediæval history are few. Nearly all the ancient records of Ireland were burnt in 1302, and an enormous number of later ones were destroyed in Henry VII's time by O'Neill. All the records of the Privy Council were brought to England in Henry VIII's reign by Sir William FitzWilliams, and what fire spared of other and later records, neglect has done much to destroy. A great deal of early Irish history may be gleaned from English records, and something from the chronicles, but great gaps in our knowledge must always be left unfilled. It is to be hoped that some of the younger school of Irish writers will turn their attention to this almost unworked mine. What passes for Irish mediæval history at present is beneath contempt.

HISTORICUS.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

The Girlhood of Queen Victoria.

The Girlhood of Queen Victoria. A Selection from Her Majesty's Diaries between the years 1832 and 1840. Published by authority of His Majesty the King. Edited by VISCOUNT ESHER, G.C.B., G.C.V.O. Two Vols. Illustrated. (John Murray. 36s. net.)

THESE journals do not, perhaps, throw fresh light on the history of the period, neither can they be said to possess great literary charm. It was meritorious to write a journal in those days, and little Princess Victoria chronicled her doings because it was considered the correct thing to do. We read them with delight, struck by their wealth of picturesque detail, and as page succeeds page we watch with ever-growing interest the child developing into a woman, and trace some of the potent influences that went to the making of England's greatest Queen. There is nothing of the protégée in these journals, nothing brilliant or exceptional; Princess Victoria was simply concerned with setting down a description of her everyday life in a homely and unassuming way, without analysis of character and certainly with no striving after effect. Her education can be summed up in the typically Victorian word "accomplishments." She did not possess "high intellectual curiosity or fantastic imagination." Her soundness of judgment depended upon receptive qualities rather than upon creative faculties. Those who watched over her youth were content to foster, not great learning, but good sense, "and to inculcate high standards of private and public virtue."

The journals begin in 1832, when Princess Victoria was thirteen years of age. We find, even in her early entries, a marked regard for detail; she is careful to note the exact time she wakes up, dresses, has breakfast, and goes to bed. But through all the precise detail the child peeps out in her early entries, and there is no hint that some day she will become a Queen. She writes: "I received from the mayor an oaken box with a silver top, and filled with the famous Shrewsbury cakes." Again: "When I came home, I first worked, and then we blew soap-bubbles." She revels in such adjectives as "beautiful," "wonderful," and, in order to give special emphasis to her most choice observations, she writes certain words in capital letters quite as frequently as Charles Reade did in his novels. After returning from Drury Lane at ten minutes past twelve, she writes: "I was VERY MUCH AMUSED;" we like this frank admission, for even young princesses, in common with little girls generally, look upon the early bedtime hour as an atrocious parental arrangement only amusing when violated. The Princess is, perhaps, most truly childlike in the descriptions of her dog Dash. She writes: "I dressed DEAR SWEET LITTLE DASH for the second time after dinner in a scarlet jacket and blue trousers." On her sixteenth birthday she writes: "*Dashy* gave an ivory basket with barley-sugar and chocolate," and three years later that intense lover of animals described with pleasure the funny way young Prince Albert fondled her beloved dog.

In 1835 we find the Princess developing a critical faculty. Of a sermon by Mr. Pope she writes: "It was not one of his best sermons, and it was not to my liking." On perusing the journal of Mrs. Butler—the daughter of Charles Kemble—she expressed the opinion that the style and authoress were pert. Sound judgment, when we consider that the book in question was decidedly indiscreet. Lord Melbourne admitted that the Princess had read a great many dull books. It is amusing to observe that she did a portion of her reading, historical, biographical, and theological, while her hair was being dressed. Until the advent of Dickens's "Oliver Twist," it was not considered proper for young ladies to read novels.

On June 20, 1837, appears this momentous entry: "I was awoke at 6 o'clock by Mamma, who told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham were here, and wished to see me. I got out of bed and went into my sitting-room (only in my dressing-gown), and *alone*, and saw them. Lord Conyngham (the Lord Chamberlain) then acquainted me that my poor Uncle, the King, was no more, and had expired at 12 minutes p. 2 this morning, and consequently that I am *Queen*." How simply this memorable event has been recorded! "Alone" suggests a good deal to one who had been guarded night and day with loving care, to one who "had never been permitted to walk downstairs without someone holding her hand." And yet, when the great crisis came, the young Queen rose to the dignity and responsibility of her new position. She who had cried, "I want to be good," found in her queenship the will of God. Her Ministers marvelled at her self-possession; but they soon learnt that her sweet face and girlish figure concealed a strong, finely wrought character. The Monarchy had suffered many indignities in the immediate past, especially during the reign of George IV; but with the accession of Queen Victoria a new epoch began, and under her wise and beneficent rule Great Britain was destined to become a wide and mighty Empire. In looking back upon Victoria's glorious reign, we like to recall the generous words she wrote on her Coronation day: "I really cannot say *how* proud I feel to be Queen of *such* a *Nation*."

The most fascinating pages in these journals are devoted to a description of the Queen's intercourse with Lord Melbourne, and it is a frank and refreshing eulogy of one who was worthy of her whole-hearted praise. Lord Esher writes in his Introduction: "He was no longer young, but he was not old. His person was attractive. According to Leslie, no mean judge, his head was a truly noble one, and he was a fine specimen of manly beauty in the meridian of life. . . . His laugh was frequent, and the most joyous possible, his voice so deep and musical that to hear him say the most ordinary

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

thing was a pleasure, and his frankness, his freedom from affectation, and his peculiar humour rendered almost everything he said, however easy and natural, quite original."

Small wonder, then, that Lord Melbourne should have attracted the affectionate regard of a young and impressionable Queen. As Prime Minister he discussed the affairs of State with Her Majesty; explained difficult points with a patience that never failed him, and gave the gist of long and wordy dispatches with fatherly solicitude. How frequently she mentions this most estimable man, what he did, and particularly what he said, in her journals from 1837 until the day of her marriage! She found strength and inspiration in his very presence. Very often he must have relieved the tedium of Court life by becoming for the nonce Court Jester, or rather jester for the special benefit of the young Queen. Now Lord Melbourne is speaking disrespectfully about Dash's legs, and now the Queen is smilingly upbraiding her Minister for not going to church. Her Majesty thus records an amusing incident: "I couldn't get my gloves on, and Lord M. said, 'It's those consumed rings; I never could bear them.' I said I was fond of them, and that it improved an ugly hand. 'Makes it worse,' he replied; I said I didn't wear them of a morning. '*Much* better,' he said, 'and if you didn't wear them, nobody else would.'"

Lord Melbourne must have laughed, perhaps with a tear in his eye, when the Queen asked him how she was to propose marriage to Prince Albert. The scene is thus quaintly described: "At about ½ p. 12 I sent for Albert; he came to the Closet where I was alone, and after a few minutes I said to him that I thought he must be aware *why* I wished them to come here, and that it would make me *too happy* if he would consent to what I wished (to marry me). We embraced each other, and he was *so* kind, *so* affectionate."

Greville writes of Lord Melbourne and the Queen: "I have no doubt that he is passionately fond of her, as he might be of his daughter if he had one, and the more because he is a man with a capacity for loving without having anything in the world to love." Greville, while paying a tribute to the Queen's First Minister, private secretary, and daily tutor, suggested that, with a change of Government, the dissolving of the relationship might be painful. When the parting came it was painful, but Lord Melbourne concealed his feelings. He rejoiced in the consummation of a pretty idyll. His one wish was for "the happiness and security of the young Queen," and that happiness and security she found in her union with Prince Albert. In 1839 she writes: "God knows *no Minister, no friend*, EVER possessed the confidence of the Crown so entirely as this truly excellent Lord Melbourne possesses mine." Three years later the Queen added this note: "I cannot forbear remarking what an artificial sort of happiness *mine* was *then*—kind and excellent as Lord M. is and was—and what a blessing it is I have now in my beloved husband *real* and solid happiness!"

What the Judge Saw.

What the Judge Saw. By His Honour JUDGE PARRY. (Smith, Elder and Co. 7*s.* 6*d.* net.)

WE have in our time seen many volumes of legal jokes and dicta. Probably none of them, unless we except Mr. Justice Darling's Scintillæ Juris, is entirely satisfactory. Of course, not one of these books can be read with anything like commensurate enjoyment with Campbell's Lives of the Chancellors and of the Chief Justices. The times are different. Where several volumes were formerly welcomed, a small book of this kind has now alone a chance of success. This is not the place to treat of the decay of literary taste. We hope we may on a future occasion deal further with this subject which we have already touched upon more than once.

The volume before us is in effect a trivial one, although it is quite readable in spare moments. Judge Parry does not claim to have partaken in any considerable degree of the reputation at the Bar which his father, Serjeant Parry, acquired for himself. Possibly Judge Parry was appointed to the County Court Bench somewhat too soon, because, as he says in a passage which we do not claim to quote quite accurately, the Bench is a position of isolation, whilst the advocate is daily brought in touch with personalities, both agreeable and instructive. There are many good stories of Sir Charles Russell, Gully, Aitken, and others whom Parry met on the Northern Circuit, but it must be confessed that the work as a whole is scrappy and without much literary merit. The chapter "That Reminds Me" is perhaps one of the weakest in the book, and was hardly worth the trouble of composition. The chapter on "Quarter Sessions," with which we are fairly conversant, is otherwise. We welcome the tribute to Justices' Justice, and we believe in the truth of the statement that "at the bottom of the heart of English folk there is a feeling of love for these old institutions, and after all—fair play to them—they work well, and make no more blunders in the administration of justice than any other courts, as the statistics of the Appeal Courts will testify." Judge Parry, it is true, a page later, quotes with apparent agreement Sam Weller's judgment that "there ain't a magistrate goin' as don't commit himself twice as often as he commits other people." We should not be surprised if Sam Weller's judgment were not to prove in future to be nearer the truth, having regard to the recent appointments made by Lord Haldane, than was true of the author's estimate of the occupants of the magisterial bench in older and more decent times.

As regards the Bar, we see no reason to dissent from the opinion expressed by a briefless cynic on the Northern Circuit, who was watching a third-rate encounter between barristers of different religions, and who said: "Parry, if I had my time over again, I should start the Bar as a Jew or a Roman Catholic." We certainly believe, as ourselves a disappointed cynic, that the two religions referred to know how to look after their own. Many other anecdotal passages could be quoted.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The main point which strikes one as of unusual interest is the pronounced liking of Judge Parry for the city of Manchester. We are quite aware of all the good people who pass their existence in that most dismal centre of the country, and it is apparent that the author's view of his surroundings was most favourably coloured by the cordial and genial friendships which he formed. The book is nicely printed, and got up in the usual style which we expect from the eminent firm who publish it.

The Letters of Lady Lyttelton

The Correspondence of Sarah Spencer Lady Lyttelton, 1787-1870. Edited by her Great-Granddaughter the Hon. Mrs. HUGH WYNDHAM. With Portraits. (John Murray. 15s. net.)

WE have frequently been told that the art of letter-writing is either dead or dying out, and that the reason for this dire calamity is to be found in the high pressure of modern life. A time may come when we may even type a love-letter, or dictate it to a stenographer. It is certainly pathetic to think that the majority of people are content with hurried notes, and have a mania for the abominable postcard; but it will be still more sad when we cease to read the correspondence of our great letter-writers. Literature does not contain a more happy medium of expression than a really finely written letter. We might, perhaps, very reluctantly spare Lamb's essays, but we could never dispense with his inimitable letters, for it is by his letters that we have learnt to know and love him.

Lady Lyttelton's letters cannot be compared with those of Mme. de Sévigné, or Lady Dorothy Osborne, or Lady Mary Montagu, for they are lacking in the literary flavour. There was no need for the last-mentioned to write to one of her correspondents: "Pray, my dear, begin at the top, and read till you come to the bottom," for no one is likely to skip Lady Mary's delightful correspondence. If Lady Lyttelton's letters are not stamped with abiding literary merit, they are, nevertheless, full of charm. She had the power of loving intensely, and that power alone would be sufficient to make her letters attractive. Her love was fortunately combined with a keen sense of humour, sometimes expressed in an irresponsible vein. Like Miss Austen, she could describe the various foibles of those with whom she came in contact, but with a raciness that might have surprised, even shocked, the subtle author of "Pride and Prejudice." Now she is in a religious mood; now describing the scene at some assembly, masquerade, or dance; now laughing at certain young men who went about with straws in their mouths and delighted to imitate their coachmen; now poking gentle fun at the arrangement of her father's library, or expressing her opinion of Napoleon; now at pains to describe the latest fashion to some feminine correspondent; and now, in her most pleasing vein, writing to her favourite brother, Robert, and telling him how, to her shame, she let out the secret of a great prize-fight. A change in the Ministry was not half so important as a change in the Spencer household when it necessitated a stranger dressing her hair. She frankly admits that she would rather dance a hornpipe on her head than faint in an assembly—an opinion diametrically opposed to that of Mrs. Bardell, who was willing to faint anywhere if there were a possibility of her falling upon a masculine arm.

After the marriage of Lady Sarah her letters deal largely with an account of her travels in Russia, Italy, and elsewhere. From Sweden she writes to her sister, Lady Georgiana: "Heaven bless you, my sweet dear Ginny! Why, to-morrow will be its birthday! And it will be nineteen. Well, I am sure I can't believe it. Well, God bless it, most seriously and earnestly do I pray, my dearest, slim, un-Swedish, kind-hearted sister-kin!"

The letters of 1830-1850 are of particular value, and will be generally regarded as the chief attraction of this volume. After the death of her husband, Lady Lyttelton was appointed Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Victoria, and subsequently governess to the Queen's children. There was much that was stiff and dull about Court life, but Lady Lyttelton, thanks to her sense of humour, soon became accustomed to her new environment. She gives a most vivid account of her life at Windsor Castle, and is particularly happy in portraying the young Queen and the Prince Consort. With infinite delicacy, and yet with considerable enthusiasm, she writes of the happy married life of Queen Victoria: "We of the household staid in one room, while the Queen was with her family in another, and she staid long, and sang to them, and seemed quite snug." On one occasion Lady Lyttelton chanced to hear Prince Albert playing on his organ, and she was so struck by the music that she ventured to speak to him about it. "Oh, my organ!" the Prince replied—"a new possession of mine. I am so fond of the organ! It is the first of instruments—the only one for expressing one's feelings—and it teaches to play—for on the organ, a *mistake!* Oh, such a misery!" Lady Lyttelton has coined a new word—"wifeism." It exactly expresses those little but charming courtesies the Queen delighted to shower upon her husband. No matter how cold she might be, she must needs ask if the Prince would like another fire lighted before considering her own feelings in the matter. Victoria, in her domestic life, was wife, not Queen. In a hundred little ways she showed her dependence upon her husband in a manner that must have gratified one who was not understood, and therefore not appreciated, by a certain section of the British people. Lady Lyttelton writes:—

> Prince Albert is now quite well. Last I saw of him was half an hour ago. On the Queen fidgeting after some book, and saying, "Where *can* it be? Does it belong to me?"—"*Everything* belongs to you," was her husband's answer, with a most graceful bow of real chivalry. "No, no, no!" she replied, very red, and more than half really angry.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

> How glad she would be to leave her throne for him, and "wash the feet of the servants of my Lord!"

We could quote much in a somewhat similar vein, and much, too, depicting scenes connected with the Royal nursery, but must be content with one more excerpt, in which Lady Lyttelton describes the Queen's birthday:—

> All is very auspicious here on this fête. We had a pouring morning, but all is now fair and fresh again. Princessy *surtout*, she looks the image of May Day, dressed in a very fine muslin frock, embroidered in wreaths of lilies of the valley and rosebuds, with an apron of bright green silk, embroidered to match, presents from the Duchess of Kent. The Prince is beautiful, too, in his sky-blue velvet. The Queen looks all over happiness. Her birthday presents (from Prince Albert) were arranged under a bower of magnificent flowers erected in her breakfast room. Never were there such flowers I do think as in this garden. . . The chief present is a beautiful sketch by Landseer of the Princess Tiny (Princess Alice), in a cradle lately given, which belonged to the old Saxon house. The child lies most nestly and "comfy" in it asleep, watched over by Dadie, the black terrier, with an expression of fondness and watchfulness such as only Landseer can give. It was prepared in secret by Prince Albert, who looks very *rayonnant* to-day, and made his appearance at eight o'clock in the morning in the nursery, in a handsome, many-coloured dressing gown, to fetch the children to "Mama."

The Cream of Parody

A Christmas Garland. By MAX BEERBOHM. (Wm. Heinemann, 5s. net.)

NONE but an abject misanthrope could resist "Max" when under the disguise of the court jester he proceeds to wield the lance of criticism. The bells jingle, there is a burst of laughter, and—the sharp thrust goes home; somebody of importance is unhorsed, with armour scattered and the real man showing for the merriment of the onlookers. As a rule, it is a kindly stroke, and no damage is done; occasionally, however, we feel a little sorry, as when in the present volume a parody of George Meredith's style is included; we wish that some heroes might be sacred from the jester—especially as he is the only one out of seventeen authors here presented who has passed beyond the reach of friend or foe.

In more than one of these sketches the question occurs as to what happens when parody becomes sheer correct imitation. If we have a few pages of Mr. Henry James so closely copied that we might be reading a passage from one of his books, where does the fun come in? Mr. Henry James has a style that is exceedingly easy to parody, and an under-current of charm that refuses to be parodied at all; hence we get the husk without the kernel, and, in spite of being vastly amused at the ingenuity of the mime, we feel rather that the effort is frosty. We read these pages some years ago in the *Saturday Review*, and remember a similar sensation. More thorough enjoyment comes from reading the wicked imitation of Mr. A. C. Benson, in which comes the sharpest thrust of any:—

> In boyhood he had felt always a little sad at the approach of autumn. The yellowing leaves of the lime trees, the creeper that flushed to so deep a crimson against the old grey walls, the chrysanthemums that shed so prodigally their petals on the smooth green lawn—all these things, beautiful and wonderful though they were, were somehow a little melancholy also, as being signs of the year's decay. Once, when he was fourteen or fifteen years old, he had overheard a friend of the family say to his father, "How the days are drawing in!"—a remark which set him thinking deeply, with an almost morbid abandonment to gloom, for quite a long time. He had not then grasped the truth that in exactly the proportion in which the days draw in they will, in the fullness of time, draw out. This was a lesson he mastered in later years. . . . .

This is really fine; it is precisely the right touch of exaggeration which reduces a method to absurdity, and incidentally shows how very near to absurdity that method is in its usual form. There are many other parodies as good. Mr. Wells, in his enthusiasm for the renovation and spring-cleaning of humanity, is hit off neatly in "Perkins and Mankind"; Mr. Galsworthy's impressive manner is changed by an impish skill into an oppressive manner in a dialogue wherein a nut is cracked with a steam-hammer—otherwise, "the genius of infinity, dispassionate, inscrutable, grey," broods over the question of keeping or not keeping a canary. If we quote one sentence only from the essay "of Christmas," supposed to be written by Mr. Belloc, it will be enough to exhibit another conquest:—

> There was a man came to an Inn by night, and after he had called three times they should open him the door—though why three times, and not three times three, nor thirty times thirty, which is the number of the little stone devils that make mows at St. Aloesius of Ledera over against the marshes Guela-Nuce to this day, nor three hundred times three hundred (which is a bestial number), nor three thousand times three-and-thirty, upon my soul I know not, and nor do you—when, then, this jolly fellow had three times cried out, shouted, yelled, holloa'd, loudly besought, caterwauled, brayed, sung out, and roared, he did by the same token set himself to beat, hammer, bang, pummel, and knock at the door.

The style of Mr. Arnold Bennett, of Mr. Hewlett, and of several other well-known men is pilloried; the least successful essays, in our opinion, are those on Shaw and the continuation of Mr. Hardy's "Dynasts." For the excruciating imitation of Kipling—duly embroidered and elaborated—we give hearty thanks; and from almost every page there is something worth quot-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ing. We must conclude by recommending this latest achievement of "Max"—for not all these sketches are reprints—to all our readers who want an hour's real fun mingled with some very keen-edged criticism.

The Soul of a Tramp

A Tramp's Sketches. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

THIS book is a record of a walk along the Caucasian and Crimean shores of the Black Sea and of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. It differs markedly from most books of travel, however, in that the author is less concerned with the things seen along the line of route than with his own spiritual emotions and experiences. As he himself says, "It is not so much a book about Russia as about the tramp."

Mr. Graham is among those who find salvation by going out into the wilderness. He reminds one at times of Thoreau. There is the same impatience with the meaningless restraints of civilisation, the same wild, exuberant delight in the freedom of Nature. But whereas Thoreau's withdrawal from the world had bred in him a certain scorn of humanity, Mr. Graham is overflowing with the milk of human kindness. He finds friends everywhere—among the peasants of the Russian steppes, in Eastern monasteries or Turkish bazaars. Thoreau was, alike by conviction and temperament, a pagan. The tone and temper of Mr. Graham's book, on the other hand, are those of the Christian.

So one is not surprised at the note of blitheness that runs through these pages. Often footsore, the wanderer is never weary. The world is full of unexpected delights. There is the joy of the road, the feeling of exhilaration that comes upon a man as he shoulders his knapsack and sets forth bravely into the Unknown, and there are quiet resting-places at the journey's end. Sunrise and sunset, the sound of the sea, the music of birds, darkness, and the coming of dawn—these things become invested with a new meaning to the man who has gone out into the wilderness to find his soul.

He has time, too, to think—and to pray. And prayer, Mr. Graham would have us believe, has an added effectiveness when offered amidst the silences of Nature.

> . . . Prayers (he writes) are strong out of doors, made in the presence of all the stars. One is compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. There is calm all around and in one's own heart. The mysterous beauty of the starry sky reflects itself in the soul, and across its mirror sails the pale moon. My own body becomes a cradle in which the little Christ Child sleeps. There are angels everywhere. I am in universal keeping, for the stars are all looking and pointing to me. Because of the little Child the shepherds near by hear heavenly harmony, and journeying through the night to the land of dreams come the three wonderful old kings with gifts.

To have read "A Tramp's Sketches" is to have been lifted into a higher and rarer atmosphere. It is to have been made free, for a few hours at least, of the company of saints and heroes. This much we owe to Mr. Graham, who has added to English literature a book that, if we mistake not, is destined to endure.

The Alien Immigrant

The Promised Land. By MARY ANTIN. Illustrated. (Wm. Heinemann. 7s. 6d. net.)

FROM whatever point of view one looks at this book, whether as a psychological study, or as a photographic account of home life in the Russian Pale of Settlement, as a description of the struggles and hopes of the Russo-Jewish immigrants in the ghettos of the American cities and as an illustration also of their life in those of this country; or if one looks with the eye of the hardened novel-reader, who seeks merely amusement, it stands forth as a book quite out of the ordinary. It is the autobiography of a Jewish girl, who, when the story ends, is still in her teens. Born in comfortable circumstances in Russia, she undergoes with her parents what is too often the common lot of the Russian Jew, who, in the land of his birth, has practically to purchase from the corrupt local officials the right to breathe, and even often then finds that the other party to the bargain repudiates this right. The story is a narrative of fact, and no melodramatic details have had to be invented to enhance its interest. The intensity of this interest does not suffer thereby, and if the bestial excesses of a pogrom do not obtrude themselves upon Miss Antin's scene the pogrom atmosphere is sufficiently produced by the shadow of the pall which is ever over the Jewish subjects of the Tsar; and the appeal is intensified by the echo of anti-Jewish excesses in other districts which now and then falls upon the reader's ears.

To those who desire to study the conditions which prevail among the Jews of Russia this book, in which sincerity marks every page, will prove a necessity. Equally indebted to it will be he to whom the conditions in the foreign quarters of the great cities, American and English, are a matter of study, for Miss Antin, by means of her rare gift of literary photography, is able to create in her reader's mind a picture of the conditions in which she and her family lived after their migration to Boston. So far for the social economists. And it may be said that no one can now find justification for an attempt to influence public opinion or action on the Aliens Question until he has made himself master of the book. Further, the reader's prejudices must indeed be hardened and impervious if no impression is made by the naive and convincing narrative, which renders English literature once more a debtor to the alien element in the nation.

The psychologist will delight in the self-analysis by a mind which, although a very young one, is far above the average. Not often is so interesting a personality as that of Miss Antin made available for public dissection; under her hands her life story takes the form of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

a poem in which, as in the story of the Jewish race, pathos and humour are mingled, with the former greatly predominating. In fact, although the autobiography of one individual, this book may also be taken as the autobiography of Russian Jewry: many of the vicissitudes which befell the Antin family, both in Russia and America, are unfortunately only too common among the people to whom they belong. To illustrate the Russo-Jewish problem, one could quote page after page, and as a hint of what the book can teach on this subject we give the following passage, which, it should be remembered, is the record of a well-authenticated fact, but a fact unknown by those who experience a feeling of resentment when the Russo-Jewish immigrant crosses their path:—

> Some of these soldiers of Nicholas, as they were called, were taken as little boys of seven or eight—snatched from their mothers' laps. They were carried to distant villages, where their friends could never trace them, and turned over to some dirty, brutal peasant, who used them like slaves and kept them with the pigs. No two were ever left together; and they were given false names, so that they were entirely cut off from their own world. And then the lonely child was turned over to the priests, and he was flogged and starved and terrified—a little helpless boy who cried for his mother; but still he refused to be baptised. The priests promised him good things to eat, and fine clothes, and freedom from labour; but the boy turned away, and said his prayers secretly—the Hebrew prayers. As he grew older, severer tortures were invented for him; still he refused baptism. By this time he had forgotten his mother's face, and of his prayers perhaps only the "Shema" remained in his memory; but he was a Jew, and nothing would make him change. After he entered the army, he was bribed with promises of promotions and honours. He remained a private, and endured the cruellest discipline. When he was discharged, at the age of forty, he was a broken man, without a home, without a clue to his origin, and he spent the rest of his life wandering among Jewish settlements, searching for his family; hiding the scars of torture under his rags, begging his way from door to door.

The practice thus described has been abandoned by the Russian authorities; the account is, therefore, now but a matter of history. The spirit of inhuman cruelty which inspired it is, however, still alive, and it is the manifestation of that spirit which shows itself to the peoples of the West in the persons of the broken, cringing Russian immigrants who seek refuge on their shores. If only the inhabitants of the lands of freedom could be made to know the conditions from which the refugees who seek their hospitality have fled, their judgment of these outwardly unattractive human jetsam and flotsam would be less severe. In future, before judging the alien, might not the Englishman stop for a moment to picture how he himself would appear if his life history had been that of the average Jew in the Russian Pale?

"The Promised Land" stands out as a book far beyond the ordinary, and one that gives every promise of permanent life. As a living book dealing with living issues, it will still be read and enjoyed when many of its contemporaries have been forgotten. So long as the problems with which it deals remain unsolved, it will remain a text-book which no thinking Englishman or American will be able to afford not to read. The book is a window to a new world—the soul of the alien immigrant.

Shorter Reviews

The Doctor and His Work, with a Hint of His Destiny and Ideals. By CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D. (Stephen Swift and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

DR. WHITBY'S book follows quite closely the lines one might expect from the title, and will prove interesting to both the lay and the medical reader, for whom it is clearly intended. An outline is given in the early part of the book of what course a student follows, of the relations between the general practitioner and the specialist, and between medicine and surgery, with an indication of how much they are both dependent on and independent of each other. The author speaks, too, of the trials and the triumphs of a doctor's life, of the many scientific advancements with which he must keep in touch, and of the necessity for him to do more than carry out text-book methods, which can be summed up by the saying:—"Treat the patient and not the disease." The important part of preventive medicine is insisted upon strongly, and, without doubt, quite rightly. Of course, all this information is collected from Dr. Whitby's own experience, and the only adverse criticism possible is that in places it is tinged with rather more pessimism than is warranted; this, however, is a small matter.

Later on Dr. Whitby shows what a large part the medical profession must play in the improvement of the race by introducing elimination of the unfit, by the improvement of unhealthy children, and the treatment of crime by methods that will tend to reduce it in some degree, by recognising it as a sign of mental instability. He is entirely right in saying that confinement in prison is more likely to confirm a criminal in law-breaking than to cure him of it, but there seems to be no real suggestion as to how this condition of affairs can be improved. He begins, apparently, with a strong conviction that the medical profession should be made to play a more important part in matters that are now chiefly the concern of the law and the Church; then, when he comes to methods, he seems to think that things if left to go on as they are will effect these changes without any forcing. He gives one the impression at first that he is going to advocate some drastic change, but one reaches the end of his book without finding any sign of it. It is not to be thought that we undervalue Dr. Whitby's work. This

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

would be wrong, for he has excellently described the path the medical profession is following, and probably most of what he hopes for will come to pass. His book, however, is a descriptive rather than a constructive work.

Die Wirtschaftlichen Grundlagen des Modernen Kunstgewerbes in London. By Dr. BRUNO RANECKER. (G. Himmer, Munich.)

DR. RANECKER had heard much of a great Renascence in English Art. He has been over to London, looked in the shop windows, dined in the restaurants, "in die" man "eben geht," visited the Palace, His Majesty's, and the Museums, and he has gone away disappointed, or rather reassured in his Teutonic patriotism. And very soon he is asking why English industrial art is such a failure. The short interval that appears to elapse between the disillusionment and the question suggests to us the logical flaw that has been made most familiar by the example, "Have you left off beating your wife?" But we English are so accustomed to having our deficiencies pointed out and accounted for that every Nestor is sure of a welcome. Let us grant, then, that something is wrong with our art—it could hardly be otherwise, seeing that error is part of the connotation of humanity. Our art is being killed by commerce, though our snobbery is acting as an artificial stimulus to procure it a few more precarious days. An élite learnt art some time ago, and has been since communicating it to ever-narrowing circles. Without is barbarism. All this is perfectly true, but when and where was it not true? "There never was an art-loving nation"—Whistler was sometimes right. Dr. Ranecker is on newer ground when he suggests that the theorists of High Art have exerted a disastrous influence on general practice. William Morris and the founders of the "Arts and Crafts" were too *doctrinaire*; the antithesis between hand-work and machinery has been exaggerated into an absurdity, and the decadence of English decorative art, if it be a fact, may certainly be traced to a "Mangel der Anpassung der kunstgewerblichen Erziehungsmethoden an die Produktionsformen der Neuzeit." The same circumstance explains the anarchical position, in regard to economical laws, of the workmen. As. Dr. Ranecker very properly observes, "Wer Kunst will, hat die Pflicht, sich um den Künstler umzusehen." Adaptation is the law of development, and this thesis may have a beneficial effect by insisting that forces are not to be despised simply because they are new.

Marius, Saturninus und Glaucia: Beiträge zur Geschichte der Jahre 106-100 v. Chr. By Dr. FREDERICK WALTER ROBINSON, M.A. (A. Marcus and E. Webers, Bonn.)

THERE is not very much in the way of conclusion to this interesting study. The legend of the two sinister demagogues and the ambitious and gullible general is put on its trial and is discharged with hardly a stain on its character. The impression we had received at school is in the main a true one. Mommsen remains the man he was. In one or two details only we may have been misinformed: the respective rôles of Saturninus and Glaucia perhaps need reconsideration. Dr. Robinson thinks that the latter was "der erste, der im antisenatorischen Sinn politisch tätig war, woraufhin Saturninus sich ihm anschloss." The equivocal part played by the Equites is made a little more intelligible than before—"von den Gewalttätigkeiten der Volksführer wollten die Ritter nichts wissen." The whole story is of permanent interest; it is as good an example as we could wish to find of demagogy in a vacuum. The French Revolutionists were not so far wrong in working from classical parallels; political sums are easier to work out when the big factors due to modernity are eliminated. And, apart from more general political considerations, the subject is interesting as exemplifying the recurring problem of the soldier in politics. Dr. Robinson has written some pages about Marius as politician that might, *mutatis mutandis*, stand for many a modern warrior who has suffered shipwreck on the rocks of administration. We are even reminded of Napoleon—"der Glaube an seinen stern" on the one hand, and sudden flaws in the resolution, like that of Brumaire on the other. "Gesunder Menschenverstand . . . im Reden eine gewisse Schlagfertigkeit und würdige Ausdrucksweise," keep us still near to Napoleon; other qualities suggest more general application—"ein Misstrauen in sich selbst"—"die lange Ausübung eines absoluten Regiments hatte sein Verständnis für die verfassungsmässigen und üblichen Formen der inneren Politik, wie auch seine Geduld, nicht vermehrt." The catastrophe of the fall of Saturninus, connected with Cicero by the "pro Rabirio," is handled, for a work of this scope, almost dramatically. The jejune sources are well analysed; they are more fruitful and consistent than might be supposed. Even Appian the word-painter is not without his uses.

South America: Observations and Impressions. By the RT. HON. JAMES BRYCE. With Maps. (Macmillan and Co. 8s. 6d. net.)

WHEN a British Ambassador to the United States writes his impressions of South America we are justified in expecting a book worth the reading; but when this Ambassador bears a scholarly and literary reputation, such as that of Mr. Bryce, we anticipate something quite notable from his pages. We have, moreover, no reason to feel disappointed in these expectations. Concerning South America Mr. Bryce does not profess any important degree of local experience. This work is the result of four months' travel: not too liberal a period for the inspection of a continent such as that which lies to the South of the Isthmus of Panama. But these four months of travel have been supplemented by a study of South American affairs sufficiently deep to render in one sense the actual journal merely complementary to the research involved. As might have been anticipated, the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

result is displayed in an exceptionally well-balanced set of views. Mr. Bryce is little concerned with judgments here. These, in his opinion, do not come within the province of the passing traveller, and his continuance in this respect might well be imitated by many lesser authors.

The main portion of "South America" is devoted to the places and incidents along the route from Panama southwards along the Pacific coast, taking in the coasts of Peru and Chile and the inland Republic of Bolivia. After this we are taken northward along the Atlantic seaboard by way of Argentina, Uruguay, and Brazil. To one who possesses some knowledge of these countries the accuracy of the observations is as remarkable as the selection of salient features. Perhaps some of the most interesting chapters in the book are those at the end of the volume on "The Rise of New Nations," "Relations of Races in South America," "The Two Americas," "Political Conditions," and "Some Reflections and Forecasts." The author has full scope for lucid reasoning here, and his ideas concerning the blending of the white and of the aboriginal races, and of the future of the various Republics are of peculiar interest. It is undoubtedly the absence of a racial question in countries such as Brazil and Paraguay which affords one of the greatest fields for speculation concerning the future. Mr. Bryce's unbiased reflections on topics such as these cannot fail to render immense services to all students of South American affairs. As to the volume itself, there is no doubt that this valuable work must appeal to a very large and general public.

The Favourites of Louis XIV. By LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE. Illustrated. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d. net.)

READERS of "The Favourites of Henri of Navarre" will gladly welcome this companion volume. The Court of the "Grand Monarque" offers a wide field for gossip, and "Le Petit Homme Rouge" avails himself to the utmost of the materials placed at his disposal. It is a sordid picture, though its accuracy is placed beyond all possibility of dispute. In the matter of morality, kings are conceded a licence which is refused to their subjects, but the gallantries of Louis XIV were the scandal of a shameless age. A physical degenerate—the catalogue of his complaints makes reading more instructive than edifying—the King figures in these pages as something not far removed from a moral imbecile. With unfailing tact and discretion, "Le Petit Homme Rouge" conducts us through the whole of the sorry business. La Vallière is succeeded by Montespan, and there is a plenitude of subsidiary episodes. The abandoned cynicism that characterised French society of the seventeenth century is portrayed with an unerring fidelity. Even the Church was tainted with it, though one recalls with gratitude the courageous protest of the Archbishop of Sens. Louis receiving Holy Communion with his mistress; Louis turning from Louise de la Vallière—who was, after all, the only woman who ever appears to have loved him disinterestedly—to the calculated embraces of Montespan: these are pictures from the contemplation of which one gladly turns to themes more wholesome.

But the study has a distinct historic value. In the introduction to this book "Le Petit Homme Rouge" maintains that, "although the Salic Law has debarred women from reigning in France, they have there wielded, directly or indirectly, more real influence than in any other country." He finds no difficulty in proving his thesis. The causes that contributed to the rise of the French Revolution have been variously defined, and the subject is one that is still constantly engaging the attention of the historian. One of them, at least, may be found in the Court of Louis XIV. "Le Petit Homme Rouge" is to be congratulated alike on the industry and research that have gone to the making of this volume, and on the candour with which an important phase of French history is here presented.

Spes Vitæ, and Other Poems. By ROBERT CALIGNOC. (G. Bell and Sons. 1s. net.)

IN January, last year, a little volume of poems entitled "Love's Protest" fell into our hands, and we expressed the opinion that any future work of Mr. Calignoc must receive the consideration due to a careful and capable artist. This new book by the same author is bound to win the approval of the critical reader. The opening poem of thirty pages, "Spes Vitæ," is a romance in blank verse, with the mysticism of the Celtic temperament for its dominant theme, and there are passages in it which reach a high level of accomplishment, in spite of an occasional slip into an awkward measure, such as the line, "But the keen spark snapped, and the lightning sang," which mars the effect of an excellent page:—

> . . . . The Saxon bloods rolls on
> Like an old van; his, whom we call the Celt,
> Surges in crimson foam, while tragic-wise
> He chides his lingering stars, cries out on Fate,
> And rattles at the Moon. In Heaven and Earth
> Two never were more sundered.

From the second half of the book, containing verse on various themes, the following sonnet, "Lux Amoris," stands out remarkably:—

> Come, Love, and solve me with thy subtle sight
> Those darker secrets which infest the mind,
> That Cynic men no more may justly write,
> Perusing thy fair face, that Love is blind.
> Illumine with thy penetrating ray
> The dusty chambers of the intellect,
> And, viewing her disuséd mansions, say
> What's sound or rotten, well or ill bedeckt.
> To thy o'ershadowing purposes we look;
> The thread that binds us to thee none can sever;
> Thou art the Heart of Life; from thee we took
> Our primal source, towards thee we're moving ever.
> O Love, the mind is to thy service plighted!
> If thou be wronged, how can she e'er be righted?

This sonnet has a genuine Elizabethan ring, and,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

being thought out instead of merely imitated, carries conviction. Many readers will prefer this section, with its lyrics and sonnets, to the lengthier title-poem; for ourselves, we have taken considerable pleasure in both parts, and can recommend the little book as one that stands a good deal higher in literary value and technique than some of the much-belauded work issued under names that are better known.

Algiers, The Sahara, and The Nile. By RACHEL HUMPHREYS. Illustrated. (Ham-Smith. 5s. net.)

HAVING read this book quite carefully, we are at a loss to account for the fact of its publication. The writer visited Algiers, and went down into the Sahara as far as Biskra, whence we get references to "The Garden of Allah" and "Hichen," by whom, we presume, the author intends "Hichens"—at least, that is what we have always heard him called. The camel is designated "The Ship of the Desert," and there are some grammatical tangles in which singular and plural quarrel with each other to an almost unbelievable extent. The following two sentences concerning Algerian women will serve as sufficient example: "She is evidently a toy to the rich and a beast of burden to the poor. They are simply bought in marriage; the man never sees the face of the bride till the wedding day." Again we find "these sort of things" and other crudities, which, even if the book were above the average, would mar its effect.

The book, however, is below the average rather than above, for it is a mere list of things seen on two ordinary tourist trips, one to Algiers and one to the Nile. There are two ways of making these lists, and the author has chosen the wrong way, for there is no colour in the book, no special point of view to make the narrative interesting, nor any one thing to lift it above commonplace tourist level, while the photographs which accompany the letterpress are sometimes bad, and sometimes very bad. Bearing in mind "Hither and Thither," which Mr. W. J. Ham-Smith published a short time ago, and remembering the very high level maintained throughout that work, we are rather surprised at such a book as this, in which no one page bears evidence of originality or of thought whose expression would benefit readers.

Fiction

The Streets of Ascalon. By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS. (Appleton and Co. 6s.)

THE trouble with Strelsa Leeds, widowed after two years of hateful married life, and beginning the world again after two more years of retirement, was that she tried to consider herself as other than physical, rejected love's material side. In this frame of mind she cannoned against Rix Quarren, an idler, who stiffens into a man through his love for the platonic-minded young widow. Enough of her past is shown to enable us to understand her view that platonic friendship is the highest form of affection, but at times we feel inclined to shake her and demand that she shall be reasonable, just as Quarren must have felt.

How these two settled their lives, the reader of the book must find out for himself, and it will prove a pleasant search. There are a host of other characters in whom we feel more than passing interest; the "belted earl" with his taste for vaudeville; the author who believes in himself and his mission, and who is not a little disgusted when a book of his turns into a "best seller" because it happens to contain a good story as well as a moral; the villain of the piece, who meets with just retribution in a scene which once again proves Mr. Chambers' capacity for grim, strong writing, as well as for brilliant dialogue and luminous descriptive work. And there are two or three little love stories in the book—a captious critic might complain that there are too many of them—with which we cannot do other than sympathise. Mr. Chambers, though he writes of the very highest of New York society, gives us neither heroes nor heroines, but just a dozen or so of faulty people like ourselves. Their reality disarms criticism—here are real people, real passions, and consequently real romance.

Bachelors' Buttons. By EDWARD BURKE. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s.)

THE format of this book reminds us of a certain old firm, long and justly celebrated for the production of works artistic in type and appearance. The matter, we must own, is scarcely up to the same level, for, witty and amusing though it is, the shy bachelor is a trifle overdrawn. We find it hardly possible to believe that a man of forty should be such an innocent, to put it frankly, and this to a certain extent mars our enjoyment of the little slips he makes, previous to exchanging bachelors' buttons for wedded bliss. We confess, however, that it is excellent fooling, and certain remarks here and there strike us as perfect gems. For instance, the old gardener: "I've alluys intended to remain a bachelor, D.V.—or *not!*" Things of this kind are plentiful, and add to the joy of the book; but while granting that the shyness of the bachelor hero might lead him into some of the errors set down here, we cannot help wishing that he were not quite such a fool. This over-drawing does not apply to the other characters, for they are excellent representations. "Pansy" is simply delightful as the managing sister-in-law, who, now that Edward has come into a fortune, would fain superintend his household for him, and arrange for everything, with the exception of his own comfort. On nearing the end of the book, we decline to believe that our bachelor is deficient in courage so far as facing the other sex is concerned, for he married a woman named Sophonisba. And surely no greater proof of courage than that could be required of any man.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Faustula. By JOHN AYSCOUGH. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THERE is a certain similarity between this book and "Quo Vadis," although the author treats not of the time of Nero, but of the brief period of persecution to which Christians were subjected in the time of the Emperor Julian. And, whereas he slurs over the unpleasant details of his theme, the great Pole did not scruple to give us all the picture. We feel that the *motif* of this book is the persecution to which Faustula is subjected, and yet two-thirds of it are taken up in telling how Faustula arrived at years of discretion as a vestal virgin. There appears to be much preparation—or rather introduction—and very little story. We must confess that our sympathies for the most part lie with Faustulus, the heroine's pagan father. Faustula herself is rather pale and ineffectual, and the book ends with an anti-climax which neutralises its power to a certain extent. At the same time the author strikes a note of true pathos at intervals; we wish those intervals were not so far apart. As an historic study, the book is quite interesting, for the most minute details of Roman life are punctiliously correct, and the descriptions of scenery are attractive. Mr. Ayscough writes, however, not as a Latin viewing his own country, but as one who views Rome and the Sabine hills from afar. We feel that the scenes are foreign to him, that he has failed to enter entirely into the spirit of his work, and that he tells his story rather as a dispassionate historian than as a novelist to whom his characters are real and living.

The Clay's Revenge. By HELEN GEORGE. (Stephen Swift and Co. 6s.)

THE publishers announce on the wrapper of this book that the story is "undoubtedly painful in the ruthlessness of its analysis," and we hasten to agree with them. As for "the fateful march of its plot," to which they also refer, we are not quite so sure about this. The story is that of Bertha Hammersley, who, having married a man who loved her with his brain—one whose face the author describes as delicate and classical—finds after a time that the clay in her asserts itself. The man through whom this assertion becomes evident is a mere brute, one to whom Bertha appeals physically, and who seems capable of response to no other than physical appeal. She, in her turn, cares little for him. It is the clay that drives her, the instinct which lies dormant in many women far too long, thus rendering possible such marriages as that which Bertha made. Throughout the book our sympathies are with the woman. Neither of the two men attracts us in the least—perhaps they were not meant to do this. "The Clay's Revenge" is, in fact, an artistically ugly production, a book which convinces while it repels. At the same time it is no mere piece of sensationalism, but a story that conceals a fine lesson.

The Theatre

"Officer 666" at the Globe Theatre

IF the general public likes to be amused without bothering itself about anything in particular, except sheer enjoyment, Mr. Augustin MacHugh's melodramatic farce will have a victorious career. For nothing quite so brisk and amusing has been imported from America—with the very bloom of New York still fresh upon it—for many a long year. Mr. Wallace Eddinger is a delightful young millionaire, Travers Gladwin, who returns to his home just in time to try and prevent his extraordinary collection of pictures being stolen from his fine house in Upper Fifth Avenue. These pictures, by the way, seem to be the only thing in the play lacking in the right touch of melodramatic farce. They are too bad to be a satire, and, besides, all the American millionaires I have known understand all about pictures and the other arts, and would never be taken in by such a quaint array of quite impossible copies. But, no matter, Mr. Gladwin believes in them, and the most agreeable thief of the modern stage, Alfred Wilson, played with a fine spirit of elegant convention by Mr. John Miltern, likes some of them, and determines to cut them from their frames.

For this purpose he poses as Gladwin, and is duly confronted by the real person of that name. Incidentally, the sham Gladwin wishes to marry, secretly, of course, the most beautiful girl in the world, Helen Burton, made delightful by Miss Viva Birkett. This lady has been seen and loved at sight—one cannot doubt that for a moment—by the real Gladwin, and thus the affair of the pictures and the lovely lady begins. Everyone will go and see "Officer 666," so will know all the spirited complications that grow quite naturally out of the affair. The audiences will be immensely diverted by the new sort of cheeriness of Mr. Eddinger, the skill of Mr. Sam Sothern as the millionaire's friend—an Englishman with a slight Cockney note in his voice so as to convince the Americans—and with the humour of Mr. Dan'l Moyles, who as "Officer Phelan 666" lends his uniform to both the real and the pseudo Gladwin, with highly amusing results. Miss Birkett, as the beloved of everyone, is worthy of great admiration, and is cleverly supported by Miss Helen Ferrers and Miss Enid Leslie.

Among many other new ideas Mr. MacHugh gives us a strange Japanese servant and a crowd of little tricks and happy turns which keep the play lively from the starting gate to the winning post. In fact, the thing is as swift as a good race at Newmarket, and as invigorating and entertaining. Like the French maid in Mr. Max Beerbohm's latest novel, the author appears to be one of those who are born to make chaos cosmic. For from the wildest melodrama and the most impossible farce he evolves some hours of charming fun. Some people may remember the sort of revolutionary effect that the coming of "The Belle of New York" wrought upon musical comedy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

I have no doubt that Mr. Winchell Smith's production of "Officer 666" will have much the same result upon our farces, and that we shall be as grateful to him later on as we are delighted by his neatness, care, and speed at the present time.

"A Venetian Night" at the Palace

AS advertisement agents, the censorate which now reigns would appear to be, in value, above rubies. The booking for the first night of Mr. Carl Vollmöller's wordless play was immense; the fine house was packed in every part. And this Venetian night's entertainment deserved a good audience, for it is curious, interesting, and sometimes the episodes are exhilarating, and often *macabre* after the fashion of the late seventeenth century in Italy. The story is one of the most lucid we have seen in wordless play or pantomime. Miss Maria Carmi appears as an exquisite young marquise who comes as a bride to an old-fashioned hotel with her elderly, unattractive groom, Mr. Klein. It is the year 1860 when the Austrians occupied Venice. She has a lover in a splendid Austrian officer, Mr. Hans Felix. On the evening of her wedding she wants to hint to him that her marriage is a business arrangement of her excellent parents. At the moment when she leaves her wedding party and proposes to see her lover on the bridge of a canal, a Young Stranger, Mr. Biensfeldt, sees and of course loves her—for is she not Miss Carmi in the most delightful 1860 frock? The Stranger thinks the flower she lets fall is for him; it is really for the lover. After this the episodes are of a wild and passionate dream in which the Young Stranger and the other characters do many weird and exciting nightmarish actions, and during which Miss Carmi acts with superb elegance, power, and skill. After adventures of the maddest kind—in which a revolving stage is of great value, the Stranger awakens to find that the bridegroom who, alas! has been drinking, has fallen heavily across his bed. The rest is simple. Everyone is awake. It *was* a dream. And yet when the gondola puts out from the hotel the Austrian lover sits very closely to the bride; the groom has to pay a very long bill, and the Stranger who watches from the bridge knows that the flower was not for him and gently drops it on the passing boat. Apart from this little story there is an immense amount of pantomime fun in "A Venetian Night."

People in all sorts of gay costumes dance many lively dances, and are smacked and dragged and pushed about to very festive music written by Mr. Friedrich Bermann. All this is, in a way, in the picture, and is made entertaining by the beggar boy who, I presume, is the Pipistrello of Mr. Ernsh Matray. After these thirteen merry, tragic, dramatic and knockabout episodes one is left wondering what it was the censor censed. Really the management ought to ask us to a *répétition generale* now and then. But why Prof. Max Reinhardt in such enormous letters? Any clever stage manager could produce these admirable effects without overworking himself.

"A Penny Bunch" at the Vaudeville

THE astute reader, as Mr. Neil Lyons calls one, is, no doubt, familiar with that writer's studies of town and country life; therefore he will the more greatly enjoy this excellent little play, which is founded on an interlude in his recent book, "Clara," and which, I think, I have also read in some other publication. On the stage, in the hands of Miss Esmé Hubbard, Mr. Eliot Makeham, and Miss Lilian Mason, "A Penny Bunch" retains much of the vivid charm and the queer picturesque realism of the story. Mr. Henry Seton aids Mr. Lyons in the dramatisation of the episode, which tells how Poppy, who sells violets, and her elderly friend, Miss Moon, who deals in flowers suitable for the 'ome, are both interested in Mr. Alf Beeny—in different ways—and how Miss Moon helps the lovers to get over the little difficulty of telling one another that each in their time has been "in trouble." The charm of the play, as of the written story, lies in the humorous, sympathetic, understanding attitude of the author. But Miss Hubbard makes Poppy even more real and amusing than she appears in the book, and thus a most attractive prelude is provided for the entertaining adaptation of "Le Mariage de Mlle. Beulemans." We hope that the authors may allow us to see many other of the episodes from "Arthur's" and "Clara" on the stage.

EGAN MEW.

Exhibitions at the Grosvenor and Leicester Galleries

NEAR the site of the famous old Grosvenor Gallery, and named after it, fine spacious new galleries have recently been opened, at which the inaugural exhibition of modern pictures is now being held. The catalogue states that "there has been no attempt to make the exhibition anything but representative of the seasonal output of acknowledged and rising artists of this country," and though the result is not very striking as a whole, the exhibition contains, in addition to the one room devoted to the work of Walter Greaves, a number of interesting paintings. These may be seen under most satisfactory conditions, as the catalogue states, especially in the matter of lighting, which is, of course, the chief problem of a picture gallery. The subdued splendour of the decorations, however, does not recommend itself to us as a setting for such work as, for instance, that of Mr. Greaves, and one is tempted to wonder whether it may have been a previous sight of the "conditions" which tempted Mr. Lavery to give, as he does in the catalogue, the names of the six titled ladies to be seen bathing in his "Venice," some of whom appear as mere specks of colour in the distance! This picture and "The Beach, Tangier," are, however, much more interesting than the "Portrait of an

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Officer" by the same painter. One of the best paintings in this room is a lovely "Evening at Benares," by Mr. W. Rothenstein, seen with a haze hanging over the water, and conveying a remarkable impression of stillness, not wholly dependent upon the stiff uprightness of the figures with their orange and green and red clothes. Not far from this picture is a beautiful portrait —presumably it is a portrait—"Girl in Spotted Frock," by Miss Edyth S. Rackham. It represents a girl in a simple Victorian dress, against a dark background, her head bent forward and her arms folded, intent and serious and full of expression. There is also a lovely little grey, blue, and white study of a lane, "Little Rissington," by Mr. C. J. Holmes, in this room, next to which are some of Mr. S. J. Peploe's brilliant "Tulips." There is work here, too, by Mr. Chowne, Mr. Von Glehn, Mr. Greiffenhagen, two clever pictures by Mr. Philip Connard, and a portrait of Mr. Shannon by himself.

In the Long Gallery, the chief thing is Mr. Orpen's "Blue Hat," a picture full of such beauty as the mention of this painter's name must bring to mind. It is a half-length of a girl with a laughing face and a bit of blue in her hat. A large canvas, "The Celestial Globe," by Mr. W. Strang, hangs at the bottom of the room, and dominates the gallery on account of its size and individuality. It combines pattern with a sort of realism, and is much more attractive than the "Portrait Group" by the same painter, which is commonplace and lacks the decorative quality of the other, and of "The Laughing Girl" and "The Flower." Near Mr. Strang's work, and contrasting strangely with it, is "An Abbé," by Mr. Frank Craig, which in feeling and treatment might have belonged to another age; but it is very good. This and the small gallery also include work by Mr. Harrington Mann, Mr. Buxton Knight, Mr. T. Austen Brown, Mr. Anning Bell, and others, among them being a certain number of water-colours. There is also Mr. Rothenstein's "Romance," a delightful and fantastic thing, which, like Mr. Cayley Robinson's beautiful "Jeu d'enfant" in tempera, and some others, has been previously exhibited. Lastly, there have been added, in a separate small room, Mr. A. Rothenstein's designs for the costumes in "A Winter's Tale," about which much has already been written. They are delightful and full of originality, and it is unnecessary to dwell on their extravagances.

The chief interest of the exhibition, however, belongs to the room in which a number of the paintings by Mr. Greaves, which were not among the collection that attracted so much attention at the Goupil Gallery last year, are now to be seen. It is a wonderful collection, and one forgets to criticise before such expressions of pure beauty as "The Nocturne, Battersea: Opal and Gold," "A Grey Note, Battersea," or "Green and Silver; the River Walk," with their lovely half-vanishing figures, their beauty of still nights and calm water. The fact that Greaves was not the first to paint these things in this special way, but that he did paint them so exquisitely, makes his achievement the more remarkable in one sense, while the fact that he was unknown during Whistler's lifetime should surely increase the honour due to his work.

At the Leicester Galleries, the Hogarth Room, devoted to the work of Mr. George Clausen, makes one of the most interesting one-man exhibitions of the year. It is not easy to write of Mr. Clausen's work, because one would like to say so much more than is possible in the comparatively few lines available. There are paintings here which it is impossible to forget, and one or two which one can only regret should be placed anywhere but with "The Girl at the Gate" in the national collection. "A Little Fair Child," a three-quarter length of a little girl standing in a field, with her hands on the posts of a gate, is one of these. Though, of course, all Mr. Clausen's work has not the completeness and inevitableness of this painting of a child, there is something of its quality, the unselfconscious depth of sight and feeling, the strength of expression, the exclusion of all irrelevances, whether in such paintings as the "Rickyard in Shower" or "Harvest Time," or again in those like "The Three Diggers," in which he is most noticeably the descendant of Millet. The large canvas "Rejoicing after Rain," illustrates in another way one essential aspect of the resemblance of Mr. Clausen's work to that of Millet—his treatment of the relationship of mankind and Nature. In this picture one cannot tell whether the sense of rejoicing is expressed more in the forms of the men and women painted in the foreground, or in the beauty of the clearing sky and the fresh colour of the fields. There are one or two portraits in the collection, and a few pastels, as well as a certain number of water-colour sketches, which, probably executed as studies, were hardly worthy to be included in this exhibition.

The adjoining room at the Leicester Galleries is devoted to Mr. Arthur Rackham—the old, and, as we think, the real Mr. Rackham of "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," for the excursions into the Ring of the Nibelungen, beautiful as some of the individual drawings were, certainly lacked the spontaneity and freedom which characterises his best work. The present exhibition of illustrations to Æsop's Fables, with their exquisite humour, their sensitive pen-line and design, is a convincing proof that Mr. Rackham's genius has nothing to do with tragedy.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Monday, young Agar-Robartes told a good story of an Englishman and an Irishman who clubbed together to buy a cow. When the purchase was complete, they tossed up as to who should own each half; the Irishman won, and chose the hindquarters; the Englishman had to take the head and shoulders, but quickly found out that he had the worst of the bargain, for he had to do all the feeding, whilst the Irishman

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

took all the milk. This puts the case of Irish finance into a nutshell, for the Home Rule Bill provides for forty-two members still to sit and vote at Westminster. "Considering we pay the deficit," he continued, "it would be more in accordance with the fitness of things if we sent forty-two members over to Ireland to look after our money and see that it was properly spent." Young Robartes is a Cornish Radical who likes to show his independence by wearing his hat at the back of his head and occasionally having a fling at the Government. He is well reported in the *Western Daily Mercury*, and farmers throughout the Duchy chuckle and say in the language of Arnold Bennett: "That young Tommy *is* a card."

Atherley-Jones was another Radical who wagged his head gloomily, and said the number ought to be greatly reduced.

Asquith trotted out the old argument that, after all, Home Rule was only a form of devolution, and Ireland, as a partner in the Empire, ought to have some representation in the Imperial Parliament.

F. E. flatly declared he did not believe the Government ever intended to bring in Home Rule Bills for Scotland and Wales, and the Unionists cheered when they remembered the Premier's promise that the reform of the House of Lords "was a debt of honour which did not brook delay." Government promises were a form of currency that had become debased.

Birrell did not put up any fight at all, and Balfour waltzed round him, pinking him here and there with his rapier. "The Home Rule Bill showed no signs of being part of a homogeneous whole. If that had been the case, why was Ireland given separate Customs and a separate Post Office?"

Were we going to have separate Customs between Wales and England or Scotland and England? "No!" yelled the Liberals. "Very well, then, what becomes of the plea that Home Rule is only an instalment?" But, as I have said times without number, argument is of no use. The big battalions flocked in as half-past ten struck, and the guillotine fell. Only one amendment had been discussed, thirty-five were killed, with the result that in a clause of thirty-two lines only two and a half received any consideration at all.

Wednesday.—Turning over the events of yesterday, I do not think the opposition to the Bill is being as well stage-managed as it should be. Too much time is devoted to one amendment; a few front bench men speak far too long. These speeches do not get properly reported, and we have few divisions. What would be far better would be to have short, sharp criticism and many more speeches of brief duration, and many more divisions on the various amendments. This would keep the Radicals on the run, and the papers would be bound to report the amendments and the divisions. As it is, the Press take little notice of the discussion. This afternoon Austen spoke for an hour on the financial resolutions. It is true he is an ex-Chancellor—but an hour! However, before he was on his feet, one or two interesting things occurred. Banbury asked his question as to whether Stuart Samuel should resign on account of his firm making a profit on the Indian silver. The Prime Minister in reply said the law officers were considering the matter. "Very well," said Banbury, "I'll repeat the question next Monday."

Some time ago the Government appointed a Select Committee to consider the financial relations between England and Ireland. Asquith was asked to publish the names of the Committee, and declined, but said he would publish the evidence if there was a general desire. A petition was got up, but Asquith declared that it was not sufficient, so the pertinacious Godfrey Locker-Lampson got up another signed by 344 members, or more than half the House, and yet Asquith said it was not enough. Remnant, who is a truculent interrupter, bawled out that the Government only had a majority of four last Friday. "Was that a proof of the desire of the House?" Asquith, in the words of the Savoy opera, said: "That had nothing to do with the case."

Herbert Samuel proposed that we should hand over one and a half millions to Ireland, and spoke soft words. It would not be for long, and soon Ireland would be contributing to the Imperial Exchequer, whereupon one Unionist member, in the current slang of the day, said: "I don't think."

Philip Sassoon, the new member for Hythe, made an excellent maiden speech. All maiden speeches are generously called excellent, but this really was above the average, and he gained the goodwill of the House by his modest bearing.

Bonar Law wound up with a slashing speech delivered at a tremendous speed. At present we were pledged to complete land purchase, but he warned the Irish that they could not expect old-age pensions to be paid as well. He was quite willing to pay the Irish deficit so long as she remained a part of the United Kingdom, but if she demanded independence the case was entirely altered.

There is a French saying to the effect that "nothing is more possible than the unforeseen," and it looks as if Welsh Disestablishment will have a more stormy career than Home Rule. On Friday afternoon Asquith came down to move that the Committee stage must be limited to nineteen days.

Alfred Lyttelton in a reasoned amendment declared that "a Bill which during the admitted suspension of the Constitution proposed to disestablish, disendow, and dismember the Church of England in Wales—being the oldest and largest Christian body in the Principality—which is supported by members of the Government as a preliminary to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church in England, and has never received the sanction of the country, requires the full and unfettered consideration of this House, and this House declines to apply any restriction to its discussion." The battle was fast and furious all the afternoon. It reminded Mr. Asquith of his pledge that there should be the fullest discussion, and taunted him that, if he did not,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

he would be dishonouring himself and dishonouring his country.

Little Ormsby-Gore was in a towering passion. "You kick us because we are small. You are bullies in office. The resolution is that of a bully who is a coward. You dare not have discussion." The learned and academic Cripps, usually so placid and judicial, declared that the Bill was a "tyrannical resurrection of mediæval reactionary jealousy and intolerance." Griffith-Boscawen charged Sir Alfred Mond with contributing largely to the party funds for despoiling the Church, although he was regarded to have a larger income than that of the whole of the Church in Wales.

Mond jumped up, and denied the latter, but it was noted that he by implication admitted the former allegation. "Yah, Ap-Mond!" said a Unionist wag.

The Treasury bench was deserted, and then it leaked out that a hastily summoned Cabinet meeting had been called on account of serious news which had just arrived from the Balkans. McKenna came in to explain this, and replied for the Government, but his speech was punctuated by a running fire of comment and interruption from the Opposition, which culminated in the Speaker rebuking Paddy Goulding, who would not sit down, but kept rising to his feet and yelling fierce retorts to McKenna. McKenna asked if this was a sample of the free discussion the Opposition craved. As a matter of fact, I think it is not wise to interrupt McKenna. He does far more harm to his own cause by his statements if they are quietly listened to; but Winterton, Goulding, Remnant, and other backbenchers will never see this. The debate was eventually adjourned at five, and will be continued next Friday.

Like almost everything else in the world, the backbone of the Home Rule Bill is money. On Monday the Speaker sat in the chair, and the report or final stage of the money resolutions was down for discussion; but before that came on Asquith announced that there "were grave doubts" as to whether Stuart Samuel should go or not, and therefore, "according to precedent," he proposed to set up a Select Committee to decide the point. No man is more keen on precedent than the Premier when it suits him. The Opposition jeered.

Then our "Peckham" got up to move an amendment, of which he had given written notice, limiting the expenditure by England on Ireland to £2,500,000. When a young man lives at home, his father is willing to keep him; but if he chooses to set up for himself—well, it is a different thing; he must look out for himself. Banbury was against giving the Irish lad a blank cheque, and so limited it to the sum named. It was an intricate subject, and most people went away to tea, or to write their letters, whilst Herbert Samuel began one of his pooh-poohing speeches: Banbury's motion was so preposterous that he did not take much trouble to refute it.

The keen-eyed little Jerry MacVeagh and the deliberate Thomas Esmonde, who is, or was, an Irish Whip, however, took the trouble to go over to the door and remark to the Whips: "I say, you chaps, aren't you rather short? There seems to be a devil of a lot of the Opposition about! We shall be pleased to put up some men to talk, if you like." But the Whips replied lazily: "No, thanks. We have about forty, and that's quite enough to go on with." So the Irishmen went away doubtful, but comforted. Mike Thompson replied to the Infant, and then, as no one got up, the Speaker put the question at 4.13. The bells started ringing, and members lounged in. Like lightning the news spread that something was wrong. I went to the Government Lobby, and waited until "All out" at 206 was pronounced; I then struggled down to the other end. The Unionists were still pouring through. There was a tense pause; the Government Whips, with their numbers ready, were waiting for the other side. The Bar was densely packed as "Peckham" and dear old Pike forced their way through, wreathed in smiles. They made a bee-line for the right of the table. The House knew at once what this meant. The whole Opposition rose to their feet—they stood on the benches, both above and below the gangway, completely hiding the Irish—and yelled until the roof rang again. For four solid minutes they kept it up; they threw their notice-papers up in the air; they waved their handkerchiefs whilst Illingworth and the other Whip slowly took their places on the unaccustomed left.

"The Ayes to the right are 228; the Noes to the left, 206," said Banbury.

Then the cheering broke out again.

Neither Bonar Law nor Asquith was in the House, but both were hastily sent for. After the Speaker had announced the figures, Bonar Law rose first, evidently with the intention of asking what the Government intended to do. Asquith rose an instant later, and, of course, had precedence. Bonar Law gave way, and Asquith, with ashen face, moved "that the House do now adjourn."

Again the tumult began. As Asquith left the chamber, he must have heard yells of "Good-bye, Asquith!" "Thank God, England is saved!" "Bang goes £400 a year!" and other phrases. I went off to send a wire over to Taunton. The House was up at 4.28 p.m., and, if it arrived at 5, the glad tidings would help to swell the majority I felt sure we should get.

For two hours members hung about the Lobby and Smoking-Room. "It is a paralytic stroke for the Government," said one. "I never knew a Government survive for long after so serious a reverse," said another. "It was a snap," said a third. "Nonsense—your men were earnestly requested to be present at 4, and your whip was double-lined," said a Unionist in the know. "Common form only," was the reply. "Well, it was a pity your men did not take common trouble to attend on the report stage of a money Bill," chimed in another Unionist: and so it went on. The Irish were very angry. Some said "Asquith was riding for a fall." I was sorry for Illingworth. He is a nice fellow, and this is the third reverse he has had; however, as he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

passed through the smoking-room, in reply to our condolonces, he bravely said: "It's nothing; it will only mean a few days' delay." We shall see.

"Things are jolly rocky on the Continent," said a youthful diplomat. "What will they say if we have a general election now? They will never understand it —they will say we are divided amongst ourselves." "Nonsense," said the more robust member for Hammersmith. "If there is any question of war, we should unite as one man under Asquith, whatever our politics"; and I leave the great day at that.

Every paper last night and every paper on Tuesday morning had the single announcement, "Defeat of the Government," and everybody flocked down to hear what Asquith would do. "They must resign," said the inexperienced. "A defeat on a money Bill on the report stage! It would be unheard of if they didn't!" But Asquith is not bound by precedent if it does not suit him. The House is a law unto itself: he and his merry men were not going to face the country just now and lose £400 a year! Not a bit of it. He had evidently conferred with the Speaker, and had obtained from him an opinion that he could move to rescind the vote; so he gave notice that he intended to do so on Wednesday. In the meantime we should proceed with the interesting subject of the White Slave Traffic. The humanitarians were eager to save the backs of the traffickers from the lash.

Notes and News

Messrs. D. Appleton and Company will have ready in the course of the next few days a little gift-book for the Christmas season, by Robert W. Chambers, entitled "Blue-bird Weather."

"The River Rhymer," a volume of verses by Mr. J. Ashby-Sterry, treating of the Thames, its places, people, and life, from the source to the sea, will be published shortly by Mr. W. J. Ham-Smith.

The large demand for the Right Hon. James Bryce's new work on "South America" exhausted the first large edition soon after publication. The work has been reprinted with all possible dispatch, and it is hoped that further supplies will be available in a week or two.

Although "Zaza" at the Queen's Theatre has admirably introduced Miss Ethel Warwick in her new capacity as actress-manageress, the piece must come off at the end of next week, since Miss Warwick is under contract to produce "Sylvia Greer," a new three-act modern English comedy.

A new and revised edition of "The Government of England," by Dr. A. Lawrence Lowell, President of Harvard University, is announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. The work has been brought up to date by the addition of a new chapter on "The House of Lords and the Act of 1911."

Mr. Henry Frowde is about to publish "The Pageant of English Prose," edited, with introduction and notes, by Mr. R. M. Leonard. This is a companion volume to "The Pageant of English Poetry," compiled by the same editor, but larger, consisting of 500 prose passages by 325 different authors, from John de Trevisa (1326) to "Fiona Macleod."

Mr. John Lane announces "Austria, Her People and Their Homelands," by one of the men who know Austria in her most remote provinces, such as the Bukovina. Mr. James Baker, F.R.G.S., is the author of this volume, which is illustrated with forty-eight water-colours by Mr. Donald Maxwell, of the *Graphic*, and has a map and full index.

Messrs. Hutchinson announce "Twelve Great Passions," by J. A. Brendon. In this book the author has re-told the stories of George III and the fair Quaker, Hannah Lightfoot, which is still more or less a mystery; of Princess Amelia, of Sir Richard and Lady Burton, and others. The book will be handsomely bound and beautifully illustrated.

Messrs. Herbert and Daniel will publish, in time for the Christmas market, a little volume which its author, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, entitles "Verses and Reverses"; "Lyrics," by Lady Margaret Sackville; "A Posy of Folk Songs," by R. L. Gales; "Songs of God and Man," by Anna Bunston; "The Silver Stair," by Charles Williams; and "Verses," by T. A. Bailey.

Mr. Harrison's new programme at the Haymarket Theatre includes a one-act comedy by Mr. W. J. Locke, entitled "An Adventure of Aristide Pujol," at 8 o'clock. At 8.30 the curtain will rise on Lord Dunsany's play, "The Golden Doom," for which Mr. Joseph Harker has painted the scenery from Mr. S. H. Sime's designs, and at 9 o'clock Mr. Stanley Houghton's comedy in three acts, "The Younger Generation," will be given.

Mr. Herbert Jenkins will publish during the next ten days the two last books upon his autumn list: a book on Embroidery Stitches, at 5s. net, by M. E. Wilkinson, with 200 illustrations, the aim of which is to epitomise the most useful embroidery stitches and add new and original ones that will increase the artistic effect of this particular species of needlecraft; and "Poems to Pavlova," by A. Tulloch Cull, with eight full-page illustrations of Madame Pavlova in her most famous dances, at 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. A. and C. Black will publish during November an important historical and topographical work in three large quarto volumes, entitled "The Annals of Hampstead," by Mr. Thomas J. Barratt. The author has devoted much of the leisure of over thirty-five years to the collection of material. That his industry and research have been well rewarded is evident from these volumes, which contain over 500 illustrations, including 30 facsimile reproductions in colours, 30 photogravures, and 6 valuable maps.

Messrs. Jack are sending out "The People's Books" in rapid succession, and announce a fourth dozen for issue on November 20. From the following list it will be seen that many interesting and novel subjects are treated:—"Geology," by Professor T. G. Bonney, F.R.S.; "Weather Science," by R. G. K. Lempfert, M.A.; "Hypnotism," by A. M. Hutchison, M.D.; "The

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Baby: A Mother's Book by a Mother," by a University Woman; "Motherhood: A Wife's Handbook," by H. S. Davidson, M.B., F.R.C.S.E.; "Navigation," by W. Hall, R.N., B.A.; "The Church of England," by Rev. Canon Masterman; "The Hope and Mission of the Free Churches," by Rev. Edward Shillito, M.A.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.

PUBLIC interest throughout Europe, which until yesterday, as it were, was following breathlessly the irresistible progress of the Bulgarians towards Constantinople, the gradual penetration of the Servians to the Adriatic, and the crowning triumph of Greek arms at Salonika, has now been abruptly diverted to the capitals of the Great Powers, where, before the curtain has been rung down on the closing scenes of the first act in the Balkan drama, the second act is being carefully and deliberately cast. It is, perhaps, only natural that the renewed activities of diplomacy should awaken in the minds of men a fear lest, in the ultimate settlement of a problem that drew Greek and Slav together in league against the Turk, the jealousies of their stronger neighbours may precipitate deadly conflict between the powerful groups which at present maintain the equilibrium of Europe. If, however, we consider the various factors which go to make up the existing situation, we shall find that, although the issue of peace or war is not a little obscure, there are indications that a working compromise will be reached which cannot fail to remove, for a period at least, a general European conflagration.

Leaving Rumania—a country whose policy must be largely determined by the course of events—out of the question, the nations more closely concerned with the destinies of the Balkan peoples are Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia. The interests of the Dual Monarchy and her ally, identical in nature though not in degree, are political and economic; those of Russia, political and ethnological. We need not at this stage consider the political future of Thrace, of Macedonia, or of the Sanjah of Novi Bazar, for it is to Servian aspirations on the Adriatic that the activities of the chancelleries are at present directed. Servia, for centuries past isolated by arbitrary land frontiers, has at last fought and won her way to the sea. But her path lies across the country of the Albanians, the integrity of which both Austria and Italy profess to regard as sacred and inviolable. As an alternative to a port on the Adriatic, the suggestion has been made to Servia that she should seek for an outlet on the Ægean Sea, and so dispose of all possible cause for complaint. The Machiavellian motives underlying this proposal deceive no one, least of all the Servians themselves; for were it carried into effect a sharp wedge would be driven into the solidarity of the League, a solidarity which has alone been responsible for removing the principal cause of disturbance from South-Eastern Europe. The settlement of the Balkan question, if it is to be final, must redress all ills and eradicate every conceivable element of friction.

Thus, before the campaign is at an end, we find Servia faced with the unhappy prospect of being robbed of the fruits of her hard-fought victories. Such a prospect meets with no yielding spirit, either among the army or at Belgrade, and, as was only to be expected, has raised a storm of indignation throughout Russia. It is, in fact, this sympathetic response in the Tsar's dominions—a response that has received far less attention at the hands of the British Press than it really warrants—which lifts the Servian question bodily out of the category of what certain Powers are too prone to designate their spheres of influence. To those who follow closely the political thought of Russia, the unanimity of opinion which characterises the utterances of Press and publicists in their advocacy of the Southern Slavs in general and of the Servian aspirations in particular, offers an unerring guide to the policy that must inevitably be pursued by the St. Petersburg Government. That Austria and Italy, by virtue of their special interests, possess the right to a place of importance at any conference summoned to settle once and for all the vexatious questions arising out of the Balkan problem we do not dispute; but we cannot concede to them so far-reaching a prerogative as that involved in anticipating the deliberations of such a conference by presenting a direct ultimatum to Servia. Yet the alarms of the past few days have arisen from more or less well-founded reports that the Governments of Rome and Vienna, acting in concert, and supported, of course, by the Wilhelmstrasse, are taking steps to protect their interests at the expense of the long-cherished hopes of their valorous but weaker neighbour.

It is only in a contingency such as this that fears can be legitimately expressed that Europe may find herself split into two armed camps, the Triplice and the Entente. For anything in the nature of peremptory harshness exhibited towards Servia at this stage will impel Russia swiftly to her side, and so determine positively the attitude of Great Britain and France, neither of whom can be unmindful of the essential support accorded by Russia throughout the crisis occasioned last autumn by the Agidir incident. And here it may be well to point a moral to a short-sighted school in this country, who are forever bewailing our entanglements on the Continent, and in the Russian net in particular. No sane person will deny that the establishment of a German base on the Atlantic coast of Northern Africa was a question of vital importance to Great Britain. The interests of France throughout Morocco do not enter the domain of controversy. But wherein lay justification for the staunch support accorded both these Powers by Russia? The answer is simple and significant. Although not in any way concerned with Morocco, she remained steadfast and loyal to her allies in the hour of their trial. "Upon one thing I believe the general opinion of Europe to be unanimous—that the victors are not to be robbed of the fruits which have cost them so dear." In this

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

recent utterance of Mr. Asquith is to be found implicitly Great Britain's honourable acknowledgment of the debt of last year, an acknowledgment the logical development of which, in certain eventualities, we need not at this stage dwell upon.

It would be idle to deny that the full scope of Servian ambitions portends danger within the dominions of the Dual Monarchy, for an advanced political party at Belgrade openly advocate the liberation of the Serb communities in the Adriatic provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina. Vienna has therefore just grounds for framing a policy which shall take into account the larger aspect of what is admittedly a delicate situation. Yet from the very fact that twenty-three millions of the Emperor Franz Joseph's subjects are racial kinsmen of the Balkan Slavs it would be unwise for Austria to proceed to extreme measures. Perhaps the only compromise possible in all the circumstances, one upon which both Belgrade and Vienna have yet to be persuaded, lies not in the abandonment but in the modification of Servia's Adriatic policy. There would still remain, however, the thorny question of Albanian autonomy, a question on which the League are unanimous in their opposition to Italy and Austria. At present the efforts of the Triple Entente in regard to Balkan problems are being seriously employed in the direction of judicial mediation; but should those efforts fail in face of Austro-Italian obduracy, then nothing could prevent Russia from championing the cause of the Servians, and, if necessary, calling upon England and France to fulfil the simple obligations attaching to the Triple Entente—a call that would certainly not remain unanswered.

MOTORING

ALTHOUGH it seemed to be almost universally known that nothing strikingly new in the way of design was to be expected at Olympia this year, the success of the exhibition was assured from the very first day, the attendance being many thousands in excess of previous records. It is also reported that more actual business has been done at the stands this week than at any preceding Show, but this is a matter which it is practically impossible to verify. Exhibitors are notoriously optimistic, and unduly disposed to take it for granted that an inquiry will necessarily materialise into a definite order. Nevertheless, everybody, exhibitors and visitors alike, has seemed in particularly happy mood on this occasion, and it may safely be asserted that the Show of 1912 has been an all round success.

By common consent the chief characteristic of the exhibition, which closes its doors to the public at ten o'clock this (Saturday) night, is the excellence of the bodywork to be seen on the principal stands. This is notably in advance of that shown last year in every respect, and it is difficult to see what room there is still left for improvement, either in elegance and harmony of outline, perfection of finish, or interior accommodation and refinements. With so many handsome and luxurious bodies to be seen on every hand, it is a somewhat invidious task to single out any for special praise, but the concensus of opinion seems to point to the 38·4 Noiseless Napier Royal Saloon as being the finest specimen of motor carriage work in the Show, although so far as the mere colour scheme is concerned, the writer personally prefers the 15·9 h.p. of the same make. The 30 h.p. Sheffield-Simplex has also excited universal admiration for its magnificent bodywork, and in the opinion of many is fully entitled to share the honours of premier position with the Royal Napier.

With regard to the mechanism of the car of 1913, as shown at Olympia, it would be a mistake to assume that there has been no real progress made during the last twelve months, merely because the chassis themselves are, at a superficial glance, essentially the same as those of 1912. As the *Motor* aptly points out in a special article devoted to showing what is gained by buying a car absolutely up to date, experiments, and consequently improvements, are continuously being carried out by every motor manufacturer and designer, with a view to perfecting the various features of the car which still cause more or less trouble to the owner. Every motorist knows that in most of the cars running to-day there is occasional trouble with such things as clutches, leaky and noisy gear-boxes, sticking valves, rattling joints, inefficient brakes, imperfect ignition, etc., and it is obvious that there is much to be done before these defects are finally removed and the ideal car evolved. To all these faults the up-to-date manufacturer is fully alive, and there is no doubt that he is straining every nerve to eradicate them, and so gain a lead over his equally keen competitors. Thus year by year improvements in important details are embodied in the chassis as the result of the previous twelve months' experience, and the buyer of the latest car of any particular make may be certain that he is getting a better and more efficient article than the model of the previous year. It is to this gradual all-round improvement in detail, and to the progressive elimination of such defects as those indicated, that the motorist must look in future, rather than to any really revolutionary alterations in design or construction.

In the tyre section a notable absentee is the Victor, the tyre which has come into such prominence during the last few months, largely owing to the (unintentional) publicity given to it by the R.A.C. It will be remembered that the Club, after having consented to supervise a competitive trial between the Victor and other representative tyres, suddenly, and without any explanation, withdrew its consent, and threatened, if such a trial were proceeded with unofficially, to ban the Victor from all competitions and all exhibitions, including Olympia. This extraordinary proceeding has naturally led to a vast amount of controversy, the action of the Club having been strongly criticised in many quarters, with the result that the Victor has received a magnificent and continuous advertisement.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

As a counter-move to its exclusion from Olympia, the makers announce that they will send a specimen tyre to any private motorist for inspection, without obligation to purchase.

A very large number of people assembled at the Aerodrome on Saturday evening, the 9th inst., to witness the exhibition of illuminated flying that had been postponed from the 5th. It was a perfect night for the display; there was no wind, and the temperature was mild. Had it been one of those bleak, cold nights, which are not restricted to any month in our changeable climate, it is certain that the onlookers would not have shown the great patience they maintained while waiting for the aviators to make their ascent; for, although each flight, as it took place, presented a very pretty spectacle, the interval between the displays was very long, and was not even relieved by the letting off of fireworks. Unless there is any particular reason why one machine should not be ready to start while another is still in motion, we are sure it would add greatly to the enjoyment of the spectators were a less interval allowed. The Aerodrome presented a very decorative appearance, lit up with small lamps, while the flashlights and the lights from the motor-cars added to the brilliance of the scene. We were glad to hear that Mr. Gates, who came down heavily owing to engine trouble, did not sustain any serious injuries.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

NOTHING is likely to be done in the City until the position in the Near East is cleared up. It is perfectly impossible for anyone to prophesy as to the result of the war; whether Russia will be able to control her Slav population, whether Roumania will keep quiet and whether Austria, Germany and Italy mean business or whether they are bluffing, no one knows or can know what will happen. In the meantime cautious people refrain from either buying or selling. Paris is determined to create a new boom if she can and Russia is also full of determination to mark prices up, but neither can control the future. The determination is actually the result of enormous buying on the part of the banks during the last slump.

The death of Lord Furness is a serious blow to the City. He was a bold and acute man of business, one of the greatest men that our industrial England has ever produced. That he made mistakes everyone knows, but his successes were quite phenomenal and achieved in the face of tremendous opposition. He was a loyal friend, a great man in every sense of the word.

One or two new issues have come out. Messrs. F. J. Benson and Company offered a very fine security in the City of Sydney 4 per cent. ten-year debentures. They were over-subscribed without difficulty. The British Orto Tyre and the Guatrache Land were also offered during the week, but neither of them attracted money. The public is shy, it wants big interest, and does not discriminate between an investment and a speculation. One of these days it will find out that you cannot get a security with 5 per cent.

There is still talk about the Chinese Loan. The Stock Exchange has officially declared that it will quote the Crisp Loan, and has therefore taken sides in the squabble. This is very reassuring. On the Continent neither the Bourses of Paris or Berlin would dare officially to quote a loan that had met with the disapproval of the Government. Here in England we are more independent. Indeed, the City resents any interference with its right to lend money to whom it chooses. The more one examines the attitude taken up by Sir Edward Grey the more hopeless does it look. In any other country but England accusations of bribery would be brought against the Foreign Office, but here, although we suspect our Foreign Office officials of stupidity, we are convinced of their rectitude.

MONEY.—As the end of the year approaches so does money becomes tighter. The banks charge the Stock Exchange 5½ per cent., but there was no difficulty in obtaining all the necessary funds. This is not surprising for we have reduced the "bull" account to an almost invisible item. Trade, however, is good, and prices are high; therefore there is no chance of any reduction in rates before the end of the year.

FOREIGNERS.—The Foreign market continues hard. Each day another "bear" buys back his stock, and each day his place is taken by one who has more courage; consequently the prices of all securities affected by the war keep firm. This is a most curious result, and should give people confidence that the trouble will end quickly. Unfortunately the strength of the quotations in the Foreign market is almost entirely due to an artificial shortage. The great banks came in and purchased right at the bottom of the big slump, and they are determined not to unload or weaken the market in any way. Greeks will certainly improve when the war is over, for whatever happens Salonica will become part of Greece. As this is one of the richest districts, and also one of the most populous, Greek finances will benefit. Indeed, it is said that there are so many wealthy Jews in Salonica that it is likely to become the commercial capital of the Near East, and there is a suggestion that a Stock Exchange should be established.

HOME RAILS.—Each week some new stock is taken in hand. During the past few days the bidding has been for Central London. The deferred, which a year ago were 69, are now 82, and the ordinary are quoted at 85. All kinds of tales are going about, and the latest story is that the Underground Electric have decided to acquire the road. This seems feasible. A few days ago, however, it was declared that the rise was due to the fact that the Great Western had interested themselves. A change in the sentiment of the City towards the Home Railway market seems certain. Brokers who a year ago were advising their clients to have nothing to do with Home Rails are now suggesting that they are sound securities. The statement that the Government intend to keep their promise to the railway companies may be responsible for the altered attitude of the City. But the fact that the traffics are good and that expenses have been kept down has probably a great deal more to do with it. I have steadily advised investments in English railways, for I know of nothing that offers a higher yield with so certain a security.

YANKEES.—There is a great deal of nonsense talked

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

about the new President and his power to alter tariffs. Under no circumstances can he move for at least one year, and even then his power is very limited. The President of the United States is neither a tyrant nor even a constitutional monarch. Unless he can use great tact he is merely a cypher. There is no doubt that if the democrats were determined to cut down tariffs, trade in the United States would suffer, but there is no sign that they intend to do anything of the sort, and in any case nothing can happen for eighteen months to two years. All American railways are very cheap. Eries, Union Pacifics, Southerns, and Steels are worth buying by those who have the money to pay for them.

RUBBER.—Very little interest is taken in the rubber market to-day, and there have been no important reports issued since I wrote last week. Djasinga issue their second annual report. This company has 4,464 acres planted with tea, coffee, and rubber. Its net profits amounted to £6,080, which are used in writing down preliminary and underwriting expenses. In spite of the big acreage I do not recommend a purchase of the shares.

OIL.—The only talk in the oil market is about the German attack on the Standard Oil. I think it will be found that the Imperial Company will make terms with the Standard. It can hardly get its oil in any other way. It is no use starting a company to supply the German Empire with oil unless the oil can be bought, and the Standard actually control at least half the oil that goes into Germany. Mexican Eagles have been hard on the news that another gusher had been struck. This one has been capped down. Rather wild tales are going about to the effect that the Mexican Eagle has ten years' oil supply in hand. It is impossible to say how much oil a well will produce. The mere fact that the pressure is great means nothing. I do not wish to throw cold water on the "bulls" of Mexican Eagle, for I think the company has great chances. Nevertheless, it is foolish to lose one's head.

MINES.—The full text of the Goldfields' report has now been issued. It tells us very little, and is very disappointing. The interim report of the Goldfields Rhodesian Development is even more disconcerting. Eldorado Banket appears to be going from bad to worse. The shoot grows smaller on every level, and values dwindle. The Shamva is also a very disappointing mine, and when one remembers that people paid anything between £4 and £5 a share for this property three years ago, and are as far off getting a dividend as they were when the mine was floated. One is not surprised at the hard things that are said in the City about the manner in which Rhodesian properties are handled. Between the first and third levels there has been a shrinkage of 83 feet in the width of the ore bodies. The values appear to me quite unpayable. There is a body of ore on the second level going 6.77 dwts. which might be crushed at a profit. But it is ridiculous to expect a dividend from ore on the prospect level, which only runs 3.8 dwts. I have said before that I think Shamvas definitely over-valued at par. However, Planet Arcturus would appear to be turning out a satisfactory proposition. This is a rich mine, and if it is carefully handled it may return its shareholders their money back. I doubt whether it will do more.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Nitrate reports still continue to make their appearance. But this is a dangerous market for the outsider, and I strongly advise holders to take advantage of the present prices to get rid of their shares. Presumably some of the "bulls" have got tired of holding on to their National Telephones. I think that those who can afford to wait would probably get at least £20 to £30 profit on their deferred shares at present prices. Furness Withy shares have been weak. This was only to be expected. The management of this company is good, and business is splendid. Therefore I think holders can keep their shares.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TURKISH DEBACLE AND THE NATIONAL RESERVE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—The fate of the National Reserve hangs in the balance. The next few months must decide whether it is to die out—a well-meaning but abortive attempt to keep in touch with the men in the country who have had a military training—or whether it is to be made so great a reality that the country will not allow the military authorities to neglect it, even if they wished to do so. The National Reserve now numbers about 170,000 men. It can be doubled, *i.e.*, brought up to 340,000 men, if all the counties in Britain do as well—and there is no reason why they should not do better—as London, Edinburgh, and Surrey. But if it is doubled, it is as certain as anything human can be that the Government will find the movement too big not to be taken seriously, and they will feel obliged to provide the men on the register with uniforms and rifles—absolute necessaries should a call ever be made upon their patriotism. Numbers alone will force the authorities out of their present attitude of benevolent indifference.

It is because the National Reserve is in this critical situation, and because the overthrow of an ancient military Empire with an army of 400,000 fighting men, within a fortnight, has made the question of National Defence a living issue, that I ask your paper to give its powerful aid towards the work of obtaining the last 170,000 men. The seeking out of the trained men and the getting them to put their names on the register is a work peculiarly appropriate to the Press. Indeed, it can hardly be accomplished without them. When the National Reserve was started in Surrey, the first 700 names were obtained *solely* through appeals in the county newspapers of all shades of opinion. Again, it was through publicity in the Press that during the past six months the numbers of the National Reserve have been doubled. The inspection of the National Reserve by the King in Hyde Park at the beginning of June last was reported and commented upon in every newspaper in the land, with the result that the National Reserve added some 70,000 men to its numbers. If your paper, in conjunction with others, will now appeal to those of its readers who are eligible to join the National Reserve but who have not yet joined, I feel confident that the names will pour in by the thousand. Remember, there are still tens of thousands of men who have not yet even heard of the Reserve.

To be specific, I want to ask those of your readers who are eligible to send their names and addresses (stating distinctly the county or town in which they live), their ages, and the corps in which they served, to the *Spectator* Office, London. These replies shall be sorted out and sent to the secretaries of the various Territorial Associations in whose area the men reside. The reason for asking that the names and addresses should be sent to the *Spectator* and not direct to the Territorial Associations, can easily be explained. If you ask a man to send in his name to the secretary of, say, the Monmouthshire Territorial Association, ten to one he will fail to do so. He will not know the address, and he will also not know where to find it. If, however, he can cut a form out of his paper, fill it in, put it into a halfpenny envelope and address it to the *Spectator* Office, London, with the letters "N.R." written big on the envelope, he is far more likely to send his name.

As I have said, there are probably thousands of men who still do not know what the National Reserve is. May I explain by quoting the words of the first paragraph of the National Reserve Regulations:—

"The National Reserve, which forms a part of the military organisation, is primarily a register of trained

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

officers and soldiers who, being under no further obligation for military service. . . . . are organised under the auspices of County Associations, and encouraged by the military authorities with a view to increasing the military resources for national defence."

Though registration involves no legal liability, it is of course fully recognised by all the members of the National Reserve that by joining the Reserve men and officers express their willingness in case of great national peril to these islands—that is, invasion—to place themselves at the disposal of the military authorities. Though there is no *peace* obligation whatever, it is clear that joining the Reserve involves the greatest, sternest, and most binding of obligations in the case of invasion. No one should dream of joining the National Reserve unless he means business—unless he is prepared to risk his life should the soil of this country ever be violated by the armies of a foreign Power. The National Reservist will never be required to serve outside Great Britain. *Of that he is absolutely assured.* But in the case of war within these islands he will, as I have said, be called on to do a soldier's duty. *No man who is not prepared to do this in case of invasion is wanted in the National Reserve. Every trained man who is so prepared must not delay to register his name and address.*

The men who are eligible for the National Reserve are ex-soldiers of the regular Army who have passed out of the Reserve, ex-Militiamen, ex-Yeomen, ex-Volunteers, ex-members of analogous Colonial forces, and all ex-soldiers who have seen active service, *i.e.*, who are in possession of a war medal, no matter how short was such service. Ex-sailors and Marines who are not under liability to be called up for further service in the Navy, and ex-members of the Royal Irish Constabulary who have completed not less than four years with the force are also eligible. In fact, every trained man and trained officer is eligible. Here is the Form which I suggest your readers who are eligible should fill in and post as described below :—

NATIONAL RESERVE.

To men with a military or naval training :

Fill in this Form. Cut it out and send it in an unsealed envelope with a halfpenny stamp, addressed as follows :—

N. R.,
"The Spectator,"
London.

If you prefer it, you can copy out the Form on a post card and address as above.

FORM.

I desire to join the National Reserve.

Name (in full) .....
Address (in full) .....
Age .....
Former Corps .....
War service (if any) .....

If you can let this Form, with a few explanatory words as to who are eligible, remain in your columns for a week or two, the effect will be increased not seven but seventy fold.

Those who are not eligible themselves, but who know men who are, can do a real service to their country by bringing this Form to the notice of men who are eligible.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully, J. ST. LOE STRACHEY.

1, Wellington Street, Strand, London, W.C.
Friday, Nov. 8th, 1912.

[We are fully in sympathy with this movement and have much pleasure in printing Mr. St. Loe Strachey's letter.—ED. ACADEMY.]

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It will be noticed that "Tom Jones" makes no reference to the extracts from Milton's paraphrases of the Psalms which I quoted, but insists that the lines from "A Midsummer Night's Dream" are not "poor stuff." In this opinion he places himself in direct opposition to all Shakespearean scholars.

The Baconian syllogism is not correctly stated by your correspondent. Baconians are much too clear headed to adopt such a contention. They do say : The Shakespeare works are those of a learned man. Shagspere of Stratford was not a learned man, therefore he was not their author. Or again : Bacon was a learned man, therefore he may have written the works. Both of which syllogisms are sound.

Tom Jones is wrong in saying that the notion that these works are those of a learned man is comparatively of recent date. But he would be correct if he said that the complete abandonment of the contention that they are the product of an unlearned man is of comparatively recent date.

The men and women whose opinions he cites were not exceptionally qualified to form a judgment on the subject. The Hales conversation did not have its origin until nearly 100 years after Shakespeare's death, and if it is true it only proves that Hales either knew little of the classsical authors or less of their works. Davenant's real opinion of Shakespeare may be inferred from the fact that he considered the plays so faulty that he remodelled "Macbeth," "Measure for Measure," "Much Ado About Nothing," and, in conjunction with Dryden, "The Tempest." After Davenant's death, Dryden continued in the evil course "of demolishing these edifices of marble and rebuilding them with bricks." Dryden placed Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher before Shakespeare, and considered Congreve his equal. The opinions of such men ought not to weigh with us.

It seems strange that in the twentieth century it should be necessary to combat the statement that the author of the Shakespeare plays and poems was an unlearned man. It is true that Farmer's Essay was said by Dr. Warton to have settled the question as to the learning of the author for ever. But Farmer's arguments are inconclusive and, in view of our present knowledge, are based on premises which are not merely uncertain, but directly opposed to the facts. "The really crucial tests in the question he either evades or defaces," says Professor Churton Collins. Farmer wrote in 1767. The serious examination of the plays had then barely begun. The first commentator's work was that of Prebendary John Upton, published in 1746. He truly said, "I have often wondered with what kind of reasoning anyone could be so far imposed on as to imagine that Shakespeare had no learning ; when it must at the same time be acknowledged that without learning he cannot be read with any degree of understanding or taste." He further states, "That a contrary opinion is owing partly to Ben Jonson's jealousy and partly to the pride and pertness of dunces, who, under the umbrage of such a name as Shakespeare's, would gladly shelter their own idleness and ignorance." And old John Upton was right, except that Ben Jonson may be acquitted of jealousy, because his words have been misunderstood. Dr. Zachary Grey, the second commentator, or, rather, the third, if Edwards' "Canons of Criticisms" be included, writes : "His (Shakespeare's) knowledge in that respect (the Greek and Latin tongues) cannot reasonably be called in question." "He had a competent skill in the Latin language." Gildon was a vehement asserter of the learning of Shakespeare, and Dr. Sewel followed in his footsteps. Pope said there was "little ground for the common opinion of his want of learning." Theobald,* whose edition of the works was of the highest merit,

* The late Professor Collins writes of Theobald : "It may be said with simple truth that no poet in our own or any language has ever owed so great a debt as Shakespeare owes to this man."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

writes that he is "unwilling to allow him so poor a scholar as many have laboured to represent him."

Dr. Dodd supposes Shakespeare's knowledge of the Greek and Latin tongues to be proved and that he was not such a novice in learning and antiquity as some people would pretend.

The truth is that the disputants may be divided into two camps. Those who have not studied his works, but have read the tales which were manufactured to produce copy for the writers during the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, say Shakespeare had no learning. John Denis may be taken as a type of such. He said, "He who allows that Shakespeare had learning, and a familiar acquaintance with the Ancients, ought to be looked upon as a detractor from the Glory of Great Britain." They who have made a study of his works are practically in accord and convinced that the author was a classical scholar, and that his learning was profound. I cannot call to mind the name of one Shakespearean scholar of the first rank who, during the last hundred years, has held that the author was an unlearned man. The author was certainly a master of five languages—Latin, Greek, Spanish, Italian, and French. The late Professor Churton Collins, in his invaluable articles on "Shakespeare as a Classical Scholar," proves beyond the shadow of a doubt Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages, and of the classical works written in them. He points out the remarkable parallels in idioms and in peculiarities of diction and rhythm between the Greek writers and Shakespeare which must be attributed to their influence on him, and he writes: "It is indeed, in the extraordinary analogies—analogies in sources, in particularity of detail and point, and in relative frequency of employment, presented by his metaphors to the metaphors of the Attic tragedians, that we find the most convincing testimony of his familiarity with their writings." So Rowe was in error when, relying on the Hales conversation, he said: "It is without controversy that in his works we scarce find traces of anything that looks like an imitation of the Ancients." As to French, Richard Grant White says: "The author shows his knowledge of even the most delicate peculiarities of the French tongue." As to Spanish, Professor Elze, writing of the description of the language given in "Love's Labour's Lost," says: "Can one who describes the character of a language with such clearness and insight be unacquainted with it?" His knowledge of ancient and modern literature is acknowledged. Charles Knight wrote: "The very earliest writings of Shakespeare are imbued with a spirit of classical antiquity." Stapher, a distinguished French critic, says that some of the plays are "over-cumbered with learning not to say pedantic." Lord Chief Justice Campbell said that the author had "a deep technical knowledge of the law and an easy familiarity with some of the most abstruse proceedings in English jurisprudence." Carlyle wrote: "In the constructing of Shakespeare's dramas there is an understanding manifested equal to that in Bacon's 'Novum Organum.'" Lowell in "Among my Books," says: "The range and accuracy of his knowledge were beyond precedent, or later parallel." The author had travelled in Italy and France, and had an intimate acquaintance with the waterways of the former country now lost sight of. There is not a flaw in his geography. The position is thus summed up in Allibone's Dictionary of Authors:—

> Let it be accepted as a truth past all debate, that among the great ones of the earth Shakespeare stands alone in unapproachable majesty. What was the secret of his power; from whence derived his marvellous insight into human nature under all circumstances, ages and climes; this accurate knowledge of sciences, governments, morals, manners, philosophies, and codes; this exquisite command of language never wielded before or since, by which each character, event or thought is drawn in lines of living light? This, the greatest of all human mysteries which we have received from our fathers, we must transmit, deepened and heightened rather than lessened by our labours, to our children.

Can any appeal on this subject be more penetrating than that of Coleridge? "Ask your own hearts—ask your own common sense—to conceive the possibility of this man being—I say not, the drunken savage of that wretched sciolist, whom Frenchmen, to their shame, have honoured before their elder and better worthies—but the anomalous, the wild, the irregular, genius of our daily criticism! What! Are we to have miracles in sport? or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?"

I address to "Tom Jones"—his own words, "To persist in this fiction is not creditable."

WILLIAM T. SMEDLEY.

11, Hart Street. W.C.
November 4th, 1912.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Martin says, in his letter in your issue of the 2nd inst., that if I will reply to his demands he will promise not to mention Browning. I can quite believe that, for the simple reason I have not given him the chance. I never wrote to any paper to exploit an epigrammatic conundrum. I merely endeavoured to the best of my ability to reply to the riddle, and apparently made my meaning so plain that Mr. Martin has understood at a glance. I really do not know whether to congratulate myself upon the clearness of my style, or Mr. Martin upon his singular cleverness. I rather fancy, from his letter, he would expect the latter.

When, however, Mr. Martin says that none of your readers takes any interest in his "mental peculiarities," he does himself an injustice. What does he imagine we have read three of his letters, and not short ones, for? Why, he has just occupied upwards of two whole columns of your paper in asking me to produce the evidence of my own investigation of Christian Science. Surely if my views and not his own were what he wanted your readers to rejoice in, he might have been a trifle, dare I say? less verbose. I have read quite a lot of Mr. Martin's letters, but they never gave me the impression that he was like the gentleman in "Ruddigore," is it not? who described himself as "diffidence personified." His epistolary manner reminds one less of Laconia than of Nares' "Life of Burleigh." I know Mr. Martin will murmur "chestnut." I can only excuse myself by saying that there are some things which instinctively suggest chestnuts.

Mr. Martin began by very generously explaining exactly how Christian Scientists mentally arrived at their conclusions. I merely humbly pointed out that it was possible that a Christian Scientist knew the mental process by which he arrived at his conclusions almost as well as Mr. Martin could know it in his behalf. I even went so far as to apologise for believing that I understood my own process of reasoning more clearly than Mr. Martin was likely to arrive at it by any number of "pot-shots." Produce your evidence that your conclusions are justified, he replies, with enchanting irrelevance, in a question it requires 163 lines to ask. It is very accommodating of Mr. Martin to offer me your columns in which to produce the evidence of Christian Science healing, but if it takes him more than two columns to ask for it, how many columns is he going to grant me in which to supply it? I am afraid it might be another case, if I may indulge in another chestnut, of the galley slave and Guicciardini.

Yours truly,

FREDERICK DIXON.

Amberley House, Norfolk Street, W.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

STRINDBERG'S WORK.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—If I am not intrusive, I venture to suggest that reviewers do not acquaint themselves with *all* the facts about Strindberg. "The Confessions of a Fool" and "Legends" are only two small segments of a vast curve traced by his mind in its progress. His last stage was not that of a broken-down neurotic, but of a man who had entirely recovered moral and mental equilibrium. This is evidenced by his latest important work, the Blue Books (1906-7), well described by Mr. Austin Harrison in the current *English Review*. It should be remembered that the "Legends" were written as far back as 1898, and the "Confessions of a Fool" in 1886. Yours, etc.,

THE TRANSLATOR OF THE "LEGENDS."

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION.

The Works of Thomas Hardy : XIII.—The Well-Beloved. XIV.—A Group of Noble Dames. With Frontispieces and Map of Wessex. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. each.)

A Reckless Owner. By Nat Gould. New Edition. (John Long. 6d.)

Idle Hands. By W. Clinton Ellis. (Jarrold and Sons. 6s.)

The Aspirations of Jean Servien. By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Unbearable Bassington. By H. H. Munro ("Saki"). (John Lane. 6s.)

The Lovers of Sanna. By Mary Stewart Cutting. With Frontispiece. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2s. net.)

The Ultimate Conclusion. By A. C. Fox-Davies. (John Long. 6s.)

Beyond the Hills. By Maibey Whittington. (John Long. 6s.)

Céline : A True Story of the French Revolution. By M. V. de Régnier. Translated from the French by F. E. Fishbourne. (John Long. 3s. 6d.)

Mary in the Market. By H. Maxwell. (John Long. 6s.)

Those that Dream. By Yoï Pawlowska. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

Devil's Brew. By Michael W. Kaye. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

Pickanock : A Tale of Settlement Days in Older Canada. By Bertal Heeney. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Fifth Trumpet. By Paul Bertram. (John Lane 6s.)

Hocken and Hunken : A Tale of Troy. By "Q." (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

Promise of Arden. By Eric Parker. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

Chess for a Stake. By Harold Vallings. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

Bernardine. By Rosina Filippi. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

Two Can Play. By Horace Muspratt. (John Long. 6s.)

Levity Hicks. By Tom Gallon. (John Long. 6s.)

Dying Fires. By Allen Monkhouse. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

The King's Favourite. By Henry H. Atkinson. (George Allen and Co. 6s.)

VERSE.

Proud Maisie : A Play in Four Acts. By Edward G. Hemmerde. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 5s. net.)

An Idyll, and Other Poems. By E. Hamilton Moore. (Andrew Melrose. 2s. net.)

Heather-Bells. By D. J. Parry-Crooke. (Hammond, Hammond and Co. 1s. net.)

Garden Suburb Verses. By Mary Gabrielle Collins. (Co-Partnership Publishers, Ltd. 6d. net.)

Poems and Ballads. By Trevor Blakemore. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Field-Flowers' Lore. A Collection of Legends Re-written and Illustrated with Woodcuts by Louise M. Glazier. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Poems. By George Forester. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.)

The Bird of Time : Songs of Life, Death, and the Spring. By Sarojini Naidu. With an Introduction by Edmund Gosse and a Portrait of the Author. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

King Fialar : A Poem in Five Songs. By Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Translated by Eirîkr Magnusson, M.A. With Portrait of the Author. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 5s. net.)

The Unknown Way. A Book of Verses by G. M. With Frontispiece in Colour. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 2s. net.)

Ballads Weird and Wonderful. Illustrated by Vernon Hill. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

Green Days and Blue Days. By Patrick R. Chalmers. (Maunsel and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Enchantments. By John Gurdon. (Erskine Macdonald. 2s. 6d. net.)

Immanence : A Book of Verses. By Evelyn Underhill. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 4s. 6d. net.)

Egypt, and Other Poems. By Francis Coutts. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

New Poems. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. (Maunsel and Co. 1s. net.)

Children of Don. By T. E. Ellis. With Frontispiece. (Edward Arnold. 2s. 6d. net.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Paul and his Interpreters : A Critical History. By Albert Schweitzer. Translated by W. Montgomery, B.A., B.D. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

My Life. By August Bebel. With Portrait. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope. Compiled from the Cannon Hall Papers, 1806-1873, by A. M. W. Stirling. 2 Vols. Illustrated. (John Lane. 32s. net.)

A History of American Literature. By Wm. B. Cairns, Ph.D. (Henry Frowde. 6s. net.)

Summer Days in Shakespeare Land. By C. G. Harper. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

Dawn in Darkest Africa. By J. H. Harris. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Cromer. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Shelley. By Roger Ingpen. With Portrait. (Herbert and Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Conquest of New Granada. By Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B. With a Map. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

Sixty Years in the Wilderness : More Passages by the Way. By Sir Henry Lucy. Second Series, with a Frontispiece. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

Entre Deux Révolutions : Une Famille Ecossaise en Languedoc. (Emile Larose, Paris.)

Greek Thinkers ; A History of Ancient Philosophy. By Theodor Gomperz. Vol IV. Translated by G. G. Berry, B.A. (John Murray. 14s. net.)

Histoire Financière et Economique de l'Angleterre. (1066-1902.) By Etienne Martin. 2 vols. (Félix Alcan, Paris. 20 fr.)

Louis XVII, and Other Papers. By Philip Treherne. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Servile State. By Hilaire Belloc. (T. N. Foulis.)

The English Character. By Spencer Leigh Hughes, M.P. Illustrated by Frederick Gardner. (T. N. Foulis. 5s. net.)

The Charles Dickens Originals. By Edwin Pugh. Illustrated. (T. N. Foulis. 6s. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO

THE ONLY WAY

LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO (INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

Wealth and Welfare. By A .C. Pigou, M.A. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

The Struggle for Bread: A Reply to "The Great Illusion" and Enquiry into Economic Tendencies. By "A Rifleman." (John Lane. 5s. net.)

Cross Views. By W. S. Jackson. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

London University Gazette; Canadian News; Bookseller; Manchester Quarterly; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; Publishers' Circular; The International, N.Y.; International Journal of Ethics; The Collegian and Progress of India, Calcutta; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; The Bookfellow, Sydney; Cambridge University Reporter; United Empire; The Poetry Review; The Bibelot; Antiquary; Journal of the Imperial Arts League.

PRICE SIXPENCE ONLY (Post Free).

The Educational Map of INDIA

SHOWING

(1) Density of pupils under instruction per mille of school and college going population.
(2) All College Towns in the different provinces, together with
(3) A Key to the names of Colleges throughout India, Burma and Ceylon.

ALTOGETHER NEW AND ORIGINAL IN DESIGN.

APPLY TO MANAGER:
Collegian Office, 33, Dixon Lane, Calcutta.

MANY REJECTED MSS.

simply need expert revision to make them available. This I can give, securing results that count. Such firms as Appleton, Putnam's, etc., publish my own books, and I was recently editor for a leading magazine. Why not increase your profits by publication in the United States? Address: EDITOR, BOX 4L, 435 WEST 119TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK IN POWDER FORM.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

DELICIOUS, NOURISHING AND REFRESHING.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, **1/6, 2/6, 11/-**, at all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

DELICIOUS **COFFEE.**

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than

ordinary COFFEE.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,
62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.
MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Vià the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES
PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)
Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.
For further information apply to:—
DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.
For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.
P & O Pleasure Cruises Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.
For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY, 162, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.
P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

CRUISES TO NORWAY.
Mediterranean, Holy Land, Egypt, etc., by Ocean Yachting Steamer "ARCADIAN" during Summer and Autumn.
For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM
In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant
A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.
THE COMMENTATOR
ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.
COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	659
The Choice	660
The Idealist	660
Language and Character—I	661
The Doom of the Turkish Army	662
Three Irish Poets	663
Artists	664
Reviews:	
Marianne and her Enemies	665
A Philosopher in His Library	666
Mental Deficiency ...	667
The Problem of Infant Protection	669
Shorter Reviews	670
Fiction	672
The Theatre:	
"Twelfth Night" at the Savoy	674
"Instinct" at the Duke of York's Theatre... ...	675
Some New French Plays ...	676
Music	677
The Magazines	678
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	679
Notes and News	681
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	682
Motoring	683
In the Temple of Mammon	684
Correspondence	685
Books Received	686

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE are not quite sure whether Mr. Lowther will be disposed for long to continue in the position of Speaker of the House of Commons. There are many considerations which may weigh with him leading to a decision to vacate the office. Much of his surroundings must in the present day be eminently uncongenial to a man of the Speaker's temperament and training. We do not think the notice put down by Mr. Martin, the learned member for East St. Pancras, will cause Mr. Lowther much uneasiness, but Mr. Asquith has not dealt very nicely with the occupant of the Chair. In introducing his revised version of the Home Rule financial resolution, the Prime Minister declared in his opening sentences that nothing would induce him to question the authority of a decision of the Speaker; but in the concluding sentences of the same speech he proceeded to do this very thing. There is no reason why Mr. Lowther should continue in a position which can only be tolerable when deference and courtesy are extended to the occupant of it. We are sorry for Mr. Cave's sake to hear his name coupled with the possible vacancy. No man better qualified to preside over the House of Commons, as it used to be, could possibly be pointed to; but, things being as they are, we much hope that the learned and much-esteemed member for the Kingston Division of Surrey will reserve his great powers in order to re-establish the reputation and authority of the great administrative office for which he is clearly marked out.

We have received the first annual report of the Committee of the Kingston and District Sea Training Brig. The scheme was definitely taken in hand in the autumn of last year, and in that short period has, owing to local enthusiasm and generous grants, become an accomplished fact. The Duke of Bedford, the Drapers' Company, the Corporation of London and the Merchant Taylors' Company have given generous support to the local endeavour. The Committee at the outset worked in the face of some discouragement; the scheme in some quarters was described as useless and superfluous. The Navy, it was said, was not in need of personnel, and the Committee would fail to get their boys taken into the Mercantile Marine. The Committee proceeded calmly with their task, and have made arrangements which will falsify all the evil prophecies which *laisser aller* suggested. The "Steadfast," an oak-built vessel of 100 tons burden, formerly the sea-going tender to the "Exmouth," will shortly be at her moorings off the Kingston and Surbiton promenade, and, handsome in appearance, she will also be fully equipped to give the best practical training to boys, who will in due course be passed on to the "Warspite."

We are extremely glad to observe that our friends and contributors Mr. Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and Mr. "Herbert Seabury" have, distant as they are at the seat of war, scented with unerring instinct the calumnies which the less reputable section of the Radical press and of the Radical platform orators would be launching against the hitherto-defeated but eminently gallant Turkish soldier. They know that when the supply of news is short, atrocities are always put on the market. Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett in his graphic telegrams has borne eloquent testimony to the conduct of the Turkish soldiery. There are few defeated armies which would not have reason to be proud if such passages as these could be truthfully written of them:—

> No one can doubt that the men are brave after seeing them strolling about under shrapnel fire at Lule Burgas, as calmly as if they were saying their prayers. They are also the most gentle and well-behaved troops in the world, and no other army in retreat would have shown so much forbearance.

And again:—

> I am a Christian, and King Ferdinand has proclaimed a Holy War; yet the starving soldiers shared their last crusts of bread with me. The Christian villagers were left in peaceful possession of their property, and I saw soldiers who had eaten nothing for five days pass flocks of sheep, geese, and chickens untouched.

Evidence in support could be multiplied, and yet there are those in this country who claim a monopoly of righteousness, but who, as we think, are equally devoid of shame as of conscience, who apparently revel in assimilating and reproducing gruesome gossip to defame defeated troops whose virtues they, in similar circumstances, would not be likely to emulate.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Choice

WHEN all my life's delights are shed,
And fades from me my latest sun,
Wreathe violets about my head,
And lay me where still waters run.

A white and marble tomb prepare,
Carven with emblems of desire—
A faun, a nymph with floating hair,
A Cupid with an unstrung lyre.

There to the tree's shade, at high noon,
Let shepherds come to talk and sing;
And maidens, to a fluted tune,
Wind and unwind their dancing ring.

And when the glow-worms light the grass,
And stars are flickering in the dew,
My shade about those fields shall pass,
Where I was an Arcadian too.

W. P. R. KERR.

The Idealist

IN a thoroughly practical world, where effort, unless successful, is generally ignored, where dreaming is regarded as a species of insanity, and where love is gravely dissected by the scientists in the hope that eventually it may prove to be some curious form of chemical which can be treated with solutions, precipitated, and analysed with a view to placing it on the market in carefully measured and regulated quantities, it may seem superfluous to talk about beauty. Beauty is a disturbing element in the doctrine of the materialist; like the surd in mathematics, it is there, it has to be reckoned with, but it can never be exactly defined; and your true materialist has a lively horror of things that cannot be exactly defined. Give him a row of pigeon-holes wherein he may neatly secure his opinions and discoveries, and he is happy; unfortunately he cannot often be really happy, since he is always finding that there is a great deal more in the universe than can thus be snugly labelled. Self-sacrifice, for instance, and beauty, and mystery, are three troublesome things "left over," and he hardly knows what to do with them.

We lose patience with people who are for ever striving to define beauty, whether they be poets or philosophers—though with the poets we admit some friendly feeling, since sometimes in the effort to define it they produce it; the only occasion, probably, when the analyst becomes the creator of the very subject that is baffling him. Why not acknowledge freely that there exist qualities that cannot possibly be defined? We can well imagine the persevering lexicographer faltering when he comes to the word. "A pleasing combination of qualities in a person or object," says one; "a particular grace or excellence." "The appearance and properties in any person or thing that please and delight the eye," says another rotund voice; "those qualities in a thing that delight the mind or any of the senses"; thus confessing, in the most abject way, that all the wisdom of the schools is a poor thing when it attempts to encage and limit the transcendental. For ourselves, we should rather suggest—not define—beauty as the sign of the spiritual set upon the material world, whereby he who runs may read that the infinite is not to be measured by earth, by the circlings of a little brown planet round a rather small and insignificant star. It is the light, invisible in itself, yet giving evidence of its splendid presence by colours and strange glooms. To explain it is impossible. We do not add to our dignity by endeavouring to explain the thrill of a sunset as the result of "a pleasing combination of qualities" in the atmosphere and the clouds, or by trying to interpret the appeal of a rose by admiring the "particular grace or excellence" of its chemical constituents—interesting though these researches may be.

If we regard beauty as the sign of the spiritual set upon the material world—a sign, let us note in passing, that may be debased or wilfully misinterpreted—then the universality of the craving for beauty, for beautiful things, becomes significant in the extreme. We begin to understand many mysteries; poesy lays soft hands upon us, and touches blind eyes to sight. We begin to see the necessity of the symbol in a life that is so limited in its comprehensions and expressions; to realise that the symbol, the visible presentation, may be the key to inner meanings which are akin to the divine. The spirit "leaping and shining like a mountain water" does not irradiate the earth-bound, but it may draw its nourishment from things of earth rightly seen, and it may gleam as brightly from the eyes of a child with a bunch of wild-flowers as from those of one more learned who finds hints and suggestions of a world beyond his knowledge in the repeated miracle of the spring. If the craving for beauty be strangled, we have the ascetic; if it be unduly pursued, we have the hedonist; both are the outcome of a perverse outlook on life, both perched on opposing pinnacles of selfish wisdom that crumble and slip at the ringing blast of the trumpets of reality; and, paradoxically, the realist in this case may be a thorough idealist. His perception is the keener by reason of its added spiritual intensity; he has two viewpoints—as it were an earth and a heaven, and thereby achieves a vision far more accurate in its perspective and memories far more lasting and active. He may be more sensitive, and, if his faith is shaken, he is forlorn in his misery because of the very happiness he has known; but we may safely say that he is more secure in his faith, as a rule, than his brother of Flatland. For he has arrived at his state through deep waters and hard weather, by many dangerous straits and shallows, and is so much the more fitted and strengthened to hold fast in his harbourage. That the haven is temporary, a mere resting-place in a voyage that is but just begun, matters little; so far he has come safely, his riding-lights are bright; and when the mists that gather at evening disperse in the dawn which he knows must come, he will put forth with good cheer into the fresh, mysterious morning.

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Language and Character—I

By PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG.

MANY of us are interested in Philology, though many of us do not apply that learned term to our reflections on the subject. But the fact remains that, as often as we seek the origin and history of a term or phrase, as often as we reflect on the propriety of using one word rather than another to express our meaning, nay, as often as we ask ourselves whether we are writing correct grammar, we are calling the science of Philology to our aid. Now, modern Philologists are turning their attention chiefly to the special branch of their science which we call Phonetics—*i.e.*, the changes in sound which pass upon language, whether such changes occur in the mother-tongue or in the course of the parting off of divers languages from the parent stem. This science, important as it is for classification of the families of language, is one which must be left to specialists; but there is an aspect of the science of language which is of interest, and within the understanding of any reader who is familiar with any language besides his own, viz., the particular way in which the language spoken by any nation reflects the national character. Different writers have shown how true this reflection is in the case of particular languages, among whom I might mention Wedewer and Geiger and Abel; but there is room for a competent linguist to compose a most interesting treatise which should embrace other than European tongues.

Whether thought is possible without language is a disputed question: but it is at least certain, for all practical purposes, that, for human beings at least, the instrument whereby thought works is no other than language. Language is as much the natural product of the human mind as leaves and fruits are of plants; we can alter language to a certain extent by the influence of Academies or of American Presidents, just as we can improve plants by grafting or transplanting, but the fact remains that language takes its origin independently of human will, and that even after the influence of culture has been brought to bear upon it, it develops not in accordance with man's will. In its structure, in its metaphors, in particular shades of significance assigned to words which formerly bore a different meaning, in its loan-words, in its rhythm, and its cadences, language reflects more or less perfectly the changing thoughts of the greater part of the nations. It is, generally speaking, safe to say that nations speaking a language which has no word to express any given object or conception, lack the possession of such objects or conception. It is also true that words which are used to express general ideas, conceptions, abstractions, etc., will serve as a guide to show how a nation arrives at and endeavours to express such ideas: "a stone" is a stone the whole world over, but "justice" is a very different quality as conceived by a black slave and by his master.

The grammatical structure of the sentences exhibits the methods whereby the individuals in a nation group their thoughts. Grammar, no doubt, ought to be moulded by logicians: but the people are not logicians; they can succeed in making their meaning plain without the aid of Aristotle or Whately. Consequently the grammatical structure of a language represents the order of their thought and the relative importance attached by them to subject and object. Just as the lack of a name for an object or conception seems to imply its absence in the mind of the speakers, so does the German maxim hold good, "Liebe Sachen haben viele Namen." In Sanskrit the number of words referring to philosophy and religion is so numerous as to suggest that those who spoke that language must have been immersed in things spiritual, that the priests must have been much interested in transcendental subjects: "They let the thundering legions pass, and turned to thought again."

Greek again offers a rich store of words for philosophy, art, and science: in fact, the terms belonging to these departments of knowledge have been borrowed by all the civilised world from that fine language. English nautical terms are largely borrowed by our neighbours, and have largely entered into our national vocabulary, as in phrases like "a fair-weather friend," "a good berth," "a sheet in the wind," "the devil to pay and no pitch hot"—the devil in this case is nothing more malicious than a certain rope which demands pitch to stiffen it.

Then turn we to Latin. We should guess the speakers of this language to be before all things an agricultural people, who, when not employed in agricultural pursuits, were engaged in war and in building a system of law. The origin of many of their common words seems to point to this conclusion. Such are *delirare*, "to plough crooked," then "to be mad"; *tribulare*, "to thrash corn," then "to trouble"; *emolumentum* (molere), "the proceeds of corn ground," hence "any gain"; *seculum*, "the season for sowing" (serere), like "saison" in French, transferred from meaning a date of a couple of months to one of a century. Many Roman proper names denote original connection with Mother Earth, such as Cicero, "the Chick-pea man"; Lentulus, "Mr. Haricot"; Piso, "Mr. Pease"; Caepio, "Mr. Onions"; Dorso, perhaps "the furrow-maker"; and many others. Take a few of the Latin metaphors, and they will make good the assertion of Cicero: "Scutum, gladium, galeam, nostri milites non plus numerant quam humeros, lacertos, manus: arma enim membra milites esse ducunt." *Spoliare*, "to strip an enemy of his arms," then "to despoil"; *intervallum*, "the space between two valli or stakes used in the defence of a camp," then "any space"; *princeps*, probably "the first taker or snatcher of the spoils of victory," then "the foremost." Many other instances might be cited. Roman law has imposed much of its system and of its nomenclature on the civilised world, and it is significant that the first task set to the Roman boy was to learn by heart the laws of the twelve tables, as that of the Greek boy was to learn Homer. Our own English language, besides nautical words, has given

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

to the world a variety of commercial and political terms and expressions for sport. The French has lent us terms expressive of social life and refinement: German is strong in philosophical and metaphysical expressions. Loan-words, then, afford us valuable material for the formation of conclusions alike as to the character of the nation which lends them and of that which borrows them. Thus the Romance languages borrowed many terms from the Old German: these have mainly reference to war and warlike achievements, whence we might with reason conclude that the power which destroyed Varus and his legions was a mighty fighting race.

The very word "guerre" itself comes from O.H. German "werra," our "war": and many other words might be cited, such as "herberge," "champion," "heaume," "escrime," "dard," "heurter," "lansquenet." The Italians have given us our terms for music, and also many terms of the Stock Exchange, including the word "bank." To take a few illustrations of the light shed by the national language upon national character, let us consider some features of French, German, and English. The Frenchman is clear, pointed, and precise: hence his emphatic words for denial: "ne pas," "ne point." He is impulsive, restless, active-minded: hence many usages as *faire faire*, "to get done"; "il fait chaud," "froid," "faire une perte"; even *faire la popotte*, "to lounge about"; and many other similar expressions.

But he is before all things the product of social life, and loves all that can make life attractive and free from monotony: hence his vocabulary is exceptionally rich in expressions for intercourse. Think of the numerous French words to express wit: "pointe," "saillie," "trait d'esprit," "mots à double entente," etc.; of "persiflage" and "espièglerie"; while for talking and gossiping we have "causer," "jaser," "babiller," "jaboter," "hâbler," "bavarder," "caqueter," "dégoiser," "jaspiner," "deviser." The German is a thinker, a philosopher, something of a mystic, hence he owns a number of words significant of different modes of apprehension, as "wahrnehmung," "vorstellung," "begriff," "idee," "verstand," "vernunft," which have in his language acquired shades of meaning difficult to render either into French or English. Corresponding to these, the Frenchman has words like "esprit," "raison," "entendement," "idée," "perception," "notion," words which are more precise, but shallower in their contents. "Esprit" is the French equivalent for "geist"; but it conveys to our minds something delicate and pointed, like the language of a Parisian belle, while "geist" suggests to us the fruit of mature and profound reflection.

The Doom of the Turkish Army

IF Europe generally—the Europe which knows Turkey only through its newspapers—stands amazed at the débacle of the Ottoman Army, one continuous flight down to the last heroic stand in the red hour of Chatalja, what of those who have known the Turkish soldier in his zenith at home? To argue that his morale has changed, that the rank and file of the regulars are different in spirit or physique from the heroes of Plevna, is to confess ignorance of the unchanging East. No; the soldier is the same; it is his Government and his contractors who have betrayed him, and he lies to-day stark on the frozen battlefields, a pathetic figure of one who might, with his last breath, have prayed for salvation from his friends. The Young Turks, and more particularly the Committee of Union and Progress, came into their heritage with the goodwill of the Powers, and those of us who were with them in their hour of trial and in the rejoicings which followed can recall the misgivings with which at the time we watched the clean sweeping of the new broom.

Apart, however, from the dismal truth that the Committee has in some respects miserably failed of its purpose, and in others even betrayed its sacred trust for personal gain, the Augean stables were not a harder problem than the rubbish heap of the old régime. By deposing the Padishah, moreover, and removing his sacred person from the capital, the revolutionaries destroyed the one abiding symbol which, whatever may have been his political crimes, roused his soldiery to a frenzy of valour. With their new Sultan but a figurehead, they went, grim regulars as well as raw levies, into the fight with half-hearted indifference, and it needed the last ditch of Chatalja to reawaken the old fighting spirit that once all but broke through the walls of Vienna. Above most of his neighbours—and this, as events have proved during the past few weeks, is saying a good deal—the Turk is a fighting animal. Not his worst enemies ever charged him with cowardice in action. If he has been kept on the run during the recent operations—and it may be that the unending series of illustrations in the Press, photographic or purely imaginary, depicting those wretched lines of fleeing bullock waggons, have told but half-truths—the fault has rested with those responsible for the organisation of the army. He has been betrayed, even as our own men were betrayed in the Crimea. Contractors grow fat, and widows and orphans are left to mourn their unburied dead. Such is the way of war. True, the Turk fights with bravery rather than with brains, but, given a chance, he fights till he drops.

When I was last in Constantinople, during and after the "Affair of April" in 1909, General Von der Goltz was loud in praise of the material on which he had to work, and Enver Bey, then a popular hero, whom I frequently met at a restaurant that we patronised daily, assured me that the German estimate of the army was in no way exaggerated. At the same time, the personnel of that army had undeniably deteriorated during the long reign of Abd-ul-Hamid. In the heyday of his power, with Germany for his friend and the other Powers tolerant, he cared chiefly for the safety of his own person, and would not even permit his artillery to practise with ball cartridge for fear lest Yildiz should be made its target. Few of his non-commissioned officers could read. I well remember how, on the occasion of the present Sultan's investiture by the Tchelebi of Konia in the Eyub Mosque, one well-known newspaper correspondent managed to gain admittance to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the official enclosure, near the Adrianople Gate, by boldly presenting to the officer on guard one of the police passes with which, with the city in a state of siege, we had been provided for use in the streets after sunset.

When Von der Goltz, last in a long succession of foreign instructors that began with M. de Bonneval, officially known as Achmet Pacha, took the organisation of the Supreme Military Council and General Staff in hand, he found a desperate state of affairs in the burlesque system of promotion then in vogue. The Sultan used in those days to bestow rank on a principle suggestive of Gilbertian opera. Little cadets at the Galata Serai, fourteen-year-old sons of favourites, were accorded the standing of captain, major, or colonel, and, on leaving school, passed into the army with their rank; while, so reluctant was the Sultan to see his favourite officers superannuated, white-haired captains of three-score-and-ten were no uncommon sight at the Friday Selamlik.

The rout of the Turkish Army at the very gates of Byzantium is not so much the aftermath of all this mismanagement as the result of betrayal from within. The *redif* (or territorials) may have been weak, but the *nizam* (standing army) was probably as fine fighting material as ever at the outbreak of hostilities. It has been demoralised by lack of equipment. It has perished by the greed and political ambition of the new occupants of the Sublime Porte. When I last saw that venerable building, it showed a breach made by a cannon-ball from the insurgent upholders of the old régime. Had that breach been followed up by a clean sweep, the Turkish Army would have come victorious out of the campaign. As it is, Ichabod!

F. G. AFLALO.

Three Irish Poets*

WHAT is sometimes called the Irish revival, but what is more truly a revival of English poetry by Irish poets, has entered on a new phase, in drama and in poetry. We have had occasion in these pages to note that the newer generation of dramatists at the Abbey Theatre have turned away from the inspirations of beauty that moved those who first lit that torch with whose flame Europe is concerned, to pursue a realism, or actualism, that would in the early days not greatly have stirred the beginners. We have also referred to the fact that the natural result of this has been a dissipation of the wider and profounder artistic interest. One may demur at it, but the fact remains. The great being of man is more perpetually concerned with beauty and splendour than with a reproduction of the surroundings of the conditions of his days or a whimsical treatment. Or, to quote from Mr. Stephens, the poet should be able to say—

> I tore the shackles from my feet,
> The bandage from my straining eye,
> I spread my wings above the street
> And soared upon the sky.
> I knew the stars for friends, and knew
> The sun and moon more happy grew
> To see me flying by.

The same relinquishing of beauty, despite Mr. Stephens' stanza, is to a lesser degree to be noticed among the younger poets. In Mr. Stephens' own work, with all its revel and abandon, it is there. It is excellent to be able to say, through Tomâs Cam when he was grumpy—

> I would not debate with learned men
> Of how, and what, and why and when;
> I'd train my tongue to a linnet's song,
> I'd learn the words that couldn't go wrong.

Though it is worth remembering that that same linnet would not have concluded a song with the lines—

> Yesterday he gripped her tight
> And cut her throat—and serve her right!

It might or might not have been an excellent thing to do, but in Mr. Stephens' poem it certainly was not. In Mr. O'Sullivan's song, purer if less spontaneous in the sense of possessing less devilment, the same realism threads through it like a sullied homespun with the finer weaving. His songs are beautiful, some of them exquisitely beautiful, but there is always the memory in them of other things that are very far from beautiful. Sitting beside a lake side in winter the incomparable beauty of the scene is marred for him—

> Because a heron wild with hunger screamed
> By that old dún across the frozen lake.

It is perhaps not difficult to see why this is so in one and the other. It is all part of the utterly disgusting way in which modern days treat the poets; starving them and uplifting immoral financiers, and thus condemning their boasted civilisation in the minds of the decent of thought. Of the three poets before us it is only Mr. Cousins who escapes the soilure of modern life with its crude realism; and he does so by escaping to old mythologies without making us feel that they are much more to him than tales out of books.

Indeed, if the poets are not failing as the dramatists are failing, it is just because they are poets and because the dramatists no longer see the necessity for a dramatist to be a poet first and foremost. If the banner is apt to droop, nevertheless it is still in their hands. It is only that they have forgotten that their other hand should hold a good, clean, straight sword, such a sword as Francis Thompson had, as Shelley had, as Shakespeare had when he wrote "King Lear," as Æschylus had. The defence and creation of beauty is ever a battle, though sometimes the battle is a starker business than it is at others; and it will not do if half the issue be avoided by letting ugliness encroach where beauty should be supreme. Nor is this at all to say that beauty is only of one order; that it is not a various and passing wonderful texture.

**Poems.* By SEUMAS O'SULLIVAN. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)
The Hill of Vision. By JAMES STEPHENS. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)
Etain the Beloved. By JAMES COUSINS. (Maunsel. 3s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

One of the first results of such a relinquishing naturally is that the poet's clearness of vision is dimmed. A curious example of this is to be found in a poem of Seumas O'Sullivan. He sings—

> Bundle the gods away:
> Richer than Danaän gold,
> The whisper of leaves in the rain,
> The secrets the wet hills hold.

But it is the leaves in the rain and the great wet hills that are the gods. Or, rather, the gods and they are so indissolubly bound together that one cannot bundle the one away without bundling the other away. It is just this that is the difference between Mr. O'Sullivan and Mr. Cousins. One will not let us see the gods through the wet leaves, and the other will not let us see the wet leaves in the gods. Mr. Stephens is of Mr. O'Sullivan's inclination, although he disguises his position by an irresponsibility and gaiety that is altogether winning. He has justly turned from the dreams of long ago, but it seems that he has forgotten that the dreams of long ago may have had something that is not less urgent now as then. Indeed, he himself sings—

> And yet the dreams of long ago had got
> A colour my awakening forgot.

Yet, when all this has been said, the supreme fact remains that all of us, reviewed and reviewer alike, are young men seeking to find the world and all that in it is for ourselves, and the young man who has found his wisdom has probably found it wrong, has certainly found it little, and his hour will soon be over. And in each of these poets there is the memory that the poet should be the pioneer—not necessarily to find new country, but surely to find the old country for himself, and to see it from his own approach. We do not think that they will long let themselves be caught in mere decoration of life. The curse of much modern art, and especially pictorial art, is that it makes no effort to attack the central being of life, being content, fantastically or otherwise, merely to decorate its exterior. The trace of this, in one way or another, is to be found in each of the three poets whose books are before us, but the deeper things beat there too, and they will beat themselves out.

For this reason, driven to the invidious choice of expressing a preference, we have turned more often to Mr. O'Sullivan for that joy in re-reading that declares how well a poet has won us. Some of the matter in his volume has appeared before in his earlier volumes. He is a fastidious workman. None of his poems is of any great length; he is more anxious to catch the fleeting fairy-lights of poetry than to sing the greater songs. And he catches these lights; he catches them in quite indisputable poetry. His "Poems" is a book that will make frequent travels down from the shelf of its repose. Mr. Cousins' book is chiefly comprised of the poem that gives it its name. He tells the tale well, and with poetic colour, only he fails to make it significant to the perpetual heart of man. It is too much a mere tale; it too much adorns a tapestry and not the being of life. By this we do not mean that it has not a meaning imposed upon it, far from that indeed; an imposed meaning and a spiritual significance are happily two very different things. Mr. Stephens is the gayest and most irresponsible of them all. As we have said, his irresponsibility is more than a little inclined to be crude. His Hill of Vision is more often a Mount of Derision, though sometimes he is to be discovered on the slopes of the authentic hill. But each of the three volumes has a very manifest place in the new outburst of poetry that is coming upon us.

Artists

UNLESS he is a painter—we do not mean a house-decorator, but a person who works on canvas, or paper, or copper-plate—beware of the gentleman who calls himself an artist. In nine cases out of ten, charlatan will be a better description.

Of course, we would not restrict the word to its vulgarest use, quite apart from the fact that there are plenty of painters who are not artists. But to call yourself an artist is to make a claim upon virtue, and right-minded people prefer that their honours be not self-bestowed. Potentially, anyone who seeks expression through a medium is an artist; but it is one thing to write, or act, or paint pictures, or model in clay, or play the fiddle, and, more often than not, quite another to make of craft a fine art.

Really the word artist is one that is gaining in dignity. If the writings of men like Blake and Shelley and Nietzsche and Yeats have much meaning for us, we are jealous to be worthy of the name of artist, as men in bygone days were to be called saints. It is the last word of praise. But those little coteries of people, who seek, by eccentric behaviour and silly extravagance, to draw the name upon themselves from the vulgar, only bring the word into reproach. They read little and think less, fearing lest the divine afflatus which fills their heads be dispersed by the little hammer of sound reason. Never having experienced true sentiment, they despise honest feeling as sentimentality, and simulate love with a Byronic parade of passion. They learn their craft with less skill than do conjurers, and spend their lives trying to pass themselves off upon the ignorant as something other than, in their heart of hearts—if they possess such an organ—they know themselves to be. They reach their nirvana when they are fully persuaded that their vapid drivellings are written at the dictation of a divine Muse.

In a scientific age these wretched *poseurs* thrive. Their very distance from life is as bird-lime to the open-mouthed herd that mistakes astonishment for discovery. And they have their reward. It is the reputation of a rocket. A glance back over the past ten years will show a long list of forgotten names inscribed, in real

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Egyptian gold, on the roll of sensation by the finger of that courtesan, Notoriety. And the ostentatious lady is still writing.

These are they who arrogate to themselves the high dignity of being artists. But the splendour of the word, since Blake added to its meaning, proves a seduction to better men. Writers possessing a little imagination, and a correspondingly timid hold upon life, grow curious about the way in which works of art are made. They have enough personal experience to make the subject interesting to themselves. A passing fancy gleams, and they give their little expression to it. Then, instead of profiting by their experience and thrusting out their energy, they retire into themselves to find out exactly how the little miracle happened. Gradually they become more concerned about the psychology of experience than anything else. The means interest them so much that they lose sight of the end. They are so avid of ideal perfection that they use words with a microscope. With their pockets full of matches, they are always waiting for fire from heaven. Their attitude becomes more and more distrustful, until they finally "dry up," thoroughly embittered, to waste much time in belittling the efforts of the half-successful.

Contrasted with the timid precious ones are the writers to whom the word artist is anathema. They are—by your leave, or without it—navvies, or tramps, or sailors, or experienced linen-drapers, or bath-chair men—something very real, very redolent of the soil, very brave, and very anti-social. They do not cultivate the art of literature. They write. Their motto seems to be, "Slap it on with a big brush, so that the blind can see." They have observed life so well that they know by a man's appearance the exact amount of his washing bill, or perhaps everything else. Commonplace is their mistress. But because art sees all things in proportion, and because they have merged their personalities in a mass of material until the sense of values has been lost, they are not really artists. They are usually bad photographers, and need not walk in fear of being anathematised.

All the same, the real artist has always found life interesting. But the primary condition in the making of a real artist is that he find his *own* life interesting. That is his true material. Everything must bear a personal relationship to him. It is only what has passed through the fire of his own imagination that yields refined gold. If he is a novelist, his novels are not what the dictionary calls fiction—"conventionally accepted falsehood"—they are his interpretations of certain phases of life. They are the records of his spiritual adventures. The real artist is little concerned with the impression his work makes. Truth is his ideal. Understanding is his pursuit. Experiencing delight, he is anxious to share it. Seeing unity in diversity, he creates an image of his own vision. He is proud to be called an artist, for the name signifies to him one who esteems things in their true values, and is able, through his craft, faithfully to record his steps toward his ideal.

M. P.

REVIEWS

Marianne and Her Enemies

Republican France, 1870-1912: Her Presidents, Statesmen, Policy, Vicissitudes and Social Life. By LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE (ERNEST ALFRED VIZETELLY). With Nine Portraits. (Holden and Hardingham. 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. VIZETELLY has composed a work that should rank with the best that have appeared on the thorny subject of modern France. He has no need to force a sympathy that many circumstances have conspired to foster, and at the same time he has been able to keep a sufficient measure of detachment for his judgments to claim attention both in the land which he has served and in that which he has only observed. This detachment, paradoxically enough, while keeping him for many purposes outside the arena where France asserts her claims as a nation, only partially extends to French internal politics: Mr. Vizetelly combines two capacities, that of the foreigner in France and that of the fervent friend of the "bloc," or the Republican Concentration, or whatever the newest phrase is. The result is by no means hurtful to his authority; rather we are disposed to judge that his work has gained by his partisanship; he is so intent on demonstrating the excellence of the cause he proclaims that he cannot endure the semblance of a falsehood or a misconstruction; consequently he is scrupulously just to the opponents of his ideas. Thus he is at pains to indicate in a footnote that M. de Cassagnac and the *Soleil* at first favoured a more exhaustive inquiry into the Dreyfus case. The good faith Mr. Vizetelly claims in his preface is manifest throughout his book.

We are not saying that we agree with the author in every particular; on the whole, we find ourselves disagreeing with him rather too frequently for our complete peace of mind. But that is because Mr. Vizetelly's bugbear, like Gambetta's, is Clericalism, while ours—possibly as the result of a somewhat abnormal experience of French conditions—is Anticlericalism. But from the translator of "Vérité" and the "Conquête de Plassans" organised Christianity must expect some hard knocks, and the attack is, at all events, straightforward and honest. The recurring phrase about "stepping straight out of the Middle Ages" is perhaps a good enough rope to hang clerical dogs with, but we cannot approve the form in which the predominance of Catholicism and lukewarm Republicanism in the navy are explained:—

> The seaman is usually more inclined to religion than is the landsman, and until recent years no real attempt was ever made in the French service to combat the superstitions engendered largely by the dangers of the seaman's calling.

We find it difficult to believe that the Republican ideal includes the official preaching of "la libre pensée."

The great question of Republicanism as the ideal polity for France is well and shrewdly answered by Mr. Vizetelly. At the outset it was, according to Thiers,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

merely "le gouvernement qui nous divise le moins." At various stages in its career the Third Republic has only shone by comparison with its possible alternatives; the enemies of the Republic were so divided as to make any radical change of government almost inconceivable; in the great public scandals of the period, such as that of the Panama Company, the opponents of the régime have been involved quite as freely as its supporters, and Boulangism was not an attractive business. But in the end the Republic has come to be a great deal more than a mere negation; especially under M. Poincaré, whose administration is just within the scope of this book, the Republic stands for a fruitful and national idea, for service and sacrifice. We have known Frenchmen incapable of distinguishing between France and the Republic. This is no doubt an exaggeration—for the matter of that we have known Englishmen who consider that the idea of loyalty has no applicability to a republic—but there is no doubt that the Third Republic is now a really representative government. To those who would put party and "forms of government" above patriotism Mr. Vizetelly records the fine answer of the Duc d'Aumale, who presided at the trial of Bazaine:—

> "There was nothing left," he (Bazaine) said at one moment, referring to the position of the country after the fall of the Empire, whereupon d'Aumale gravely retorted, "There was France."

Mr. Vizetelly is, if anything, more severe for the extreme left than for the extreme right. He is an authority on Anarchism, whose manifestations he discusses at some length. He considers the Commune,

> on the part of those who fomented it, one of the greatest crimes that history has been called upon to record.

For one thing, it nearly killed the Third Republic in its cradle. Then the negotiations that took place between the Germans and the Communards were extremely discreditable to both parties. The startling development of Socialism during the last decade or so Mr. Vizetelly leaves on one side—it is the most important lacuna in his book. The future is, we admit, rather more than uncertain, but we should have thought that the ministries of MM. Millerand and Viviani and the premiership of M. Briand called for some comment; and the career of M. Jaurès, one of the most striking personalities in French politics, seems to us to be rather too lightly dismissed.

Two points made by Mr. Vizetelly and bearing on modern problems have struck us as particularly good. He thinks that the two decisive reasons for Italy's adhesion to the Triple Alliance were the French policy at the Vatican and the Tunis adventure. Then he places the spread of alcoholism in France to the account of the siege of 1870, when the scarcity of food was compensated by an abundance of drink. Among his general conclusions we find that he considers that the French peasant is less prosperous than he has been, or rather that he saves less money than formerly.

No book on such a big subject could reasonably pretend to completeness. We have pointed out what we ourselves consider the lacunæ in the present work, but when any reader has made all the reservations that occur to him he will still find an immense amount to interest and instruct him. Mr. Vizetelly has had an eye and an ear for everything. He has mixed in every society, and has reproduced, with the inwardness of every movement, what is in many moods a great deal more interesting, the externals of the actors in it. Grévy's billiards, Faure's marksmanship, the girth of Bazaine and Pélissier—not him of the Apollo—are all deemed worthy of notice. The ramifications of ancient houses, whose dissociation from public life has long been a weakness to the Third Republic, the early careers of his heroes, the position of the various claimants to the throne, all these are excellently discussed. The popular songs are given, sometimes *in extenso*, and the Offenbach successes and other theatrical events fall naturally into their places in a singularly human narrative. We cannot resist the mention of the banker Lognon, who, on his marriage and at the request of his wife, adopted the name of Charlemagne as a substitute for his own less romantic one.

Mr. Vizetelly has achieved what we once believed impossible, and what we sometimes relapse into again believing impossible—he has two nationalities. It is perhaps only possible for a journalist who is a foreign correspondent; a diplomatist is, or should be, essentially a unipatriot, and most other exiles are either fiercely in love with their own country, or have conceived an exclusive and unholy passion for some other. But Mr. Vizetelly, whose zeal for France is unquestionable as against other countries, is altogether on the side of his own country when the debate is between her and her nearest neighbour. That is why, in spite of the repeated appearances of the head of Charles I—that is, Major Dreyfus—and the priests in his pages, he has written a true and admirable account of modern France.

A Philosopher in His Library

Among My Books. By FREDERIC HARRISON. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

HERE is a book of a type all too rare in England. Ostensibly a series of "Centenaries, Reviews, and Memoirs," it is really, for the most part, an informal talk about books and bookmen. We have known Mr. Harrison in a variety of characters; as the strenuous protagonist of Positivism, the grave and balanced historian, the acute and accomplished critic. Here we find him in a milder mood. The day's work is done, and the author, from the depths of an easy chair and before the glow of a comfortable fire, talks to us of the things that interest him most. He is under no sense of constraint. He invites us to share his enthusiasms. He confesses to his prejudices and limitations. Always the scholar, he is exquisitely urbane, discursive, entertaining.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Mr. Harrison has devoted a considerable portion of a long and strenuous life to the reading of books. He is, he tells us, devoting the remainder of it to the re-reading of the best of them. He knows which books are worth preserving, and which may safely be confined to the dustbin of forgetfulness. He is no pedant. He knows his classics as few modern writers know them. He is steeped in Homer, in Virgil, in Æschylus, in Horace, in Dante, and in Calderon. And, though he can quote from the original, he is content to read in translations. For commentaries he has no use, and the wisdom of the wise he rules out of court as an unnecessary impertinence. But to the books themselves he returns again and again. And to the book-lover he proffers this wise advice: "Read your old books again, those you have forgotten, those you never cut—but read them in some pleasant and portable form."

He has, of course, his preferences; nor does he always—being in something of a relaxed mood—attempt to hold the balance as between one author and another. A sane, if a devoted, Shakespearean, he is not greatly drawn to the Elizabethan tragedy writers. His criticisms on Marlowe, Massinger and Beaumont and Fletcher, are full of good sense.

> Of course (he writes) I admire as much as any man the red-hot passion and superb music of Marlowe, that Cæsar Borgia of our poets. No man with an ear can be deaf to the triumphal march of Marlowe's "mighty line." His "Hero and Leander," his poetic pieces, are another thing. He was indeed a great poet, or a great poet *manqué*. But his terrific plays—even "Faustus," the only one I could often read without pain—are as tragedies the splendid failure of an abnormal and precocious genius. Their Gargantuan megalomania, their ferocious egotism, their inhuman brutalities, to my taste, ruin even their pompous rhetoric and semi-delirious imagination.

Perhaps Mr. Harrison does something less than justice to the unquestioned genius of Marlowe. Perhaps the trumpet of revolt is sounded with too shrill an insistence. But how valuable is such a judgment as a corrective to the over-praise of Lamb or the unbalanced and uncritical adulation of Swinburne! That phrase, too—"The Cæsar Borgia of our poets"—how it fixes and defines—better than whole reams of formal criticism—the place of that flaming star in the planetary heaven of English poetry!

No reader of this volume can fail to be struck by the wide range of Mr. Harrison's interests. From a *causerie* on general literature, ranging from Goldsmith to Horace and James Smith, he turns to a discussion of the Homeric problem. He is a traditionalist in the matter of Homer, rejecting—not without a touch of scorn—the theory of a multiple origin of the Iliad advanced by such writers as Professor Murray and Mr. Walter Leaf. Here he finds himself on the same side as Mr. Gladstone—a writer with whom he could have had but little else in common. "Before I can believe that the Epic was concocted by an unknown series of poets," he writes, "I would rather believe that the *Faerie Queene* was a hotch-potch founded on the Saxon Chronicle, and 'worked over' age by age by Layamon, Langland, Lydgate, Chaucer, Malory, and Wiat." It is but seldom, however, that Mr. Harrison strikes this high pontifical note.

Then there are papers on Tennyson, on Westminster Abbey, on Charles Eliot Norton, on Chatham, on the London Library—to name but a few items in Mr. Harrison's feast of good things. Finally, Mr. Harrison lets us into a secret which we hasten to give away. He shall tell the story himself:—

> Mr. Kegan Paul, an old friend of mine, and once closely in touch with our Positivist body, took much interest in the new edition of the "Imitation," which he was commissioned by Cardinal Newman, of the Oratory, to publish. Kegan Paul came to me one day and asked me if I would undertake the English translation for the Cardinal. I naturally hesitated, saying that his Eminence would hardly care to put it in my hands. "I have already consulted him," said Kegan Paul, "and he is quite willing to have you as a translator—adding that he would himself see that the theology was sound, and all that he wanted was an accurate translation in perfectly pure English." I confess my modesty shrank from such a test of my literary resources, and I declined the responsibility. But I have always remembered it as one of the most graceful compliments which I ever received since I could hold a pen.

It was, no doubt. And one can only regret that that English translation was never undertaken.

This is a book written by one of the greatest of English bookmen for the lover of books. To such an one we commend it without hesitation or reserve. Open it where he may, he will not fail of his reward.

Mental Deficiency

The First Signs of Insanity: Their Prevention and Treatment. By BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE ACADEMY of July 16, 1910, contained a review of "Hypnotism and Suggestion" by Dr. Hollander, and in the present work the author has gone a step further in giving his researches on a successive stage of a subject on which he is undoubtedly a great authority.

The first chapter of the book is entitled, "When is a Person Insane?" and the gist of the matter is that in the earlier stages many cases might be cured if suitable care and treatment were provided. This is so, but the duty of doing this lies on the relatives of the person who is living on the borderland. A patient is only certified insane when his conduct becomes unsafe to himself or to others.

As the writer says, insanity does not come as a thunderbolt out of the sky. There is, therefore, no excuse for persons having reasonable means to neglect or not to care for these first symptoms, and if they fail

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

in their duty, they should not complain if their friends or relatives have to be treated by the law as it is in force to-day.

Disorders of the animal passions, of the social affections, of the intellect are dealt with, and throughout the book there are very full cross references which add much to its value. A chapter is devoted to hereditary disposition to insanity, and the writer says: "Opinions vary as to the relative importance of heredity and education in the production of adult qualities. By heredity being understood all those qualities and capabilities which exist at the moment of birth, and by education all those external influences which are brought to bear upon the child from the commencement of his life. Some people credit education with powers that are altogether beyond it, ascribing to it all the qualities whether good or bad possessed by the adult, others, like the writer, consider heredity to be the more potent factor—and later, the conclusion of almost every man who has written about mental unsoundness is that heredity is by far the most frequent and most potent predisposing cause of insanity. Without it there would be very little unsoundness of mind in the world."

The logical outcome of this is that it is the duty of persons of either sex who have a mental taint not to continue the chain, but to abstain from marriage, and this duty is not merely a personal one, but is due to society at large. Touching this question, it will be interesting to note the fate of the Bill introduced by Mr. McKenna in the House of Commons, known as the Mental Deficiency Bill, carried in the House by a majority of 223, and now in the Committee stage.

The remedy suggested is segregation and the deprivation of the opportunity of procreating children. Of course there will be much outcry on the part of others than the feeble-minded against such an interference with personal liberty, but surely in this case the end will justify the means, and the suggestion of such an Act is an outcome of modern civilisation and the welfare of the many against the restraint of the animal passions of the few.

Treating of the increase in insanity we read: "One of the reasons why uncivilised people are less prone to insanity may be that they lead a simpler life. They are not subjected to political or religious storms, and have no refined pleasures of life, but are given to a natural mode of living."

Civilisation favours the occurrence of insanity through the enormous growth of population of great cities; with the resultant evil influences, hygienically and morally, the increase of a mentally and physically degenerate proletariat, pauperism, predominating factory life, lack of marriage, the increasing intellectually and morally destructive craze for riches and luxury, and the greater struggle for existence.

Men and women live in crowded cities under unnatural conditions, and perfect mental or moral development cannot be the rule so much as in healthier surroundings of village or country life. In these latter, too, the average mediocre intellect can find its medium in which it can safely thrive, while it would be much more likely to succumb if transplanted into the hurry and bustle and the fierce struggle for existence of city life.

Let us add a few words on the much vexed question of inebriety, or more shortly, drink, as a cause of insanity. Dr. Hollander's dictum on this is: "Many lunacy specialists hold the opinion that insanity is largely due to drink, ignoring the two dominant facts that insanity is on the increase and drink is not. My experience has taught me that the number of insane owing to intemperance is comparatively small, but that the defective self-control of persons inclined to insanity often leads to drink, and even a glass or two in such tainted persons may produce the appearance of drunkenness." Alcoholic drink in moderation may do no harm to the healthy, but it is "rank poison" to unstable brains and brains that have been injured or are diseased. To sum up, to no class of persons is intemperance more dangerous than to those inheriting an unstable nervous system.

Our own personal knowledge of perhaps a dozen cases of this kind confirms every word of the author's opinion—and we agree thoroughly with him that "the State gives the right to sell all sorts of drink amongst the poor. The State, therefore, should do its best to protect the poor from its influence by the earlier closing of public-houses, and by insisting on the absolute purity of the drink supplied."

It is, of course, impossible to go through this work fully in the limits of a review, and we must leave the student to do this, but we have a word or two to say on the concluding chapter, "Insanity and the Law."

Dr. Hollander believes in a born criminal, and we at present agree with him after some experience as a visiting justice of a large prison. There is a typical criminal who is born in crime, born into crime, and whose vocation is crime, by a physical and psychical proclivity—not amenable to moral treatment, as shown by the absence of all remorse. The difference between the madman and the criminal is that the one *cannot* and the other *will not* exercise self-control.

In our view there is nothing to complain of under the present system of treatment. Many think that if a person charged with a crime is insane, or on the borderline, he should be dealt with in quite a different way from an ordinary criminal; should, in fact, be segregated at once, and not punished for a crime he did not know he was committing. We are not writing of cases of murder, where the evidence of insanity may be pronounced and distinct, and where as a rule the prisoner is committed to await His Majesty's pleasure—in other words, sent to an asylum for life, but of minor cases where the author and others seem to think hardship is done by sending such a one to an ordinary prison.

A modern prison is not labelled like the entrance to Dante's Inferno, "Abandon hope," etc. It is a filter bed for dealing with the persons sent there. A report from the doctor of the prison where the prisoner may have been under remand, accompanies him, and on his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

arrival to serve out a sentence every possible care is taken to ascertain his mental condition. If circumstances warrant it he is sent to the hospital, either with other prisoners, or in a separate observation cell, and if his state of mind does not justify his detention in prison, where, of course, it would be impossible to carry out a proper course of treatment, he is examined by two doctors and two justices, and sent away to an asylum. There is, therefore, no cause for thinking that a mentally defective person convicted of a crime against society suffers in any way under the present system. His food, his labour, his health, are all carefully regulated according to his requirements and physical and mental needs, and he is much better off than in a workhouse infirmary. Further, if a man charged with an offence is apparently of unsound mind, many magistrates—especially in London—remand him to such a prison as Brixton that observation may be kept and a report made on him before he is further dealt with. If the report indicates that he is of unsound mind, he is treated as a pauper lunatic.

The difficulty again of trying at the same time whether a man is guilty of a crime and also whether he is quite responsible for his actions, is obviously too great. Recently a case came before us where a man was charged at Quarter Sessions with fraudulent bankruptcy. He had been through the ordeal of the preliminary hearing when he was committed for trial, made a speech from the dock on his trial, stating quite lucidly that he had no intention of defrauding his creditors by what he did, but was found guilty by the jury and sentenced to four months' imprisonment in the second division. When we saw him after he had arrived to serve his sentence it was reported that he had been praying openly in his cell, and on our asking him why he had done this he stated that he had been praying to God to help him in his trouble, and he was quite satisfied with the result, for he had only been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, whereas he expected twelve. He was found unfit to be treated as an ordinary prisoner, and was accordingly sent away for proper treatment. This is only one of many similar cases which go to show that under the present system every care is taken and no hardship done.

In conclusion, we thank Dr. Hollander for a very valuable contribution to the knowledge of this most difficult subject, although it leaves a dominant impression that everyone is more or less insane. If its perusal by ordinary practitioners results in only a few cases being dealt with and cured before the unfortunates bring lasting trouble on themselves by doing some injury to their own persons or to society at large, we are sure Dr. Hollander will consider himself amply repaid for the labour he must have taken in writing this book.

His complaint of the want of facilities to ordinary students to study the disease in the asylums where it is treated, rests, of course, with the managers of the various institutions, the subject being, on his own showing, such a vast one that it must evidently be left to specialists to be dealt with if any success in treatment is to be obtained.

Since writing the above, we understand that there is in the press the report of an exhaustive statistical inquiry, conducted under the supervision of Dr. Karl Pearson, into the physical and mental characteristics of criminals, which may alter some of our opinions.

W. N.

The Problem of Infant Protection

The Elements of Child Protection. By SIGMUND ENGEL. Translated from the German by DR. EDEN PAUL. (George Allen and Co. 15s. net.)

THE problem of child-protection is one of the most vital confronting the social economist and the legislator at the present day. Dr. Sigmund Engel's book is a notable contribution towards the literature of the subject, chiefly by reason of its lucid and dispassionate analysis of the causes which render child-protection necessary in the modern state, and of the practical acquaintance displayed in its pages with the difficulties which beset the path of reform. Though much is done more remains to be done. The learned author is at small pains to conceal his leaning towards reorganisation of the social fabric upon a socialistic basis, but he never lets his personal views upon such matters interfere with his treatment of present facts from the standpoint of existing theories regarding them, and the means available towards the particular end desired.

Such vexed questions as that of State control over the procreation of children, and the punishment of juvenile offenders, are fully discussed. The causes of infant mortality, numerous as they are, are enumerated; but the suggested remedies are, as is inevitable, confined to generalisations. With regard to education the author's view is that the child must be educated in accordance with the needs of its own individuality. In our own country the provisions made towards attaining such a desirable object have been vastly extended and improved during recent years. We are unable to follow Dr. Engel when he tells us that education is "a postulate of social life alone," and that education "has no bearing upon the life of persons living in complete isolation." The number of the latter is so small as to be negligible, but it remains true that education tends towards individualism, not towards gregariousness.

Again, in spite of the author's socialistic tendencies, we are a little surprised to find him bluntly and dogmatically asserting that "the chief cause of poverty today is unquestionably capitalism." A little later he tells us that "the true child-protection, the child-protection of the future, will take the form of the destruction of capitalism." His higher instincts apparently led him to forget the proposition which we have just quoted when he came to deal with the question of the regulation of women and child labour; for under that heading he informs us, as is the fact, that "manufacturing industry does not come to a standstill because, in consequence of regulation, certain processes previously performed by women and children have now to be carried out by machines or by men. On the contrary, as a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

result of this, the industry becomes more vigorous and more efficient."

Throughout the work Dr. Engel insists upon the superiority of preventive over curative measures. Indeed, the motto of his whole teaching might well be the single word "prophylaxis." How thoroughly we have learnt the lesson in this country may be realised in any police court in the kingdom upon any day of the week. Indeed, so far as the administration of justice in this realm is concerned the ancient notion of retribution has practically disappeared from the penal system.

Whatever may be our visions of the future we agree whole-heartedly with Dr. Engel that when once children have been born we are bound, even from the point of view of self-interest, to do the best we can for them. As a lucid and comprehensive treatise upon the subject we recommend this work to all those of our readers who are interested therein.

Shorter Reviews

John Hungerford Pollen. By ANNE POLLEN. (John Murray. 15s. net.)

THIS is an excellent biography, well edited, with more discrimination and commendable discretion than is usual in such works. The Rev. John Hungerford Pollen was a Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, and Senior Proctor in the early fifties of the last century. His life divides itself into two parts, the periods before and after his secession to the Roman Catholic Church in 1852. He came of an old Wiltshire family, and on his mother's side was descended from Pepys.

The first part of his life is largely concerned with the early storms and controversies of the Tractarian Movement. He wrote a little book about the troubles of S. Saviour's, Leeds. Many people to-day, if unacquainted with the history of that time, would find it difficult to believe in the existence of such amazing prejudice and cruel persecution of hard-working, good men. A calm and unbiased view, after sixty years have passed, suggests the reflection that as Wesleyans were driven out of the Church in an early day, so many Tractarians were driven out then for holding principles now admitted to be quite compatible with the teaching of the Church of England. After his secession, John Hungerford Pollen came to the conclusion that he had no vocation for the Roman priesthood. So he turned his attention to art, and studied in Italy. Returning home, he became Professor of Fine Arts in the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, where one of his first important works was the decoration of the University Church, the Basilica of SS. Peter and Paul.

In 1858, during the Long Vacation, William Morris, Rossetti, Burne-Jones, and others decorated the Oxford Union Debating Hall. To Pollen was assigned "King Arthur receiving his sword Excalibur from the Lady of the Lake." But as everybody knows, these beautiful paintings, owing to the state of the walls, perished many years ago. Pollen now settled in London to his profession of decorative artist and architect, and during the rest of his long life accomplished a vast amount of beautiful work, some of the finest in great houses, Kilkenny Castle, Blickling Hall, Ingestre Hall, Clontra, co. Dublin, and St. George's Hall, Liverpool. In 1863 he became Assistant Keeper of the South Kensington, now the Victoria and Albert Museum, and, many years later, private secretary to the first Marquis of Ripon. He was a man of marked personality; as Sir George Birdwood wrote, "It is everything that his biographer should realise that, great as John Hungerford Pollen was in his public and official life, he was greater *in himself*."

Vancouver to the Coronation: A Four Months' Holiday Trip. By J. J. MILLER. Illustrated. (Watts and Co. 5s. net.)

THIS book contains an account of a trip from Vancouver which had for its chief aim the witnessing of the Coronation of King George V. The matter, the author tells us, has already appeared in the form of letters in the Vancouver *World*. At the first glimpse the book would decidedly appear of greater interest to the overseas visitor than to the Londoner, since photographs such as those of the Tower of London, Hampton Court, and the Albert Memorial are only too common on this side of the water, and it would seem a little difficult to find anything new to say in the description of such places. Nevertheless, there is a freshness and a breeziness in Mr. Miller's account of his travels and in his praise and criticisms of the ways of the mother country which afford pleasant reading. The same may be said concerning those portions of the book which deal with Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Paris, and Waterloo. Doubtless some critics may complain that the author has dealt with many matters which are trivial; but the pleasant frankness of his work must rob the most virulent of his severity.

Dogs and Their Masters. Compiled by MARION CHAPPELL. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)

MANY books have been written about the dog, and Mr. Chappell adds yet another to the number. The present volume is an anthology of prose and verse in praise of man's most faithful friend; but, in addition to a great variety of extracts from the works of well-known authors, it also contains signed contributions from prominent dog-lovers not hitherto published. The illustrations, some of which are in colour, form a special feature of the book. Among them is a wire-haired terrier by Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., now published for the first time; Sir Henry Irving's "Fussy"; the author's collie, "Brush"; and two groups of typical dogs' heads.

Mr. Chappell has gone to many sources for his material, and has not hesitated to draw freely on both reality and invention, with the result that he has collected many gems together concerning our canine pets which are sure to prove welcome to every dog-lover.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The following is by that graceful versifier, the late Mortimer Collins:—

He lies in the soft earth under the grass,
Where they who love him often pass.
And his grave is under a tall young lime,
In whose boughs the pale-green hop-flowers climb;
But his spirit—where does his spirit rest?
It was God who made him—God knows best.

George Eliot was a great lover of dogs. In "The Mill on the Floss" she makes Bob Jakin say:—

"Lord, it's a fine thing to hev a dumb brute fond on you; it'll stick to you, and makes no jaw."

Which is more than can be said of many bipeds.

At one time it was the custom for collie dogs to accompany their masters to church, and the churchwardens were provided with "dogs' tongs" to keep them in order. Specimens of these instruments are still to be seen in churches in Wales, Herefordshire, etc. As recently as 1856, a "dog-whipper" was appointed to Exeter Cathedral, and in an old church near Petersfield "dog-rails" are still in existence, placed between the communion rails, evidently for the purpose of preventing dogs from entering the chancel. The dog is placed at the feet of women in monuments to symbolise affection and fidelity. Many of the Crusaders were represented with their feet on a dog, to show that they followed the standard of the Lord as faithfully as a dog follows the footsteps of his master. The volume embodies quite a rich and varied collection of canine lore.

Lord Ripon in India. (An Historical Reminiscence). By NRISINHA CHANDRA BANERJEE. (Training Academy, Monghyr. 6 annas.)

IF there ever was a man fundamentally more responsible than another for the recent unrest in India it was Lord Ripon, who pushed forward the natives and belittled his own countrymen, contrary to all advice, tradition, and precedent. Lord Ripon's Viceroyalty (1880-1884) was the parting of the ways. He is remembered for his policy of local self-government—*lokil sluff*, as the natives called it—which he foisted upon India; for the Ilbert Bill—for the trial of Europeans by native magistrates—in which he had to accept a compromise tantamount to a defeat; for his repeal of Lytton's Vernacular Press Act, which in recent years has been repassed in a milder form; and for the general tenor of his anti-English administration. So far as he was unacceptable to the Europeans, he was beloved by the natives. The author believes that "the name of Lord Ripon shall be best inscribed in the scrolls of immortality as the inspired redeemer of our country, 'the Prophet-King of Anglo-Indian History,'" and again, "shall descend down the distant posterity as the great Regenerator of India." It is truly stated that Lord Ripon "always associated himself on the popular side," that is, against the governing class, he being the head of the Government. This booklet, a maiden undertaking, wanders over a wide field, from English politics to Indian events, from Gladstone to Mr. Keir Hardie, who is termed a man of very refined taste and vast literary qualifications, and "was for some time in India, and it is expected that he had studied well the Indian condition of life," from which the reader can estimate its worth. Mr. Banerjee is evidently well pleased with his booklet, as "no attempts have been made here to play any mischievous prank." His mistakes in names and spelling are innumerable, but are not worth cataloguing. Lord Ripon's position in Indian history will not be improved by these sketchy reminiscences of a partisan.

Following the Drum. By HORACE WYNDHAM. Illustrated. (Andrew Melrose. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. WYNDHAM describes seven years of life with the colours very minutely, and at the same time accurately. He served for that period in the ranks of an infantry regiment, and, having gained experience of various home stations, together with some little knowledge of garrison life in Gibraltar, Malta, and Egypt, purchased his discharge at Capetown to avoid five years as a reservist.

To one who knows nothing of military life, the book cannot fail to prove interesting, for it was evidently written before the author had time to forget the minute details of an existence that is totally distinct from life outside the barrack gate. One who has had experience of the miniature world in which the army lives apart will, however, realise that this record is incomplete. As an instance, Mr. Wyndham refers to the defaulters' call as the "angel's whisper," in which he is undoubtedly correct, but he makes no mention of the far more popular term for that hated call, "Paddy Doyle," while of "jankers" for "days to barracks" there is never a mention. No vocabulary of military slang can lay claim to completeness unless these two terms are included.

In his estimate of officers and non-commissioned officers, Mr. Wyndham is accurate to a degree, and his description of barrack-room life is photographic. His stories are not so fortunate, for they are all ancient, and he has ventured to give some specimens of retorts made by privates to officers which must surely be—as any soldier will recognise at once—fabrications; they could not possibly have happened.

Still, it is a breezy, entertaining, and largely truthful record, its weakest point being the work of the illustrator. His pictures suffer from the fact that he knows little or nothing of the inside life of the Army, and thus was unable adequately to portray that which Mr. Wyndham has described with a facility born only of experience.

Lo Rei Lear. Tragedia de Guillem Shakespeare. Translated by ANFOS PAR (Associació Wagneriana. Barcelona.)

SENOR PAR has made a most conscientious study of "King Lear," which he describes as "la més gran de les obres de Shakespeare, però no la mellor." It is pro-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

bably this "grandeur," this violent energy, that has led to this play receiving such an enormous amount of attention outside England, for by this quality it is unique in the history of literature. In France its attraction may be due to the love for the exotic, in Spain we would suppose that it wins sympathy through its more direct appeal to national taste and characteristics. Señor Par has made his translation into the Catalan language, of which he speaks with strong filial affection. The many difficulties of translation have made necessary very copious notes, and old Catalan words have themselves sometimes to be explained. The translator is well equipped for his task, both through his exertions and attainments, and through his acquaintances, among whom we will mention the late Dr. Furnivall. The chapters on textual criticism, on the sources of the play, on the Shakespearean theatre, and so forth, are admirable in their completeness. The only lacuna we have observed is a comparative neglect of the part of Garrick as a factor in Shakespearean history.

South America. Painted by A. S. FORREST. Described by W. H. KOEBEL. (A. and C. Black. 20s. net.)

THE prominence gained by the South American continent during the last fifteen years well warrants its inclusion as the theme of one of Messrs. Black's excellent colour-books, especially when the writer of the descriptive letterpress is one who knows his subject so thoroughly as does Mr. W. H. Koebel. A hundred years ago, he points out, came the first dawn of modern life in South America; within the last thirty years the period of growth began; and even fifteen years ago "the horseman, the guitar, and the serenade" were characteristics of Buenos Aires—a city now preparing for the advent of "tubes," transformed beyond belief architecturally, resounding with motor-cars, and abounding with telephones. If, sentimentally, we regard the change as not all to the good, we are compelled to accept the fact that commercially it is an enormous success.

Other parts of the huge continent, not so continually before the public eye—and the public pocket—as the Argentine, are interestingly treated by Mr. Koebel and his collaborator. Paraguay, for instance, its human and its insect life, and the dreaminess of Asuncion, form an attractive theme for a chapter; the account of the Belvidere is capital. Obviously, in a book of this size there is no room for a detailed account of the history of each province, its conquerors and their campaigns, but some hints are given which should send the student searching for more. The illustrations vary in quality, but for the most part aid the text very well in explaining the charm of this quarter of the world which is now taking its place in the march of civilisation.

The Light Side of London. By E. B. D'AUVERGNE. Illustrated. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s. net.)

THE eight sketches which form this volume show that Mr. d'Auvergne is exceptionally well acquainted with far more phases of the lighter side of London life than the average Londoner ever encounters or even hears of. But though he writes in a light vein, his book does not consist solely of the amusements and frivolities of the great city. He gives us, also, glimpses of its darker side, and draws attention to some of its still festering sores. There are many lively personal anecdotes and experiences scattered throughout the volume, which are very amusing reading, and the reader's enjoyment is further enhanced by the two dozen mostly humorous illustrations it contains. The West End, with Piccadilly Circus Station, "the Clapham Junction of Cytherea"; the City, "the jolliest part of London"; the Suburbs, with "the Monkeys' Parade" and "the Suburban Pub"; Bohemia and "the Flirtatious Londoner"; Sunday in London, and the "Londoner's Fairs," and 'Appy 'Ampstead, with many other of the multiple sights and activities of the vast metropolis are described in Mr. d'Auvergne's entertaining work in a way no one else could describe them.

Ballads Weird and Wonderful. With 25 Drawings by VERNON HILL. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

THE ballad is perhaps the best vehicle of any for the "weird and wonderful," and it was a good idea to have some of the most uncanny rhymes illustrated by an artist who possesses a knack of capturing a curiously uncanny effect in his designs. Exaggeration, of course, plays a large part in these pictures, and there is some truth in the assertion which has been made that Mr. Hill owes much to Blake; often his notions of anatomy, as here expressed, suggest Blake's disproportionate drawing of the human form. In a rather strained preface Mr. R. B. Chope says: "Certainly I shall be astounded if these wonderful drawings are not recognised as a triumph of modern art." Certainly we shall be astounded if they are; but they undoubtedly have succeeded in adding to the nightmarish impression left upon the reader by these old ballads; and that, we suppose, was their chief aim.

Fiction

Hocken and Hunken: A Tale of Troy. By "Q." (Wm. Blackwood and Sons. 6s.)

CAPTAIN CAI HOCKEN plans to have some excellent times with his companion, Captain 'Bias Hunken, when they both retire from seafaring life and settle down on the Cornish coast. But a coy widow wills it otherwise, and endeavours, more or less successfully, to flirt with each of the two seamen in turn, and occasionally with both of them at the same time. This affords an opportunity for a great deal of humour, of which Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch takes ample advantage. None of the parties concerned is seriously in love, but the thought of rivalry adds zest to the combat, and when the lovers charter the same man to write the all-important letter to Mrs. Bosenna, the lady of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

their choice, and both letters are delivered together, it is easy to imagine that a few complications are likely to ensue. Mrs. Bowdler, the captain's housekeeper, who had seen better days, must surely be a distant connection of Mrs. Gamp, and has her most amusing interludes as the relations between the two men become somewhat strained, owing to their mutual desire to attract and please the same woman. The various townsmen, too, add their share of fun by their quaint sayings, but it is left to Palmerston, the "boots" of the "establishment," as Mrs. Bowdler persists in calling the seamen's modest dwelling, and Fancy, the precocious girl he admires, to supply one of the best chapters of the book. Those people who have any acquaintance with Fowey will recognise many of the places described, while those who have been fortunate enough to view a regatta, either from the quay or from one of the points which overlook the harbour, will understand what a very pretty spectacle this represents. The time of the present book is as far back as the late Queen's Jubilee, so we may hope that Sir Arthur will give us a further account of Troy and its inhabitants before very long.

Mary in the Market. Mr. H. MAXWELL. (John Long. 6s.)

SOME parts of this book give one the impression that Mr. Maxwell could, if he chose, write a much better story than he has accomplished in "Mary in the Market." The character of Aunt Millicent, for instance, is very well drawn, and conveys to the reader an accurate idea of the charitable maiden lady in her narrow sphere. Mary herself is fairly life-like until we come to the long, detailed description of her many charms and the fascination of her person. Then it is quite apparent that such a creature never could have existed on the face of this sinful earth. "Her return from a day's hunting was like a cavalcade of knights escorting their sovereign through a dangerous pass. . . . Her appearance in a ballroom was as if she were a magnet, and all the men were made of steel. Her entrance into church was synchronous with an extraordinary augmentation of the congregation. . . . Once when she went skating . . . the press of people about her was so great that the ice cracked and she was immersed. . . . Mary enjoyed a halcyon happiness." And so on for several pages. The plot, too, is well worn; there must be something of more than ordinary interest when it has partly to rest on the old trick of loss of memory and ensuing complications. We hope that in his next book Mr. Maxwell will give more attention to developing the characters of ordinary individuals—even if they be only solitary old ladies—and less to extraordinary situations and impossible people.

The Return of Peter Grimm. By DAVID BELASCO. (Andrew Melrose. 6s.)

IT has become the custom in these days for many publishers, when issuing a new work, to herald its advent in glowing, laudatory terms, without waiting for the verdict of the critics to whom they condescend to sub-

A. & C. BLACK'S
Second Autumn List

GERMANY Painted by E. T. COMPTON and E. HARRISON COMPTON. Described by Rev. J. F. DICKIE. Containing 75 full-page illustrations in colour and a sketch map. Square Demy 8vo, cloth. Price 20s. net.

SOUTH AMERICA Painted by A. S FORREST. Described by W. H. KOEBEL. Containing 75 Full-page Illustrations in Colour and a Sketch Map. Square Demy 8vo, cloth. Price 20s. net.

AYRSHIRE IDYLLS By NEIL MUNRO, LL.D., Author of "The Clyde" in the same Series. Painted by GEORGE HOUSTON, A.R.S.A., R.S.W. Containing 20 Full-page Illustrations in Colour, and 20 Line and Pencil Drawings in the text. Small Crown 4to, cloth, gilt top. Price 7s. 6d. net.

MOSCOW Painted by F. DE HAENEN. Described by HENRY M. GROVE, H M. Consul at Moscow. Containing 32 Full-page Illustrations (16 in Colour). Square Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price 7s 6d. net.

LA CÔTE D'EMERAUDE Painted by J. HARDWICKE LEWIS. Described by S. C. MUSSON, Author of "Sicily," "The Upper Engadine," etc. Containing 20 Full-page Illustrations in Colour and a Sketch Map, Square Demy 8vo, cloth. Price 7s. 6d. net.

JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN By DINAH MARIA MULOCK (MRS. CRAIK). Containing 20 Full-page Illustrations in Colour (10 notable incidents in the story by OSWALD MOSER, R I., and 10 Landscape Drawings by G. F. NICHOLLS). Square Demy 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price 7s. 6d. net. Edition de Luxe (limited to 250 copies) price 15s. net.

PICTURESQUE NEPAL By PERCY BROWN, Indian Educational Service. Containing 4 Full-page reproductions from Water-colour Drawings by the Author, and 40 from Photographs, also a Sketch Map. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price 7s 6d. net.

FORGED EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES By T. G. WAKELING. Containing 16 Full-page Illustrations in Colour and 12 Line Drawings in the text. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price 5s. net.

FRANCE ("The Making of Nations" Series). By CECIL HEADLAM, M.A., Author of "The Inns of Court," and Histories of Nuremburg, Chartres, Oxford, and Provence. Containing 32 Full-page Illustrations from Photographs. Large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top. Price 7s. 6d. net.

BACON'S ESSAYS (The Sydney Edition). Edited by SYDNEY HUMPHRIES. Square Medium 8vo, red buckram, gilt top. Price 6s. net.

COARSE FISHING By H. T. SHERINGHAM, Author of "An Open Creel," etc. Large crown 8vo, cloth, Illustrated. Price 3s. 6d. net.

EARLY CHRISTIAN AND BYZANTINE ARCHITECTURE ("Great Buildings and How to Enjoy Them" Series). By EDITH A. BROWNE. Containing 48 Full-page Illustrations from Photographs, and an Illustrated Glossary of Architectural Terms. Large Square Demy 8vo, cloth. Price 3s. 6d. net.

BOOKS THAT COUNT. BEING A DICTIONARY OF STANDARD BOOKS. Edited by W. FORBES GRAY. Large Crown 8vo, cloth, uniform with Black's other red books of reference—*e.g.*, "The Englishwoman's Year Book," "Black's Medical Dictionary," etc. Price 5s. net.

MAKING GOOD IN CANADA. By FREDERICK A. TALBOT, Author of "The New Garden of Canada," "The Making of a Great Canadian Railway," etc. Cloth. Price 3s. 6d. net.

RANCHING IN THE CANADIAN WEST A Few Hints to would-be Stock Raisers on the Care of Cattle, Horses and Sheep. By A. B. STOCK. Large Crown 8vo, cloth. Price 1s. 6d. net.

A. & C. BLACK, Soho Square, London, W.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

mit it for review. In this instance Mr. Andrew Melrose informs all and sundry that "the play upon which this novel is based is at present the sensation of New York, where it is nightly drawing crowded houses." As to this we know nothing; but as the book under review might conceivably make a very good play, it is quite plausible to believe that the successful play referred to was the why and the wherefore of this remarkable novel. In this instance, therefore, we are pleased to recognise that the publisher has not overstepped the mark, as so many others only too often do. And when he goes on to say that the book "deals with very simple but very human materials, and offers the suggestion that spirits of departed friends may be able to return to earth and work beneficently, although unseen, on behalf of their loved ones," we raise no objection, for the plot is constructed on this basis.

Mr. Belasco has written a story around the occult, after the spiritualist's own heart, and even those sceptics who pooh-pooh everything pertaining to the supernatural will, nevertheless, find much in it to interest them. The ordinary reader cannot fail to be delighted with his charming tale of true love triumphant through the medium of a ghost. Peter Grimm, a delightful old Dutchman, makes a compact with McPherson, a gruff but kind-hearted old Scotch doctor, to the effect that the one who dies first shall come back and communicate with the other, if he can. Soon after, Peter dies, and in accordance with his promise does come back. He is, of course, invisible, and in spite of all his efforts he finds it utterly impossible to communicate with McPherson or anyone else; all he can do is to suggest. Being dead, his eyes are opened to things he could not see or even suspect when alive. To his dismay, he finds matters in his own family to be very different from what he believed they were in his lifetime. What he thought right was wrong, and vice versa, so he sets about putting his house in order. To this purpose he hovers about the old home, and, though his presence is not seen, it is felt, and all the time he is directing the actions of the other characters, though they are unconscious of it, to such good effect that even the wicked nephew repents and all ends well.

The Theatre

"Twelfth Night" at the Savoy

MR. GRANVILLE BARKER will reap the result of his pioneer work, in all probability, by finding his present production of Shakespeare a success, in estimation and otherwise. Critics will doubtless claim that he has profited by their instruction, and turned to good use their advice, whereas he has not considerably altered his original conception. The same thing said twice is generally heard—and sagely heard—on its second saying. It is true, of course, that he has adjusted his proposals to the criticism awakened by the "Winter's Tale." Mr. Albert Rothenstein has not, for example, been entrusted with the invention of the costumes. That has been committed, with the decoration of the play, to Mr. Norman Wilkinson; and the result is that, instead of costumes that are fantastic, we have costumes that are picturesque. It is, in our judgment, a change for the better, inasmuch as it interfered less with the inner power of the play. But the essential conception remained the same, and it is this that attracts our attention.

In his work as a producer Mr. Barker has always studied to make effective pictures. The action of a play, to him, is more or less that of a kaleidoscope, one picture dissolving into another, and so on into a third. How far this obstructs the real force of an action is its own question. To a certain, perhaps to a large, degree it must prevail: though when it comes to a deliberate grouping of characters in certain colour effects, one is bound to say that the pictures are artificial and inclined to be stilted. Its use, in fact, must depend on the play itself: which sounds a truism, but is not so simple as it might appear. One of the most interesting things about Shakespearean drama is the intelligent attention it arouses in blind men. The plays carry their own atmosphere and colour, that recreate themselves in the imagination, so that the world of action is born again there, having never, in fact, lived anywhere else. "Twelfth Night," for example, does this. But if such a blind man were given his sight in the middle of Mr. Barker's performance, would he, on opening his eyes, find his inner vision reproduced in the outer reality? Or would he—a far more important matter, since no two visions would agree in detail, however they might agree in general semblance—see an outer picture so simple and suggestive that he would be able to place his vision on it without any violent contradiction?

We think not. With all its interest and significance, it cannot be said that Mr. Barker's production is faithful in this best sense. Very properly he holds to his extended fore-stage, and builds his inner stage so that it can serve for virtually all the purposes of the play. But that "building" means that, at the rear of the stage, two long stairways run down each side, meeting on a platform at the centre beneath a pillared cupola. A few more steps lead to the floor of the stage, whereon, right and left, stand two clipped yew-trees, cut out of wood, with no attempt at realism, like large play-toys out of a doll's house. Everything is dazzling white except the pillars and the cupola, which are pink. In this setting Olivia holds her court, and Malvolio is fooled. It is a picture that strikes and assaults, and we are very sure that white and pink are not the colours impressed on anyone's imagination by a reading of the play. Moreover, whatever the "Twelfth Night" as a play may be, it is not "doll's-house-y."

So with the Toby scenes. They manifestly demand space and breadth for the midnight revelry to swing about in. But Barker sets a small room within the stage that, with its table, is barely large enough to hold its four people. It is draped with rich tapestries, and lit by two candelabra. But poor Sir Toby is terribly

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

confined, and, in consequence, he is very unhappily subdued. And a subdued Sir Toby is a tragedy. It is against the atmosphere of the play. Given his proper fling, he would have wrecked that wee room in five minutes. No doubt, the cause was the perpetual setting for the outer scene, within which the room had to be placed; but we cannot help thinking that simple curtains for both scenes would less have clashed with the business that was enacted in them. The total effect might have been less picturesque, but that does not mean that it would not have been more effective.

Yet, however much one may disagree with Mr. Barker's method of breaking away from a petrifying actualism, for the revolt itself there can be nothing but sympathy. The changes in quality between the present production and that of the "Winter's Tale" are enough to show that he is taking his way carefully; and if we feel that in springing away from actualism he has sprung too far—in fact, into a mere picturesqueness that is almost as stultifying—it is part of the penalty of revolt. Yet in the course of the journey he has recovered for us the beauty and rhythm of Shakespeare's lines, and that cannot be a subject for too much thanks. They were spoken as they should be—swiftly and with a rhythmic cadence—though their linear construction was not always observed.

The acting was of a high order. Mr. Henry Ainley as Malvolio resisted all temptations merely to caricature the part. The whole meaning of the part is that the set gravity of the steward is only proved to be egregious when Maria has turned him inside out by the letter, and Mr. Ainley, in keeping him in his own unexaggerated self till that moment, showed fine restraint and justice. Mr. Arthur Wontner as Orsino rendered well the music of his lines, and made him a picturesque and dignified figure withal. Mr. Leon Quartermaine as Sir Andrew Aguecheek a little over-emphasised him as an exquisite, but struck the essential part of his contrast to Sir Toby Belch. As this fat knight Mr. Arthur Whitby was excellent. With all his roystering, one never forgot that Sir Toby was Olivia's kinsman, and a man of authority. As Olivia herself Evelyn Millard was gracious and dignified, a proper pair to Orsino; and Miss Leah Bateman Hunter as Maria was good, though she lacked the natural spontaneity of the character. At first Miss Lillah McCarthy seemed to be making Viola too jerky and forced; but this passed away later, and the real Viola emerged well conceived and rendered. Given his point of view, as every artist may claim his point of view, in the performance Mr. Barker was admirable. "Twelfth Night" should attract good audiences to the Savoy.

"Instinct" at the Duke of York's Theatre

WE trust the powerful acting of Mr. Aubrey Smith will be as greatly appreciated by the public as it is by us. But who knows? There are five or six plays from the United States running at the largest London theatres just now, all with plots more or less well and truly laid, all with admirable actors, all, no doubt, doing excellent business, and yet, and yet we are not altogether satisfied. Something away, and how much more we might enjoy them. That is what we feel about "Instinct," made American by Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws from the French of M. Henry Kistemaeckers, and made quite English by Mr. Aubrey Smith, Miss Lilian Braithwaite, Miss Muriel Beaumont, and Mr. Norman McKeown. The ladies' beautiful dresses are by other ladies with foreign titles; the scene is Long Island, New York; and the furniture of Dr. Bradford Mandover's house is seventeenth and eighteenth century English rather than what they call, in America, "colonial"; so, you see, we are widely cosmopolitan on this occasion. The things we mainly wish away are the rather stiff nature of the conversation of the first act, the quantity of it, and the slowness of the pace at which it was taken on the first night. This tedious method may be as M. Kistemaeckers wishes, for it is equally apparent and trying in his other Englished play at the St. James's.

However, the trifling languors of the opening soon pass, and the situation becomes enthralling and exciting—very exciting, indeed, if only one could believe in the characters. A clever and successful surgeon has a beautiful wife, to whom he does not pay very great attention. The beautiful wife has for neighbour an invalid, highly romantic poet, to whom she offers the solace of her frequent companionship. Her husband's brother and her poet's servant suspect, and not without good cause, that the poet is her lover, and after some scenes of doubt and delicacy the husband is aroused to passionate resentment.

By an arrangement of highly artificial circumstances a position that seems as like guilt as may be is arrived at. The poet is dying at night in Mrs. Mandover's room. The physician, who is Mandover's brother, cannot help him; the husband alone can carry out an operation which may save his life. Bradford Mandover, the surgeon, after the great scene of the play, follows the instinct of the trained professional man, and, notwithstanding his passionate hatred and horror of what he is supposed to believe to be his wife's action, goes to the rescue of the man considered to be his wife's lover—after saying he will let him die a thousand times. Really, Mrs. Mandover has only a maternal affection for her poet; but, owing to this affair being a three-act play, she cannot say so until the powerful scene of the third act is over and the audience has duly received a shock and a thrill—a faint cold thrills through the house; M. Kistemaeckers has made his effect, and the play is over.

For the one strong scene much must be forgiven. As to the acting, Miss Braithwaite as the misunderstood and misleading wife brought the charm of her personality to fill up the rather awkward gaps left by the author, just as Miss Muriel Beaumont lent her beauty and grace to make the best of the peculiar friend Mrs. Mandover employs to arrange her appointments with the poet. That gentleman would have been difficult to represent, but the trouble is avoided by his being kept off the stage altogether. Mr. Aubrey Smith as the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

surgeon has never played with so much force and skill; he is excellent in every moment of the play—so much so, indeed, that he sometimes almost makes us believe in it. Unfortunately he cannot always be before us, and, when he is not, the make-believe of the plot gets the upper hand and we are just a little regretful and bored. Still, there is always the great affair in the third act, and that sort of thing used to be enough to draw London, and perhaps still is.

After "Instinct," Miss Irene Vanbrugh in "Rosalind" comes as a pure fresh draught of delight. M. Kistemaeckers' machine-made piece of work is, at least, a more welcome prelude to that of Mr. Barrie than the two short plays which have departed to make room for "Instinct."

EGAN MEW.

Some New French Plays

A PLAY of M. Paul Hervieu is always a great literary event, for he is undoubtedly considered one of the keenest and most subtle playwrights, and it is natural that the worldings whom he dissects and portrays should be interested to see themselves as depicted by him. No detail escapes his acute and ironical psychology, be it painful, ridiculous, or sad.

"Bagatelle," which the Comédie Française gave for the first time on October 28, caused at the *répétition générale* quite a sensation. It is certainly one of M. Hervieu's finest works; in it the strength and elevation of thought so apparent in some of his preceding plays is combined with a light, graceful bantering which is most agreeable. This double quality is the dominant tone of the whole play, for the drama breaks out suddenly, and we find that all those subtle insinuations, those gay and frivolous remarks, those cynical observations were so many starting points from which evolves a really cruel situation.

Madame Orlonia has passed the age of taking an active part in the comedy and tragedy of love. Nevertheless, her chief interest in life is to follow the intrigues, flirtations, and passions of her younger friends; she even goes so far as to aid and abet the development of such love-affairs. In her castle of Bagatelle she has gathered for the summer some young society women, both free and fair, and some bachelors; she has also invited Florence de Raon and her husband Gilbert, who, although married for twelve years, are old-fashioned enough to be still devoted to each other. Florence is delighted to be Madame Orlonia's guest when she discovers that her bosom-friend Micheline is also staying at Bagatelle. As for Gilbert, he is very happy to meet his old chum Jincour, for whom he professes an almost brotherly affection. However, these four people are no sooner settled here when unhappiness and unrest seem to lie in wait for them.

Gilbert, whom everybody—and especially his wife—believes to be a model husband, pursues Micheline, who consents to give him a *rendez-vous*. Florence, however, has overheard their conversation. She is overwhelmed by the pain the double treason of her husband and friend causes her, and has been oppressed by the atmosphere of sensuality and vice which pervades Madame Orlonia's domain. And, moreover, her husband's friend, Jincour, seems also to have been influenced by the frivolous, feverish desire for pleasure reigning at Bagatelle. He makes love to Florence in spite of her energetic refusals to listen to him. But, on the discovery of her husband's proposed treason, Florence resolves to revenge herself. She allows Jincour to declare his love, and she gives him an appointment in the same room in which Gilbert and Micheline are to meet.

The third act is the culminating point of this drama. Florence surprises her husband and Micheline. To revenge herself, she declares to Gilbert that Jincour, in whose loyalty he trusted absolutely, and for whom he professed the tenderest of affections, has promised to meet her in this very room. Gilbert refuses to believe her, but at that moment Jincour arrives. And the four friends stand in silence, face to face, overcome by the ruin of their friendship. However, Florence pardons her husband his proposed faithlessness, and even gives Micheline to understand that she may eventually forgive her, much later, when what actually appears to her as so serious may seem to her a mere "bagatelle."

M. Hervieu has succeeded fairly well in the extremely difficult task of passing insensibly from comedy to tragedy. After the frivolous bantering of the first act, we find ourselves face to face with people in despair for having been traitors to their love and to their friendship. Moreover, M. Hervieu has given his play a fine and unforeseen ending. For, instead of the expected tears, recriminations, and violence, the concluding scene of "Bagatelle" is one of emotion and melancholy, emanating from the almost dumb resignation of these people, victims of their weakness and of their folly. In fact, the author has rarely expressed so intensely the eternal conflict reigning between the worldly conventions of civilisation and the primitive instincts which dominate or have dominated at some time or other even the most high-minded and refined men and women.

The cast is, on the whole, excellent, the Comédie Française having placed several of its most brilliant members at M. Hervieu's disposal. Mme. Bartet has surpassed herself once more in the character of Florence, which she has modelled with that perfection which is hers by right; Micheline is personated by Mlle. Berthe Cerny, who has expressed with the utmost delicacy, but also with the greatest intensity, the sensibility of a young, beautiful, and solitary woman. And Mlles. Marie Leconte and Marcelle Geniat were both charmingly *spirituelles*, and especially marvellously dressed in two minor parts.

The rôle of Gilbert de Raon was held by Albert Lambert *fils*, the classical hero *par excellence*. We will allow that it was even rather a shock to behold him making love in modern clothes! One could not help looking for his sword! However, M. Albert Lambert *fils* has tried to make up what he lacked of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

modern sensibility by much vehemence and evident sincerity, and this is a very laudable effort. As for M. Grand, he was quite remarkable in the rôle of Jincour, and never has his fine sober talent won more merited applause. MARC LOGE.

Music

TO the music-lover who arrives in London at such a season as the present, after a prolonged wandering from city to city on the Continent, it must seem as if all the daughters of Music, save one, had been let loose in the streets, and were crying and struggling to make their invitations heard. With every sort of persuasive beguilement they bid the public to the enjoyment of their charms. The more dignified, those who are sure of themselves and their powers of attraction, merely announce that they are ready to receive company on such and such days; but others, those of less certain fascination, cajole, flaunt, puff, wheedle, brag, insist, in such a manner that it were no wonder if a bewildered public should bid the whole pack of them begone, and refuse to set foot in their halls of entertainment. There is something almost indelicate in this marketing of the musical houris. At every turn of the street one is confronted by an *affiche* which implores the public to come to a piano recital, or a violin, or a chamber concert, or an orchestral, a twelve-o'clock-in-the-morning, or a ten-o'clock-in-the-evening. The front page of some not inconsiderable newspapers is hardly wide enough to exhibit all the advertisements of these profferers of musical pleasure, together with the lengthy testimonies to the success they have met with elsewhere. And on Saturday the very Temples of Religion enter into the lists, and announce their Anthems, their Voluntaries, their Te Deums, till we have come to abhor the name of "Harwood in A flat" and "Gounod in C minor." In other cities where much music is made, they manage to do without all this parade of invitation, yet are the concert-rooms better filled than is often the case with ours. Indeed, the complaint of the visitor is rather that he does not always know what musical delights may be offering themselves; that he learns too late how he might have heard Mme. Leatherlungs, or Herr Strumpanthumpf, the Lapland Quartett, or the new *chef d'orchestre* from Morocco, only he did not know that they were going to perform. In one newspaper, perhaps, there is a brief list of forthcoming musical events, but everybody does not know which among the hundred streets this particular one may be.

A rare advertisement on some hoarding or kiosk may catch the eye, or it may not. We remember a great disappointment in Paris when we learnt too late of a wonderful choral evening of Bach in a noble church. To one of the organisers of this event we afterwards made a complaint. "But here we do not find it necessary to advertise," said he, "everybody who takes an interest in music knows what is going to be done, and when. Our difficulty is to find seats for all who wish to be present at our concerts." We have sometimes thought that the prodigal use of musical advertisement in London defeats its object. The really devoted music-lovers here, as in Paris, manage to know what there is of interest going on. The great mass of society which delights in beautiful music but does not belong definitely to any coterie of the musical world, never thinks of looking at the advertisements, because there are too many; it would be hopeless, they think, to try and keep up with them. "What! is Paderewski going to play next week? How do you know? Why have we heard nothing about it?" How very common such questions were shortly before Tuesday last! Or it may be, "Do you know anything about these wonderful players from Poland who are being talked about? The Russian Embassy seems to think they are wonderful!" "Why, ma'am," we reply, "they have been here before, have given many concerts with splendid success; their advertisements have appeared in every paper, on every sandwichman's back; you might have gone to their concerts had you chosen!" "Is it true that Muriel Foster sang in Bechstein Hall last week? We would have sacrificed everything to have heard her again. Why were we not told about it?" And so on, and so on. If you would only keep your eyes open, dear Madam, you could never be ignorant of the musical joys that are daily being offered you in London.

But there is one of Music's daughters—in Italy and in France they think her the most desirable of all the family—whose voice is silent in London, while all her sisters are so eager to be heard. Her name is Opera. In the humblest towns of Italy she has opened her court for the long evenings of winter. In Germany she flings wide her doors, and the most serious, the learned, the philosophers, delight to enter in. Arriving recently in Paris we found three opera houses offering us entertainment. One gave "Louise," another the new work of St. Saens, "Deianira," and the third announced the "Magic Flute." With what joy did we not hasten to this delightful third house, for when can we hear that exquisite music of Mozart in England? Every seat was filled; the audience manifested the greatest delight; and though the performance (except for M. Fugère's Papageno) was not so good as one we heard a year or two since at the Opéra Comique, it was honest, careful, and very pleasant. We did not pay more than eight francs for our stall, and we wondered whether the time will ever come in London when so cheap a delight will be possible. We should like to think it will, but are not very sanguine about it. Much was said and written—alas! in vain—about the advisability of making the Kingsway Opera House into a home for national opera. But Londoners do not really love opera or want opera. They would soon have it if they did. The tradition is that opera is a rare and exceptional form of amusement, a something connected necessarily with high prices and evening clothes and diamonds and "fashion." The ordinary *bourgeois* who is quite prepared to patronise the play from time to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

time, does not think of the opera as a place to which he might go in the same easy way as to the theatre.

He knows very little of any but a very few popular operas, and would not care to risk spending his money on what might turn out to be dull. When he goes to the play it is because he knows that the piece has already attracted thousands of the people who spend their money freely, and he is fairly sure that he will enjoy himself. He must be trained to like opera, to know about the composers, and what their work is likely to be. Would it not be the best plan for the promoters of national opera to begin their work on a more modest scale than that which such a house as that in Kingsway would make necessary? People would the sooner get used to regard opera as a normal, everyday kind of entertainment, on the same level as a play, if they could hear it in a theatre of the usual size. Do not most of us understand music more readily and easily when we are close to it in the friendly atmosphere of a drawing-room than when we hear it from a distance in the formality of a big concert-room? Surely this is the case. And is it not then probable that the inexperienced will find themselves more at home, more on comfortable terms with themselves and the opera, if they hear it in a house of moderate size, from which elements of grandeur and stiffness and fashion have been banished? We should like to think of a national opera house to which people not dressed in evening clothes could go without shame, where the prices should not be higher than those at the Paris Gaiété-Lyrique, where the singers and players should be well drilled artists who do not aspire to be "stars," where one could hear the opera of Gluck and Mozart and Weber and Verdi and Smetana and Humperdinck and Grètry and Offenbach with occasional revivals of Monteverde and Pergolesi and Cimerosa and Galuppi. What a long list of delightful operas for a winter's evening we could make out! Wagner we would leave to Covent Garden.

The Magazines

QUITE one of the most striking articles in the magazines this month is by Mr. Austin Harrison on August Strindberg in the *English Review*. As a summary of his achievement, taking its criticism in the course of biography and description, it is decidedly the best among the few estimates of Strindberg's work. Moreover, Mr. Harrison lays his finger on the sore place of nearly all these high Northerners. "The dreariness of winter," he says, "the great forests, the distances between village and village, the loneliness, and again the long, white, neurasthenic nights of summer, conduce, no doubt, to the introspective nature of the Scandinavians, nearly all of whom are given to a little Troll-cry, and a playful affinity with the supernatural." That is finely and justly said. Mr. Gerald Villiers-Stuart has a story not less striking in its way, entitled "The Tragedy of a Spirit." It is well devised and well executed. Whatever we may think of its inherent philosophy, based on the idea that sacrifice means extinction instead of realisation of being, we must welcome work of this kind, with its implicit further scope. Mr. P. P. Howe deals with knowledge—if with more than a due modicum of pessimism and startlingly large capitals—with "Malthus and the Publishing Trade." The title explains itself, and the article should be read—by the heroic of disposition. The unfortunate omission in all such articles, however, is that they cut immediately at the work that intends nobly, and leave an open field to the cheap and nasty. The power to subsist, in terms of the publishing trade, clearly omits "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," and definitely includes "The Way the Poor Girl Went Wrong" or "The Bad Girl's First Turning," with gentler or grosser variants of the theme. That, unhappily, is the logical bent of Mr. Howe's article.

In the *Fortnightly* Mr. George Moore writes about "Une Rencontre au Salon," in the chaste and deliberate style which he has grown into these latter times, and which he has made the expression of an extraordinarily pellucid beauty. On the other hand, too, we have that self-consciously superior abstraction on matters of pictorial and decōrative art. So that we have a fairly typical George Moore: except that he finds himself better—that is to say, more satisfactorily—at length than in a little space. Mr. S. M. Ellis deals with "George Meredith's Childhood," but does not add much to our knowledge. Also, he repeats a fair portion of his article on George Meredith's relations in the *Fortnightly* some time back. Mr. Charles Woods' article on "The Reorganised Turkish Army" reads somewhat sarcastically in the light of recent events. Mr. Israel Zangwill writes wittily and cogently on "The Awkward Age of the Woman's Movement." There are many touches in it in which the word wit fulfils both its ancient and present meanings; he tells us that the hunger-strike has "placed the Government on the horns of an Irish bull."

In the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Kiddersley, in writing to refute Dr. Elizabeth Sloan's plea for the State Inspection of Convents, deals authoritatively with many aspects of it, but seems to miss the essential point. The point is not quite that "adult women . . . having a high ideal are not to be allowed to choose a mode of life which is neither seditious nor injurious to others," but that the possibility exists that some of those who so choose may wish to revoke their decision at some later time, and may conceivably be hindered from so doing. Mr. Wadham Peacock writes with knowledge on "Nicholas of Montenegro and the Czardom of the Serbs" in an interesting article. And on another aspect of the war Mr. Mitra treats with equal authority and interest, "England, India, and the Balkan War." But unquestionably the most interesting in the present number is by Mr. Wilfrid Ward on "A Ghost of the Living." It is a very remarkable story of dual appearance that he tells, and one that seems inexplicable by any psychical rule. That the apparition of one living person should meet any living person is no very new thing. But that each should see the other

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

at the same place under precisely similar circumstances at different times, and later reproach the other for having passed without speaking, then to discover that a length of time interposed between the two occurrences, is a very remarkable thing. It is for the record of such occurrences that one buys magazines to keep. There is a dearth of articles of literary interest, Mr. Gribble's "Boswell's Dutch Flirtation" being chiefly a matter of careful quotation, scarcely coming under that title.

It is surely not easy at this time of day to write with any freshness on John Synge, yet Mr. Gerald Lowther has done so in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*. To be sure, he treads unwarily, and not always with understanding. For example, to mean that Synge's emotion does not spring from a healthy acceptation of life is one thing, but to declare that "Synge, in short, lacks feeling" is quite another. It is simply inaccurate. The same magazine, in its editorial, gives us a just plea for the work of the Abbey Theatre. Nevertheless, it is true that all its new and recent work is just that stark realism that originally its directors protested so strongly against. The things of beauty it gives us are all too much confined to the work of its founders, who themselves have ceased writing new work. It is not a healthy outlook. In his "New Theory of the Drama" Prof. Hugo Dinger does not so much give us a new theory as express an old theory better. There is much to think over in his essay: much to disagree with, much to hail joyously. But he begins on a bad premiss in saying that "According to tradition, dramatic art belongs to the category of poetic art, and is considered a minor art of poetry." Those who may consider it so can be neglected. On the contrary, dramatic art, when it is not crude actualism, is considered the highest form of poetry.

However much one may disagree with what is said there, the editorial in *Blackwood's* is always readable; and this month it is especially so. Such subjects as the late production of "The Winter's Tale," the Post-Impressionists, and Meredith's Letters are handled in turn, and always with an emphatic opinion. The present number, also, is full of good stories, though one misses the reflective side of literature. In the *Cornhill* Mr. William Watson has a poem entitled "Dublin Bay," which is simple and easy in its music. Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall writes a good story called "His Honour's Pleasure" in the same number; and Major MacMunn has an appreciation of "The Poetry of Sir Alfred Lyall."

The *Church Quarterly* opens with a very interesting article on the influence of Celtic Art in England, in which the writer strongly supports the view that this influence is to be traced alone to Irish monks and ecclesiastical interchange between England and Ireland. Mr. Hibbert, of Denstone College, gives a good account of the archæology of Croxden Abbey in Staffordshire. The sub-warden of St. Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, writes of the influence of St. Basil as affecting the whole history of monasticism. He was, in fact, the father of Eastern monasticism. Prebendary Yorke Fausset gives an appreciation of the Christian philosophy of Rudolf Eucken of Jena, who deserves to be, and hereafter will be, better known among English Christians. A good number concludes with an important résumé of the present position in the law of the Church as affected by the recent decision in the well-known Bannister-Thompson case. There are the usual excellent short notices of current books.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

WHEN Asquith is in a tight corner he has a kind of brazen effrontery by which he hopes, with the help of big battalions, to bluff things out; and it was with cool cynicism he came down on Wednesday to move his resolution to rescind the fatal vote which had been given on Monday afternoon. He was cutting right across all Parliamentary practice. The Rule that a decision come to in one session cannot again be considered in the same session would have been destroyed, and many another precedent which the wisdom of our ancestors had put in the Order Book, not for one party, but for the proper carrying on of debate, would have been swept away. The accumulated experience of centuries would have gone like a flash. In practice one Government never reverses the legislation of its predecessor, no matter how much it may have fought against it when in opposition. It is obvious that this is the only common-sense view to take, otherwise we should spend all our time undoing each other's work. But this is what Asquith now proposed to do. We knew perfectly well that the Government could never allow the Banbury vote to stand, and there were several ways open to the Prime Minister in which to effect this purpose, but they meant a little delay if the forms of the House were to be preserved. It was the penalty of defeat, and this was the price Asquith was not prepared to pay. Why should he, with his obedient horde? He intended to cut the Gordian knot in his own fashion, and we were determined, come what might, he should not do so.

The House was packed, and the Peers' gallery was also full. The air was charged with electricity, and sparks commenced to crackle and play in the dim November afternoon, which foretold the coming storm. After many questions and points of order had been raised, the Speaker said very, very gravely, "I can find no precedent for this course," but he added in effect it was not for him to say them "Nay."

Asquith had carefully prepared his speech. It was idle to suppose a snap division should be allowed to stand when the normal majority was well over 100. Rules were all very well, but Parliament was made for man, not man for Parliament; and he then went on to quote Balfour's famous defence in answer to a snap division in 1905. (I remember quite well what a case of adamant A. J. B. seemed to have built up when he finished.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Bonar Law replied. He did not, as I expected he would, point out how all the circumstances of the 1905 case were entirely different, but contented himself by quoting Asquith's reply on that occasion. Both sides laughed at the humour of it, but only for a moment. Bonar Law became fiercer, and made use with deadly effect of a quotation from the *Daily News* "that Mr. Asquith had struck a blow worthy of old Cromwell himself." The Liberals did not quite like the lawless proceedings of the Protector in the Long Parliament compared with their own Government in this particular connection. Bonar Law finally wound up by moving that the House do now adjourn to consider the matter.

Now, the Unionists had decided to give a good hearing to Asquith and also to Law, but they were not going to allow a general debate upon the matter. They intended to teach the majority a lesson. So, when Robert Harcourt, with his glass in his eye, got up, he was greeted with yells of "Adjourn!" He stood to his guns for some time, until the quick-witted Lloyd George saw what the cookery-books call "another way." Harcourt sat down, no one got up, and the division was at once called, and resulted in a victory for the Government, the House declining to adjourn by 104.

Lloyd George had taken the wind out of the sails of the Opposition with dramatic suddenness. Personally I should have allowed the rescinding motion to have been put at once, and had a row on that; but the Unionist leaders thought otherwise. The ever-ready Banbury sprang into the breach with a reasoned amendment that it was an affront to evade by the present methods the recorded proceedings of the House. James Craig followed. The Government were determined to be quiet. "What are we here for?" roared Sir Edward Carson. Nothing occurred. It seemed as if the whole House was at boiling-point. It would simmer down again. Suddenly something happened. Sir William Bull got up in the middle of a fine speech by Ernest Pollock, and said, "I am tired of this," and at the top of a powerful voice shouted "Traitor!" It must have been a deep sense of injury and injustice to have forced a quiet, generally good-tempered solicitor like Sir William Bull to use suddenly so unparliamentary an expression. He must have known—indeed, he admitted afterwards that he knew it was unparliamentary, but it successfully set light to the gunpowder.

Dick Challoner, Haddock, one of the Craigs, and several more joined in the cry, but Bull's voice was loudest. With the greatest determination he stood up and defied the Speaker. He addressed him as "Sir" and spoke respectfully, but continued to bawl "Traitor!" "We have been treated abominably!" he declared. The Speaker requested him to withdraw from the House, which he did, accompanied by the deputy Serjeant-at-Arms and the new inspector of police.

After that, pandemonium reigned. The Opposition called out "Adjourn! adjourn!" with monotonous regularity. Ronald M'Neill, rising like a tower, demanded that Rufus Isaacs should sit down. The Speaker declared that "grave disorder had arisen," and adjourned the House for an hour. Everybody went to dinner, and at the end of the hour both sides determinedly faced each other. Men's blood was at fever-heat, whilst both Front Benches studiously affected an indifferent attitude. Our Back Benches would listen to no one. They were determined nothing should be done; they expected wholesale suspensions, but the Speaker declared that, so long as they behaved in a parliamentary manner—and there are parliamentary as well as unparliamentary cries—he could not stop it. At length he adjourned the House until the morrow, and the Opposition cheered themselves hoarse with what voices they had left.

The members did not leave the House when the Speaker did. The Government supporters waited for Asquith, who seemed loth to move; and Churchill was active in leading the cheers for his leader. Suddenly, in an access of rage, Ronald M'Neill threw a volume of the Rules of Procedure at him, which struck him on the cheek. He was very angry, but left the chamber with his friends. Poor old Bill Crooks tried to lighten matters by starting "Auld Lang Syne," but it was a dismal failure. Compliments were exchanged. "The gentlemanly party!" sneered the Government. "Rats!" retorted the Opposition. I can see no way out of a renewal of the disturbance in a worse form on the morrow unless Asquith gives up his high-handed method of depriving the Opposition of the fruits of their victory by destroying the ancient rules of that House of which he is leader and guardian. . . .

I wrote gloomily last night. A night's reflection sobered both sides. The common-sense of the race reasserted itself. I am not at all surprised at foreigners not understanding us. A renewal of the row seemed inevitable, and yet it never came off. Two or three incidents, small in themselves, helped to clear the air.

Winterton at question time wanted members fined or their salary docked for non-attendance, and Kellaway produced roars of laughter by proving that Winterton himself had been none too regular.

Mark Lockwood made a facetious reply that a certain official "was only a railway official in the sense that a member who ate cheese was a cheesemonger." All very trivial, but to men with nerves on edge it helped to put the House in a better temper.

Then Ronald M'Neill, in a manly speech, apologised to Winston, and Winston made a really charming reply. This helped the matter a little further. We were gradually crawling on to thicker ice. The Speaker rose. He admitted his intervention was unusual, but, then, the circumstances were unusual. He was in the position of moderator. Nobody desired a repetition of yesterday's scenes. He humbly but firmly advised a further adjournment.

Asquith guardedly agreed. Without saying what would be the result of his deliberations, he moved an adjournment until Monday. Bonar Law readily concurred, and the adjournment would have been agreed to at once, but for the fact that the "Mad Hatter" wanted to say a few words. However, the Speaker suavely barged him off, and, but for a few cries of "No, no!"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

from the Labour benches, the motion was carried *nem. con.*

Mr. Asquith is beginning to learn that a short cut is not always expedient.

Bitterly as I am opposed to Mr. Asquith and his politics, I could not help admiring him as he faced the music on Monday. The House was again crowded—the Opposition hostilely quiet. Asquith last week had attempted the rôle of Cromwell and had failed, and he had to eat that unpleasant humble pie. One of his virtues is that he is sometimes able by force of will not to show where he is hit; he accomplished it this afternoon—there was no cringing or apology; indeed, a stranger in the gallery who had not heard the proceedings of the previous week would never have believed he was doing anything disagreeable. He spoke with his old straightforward directness. He described the recent events with a colourless accuracy in which there was no word with which the Opposition could find fault. He paid a handsome tribute to Fred Banbury, and then unfolded his new thesis. The Government's financial plan was to be withdrawn; by this means Banbury's victorious amendment fell to the ground. A fresh scheme was then described, with new limits, by which the Government will get what they want—by more complicated means, it is true—so long as they are not defeated; and this is not likely at present.

The Opposition does not mind this—it is fair fighting; therefore, when the Speaker put the resolution that the old financial resolution be withdrawn, no one got up to oppose—Bonar Law sat still, and the Ayes had it.

Chiozza Money tried to break a lance with the Speaker over his ruling last Wednesday, but returned baffled. If Chiozza or the egregious Mr. Leif Jones wanted to question his ruling, he coldly but blandly suggested that they had better proceed in the usual way by bringing forward a motion condemning his conduct before the House.

Save for a ground swell, which I will refer to directly, things settled down on Tuesday in the usual humdrum way. There was an interesting debate, in which the Radicals fought for Protection for Ireland, and the Unionists derided their inconsistency and showed how impossible it would be for the scheme to work. Lloyd George is never at his best when dealing with complicated figures or questions of tariff, and he was mercilessly cut to pieces by Bonar Law, who made one interesting statement in retort. By the way, Bonar Law is getting very much more ready in debate, and is able to make impromptu speeches with greater ease and comfort than he did a few months ago. In reply to a gibe, he said he would be always glad to see Free Trade extended, and would be delighted if Germany and France would turn Free Traders. This is the position that Tariff Reformers have always taken up, although we have not heard it lately. Godfrey Locker-Lampson made a very good speech teeming with facts, but delivered it in a dull monotone, by which it lost half its value.

Now for the ground swell. The Radicals are very angry with the Speaker, and Joe Martin, of St. Pancras, has put down a motion censuring the Speaker. It is so long that it might be a verbatim report of Chiozza-Money's speech. It will remain two or three days on the paper, and then it will disappear. It is the last mutter of the storm that has shaken the Government to its foundations.

Notes and News

The Drama Society will present Mr. Edmund Gosse's translation into English of Ibsen's "Hedda Gabler" at Clavier Hall, Hanover Square, on Tuesday afternoon, November 26.

Sir Ray Lankester will produce directly a second series of his papers entitled "Science from an Easy Chair." The volume will be largely illustrated. Messrs. Adlard and Son, Bartholomew Close, are the publishers.

"Our Alty," by M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell), author of "The Tender Passion," etc., is the title of a new novel which Messrs. John Long are publishing. Mrs. Blundell here returns to rural Lancashire, where many of her readers deem her at her best.

The Year Book Press will issue, early in December, a new work entitled "The Laws which Govern the Course and Destinies of Religions." The work is by an author who at present desires to remain anonymous, and the treatment is on historical and practical, not dogmatic lines.

Mr. John Lane publishes this week "Austria, her People and their Homelands," by James Baker, F.R.G.S., with 48 water-colour illustrations by Donald Maxwell, at 21s. net; and "The Van Eycks and their Art," by W. H. Weale, with the co-operation of Maurice Brockwell, at 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. will publish immediately an elaborately illustrated "History of Old Sheffield Plate," by Mr. Frederick Bradbury, who has for many years been intimately associated with the industry. The work includes all those matters which are of so much interest to collectors and dealers, and contains no fewer than 3,000 reproductions of specimens, names of makers, and marks.

Readers and admirers of the literary work of Lord Dunsany, who stands at the front of the writers who employ the parable form amongst the younger masters of prose, and of the weird art of Mr. Sime, whose genius so aptly fits his designs to the fancy of Lord Dunsany, will be glad to know that a second edition of "The Gods of Pegana" has been published by, and may be procured from, the Pegana Press, at 86, Newman Street, London, W.

Messrs. Williams and Norgate have much pleasure in announcing that his Majesty the King has honoured the Right Hon. Robert Farquharson in accepting his new volume entitled "The House of Commons from Within."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

A large demand was created for this author's previous volume, entitled "In and Out of Parliament," but the immediate demand on publication for this companion volume bids fair to far exceed the interest in the earlier volume.

Mr. Heinemann publishes this week a book of travel, entitled "In the Shadow of the Bush," by Mr. P. Amaury Talbot. Mr. Talbot has recently carried out some most interesting explorations in Northern Nigeria, traversing the country between the bend of the Cross River and the German Cameroons on behalf of the British Government. He has also collected much detail about the natives, and discovered many new species of flowers. Other books just ready are a new edition of "Father and Son," by Mr. Edmund Gosse, and a re-issue of Mrs. William Sharp's "Life of William Sharp."

The "Triple Bill" at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, consisting of exhibitions by Mr. George Clausen, R.A., Mr. Arthur Rackham, and the late Phil May is followed to-day, November 23, by a triple bill of no less interest. Mr. Edmund Dulac will show his recent water-colour drawings illustrating the poems of Edgar Allan Poe; the second exhibition will be a collection of water-colours of "Harbours and Towns," by Mr. Terrick Williams, R.I.; and, lastly, a series of paintings in tempera and water-colour, illustrating the life of the Virgin Mary, by Mr. R. Anning Bell, R.W.S.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE PEACE OF EUROPE.

THE optimism with which the European situation was regarded last week has been succeeded by a wave of pessimism. A calm consideration of the crisis, however, will inevitably lead to the conclusion that there is little justification for this remarkable change in the diplomatic barometer. As a matter of fact, the situation is neither better nor worse than it was at the moment when Austria-Hungary first made known her intention of barring Servia's way to the Adriatic. The Belgrade Government then lost no time in disclosing its attitude. M. Pasitch, the Prime Minister, in an interview, emphatically declared that an outlet to the Adriatic was a matter of life and death for his country. Thus a deadlock was instantly created, and nothing has happened since in the direction of conciliation.

An unfortunate incident at Prizrend is responsible for the news that the situation has recently become acute. Servia, suspecting that the Austrian Consul at this place was actively in sympathy with the Albanians, made representations at Vienna, with the object of having him removed from his post. Austria replied that, before taking so drastic a step, she would conduct an impartial inquiry into the case. Since then, it is alleged, Servia, pleading military considerations, has allowed no communication to pass between the Consul and his Government, and the fears entertained as to his safety were only dispelled on receipt in Vienna of a picture postcard briefly announcing his continued existence. Austrian public opinion has naturally been aroused by the incident, and the Government has formulated demands for satisfaction which are generally believed to bear the nature of an ultimatum.

It is difficult to see how Servia can sensibly maintain her embargo. So arbitrary an action as that of preventing communication between a Consul and his Government raises an issue of great delicacy; in short, it is an affront of a kind that closely affects the honour and pride of Austria. In such a case there can be little room for diplomacy, and, unless Servia is entirely unconcerned with European public opinion, she will lose no time in giving, with as good grace as possible, the satisfaction required by Austria. The incident is to be attributed to the extension of the Servian military régime. Experience teaches that soldiers of all nations, when on active service, are prone to exert their authority with but little consideration for the task of diplomacy. In Albania, however, it is clear that the Servian Army is treading on very dangerous ground, and, as the Austrian Government definitely declared that in no circumstances would it allow this region to come under the domination of Belgrade, it might logically have been supposed that they would threaten instant reprisal were any attempt made to interfere with the functions of their representative.

Doubtless the Servian diplomatists will lose no time in undoing the clumsy work of their soldiers. For in the real crisis that is shaping they will need all the sympathy they can command. Towards this crisis events are moving rapidly. The Servian and Montenegrin armies are already in sight of the sea, and before many days have passed Europe will be faced with an awkward fact accomplished—an occupation of the Adriatic seaboard. In not forcing the issue while the great conflict is pending, Austria is exhibiting wise restraint. But the consular incident, if nothing else, is symptomatic of the ill-feeling which the deadlock on the larger question has generated. That both sides to the dispute are uncompromisingly holding to their point of view need give no ground for immediate alarm.

Nor is there any cause for depression in the naval and military preparations to which the Powers, without exception, are resorting. Nowhere is it denied that the peace of Europe is about to be subjected to a severe strain. It is to meet crises of this kind that the great armies and navies are supported, so that little surprise should be occasioned when, in view of lowering clouds, military activity is redoubled. It may be said, however, without reservation, that at the present moment the factors making for peace outweigh those which point to war. The feeling is shared alike by the Powers of the Triple Entente and of the Triple Alliance that a general European conflict for the sake of satisfying Servian ambitions is unthinkable. At the same time Great Britain, Russia, and France hold to the opinion that any attempt to deprive the Balkan States of the legitimate fruits of their dearly won victory should be frustrated. It must be apparent to all clear-thinking

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

minds that the difficulty is one capable of solution—solution on the lines of just compromise. We agree with M. Pasitch that access to the Adriatic is a matter of life and death for Servia. Her just aspirations in this direction, however, can certainly be satisfied without the absorption of Albania, and without, what is of supreme consequence, the plunging of Europe into a conflagration which will concern, not the future of one small kingdom, but the fate of many peoples and many empires. No question that has ever engaged the Chancelleries of Europe has been more capable of common-sense adjustment than is the case with this Servian dispute. Austria recognises that her neighbour requires access to the sea. Naturally she would like to see the Servian route directed towards the Ægean Sea, or, at least, over highways and to ports where Servian influence was restricted. Servia, on the other hand, cannot fail to recognise that the Dual Empire possesses vital interests in the Adriatic, and that elsewhere she has already made sacrifices to accord with the military achievements of the Allies. War in a difficulty that admits so plainly of compromise could only mean that the statesmen of Europe had taken leave of their senses.

MOTORING

DURING 1912 the racing honours in this country have been almost equally divided between the Vauxhall and the Sunbeam cars, each of which has broken world's records several times within the last few months, and established figures which seemed likely to remain indefinitely. In fact, so numerous have been the successful attacks on existing records by these two cars that on hearing of fresh achievements on the track one expects to find, almost as a matter of course, that they have to be credited to either one or the other. The latest record, however, and the most sensational of all, has been secured by a car which is practically unknown as a competitor at Brooklands—the Talbot. On Saturday morning, a 25-h.p. racer of this make, driven by Mr. Percy Lambert, created four new records for its class—namely, those for the half-mile, the kilometre, the mile, and the lap—the amazing speed (for a small-engined car) of 113 miles an hour being attained over the first-mentioned distance.

The chronicling of fresh speed records at Brooklands must be getting a trifle monotonous to the ordinary reader, who does not see the object of it all. He may quite reasonably ask: What is the good of these strenuous attempts on the part of designers and manufacturers to evolve cars capable of such prodigious speeds, when practically any modern car, even the smallest, can easily travel at twice the rate of speed allowed by law? There are few indications that unlimited speed will ever be allowed on the roads of this country, or even that the existing limit will be materially extended, in the near future, at any rate. What, then, is the *raison d'être* of the car which can cover a hundred miles an hour or more? The answer is that it is largely owing to the building of such cars that the present-day motor vehicle, as used by the ordinary motorist, owes its efficiency. In the successful racing car the object of the designers is, of course, to attain the highest possible combination of strength, efficiency, and lightness, by which alone the maximum of speed can be developed, and the unceasing experiments and continuous efforts in this direction have led to the evolution of the light, powerful, and reliable motor-car of to-day. Those makers, therefore, who spend large sums of money and devote much time and thought to the production of record-breaking racers deserve every encouragement from the private motorist, for the certain result is the incorporation in the standard selling models of the improvements suggested by racing experience.

Now that the Show is over, the main feature of which was the leap right to the front of the splendid Sheffield-Simplex car, which was sold out, after attracting extraordinary interest, the principal topic in the motoring world relates to the petrol position. The price of the spirit is maintained at 1s. 7d., and there are rumours, apparently emanating from authoritative sources, that early in the new year it will have reached the almost prohibitive figure of 2s. In that event it is very certain that many private motorists will no longer think it worth while to run their cars. There has been a good deal of attention directed recently to benzole, and one of the most important and responsible of the organs of the motor Press, the *Motor*, is exceedingly optimistic as to the future possibilities of this spirit. But, so far as the ordinary motorist is concerned, the immediate prospects are not at all satisfactory. However excellent a motor fuel benzole may be, it is practically unattainable at present, and, if there should be any general demand for it, there is little doubt that its market price, which is already almost equal to that of petrol, would soon be on a level with that of the latter. To render the prospect still more discouraging, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has just intimated, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, that the manufacture of British motor spirit will not be encouraged by exemption from the duty levied on the imported article.

The recently published balance-sheet of Belsize Motors, Ltd., of Manchester, constitutes an effective reply to the oft-repeated statement that there is no money—for the British manufacturer—in the small, cheap car. Last year the net profit of the business was £30,068, while for the financial year of 1912 it is returned as £34,444, which allows of a dividend of 12 per cent. per annum for the latter half-year. This is a better result even than appears at first sight, inasmuch as provision has had to be made for exceptionally heavy expenses entailed by important changes in the method of production, the result of a tour of investigation in America undertaken a year ago by some of the principals of the company. It is evident that there *is* money in the small car, provided its manufacture and sale be conducted on the right lines.

R. B. H.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE Stock Exchange is waiting for business, but none will come until the trouble in the Near East has ended. Why should people buy shares when at any moment Austria may declare war against Servia? Then no one knows what would happen. Russia might be compelled to defend the Slavs. Germany would join Austria and the position of France and England would be difficult. The only thing that makes for peace is the fact that the Austrian Banks are involved in all kinds of industrial undertakings that they have very little money, and that they have taken deposits from big and little all over the Empire. They are not in a position to stand a run. We find much the same thing in Russia. Twenty-three bankers combined to squeeze the Paris "bears." Huge blocks of stock were lifted off the market and the price of all Russian Industrials was raised artificially. Then the Banks found that the operation had cost more money than they had expected, and they went to the State Bank, which made advances against the shares. Thus the Government of Russia is pledged to a peace policy by reason of its huge "bull" commitments. In Germany no such foolish plunge was made, but the great banks are heavily involved in many big industrial undertakings, and though Germany is rich she is not anxious to bear the strain of war—she is indeed unprepared. France is always prepared. She lends the world money and her wealth is vast. Here in England we have all the money we need. We have not over-speculated. We have made large fortunes in trade which we have carefully invested. We are actually almost as rich as France. Neymarck, in the *Matin*, shows how far superior is the Triple Entente to the Triple Alliance. Indeed, the proportion is as 50 is to 80. Money rules the world. Therefore the great financiers believe in peace. The real danger lies in the uncontrollable passion of the Slav race—a passion which disregards finance and feeds only upon its hatred of the Turk and its almost equal hatred of the Austrian.

MONEY might soon fall back to four per cent. again once peace was settled. But no great bank dare risk advances for any long period, and as a result there is an abundance of cash for short loans and very little for three months' bills. Germany pretended she had all she needed, but the bluff could not be sustained, and in the end she had to raise her rate. Egypt appears to be financing herself with some ease. Her crop, though good, is no better than last year, and the strain of finding ten millions has not hurt anyone because actually no such sum has been or will be needed. Indeed, Egypt has been buying securities. She saved a great portion of her last year's profits. They have come in useful at a critical moment.

CONSOLS have really given us one of the few cheerful moments of our past week. Various stories are told to account for the rise. But the simple explanation is that half the gamblers in the Stock Exchange sold short, and this made the market firm. The Government has bought a little, but not much. And no one was anxious to sell under 75, for no one needed money. The big banks were not sellers and as the gilt-edged market has been spared large loans for some time past large buying orders accumulated. We may sneer at Consols, but we must never forget that they are as good as cash either as collateral or actual money. Big buying took place on the last fall, also big and foolish selling. Hence the recent rise, which I think will continue.

HOME RAILS looked like going up. But the "bulls" got nervous and the dealers marked down prices on Tuesday. I can see no reason for the fall. Traffics are excellent. The long-talked of Bill must pass. This is a certainty. Therefore, next year should be better than this, for the rise in rates will counteract any falling-off in trade—if such should come. The Great Western shows remarkable results—so does the North Eastern. But the largest proportional increase in Traffics comes to the Great Central—also the most profitable increase. This line makes little out of its passengers, but its goods traffics are lucrative. Nearly the whole of its large increases are in goods. The preference shares, which fared so badly in the first half of the year, will regain their lost position and are cheap to-day.

YANKEE RAILS do not respond to the improvement in Traffics. As these compare with the bad results of last year they are not so good as they look. But all the railroad men in the States consider that 1913 will be a splendid year. The main trade of the railway must be the carrying of the crops. These are splendid. The "bears" say that the new President will upset trade and disorganise manufacturers by attacks upon the tariff. I do not see this. He cannot do anything for a year at least. Those who know him say that he is a level-headed man who sees quite clearly that it will be impossible to destroy in a few weeks the result of years of work. Tariffs may be re-arranged; they will not be destroyed, and if the tariff is altered to help the farmer then the prosperity of the United States will be helped and the Democrat not injured; for the farmer is the mainstay of the country.

RUBBER.—A few reports have come out. They have not roused any feeling. Mr. Addinsell has floated a modest little block of land amongst his friends. But these are not the days for new rubber companies. Neither are they the days in which to buy rubber shares. Prices are low, but they are not low enough to tempt a would-be purchaser. Yields look good, but we must remember that almost all the companies will have to put up with a loss of 6d. a pound on their average sales for the year. This is a serious matter, and increased crops will not compensate. The Hevea Trust report reminds me that this company controls about 2,000 acres of good rubber and that at present prices this land stands in at about £20 an acre. Those who do not mind the uncalled liability of 5s. a share might do worse than buy a few of these shares. They run a risk that the company will not have enough money to carry its scheme through. That is all.

OIL shares look hard as compared with the other markets. But I suspect this hardness does not come from too much buying, but from too eager selling. Mr. Barnett has at last agreed to finance the Maikop Amalgamation, and will find £60,000 for the four concerns. I hope he will succeed in making them valuable. Mr. McGarvey will be chairman. I cannot see much prospect for the reconstruction, but the shareholders are let off very lightly. Red Sea will hold its meetings in a few weeks, but the "B" shares in the Anglo-Egyptian will not be distributed till next year.

MINES remain deadly dull. Broken Hill North has done well, and Zincs also look good. The price of the base metal keeps hard, and all the Broken Hill group should hold their own. I see that Latilla has taken in hand the Henderson Reconstruction. I presume shareholders must go in or lose everything. But they can only do it as a gamble—the assets are not worth discussion. It is said that Great Boulder has purchased a new mine which has 1,750,000 tons of ore giving 10s. a ton net profit.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are the steadiest things in the House. The investor is always in the market here. Electric Lights are good and will go even higher. Telephone

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Deferred look cheap. Argentine Rails are being pushed up by the Farquhar crowd, who would appear again to have begun a gamble in Brazil Rails. The Underground scheme is good and will help the ordinary shares of the Underground Electric. RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Dixon's letter in your issue of the 16th may mean that he is beginning to see the absurdity of putting forward material arguments as a justification for the acceptance of a spiritual doctrine. I believe that in the 14th century the Christian Science attitude was quite common. "This or that religion has caused or promises to cause, such and such material effects: therefore, we will accept it as a spiritual doctrine." It is, however, probable that the 14th century man differed from the modern Christian Scientist in one important respect: he would probably have jumped at the chance of producing all the material evidence he could get in support of his material arguments. The modern Christian Scientist goes one better than his mediæval prototype. He bases his belief in his religion on material grounds, just as his spiritual ancestor did: and at the same time he persists in pretending to believe that there are no such things as microscopes or stethoscopes or thermometers or x-rays any more than there were in the 14th century. Such people can at least claim credit for being thorough-going in their mediævalism.

It is no doubt possible to look on Christian Science either as a religion or as a patent medicine. If it is to be looked upon as a religion, then all these appeals to the effects it has produced on the health of its adherents are surely quite out of place: if it is to be looked upon as a patent medicine, then it is surely the duty of those who offer it to the public to bring forward as much proof of its efficacy as they can. Christian Scientists say that the "inharmony" of tuberculosis or depsomania can be overcome by Christion Science, the implication being that the physical condition of the patient can be changed. But as long as they refuse to produce any evidence of the thing ever having been done, they have, I think, no cause to feel aggrieved or amused at being classed with other purveyors of secret and untested remedies.

Mr. Dixon now seems to have two reasons for hesitating to produce his evidence: (1) the irrelevance of the suggestion that he should do so, and (2) his doubt as to how many of your columns I can offer him for the purpose. Considering that he began this correspondence by saying that he became a Christian Scientist as a result of the observation of cases in which it had done good, I cannot imagine anything more relevant than the suggestion that he say what the evidence consisted of. Does Mr. Dixon really look on the suggestion as irrelevant? His assumed belief that I am in a position to offer him space in the columns of THE ACADEMY is no doubt part of the joke. He cannot really believe it, nor can he really mean your readers to believe that he is dependent on your good will or mine for opportunities of laying his case before the public. You, Sir, would, I think, be doing a public service in offering Mr. Dixon all the space he can fill with evidence regarding the cases of Christian Science treatment which he has observed. The production of such evidence in such a journal as yours is what many people have been wishing for for years past. Mr. Dixon says he has accumulated a vast mass of such evidence. Can he not be induced to give your readers a chance of finding out what sort of evidence it is? I am, Sir, yours, etc., T. G. MARTIN.

November 17, 1912.

[N.B.—Letters on these very controversial subjects should be kept as short as possible, otherwise they may be held over, or not inserted.—Ed. ACADEMY.]

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The ingenious cryptograhic evidence given by Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence in his "Bacon is Shakespeare," 1910, which reveals an admission by Francis Bacon that he was the author of the immortal plays, is, of course, a fallacy. This may be said also of the equally ingenious Biliteral Cypher invented by Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup in 1899, from which Sir Edwin quotes an interpretation as follows: "Francis of Verulam is the author of all the plays heretofore published by Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shakespeare, and the two-and-twenty now published for the first time, some are alter'd, to continue his history. F. St. A." In the "Monthly Review," February, 1902, Andrew Lang exposed this romantic cypher and said: "When I first saw Mrs. Gallup's book, I noticed that, if she correctly interpreted the cypher, Bacon must have been a lunatic." Sir Edwin mentions a copy of Bacon's complete works in Latin, 1665, in which copy the printing is throughout in two founts of type; this, he says, is purposely arranged, so that Bacon could reveal to posterity, by cryptic evidence, that he was the author of the plays: that the revelation was to be made in the year 1910, and sure enough, through studying those two founts, at that very time the great secret was revealed to Sir Edwin. But the type from two founts is the very basis of the Biliteral Cypher in Mrs. Gallup's book, 1899, so Sir Edwin was anticipated by eleven years. Now the cypher founded upon two founts was shown by Father Thurston, S.J., to be unworkable (see the "Monthly Review" for January, 1902). Sir Edwin states that the preface in the folio, 1623, was not written by Heminge and Condell. The reply to this is that among the commendatory verses in the same folio is a contribution by L. Digges, which begins thus:—

> Shakes-peare at length thy pious fellowes give
> The world thy works: thy works, by which out-live
> Thy tombe, thy Name must when that stone is rent,
> And Time dissolves thy Stratford Monument, etc.

These lines alone support what Heminge and Condell have written; they also connect Shakespeare with Stratford. I ask, would William Shakespeare have been buried in the chancel of the parish church at Stratford and a monument erected to his memory, if he were the "illiterate clown who," according to Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence, "could not write his name." The Stratford monument, and the folio 1623, affords sufficient evidence to show how the friends and associates of the silent Shakespeare loved and honoured him. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

London, E.C. TOM JONES.

"TACITAE" AND "SILENTIA" IN AENEID II, 255.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Many thanks (or "thanks many," another point of grammar for the consideration of your correspondents) to Mr. H. C. Minchin for his interesting reply under this heading. Yet I did not think the torch on the leading vessel to have been lit for purposes of exploration, but as a signal to the other ships for starting. They were anchored off Tenedos, which is distant at least five miles from the coast of Troas; therefore Sinon could hardly have seen the "flammas" of line 256; and Helen was not on board the fleet, but in Troy itself.

Oxford, October 31, 1912. EDWARD S. DODGSON.

P.S.—Mr. Minchin informs me that he was thinking

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of the words "flammam media ipsa tenebat ingentem et summa ex arce vocabat" in Aeneid VI, 518 and 519. But it is clear that those lines refer to a different torch. Vergil of course used his poetical licence, and was not writing like a mathematician, or a modern war-correspondent. Now that a new Hellenic fleet, under a Danish Prince, means to hold Tenedos, it will be possible to learn by experiment if from the mound of Hissarlik, so well described by Dr. Walter Leaf in "Troy: A Study in Homeric Geography," one could perceive in the darkness a lighted torch held up on the strand of that romantic isle. The distance between the two points seems to be eight miles.—E. S. D.

GARROTTING AND THE LASH.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I point out that you are in error when you state that garrotting was "entirely suppressed" by the lash? As an occasional crime, garrotting has never been entirely suppressed; what was suppressed was the famous outbreak which took place in London in 1862. This, however, as has been officially certified, was put down by the ordinary law, several months before the Flogging Act of 1863 was passed.

Again, when you speak of "robberies with violence occurring every day," you are evidently unaware that for nearly fifty years this crime has been punishable with flogging. If, at the end of half a century, an offence which has had this sovereign remedy prescribed for it is of daily occurrence, I cannot think that the fact indicates that the lash is the best of deterrents. Yours, etc.,

HENRY S. SALT.

Humanitarian League, 53, Chancery Lane, W.C.,
November 13th.

[We dispute the accuracy of the first paragraph of our correspondent's letter. As to the second paragraph, it is our duty in our own district to commit cases of robbery with violence, and we believe that we should be fairly occupied with such cases, except for the wholesome fear of the lash.—Ed. ACADEMY.]

THE RIGHT TO WORK.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—I did not join in the letter of the 11th inst. from my colleagues of the Committee for Promoting the Formation of Societies of Free Workers because I wished to make a special response to their appeal. I agree that if the work of organising the free workers is to be effective it should be done thoroughly and at once. I am, therefore, anxious that the response to the appeal should be such as to enable the Committee to rent offices and engage a secretarial staff forthwith. To that end I am willing to give a donation of £50 if the £1,000 asked for is subscribed.

In my letter to you of November 15th, 1911, I called attention to the satisfactory character of the report of the Royal Commission on the Railway Strike, for the Commissioners said: "Men have the right to determine their engagement by giving a lawful notice, but in the exercise of their freedom in this respect they should not, in our opinion, be permitted to incite or coerce by threats or any form of intimidation men who desire to give their labour."

This was encouraging, and if the view of the Commissioners be upheld we may yet claim that our country is

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down,
From precedent to precedent.

And if the workers of the country be organised into a really National Free Workers Society, it will so remain.

I am, yours sincerely, DYSART.

Buckminster Park, Grantham,
November 13th, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By William Flavelle Monypenny. Vol. II, 1837-1846. With Portraits and other Illustrations. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

A History of English Glass-Painting, With Some Remarks upon the Swiss Glass Miniatures of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By Maurice Drake. Illustrated by 36 Plates from Drawings by Wilfred Drake. (T. Werner Laurie. £2 2s. net.)

Romantic Trials of Three Centuries. By Hugh Childers. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

A Modern History of the English People, Vol. I, 1880-1898. By R. H. Gretton. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Letters of a Post-Impressionist. Being the Familiar Correspondence of Vincent van Gogh. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Malay Peninsula: A Record of British Progress in the Middle East. By Arnold Wright and Thomas H. Reid. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

Arrested Fugitives. By Sir Edward Russell. Illustrated. (James Nisbet and Co. 6s. net.)

Frances Willard, Her Life and Work. By Ray Strachey. With an Introduction by Lady Henry Somerset. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The War of the Schools. By E. H. Visiak and C. V. Hawkins. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

When Every Tree was Green. By G. F. Bradby. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d.)

A Downland Corner. By Victor L. Whitechurch. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

Rights of Citizenship: A Survey of Safeguards for the People. By Sir William R. Anson, Bart., M.P., and Others. With a Preface by the Marquess of Lansdowne, K.G. (Frederick Warne and Co. 1s. net.)

Vital Lies: Studies of Some Varieties of Recent Obscurantism. By Vernon Lee. 2 Vols. (John Lane. 10s. net.)

The Land that is Desolate: An Account of a Tour in Palestine. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart., G.C.V.O., C.B. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 9s. net.)

Selected Writings of William Sharp. Vol. V.—Vistas, The Gipsy Christ, and Other Prose Imaginings. Selected and Arranged by Mrs. Wm. Sharp. (Wm. Heinemann. 5s. net.)

A Housemaster's Letters. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s. net.)

The Book of the Serpent. By Katharine Howard. (Sherman, French and Co., Boston. $1.)

Soldiering and Sport in Uganda, 1909-1910. By Captain E. G. Dion Lardner, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 10s. net.)

The Engravings of William Blake: A Critical Study, together with a Catalogue Raisonné. By Archibald G. B. Russell, B.A. Illustrated. (Grant Richards. 25s. net.)

The Note-Books of Samuel Butler. Selections Arranged and Edited by Henry Festing Jones. With Portrait Frontispiece. (A. C. Fifield. 6s. net.)

Plays by Anton Tchekoff. Translated from the Russian by Marian Fell. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

The Upholstered Cage. By Josephine P. Knowles. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

The Sea and the Jungle. By H. M. Tomlinson. Illustrated. (Duckworth and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

A Holiday Trip to Canada. By Mary J. Sansom. (The St. Catherine Press. 2s. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO LEVASCO

THE ONLY WAY

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain. To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4'9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

FICTION.

A Regular Madam. By Mrs. Wilson Fox. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

The Heroine in Bronze; or, A Portrait of a Girl. A Pastoral of the City. By James Lane Allen. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

Corn in Egypt. By E. Newton Bungay. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

Jocasta and the Famished Cat. By Anatole France. Translated by Agnes Farley. (John Lane. 6s.)

The Gods of the Dead. By Winifred Graham. (Wm. Rider and Son. 6s.)

The Sorcery Club. By Elliott O'Donnell. Illustrated. (Wm. Rider and Son. 6s.)

Possessed. By Firth Scott. (Wm. Rider and Son. 2s. net.)

Nephele. By V. Goldie. (Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)

Windfrint Virgin. By Wilkinson Sherren. (W. J. Ham-Smith. 6s.)

The White Knights (El Firsan el Bied). By T. G. Wakeling. (John Murray. 6s.)

Raymond Lanchester. By Ronald Macdonald. (John Murray. 6s.)

VERSE.

The Unconquered Air, and Other Poems. By Florence Earle Coates. (Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25.)

Aurelian Townshend's Poems and Masks. Edited by E. K. Chambers. (Henry Frowde. 5s. net.)

Fatuous Fables, and Other Verses. By Denis Turner. (A. C. Fifield. 2s. 6d. net.)

Exodus, and Other Poems. By Martin D. Armstrong. (Lynwood and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

News Songs for Old. By Hervey White. (Maverick Press, Woodstock, N.Y.)

A Ship of Souls. By Hervey White. (Maverick Press, Woodstock, N.Y.)

PERIODICALS.

Bookseller; La Revue; L'Action Nationale; Canadian News; American Historical Review; Cambridge Magazine; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Atlantic Monthly; Publishers' Circular; Constitution Papers; University Correspondent; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Mercure de France; Akademische Rundschau; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Hindustan Review; Saga Book of the Viking Club; The Wild Hawk, N.Y.; Cambridge University Reporter.

EVERY FRIEND OF INDIA
and
EVERY UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE IN THE WORLD
should subscribe to THE ONLY ALL-INDIA EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, having the largest circulation.

THE COLLEGIAN
AND PROGRESS OF INDIA

Edited by Prof. N. N. Dey, M.A., B.Sc., of Calcutta,
With the help of a strong Editorial Staff.
ILLUSTRATED.
Single Copy 6d. or 0·12 Dol.
9s. 6d. or 2·31 Dols. (post free) per annum, to any part of the World.

THE COLLEGIAN is the only Educational Journal in India which contains the complete collection of Educational News of India, Burma and Ceylon, and which, by noticing the Educational Methods, Needs and Progress of India in the present times, as also in the past, aims at establishing an International relationship between the Indian Universities and Colleges and those in other parts of the World.

Single Copies from THE MANAGER,
COLLEGIAN OFFICE, CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service via Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
VIA the SUEZ CANAL.
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—
DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.
For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
Gibraltar, MOROCCO, Canary Is., & Madeira.	From £22.	Days 23.	Every Alternate Thursday.	London.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

CRUISES TO NORWAY.
Mediterranean, Holy Land, Egypt, etc., by Ocean Yachting Steamer "ARCADIAN" during Summer and Autumn.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 81, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON and SONS, Limited, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C.
Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week ...	691
The Patriot	692
The Cynic	692
Two Futurist Manifestos ...	693
Turkey's Treasure House ...	693
Reviews:	
Decadent Aristocracy ...	695
Sir Howard Vincent ...	696
Le Dernier des Aiglons...	698
A Touch of Nature ...	699
Shorter Reviews	700
Fiction	702
New Editions	701
The Theatre:	
A Triple Bill at the Haymarket:	
"The Younger Generation"	703
"An Adventure of Aristide Pujol" ...	703
"The Golden Doom"	704
"Sylvia Greer" at the Queen's	704
Music	704
The Picture Habit ...	706
Foreign Reviews	707
The Royal Society of British Artists	708
The Booksellers' Provident Institution	709
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	710
Notes and News	712
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	713
Motoring	714
In the Temple of Mammon	715
Correspondence	716
Books Received	718

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magasine rate of Postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

THAT rather erratic planet, Mr. George Lansbury, finds himself once more without an orbit, owing, according to some authorities, to the perturbations caused by his too near approach to another body in the political heavens—a body, however, which we should hesitate to call "heavenly"—the militant women's suffrage party. We have not noticed much lamentation or wringing of hands over his defeat at the Bow and Bromley election on Tuesday last; even the foremost Radical papers are very half-hearted in their sympathy, which is not a cause for wonder when we remember that the Liberal and Radical Association advised their supporters to abstain from voting. We doubt, however, if that advice affected the poll by more than a couple of hundred votes; the real reason for the result lies deeper than this, although Mr. Lloyd George's "friend Lansbury" has alienated the sympathy of most level-headed men by his behaviour in the past. The effect of Mr. Lloyd George's prefrences in the way of "friends" and measures is beginning to be felt throughout the country, and the spectacle of "a number of local Liberals" cheering lustily the defeat of the Socialist-cum-Labour-cum-Women's Suffrage candidate is worth considering. The conversion of a Socialist majority of 863 into a Unionist majority of 751 is a significant indication of what will happen in other constituencies when the present Government has become but an unfragrant memory.

We commented, some weeks ago, on the maltreatment of the English language by the use of such words as "kinemacolor," "cinema-theatre," and "cinema-de-luxe"—words with practically no trace of legitimate English about them. Since then we have read serious proposals to give London a "Cinemart," a "Cinema-topera House," a "Playcineum," an "Omnitheatre," and—horrible suggestion!—a "Vaucindra," which, the proud creator indicates, is composed of "the initial syllables of vaudeville, cinema, and drama." We have also noticed lately, among that mysterious race which lives by praising other people's wares—the Press agents—a tendency to employ the word "feature" as a verb; "we are featuring the refreshment department in a manner which we feel sure will meet with approval," is the kind of statement which should always find its level in the ranks of the unemployed. The picture of John Bull, with his wife on his arm, entering the portals of "The Playcineum," and murmuring, "How well, my dear, they feature the refreshments in this place!" is not a pretty one.

How far astray some good folk can go in their desire that the inhabitants of this planet should live irreproachably and shine as examples of correctness to their neighbours is shown by the recent protest of an American paper against dancing. The writer of the article concerned has discovered that "dancing has rarely ever (*sic*) been free from low animalism"; that it is "essentially a moral hazard"; and that "dancing is and has been a universal menace to virtue and decency throughout every city and community where it is participated in—an open door through which a great multitude of young people go to moral, spiritual, and physical death." Dear, dear! Where has this sadly perturbed person been living? Was he ever a child, and did he never dance for sheer exhilaration on a spring morning? Let us banish the wicked waltz, frown down the dignified but detestable minuet, ostracise the dainty gavotte, and hanker no more after the sweet folk-dances of the countryside. We suspect the writer of possessing a wooden leg, of wearing green glasses, of eating nut steaks, and of owning a stony heart.

Madame Latour, who has been lecturing at the Grafton Galleries on "Le Shopping en France et en Angleterre," has some quaint ideas as to the way in which Englishmen spend their time. "Englishmen," she says, "are always running in to their 'court' tailors, 'court' glovers, 'court' hatters, and so on; they are paying nothing but 'court' visits all day." And although the linen sent to our laundries by young French exquisites comes back whiter than when it is sent to a home laundry, it is "ruined in a few weeks," while in France, according to Madame Latour, "we keep things in perfect condition for as long as twenty-five years." Here, we must say, she distinctly scores; we rarely come across a dress shirt, for example, "in perfect condition" which we purchased in the year 1887, to say nothing of collars and handkerchiefs.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Patriot

THERE is an empire in his splendid glance,
A thought avowed of conscious kinglihood,
As one who sees, and labours to make good,
A promise and a purpose. Dalliance
Allures him vainly; yet a high romance
Instructs his knightly soul and fires his blood
At call of battle. Honour is his food,
Justice his sword, and Truth his cognisance.

Nor will he stay till that desiréd end
Be consummate for which he deems him born;
But, fearless, sets his face toward the steep,
That when the hour approaches he may send
The clarion blast of Freedom's winded horn
Athwart the silent citadels of sleep.

PHIL. J. FISHER.

The Cynic

IF ever some wise searcher of the nooks and crannies of the human mind should turn his attention particularly to the various little anomalies that puzzle us in our social life, he may possibly discover why cynicism is popular while the cynic himself is unpopular. Anyone can understand why the cynic—the man who obtained his name because he snarled like an ill-tempered dog—should not bring with him a seraphic exaltation of welcome; but it is not so easy to comprehend why the habit of cynicism, of curling the lip in a contemptuous fashion, should affect so many people as being rather "smart"; nor, again—and here is a contrast within a contrast—can we easily see why the cynic should be taken seriously and looked up to as quite a superior person, albeit unpleasant.

The cheapest and most accessible form of fame is that of the destructive critic, who delights in pulling down houses that he could not build, who perceives a fault eagerly, but has no remedy, who sneers at the game he cannot play. To this large family the cynic belongs. His reputation is safe, because no one knows the value of silence better than he. Let others praise; he will stand aside with scornful eye and arms akimbo, descending to no detailed censure, gaining a dreary kind of happiness from the admiring glances of the crowd—yet doomed, in spite of this contradictory admiration, to be unpopular. For no normal, healthy man cares for him or his ways; probably because around him always lingers a faint, impalpable indication of not "playing fair." If he is immune from criticism when in company with those he feels he can impress, he is by no means immune from suspicion.

Other people sometimes have to suffer from his misdeeds. We have heard Dr. Samuel Johnson called a cynic, as though loquacity and a passionate outspokenness constituted cynicism; authors given to the use of irony and sarcasm, too, are often falsely termed cynical. It seems to be not clearly understood that, while the ordinary sane man may employ these edged tools, they are merely a small part of his equipment. Irony and sarcasm are a phase; cynicism is a habit of mind. The exponent of irony may be a humorist; the genuine cynic is a misanthrope. He is never better pleased than when things go wrong. His favourite themes are the vanity of love and the fleeting nature of joy, and he claims to be completely level-headed and disillusioned, while, as a matter of fact, he labours continually under the notion that life is not worth living—the most preposterous illusion of all.

He has been called an "intellectual dandy," but a surer name for him would be an intellectual myope. With the whole canvas before him, he loses the general effect, and, carefully scrutinising one corner, brings into play his devastating smile of pity. The problem often occurring to the detached observer is, how did the cynic arrive at his unique point of view? Over what stony route has he travelled, with eyes unlifted? There must have been a time when he, too, thrust aside the weeds and stooped to gather the flowers in the fields by the way; when he sang as he walked, and gave a cheery greeting instead of muttering a malediction as he met other wayfarers. Even though we allow that he possessed a naturally morbid temperament, no man is a cynic from boyhood—a few months of school life will purify him from that tendency, as a rule. Disappointment, of course, plays a large part in the state at which he has chosen to stay while his fellows progress—for we may admit that we all are tempted at some time or another to adopt the grey robe of cynicism; it is so easy to put on. But the smaller the mind, the greater the havoc failure or chagrin will make with it, and we are forced to the conclusion that the consistently cynical person is afflicted, as we hinted, with a limited and blurred mental outlook. Fogginess is his normal condition.

The danger of this disease is that it comes on very gradually and insidiously. No one ever blossomed—or wilted—into a complete cynic in a day or a week; it is a process of years, begun, perhaps, by a sudden blow to some cherished hope. Here comes in the test of the stuff a man is made of, the quality of his thought. The small sneer, the marking of bitter passages in novels written by would-be smart people, the fading of desire, the death of ideals, the achievement at last of that gloomiest vale of cynicism—the desire to chill ambition and emotion in others; thus the ghastly work advances beyond the stage when a friendly word would arrest it. From this blight the wiser man is saved by his conviction that to slip and to recover means a step forward, even if he limps for awhile; he knows, also, that, though obstacles to happiness be many, to weight himself with anger and resentment is to handicap himself thrice heavily in the race.

W. L. R.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Two Futurist Manifestos

SOME years ago, during the spacious times of Abdul Hamid, there appeared in *Punch* a cartoon which represented a minister of that regretted potentate handing to his master a document, with the inquiry: "Would your Majesty like to see the latest thing in ultimata?" If the late Sultan was in the unique position of being able to feel blasé in the matter of ultimata, the reading public will soon be in a condition to sympathise with him, for the Futurist Press, having found its range, is now bombarding it with manifestos. Not that the two documents before us—"Manifeste de la Sculpture Futuriste" and "Manifeste de la Femme Futuriste"—are precisely "the latest thing" in manifestos; but the former bombshell, though launched in April, has, doubtless through some mistake in the timing, only recently reached our shores, and has had, therefore, to yield in impressiveness to the "Manifeste Technique de la Littérature Futuriste," and to the sensational "Supplément." As to the "Femme Futuriste," we know that it was in March, 1912, that she completed her negotiations for the lease of one of M. Marinetti's ribs, but her subsequent career is wrapt for us in a mystery that defies research. However, she has arrived, and let us welcome her as well as her sister, the Galatea of M. Boccioni's futurist sculpture. If in our endeavour to be worthy of the occasion, we have allowed our metaphors to get too close together, we are simply in the futurist tradition, and offer no apologies to any "passéiste" purist.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of these two manifestos is that neither of them is signed "F. T. Marinetti." Not very long ago we were in danger of believing that there was only one futurist, and that his name was precisely F. T. Marinetti; the other names cited in the programmes of revolt appeared about as convincing as "Peter Gurney," "'Arry 'Awke," or even "Old Uncle Tom Cobley." But here we have "Valentine de Saint-Point," authoress of veritable poems that we have read, and "Umberto Boccioni, peintre et sculpteur," whose creations we have not seen, but fain would see, in order to understand what on earth his manifesto is about. We know now also of one futurist poet, who has written poems bearing the stamp of genius, even for the most inveterate "passéiste," like ourselves; the name by which he chooses to be called is "Luciano Folgore."

It is strange that the "Few-tourist" movement—we cannot help ourselves, but it is a pun that tells the whole truth, as puns sometimes will, in a few letters—should have given birth to such a family of eccentrics. The essence of Futurism, as M. Marinetti himself, when cornered by a journalist, confessed, is the assertion of Italian nationality against the patronising excursionist and against the Austrian landlord of Trieste. It has ended by making rules for all the provinces of life and art. Let us take the "Femme Futuriste"—"Place aux dames!"—first. We will be sparing of comment. "Il est absurde de diviser l'humanité en femmes et en hommes"—a common mistake! There are only "féminité" and "masculinité." "Ce qui manque le plus aux femmes. . . . c'est la virilité." In times like these "c'est la brute qu'il faut proposer pour modèle." "Assez des femmes" who love their children or tend the wounded. Mistrust the suffragists, who would bring "aucun des désordres souhaités par les Futuristes, mais, au contraire, un excès d'ordre." Women must trust to their instincts and intuitions—"que la Femme"—note the capital F—"que la Femme retrouve sa cruauté et sa violence qui font qu'elle s'acharne sur les vaincus, parce qu'ils sont des vaincus"—surely a feminine instinct. "Femmes, redevenez sublimement injustes, comme toutes les forces de la nature." No more morality! It is all in the interests of the race. "A l'humanité vous devez des héros. Donnez-les lui."

All this is intelligible, verbally at any rate. The manifesto of the painters was also intelligible, as far as it went. But M. Boccioni's manifesto, what shall we say of that?—"nous n'en avons pas compris un traître mot." "Compénétration des plans"—in sculpture—"sculpture d'ambiance"—"ouvrons la figure comme une fenêtre et et enfermons en elle le milieu où elle vit." "Le style du mouvement"—we understand that—it is to be obtained by inserting mechanism in various parts of the figure. But of the statuary in which "nous verrons par exemple la roue d'un moteur sortir de l'aisselle d'un mécanicien, la ligne d'une table trancher la tête d'un homme qui lit, et son livre lui sectionner l'estomac avec l'éventail de ses pages tranchantes" there is nothing to be said till we can see the thing itself. There will be so much "ambiance," we imagine, that the only "ambiance" we understand—the power of walking round a statue—will be impossible. At all events, the futurist doctrine of a fusion of the arts will have been advanced a stage. The important point is that "il n'y a de vrai que la création." That is what is wrong with Rodin; he cannot be a sincere artist, because Michael-Angelo and Donatello had somewhat similar moods and inspirations; he has "created" nothing; he would have been better employed inventing a new way of peeling an orange—one, for instance, in which the "ambiance" of the orange would be retained by an "intersection of planes," that is, by ensuring a combination of peel and pulp in every mouthful.

Turkey's Treasure House

By R. J. TURNER.

WITH the allies at the gates of Constantinople, one may be pardoned for giving a thought to the fate of that marvellous collection of jewels and curios nestling in a corner of the old Blachern Palace, known as the Treasury.

Here in all conscience is loot enough [redacted] a triumphal entry into the ancient city of Constantine, and to make the mouths water of the Bulgarian or

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Servian hosts who may be permitted to cross the threshold of the treasure chamber. Failing a guarantee against spoliation, it is exceedingly doubtful whether this immensely valuable and unique collection will be allowed to remain at Top Kapou. More likely it will follow in the train of the Sultan, its natural guardian, to the ancient capital of Broussa. In the time of Abdul Hamid, access to this veritable Cave of Abdullah was difficult to obtain. Ambassadorial intercession in the case of Europeans was necessary, and not always successful. Since the advent of Mahmoud and the Young Turk, viewing privileges have been extended, but the signature of the Grand Vizier is still necessary to ensure the unlocking of the famous portals.

The procedure for a private view is quite an affair. After passing the sentries at the gate of the old palace, and reporting one's arrival in the courtyard, a stately procession of befezzed and frock-coated officials, headed by a venerable Bede, issues from a side building. The guard comes to attention. Before the huge key is inserted in the lock, the seal of the door is broken by the venerable one and carefully borne away. A distinct effort is required to turn the lock. The door opens only to reveal another barrier which is as solemnly unlocked. The black-coated procession flows in, and takes up strategic positions in the chamber now open to view. Under the keen scrutiny of fifteen or twenty pairs of eyes distributed all over the room, the difficulties of annexation become apparent.

The most striking object that meets the eye is the famous jewelled throne of one of the Sultan's ancestors. This, as well as a smaller throne in the same glass case, is thickly encrusted with pearls, diamonds, and rubies. It would be difficult to estimate the number of stones, some of which are of a fair size, but there must be many thousands, and the effect on the walnut-coloured wood is barbaric in the extreme. Its value is estimated at from one to two millions sterling. Here and there one sees a vacant setting, whence the stone has disappeared, probably passing into the possession of some nimble-fingered eunuch favourite of the Sultan. Ranged round the room in cases is a long line of figures of Sultans in their jewelled robes and turbans. Some of the vestments are literally stiff with precious stones, while to fasten the aigrette of the turban a stupendous emerald or ruby is invariably utilised. An idea of the size of the ordinary run of the stones may be grasped by looking at half a small-sized hen's egg placed on end.

The scabbard of each warrior's scimitar is elaborately encrusted with similar stones, with a specially large one on the top of the hilt. The collection of swords is magnificent, but it is when one comes to study the daggers that one realises the huge fortunes embedded in such weapons. In some cases the entire haft is composed of one stone—an emerald or a ruby, as the case may be—that is to say, a mass of colour about three inches long and one and a half inches thick. Displayed separately are some huge uncut but polished rubies and emeralds, quite as large, to use a homely expression, as an ordinary cake of toilet soap. Whether such abnormal gems are of "the purest ray serene" one cannot vouch for, but the whole effect is to recall the jewelled valley of Sinbad the Sailor and his Roc, or the more material properties of the pantomime. Rumour has it that occasionally, when funds were very low, old Abdul would withdraw a choice specimen or two, which would find their way to Paris. All credit to the Young Turks that, amid occasions of great stress, they have steadfastly declined to take toll of their country's ancient treasures.

Still steadily outflanked by the black-coated brigade, another room discloses a magnificent collection of coins from the Romans onward, while other cases contain brooches, earrings, and ornaments bejewelled beyond the dreams of avarice. So stunned is one by the sense of size and barbaric splendour of the gems that one would not feel at all surprised to be told that the coloured lamps, varying in size from an orange to a melon, suspended from the ceiling, are single jewels of unheard-of value.

In a prominent position are the orders conferred upon Mejid, Abdul's predecessor, by the sovereigns of the world, and a goodly show they make. One does not fail to notice the highest order of English chivalry, the Garter, reposing in its velvet-lined case, granted in Queen Victoria's days to "our good brother" on the Bosphorus.

Mingled with curios from the Farther East, ivories, bronzes, and carvings in ebony, are clocks—clocks of every kind and description, though one failed to note a specimen of the stately grandfather.

Preceded and followed by the shuffling band of brothers, we ascend to a gallery and more rooms; more relics of departed padishahs and caliphs, more emblazoned costumes and bejewelled swords and daggers, and a most appalling collection of paintings. Crowded with crude canvasses of subjects of the tea-tray variety, one is forced to the conclusion that "art for art's sake" was not one of the mottoes of bygone Sultans, and that their artistic advisers were not above suspicion.

Carefully shepherded downstairs and outside, we witness the re-sealing of the great door, with the guard at the slope. As an additional courtesy, we are shown over some of the pleasant rooms of the palace, from the windows of which one gets the most magnificent view in Constantinople of the Marmora and Bosphorus. Then, having quaffed the famous coffee and partaken of the luscious rose-leaf jam, we return the salaams of the remnant of the black brotherhood, find our araba, and make a dashing return to Pera, as becomes those who have feasted their eyes upon the most extraordinary treasure house in the world.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

Decadent Aristocracy

The Decline of Aristocracy. By ARTHUR PONSONBY, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE writer of this querulous diatribe seems to be possessed with that neurotic mental unrest which characterises the attitude of the modern reformer towards every phase of social and political life. In the laboratories of such psychological chemists, all actions, reasons, motives, intentions, scruples, and lack of scruples are painfully weighed, analysed, and separated, till life becomes a miserable and disintegrated spectacle, and suicide might appear to be a joyful relief. Fortunately, however, these dismal analyses—comparable to a nun's exercise of conscience—have as little effect on a normal healthy mind as a doctor's lecture on microbes or diseases. Mr. Ponsonby's spectral humour is to be found in the appalling seriousness with which he takes, first, himself, and, secondly, the society to which he belongs. As we have no wish to be personal, the first we can pass over as the common failing—or road to success—of philanthropists, faddists, and reformers generally.

For the second—well, it is easy to write on degeneracy. Witness the cheerful books of Max Nordau and Kraft-Ebing. But the usual mistake made by the dreary pessimist is to argue from the few to the many. This seems to be the pitfall into which Mr. Ponsonby has descended. He declaims against the idle, leisured, and ill-educated aristocrat, but he carefully avoids any attempt to estimate the probable number of aristocratic idlers. In proportion to the number of workers, we suggest that the percentage would not be alarming, certainly not sufficient to upset the nerves of a common-sense reformer, and in any case much less dangerous to the community from a sociological standpoint than the idle in the lower strata of society.

To condemn a whole class because some are drones is a futile proceeding. The decline of aristocracy is a comforting and pleasant theme for the revolutionary Socialist, who rejoices that the ancient power politically has disappeared. If so, why waste time in writing about it? A more useful subject would be the rise of a modern and very degenerate aristocracy based on money, far more menacing than the gentlemen of the *ancien régime.* It is fair to say that Mr. Ponsonby "devoutly hopes that the advent of a plutocracy is only a nightmare." Others are sufficiently awake—even at their devotions—to see that it is no dream, but as solid a fact as a burglar under the bed. If examples of "idle rich" are wanted, may they not be found among the sons of "self-made" millionaires, or of six-figure men? But Mr. Ponsonby is plainly obsessed with an incongruous vendetta against "gentlemen" of a social position, which has given them, and to a considerable extent still gives them, political influence.

We propose, then, to examine in detail some of his theses. He starts off with the assumption that "the basis of aristocratic government is the negation of liberty, and this is the underlying cause of its ultimate failure." Doubtless this is true of the ancient aristocracies. But passing by the fact that under aristocratic government the freedom of England was largely built up, this view involves the assumption that democracy spells liberty. By liberty we mean "the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty, against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion."

Now, the greatest evil of democracy is the tyranny of the majority. Democracy may become the deadly enemy of liberty, if founded on the illiberal and tyrannical basis that "minorities must suffer," seeing that it is a fundamental principle of republican government that the minority have indisputable and inalienable rights, that the majority are not everything and the minority nothing, that the people may not do what they please. Democracy, in the exercise of a new-found power, may overreach itself and elect new tyrants, whom it is actually paying, at once to flatter and coerce.

Even if we grant that aristocratic government chastised the people with whips, socialistic and democratic government may chastise with scorpions. The whole trend of Socialism to-day points to the coming of a more severe and greater struggle for freedom than has yet been seen in English history. We may accept the fact that the political power of the old hereditary aristocracy has inevitably declined. But we may also believe in the prophecy of Nietzsche that the struggle with Socialism will create a new aristocracy out of the great middle class "which may forget Socialism like a disease that has been overcome." When the present dominant power of capitalists, merchants, and financiers is reduced by socialistic progressive taxation, the new aristocracy may ally itself with the old, and overwhelm the danger to freedom, involved alike in plutocracy and democracy. In this alliance we see a Phœnix-like rise of the old to a new position, for we cannot endorse Mr. Ponsonby's allegation that "there are great signs of deterioration."

There has probably never been a time when the aristocracy as a class—eliminating exceptions which for purposes of class hatred are loudly exploited by unscrupulous agitators—showed greater evidence of the sense of the responsibility of social service. We are told that "there is an increasing impatience against the existence of a class that merely vegetates, lives off the fat of the land, and squanders, according to their whim and fancy, the wealth that others have toiled to create." This is descending very low in cheap invective—to the level of a demagogue's pamphlet—and quite unworthy of serious writing. Again, "Conservatism is an upper-class characteristic," which is an amazing statement, in a country where the balance of parties is so evenly divided. It will not bear a moment's examination, and, indeed, is not worth it. Mr. Ponsonby wastes a considerable amount of energy in a puerile, if rather comic, diatribe against the use of the term "gentleman" in the sense accepted by gentlemen, and against titles, coats-of-arms and crests. While we readily admit that his sum-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

mary of the characteristics of a gentleman is excellent, and just such as we should expect from a true gentleman, he forgets or omits to notice that a gentleman will recognise that those characteristics may be and are found in any and every class. For all that, as Froude pointed out, "No power can make me ask my hairdresser to dinner," and we may add that a true gentleman would not put his tradesman into so false and uncomfortable a position.

It is also forgotten that, if there are nature's gentlemen, there are also nature's "bounders" in every class. But no class deductions can be drawn from the existence of either in any class. Much as the author may object to the restriction of the word gentleman "to those alone who bear a particular aristocratic cachet," there is a well-understood sense in which it is bound to be so restricted. Such restriction in no way interferes with the existence of nature's gentlemen in any class. The word "bounder" may be restricted to those who bear a particular vulgar cachet, but that restriction does not interfere with the position of honest, respected English working men, who are not such fools as to wish to be considered gentlemen, and who laugh in their sleeves when the fawning Parliamentary candidate has his circular addressed to them as "Esquires." Caste distinctions are the author's *bête-noire*. But for the abolition of caste we may wait till the millennium. And who are so careful of caste distinctions as the many classes below the caste of gentlemen? Does the writer of this book realise, for example, the relations which exist between farmers and their labourers? It is not, as he would have us suppose, a case of the caste of gentlemen *versus* the rest of the community, but of the existence of innumerable castes, among which may be found far stronger and more insurmountable class prejudices than between gentlemen and all the other castes put together. And although these are due to very natural causes, and perfectly intelligible, there is between them little or none of that fierce class hatred which is now being ingeniously fostered for political purposes on the one hand or from a very silly sentimentalism on the other. Mr. Ponsonby on titles, orders, coats-of-arms, crests, *et hoc genus omne*, is simply amusing, and we may leave him to poke his serio-comic fun at these harmless trappings of social symbolism.

The latter half of his book is taken up with educational criticism, largely of the defects of our Public School system. That there are defects few educationists would deny, and some of the author's criticisms are trenchant, while others merely suggest improvement in the way of levelling down. For here again he is obsessed by a distorted view of class prejudice. He pictures "strangers, more especially when they come from across the Atlantic, who are ready to pronounce our public schools ideal. 'That is what makes the English gentleman what he is!' they will exclaim." "They are right, and that is precisely the very essence of our complaint," says Mr. Ponsonby.

In another place we read the unwarrantable statement that "it is in spite of and not because of this (Public School) training that any are able to distinguish themselves in after life." Objection is made to the smartness of dress of the modern Public School boy. Nothing is said of the desirable improvement in the dress of the English working man. Mr. Ponsonby's sentimental feelings are much hurt and shocked because the prize for English poetry at a large Public School was recently given to a boy who wrote verses containing this "deplorable sentiment":—

> England, narrow seas divide thee
> From the foe:
> Guard the waves lest ill betide thee,
> Lest the foe that lurks beside thee
> Lay thee low.

This very simple expression of the importance of national defence he describes as "the vulgar clap-trap of Jingoism or a bloated and arrogant form of Imperialism." This is the sort of critic who wishes "to see removed the grounds for the condemnation, disparagement, and contempt which are being levelled against the Public School system as it now exists."

Mr. Ponsonby is slightly nervous lest he may be accused of engendering class-hatred. We have read his work through with care, and feel bound to record our deliberate conviction that, whether intentional or not, this is the main tendency of his writings. Social and political sentimentalism sometimes mistakes the necessary artificialism of life for "stern realities." It is this unconscious attitude which makes his book so humorous, although there is not one spark of real humour from beginning to end. It is much too solemn for anything so human. P. A. M. SULLIVAN.

Sir Howard Vincent.

The Life of Sir Howard Vincent. By S. H. JEYES. Concluded by F. D. How. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE are certain men who never completely succeed in Parliament. They seem to get athwart it in some strange way, and never realise their laudable ambitions, and yet they have a great many qualities that make for success. I am referring to men like Roebuck and Bernal Osborne in the last generation and to G. C. Trout Bartley, Albert Rollitt, Gibson Bowles, and Howard Vincent in this. Dilke and Randolph Churchill were in a different class, and whilst one had his career crippled by a domestic scandal, the other rose higher, but resigned in a fit of temper and egotism. Perhaps the last word explains everything. An irritated Cabinet Minister once said of Howard Vincent, "He wants holding down by the coat-tails." However, I am positively certain that if Howard Vincent could read this biography he would be intensely interested in it. He would have read it through and through, made notes and corrections here and there, and laughed heartily at all the good-natured caricatures in it that are culled from *Punch* and the *Westminster Gazette*.

He would have liked the binding and the cover, with his own bold signature on it, and although here and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

there he would have winced at the way his actions are described, he was so just-minded a man that he would have said, "This is a fair account of my life's work," for he was deeply interested in himself and his own character.

Intensely in earnest, painstaking, industrious, and with an unlimited fund of energy, he never succeeded in getting the British public to take him quite seriously. His appearance, perhaps, was against him. Although a soldier of the Line, he gave one the impression that he was a Cavalryman; with his haw-haw manner and heavy moustache, he reminded one of the Crimean swell in "Caste." Again, he was very versatile, taking up numberless causes, and the public always mistrusts a versatile man. Deep down in their hearts they think he cannot be thorough in so many things. "If he only knew a little law, he would have known a little of everything," was a gibe that was cast at Brougham, and I cannot help thinking that Vincent's very versatility kept him back.

Of an ancient, if not illustrious, family, he had to make his own way in the world, and from his earliest years it was plain that he meant to get on. Born in one of those country rectories which have produced so many valiant sons of the Empire, he was sent to Westminster; but the school life was found to be too rough for him, and his parents had the courage and good sense to withdraw him. From his earliest years he suffered from a distressing cough, which, on and off, he retained during the whole of his life. He went abroad, studied French and German, eventually entered Sandhurst, and joined the Welsh Fusiliers. The amount of soldiering in those days did not satisfy his active mind, and at the outbreak of war in 1870 he had to become a war correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*, which was the *Daily Mail* of those days. He appears to have seen Thornton Leigh Hunt, who was then a sub-editor, and would have been appointed, but the War Office not unnaturally refused to allow officers on full pay to leave England.

His first political ambitions were decidedly Liberal; but a voyage round the world quickly cured him, and, like most converts, he became a Tory of Tories. He next read for the Bar, and became a member of the Divorce Court. If he had thought of it, and had found time, he would, no doubt, have become a doctor with equal ease, in case it might be useful—in fact, he once said that everyone ought to change his profession once every five years.

In 1877 the Detective Department at Scotland Yard was overhauled. A Committee sat to consider how it should be brought up to date. Vincent dashed over to Paris, and brought back a splendid report on foreign systems. It so impressed the Committee that they gave him the new post of Director of Criminal Investigation. Vincent was now in his element, and the chapters dealing with his adventures in those stormy times are the best in the book. They are delightfully told, and those of us who knew and loved him, even if we occasionally laughed at him, can see Vincent's character peeping out at every turn. His fussiness over Gladstone—who was as insensible to fear as Arthur Balfour, and loathed "police protection"—is most artlessly told.

By the way, the biography does not mention an amusing ruse which was put down to Howard Vincent's ingenuity at the time, although I think it is hinted at on page 115. I give it with all reserve. It is said that Scotland Yard once intimated to an M.P. that they proposed to give him police protection. He was highly flattered, but very indignant, frightened, and relieved when he subsequently discovered that, owing to a slight resemblance to Gladstone, he had been used to decoy the Fenians away from the real Simon Pure!

His clever arrest of Thomas Mooney in 1881 and the story of that memorable night when the news arrived that Cavendish and Burke had been murdered are most dramatic; whilst the way in which he succeeded in getting reforms in details carried out is Howard Vincent to the life. His marriage placed him in a position to devote himself entirely to public causes, and the rest of the book deals with his political career. He retired from the police in 1884, and shortly after was returned as M.P. for Central Sheffield, for which he sat for the rest of his life.

The thoroughness he displayed in other things exactly suited a business city like Sheffield. He always answered letters by return of post; he saw everybody who called at the House; he wrote for the local Press, and was a model member. His name was ever in the papers. A new cause, a difficulty, a correspondence, anything—Howard Vincent was to the fore. He became a convinced Fair Trader, as it was called then, and in season and out undoubtedly helped to sow the seed of the policy which Chamberlain afterwards made his own.

Intensely proud of his country and her great destinies, he designed a map of the world showing how great the British Empire really was. He took up Volunteering, and made the Queen's Westminsters one of the crack corps of the kingdom. I think he started with Dr. Cantlie—Sun Yat Sen's friend—the Volunteer Medical Service Corps. Every great hospital had a company, but his zeal was so great that he insisted on the Working Men's College and the Birkbeck students having a company too. Class jealousies arose, but Howard Vincent was immensely pleased when the working-class corps gained the prize for efficiency over the heads of the professional students. He never could understand class distinctions when patriotism was in question.

He made two mistakes which were somewhat unfairly used against him. In 1888 he joined the L.C.C., and became chief of the Fire Brigade. At a review of that body in 1889 by the Prince of Wales his beloved Queen's Westminsters were on duty, and he, their colonel, had the mortification of seeing the crowd break through to the Royal carriage. It was only the public love and loyalty, but Howard Vincent's face that day was a sight not easily forgotten. He, the policeman, the soldier, the organiser, the chief of the Brigade, fails in the presence of his future Sovereign! Vincent behaved frankly and splendidly, and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

we believe the Prince, who always liked him, was not only not annoyed but much amused at his evident mortification.

The other mistake was with regard to the Merchandise Marks Act. He was the father of the Act, and by it foreign articles had to be stamped with the place of origin. This had a most unexpected result. "Made in Germany" was found to be an excellent advertisement for German goods. People said he ought to have insisted that all foreign goods should be marked "Foreign made" and all British goods "British made."

It is impossible in a short review like this to mention all the subjects he took up besides Colonial Preference. He wrote handbooks on all kinds of subjects, countless articles for the Press, and he lived to see the Public Trustee Act a success, but not the tremendous success it is at the present time, and the further sūccess it is likely to be. Not even ill-health could keep him away from South Africa when the Boer War broke out, and, although, owing to this, he did not get a command, he saw a good deal of the fighting unattached.

To go back a little, Lord Salisbury gave him a K.C.M.G. in 1889, nominally in connection with the Anarchist Conference he attended at Rome on behalf of the Government; but we cannot say we think Howard Vincent was over-rewarded for his useful services to the State, on which he had spent time, money, energy, health, and life itself.

Owing to his sunny nature, his life was happy beyond that of most of us. If I had been able to send a wreath, I should have written:—

Life's race well run,
Life's work well done,
Life's crown well won.
Now comes rest.

The expression is hackneyed now, but it sums up the life of Howard Vincent more truthfully than it does in the majority of cases in which it is used

A loving hand has evidently superintended the work, yet it does not suffer from undue eulogy. It is a worthy memorial of a man gho gave the Empire of his best. The Index is a very poor one, and the pages ought to have had at the top of them the year they deal with, and Vincent's age at the time.

WILLIAM BULL.

Le dernier des Aiglons

(By "LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE.")

The Empress Eugénie and Her Circle. By DR. E. BARTHEZ. Translated by Bernard Miall. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE title given to this book is somewhat misleading, for the author has less to say of the Empress Eugénie than of her son, that bright young Prince Impérial, who, after his father's downfall and death, had of all the Pretenders to the French Crown, the greatest chances of ultimate success, but who died, as we all know, in South Africa, struck down in his fresh manhood by seventeen assegai-wounds, all of which he received in front, as befitted one bearing the great name of Napoleon. Dr. Barthez was not altogether unknown to us. He belonged to a family which contributed several important works to the literature of medical science, and, as we took occasion to mention in a work of ours, "The Court of the Tuileries," which, having been frequently reprinted, may nowadays be tolerably well known, he was appointed Physician-in-Ordinary to the Prince Impérial at the latter's birth, the stipend allotted to him being the extremely modest one of £320 per annum. It is true that the medical staff attached to the Imperial Court was numerous, including as it did, in addition to Drs. Conneau and Corvisart, four physicians and surgeons in ordinary to the Emperor and Empress, four others for attendance on the household, six honorary medical advisers, a dispenser, and so forth. Conneau received £1,200, Corvisart £800 a year, but none of the others enjoyed larger emoluments than those which were assigned to Dr. Barthez for watching over the precious health of the Heir of France. The doctor was certainly lodged and boarded at the Tuileries, or wherever his young charge might be staying, for he accompanied him everywhere, but, after all, he appears to have had very little to do, for the boy usually enjoyed remarkably good health, and, whenever he contracted any petty juvenile ailment, that masterful woman, his English nurse, Miss Shaw, often doctored him according to her own lights, without allowing Dr. Barthez to intervene.

Nevertheless, this book—which comprises a collection of some fifty letters written by the doctor to his wife and daughters—is a notable contribution to the biography of the young Prince, concerning whom we have been lately promised a work of greater magnitude from the pen of M. Augustin Filon, who was his tutor from 1867 to 1875. The letters of Dr. Barthez, be it said, begin in July, 1856, and end in October, 1865. In the course of them he repeatedly praises the Prince's disposition, but complains of the indiscreet treatment carried out by Miss Shaw, who constantly gave the child drugs, and made him eat such indigestible meat as pork, even when he was ailing. The boy was scarcely a precocious child, and his mother, the Empress, seemed to think him backward, evincing, so Dr. Barthez tells us, a very impatient desire to see him grow up. As for Napoleon III, he found his son's teething very protracted, and argued on dentistry with the doctor, expressing, on one occasion, his surprise that nature did not of itself replace the teeth we lost, even as it replaced the antlers shed by the deer in the Park of St. Cloud. Barthez thereupon had to point out the difference in the nature of teeth and horns.

But the doctor's letters to his family by no means deal exclusively with the childhood of the Prince, who may be called the Last of the Eaglets—though we once heard Baroness Adolphe de Rothschild call Prince Victor Bonaparte an eaglet also—"that is," said she, "an eaglet who does nothing but moult." There are many glimpses of Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie in these same epistles. All who wish to acquire a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

real idea of the Emperor's person, such as the many official portraits of him do not convey, should read the shrewd account of it which Dr. Barthez gives us—the little frame, the diminutive legs, the long face and abnormally large head, the eyes occasionally lighting up with a kindly smile, and at other times staring fixedly and vacantly, and the peculiar habit of inclining now to the left and now to the right, in such wise that the Imperial figure usually appeared to be anything but straight and upright. While, however, the doctor dilates on the Emperor's physical imperfections, and occasionally mentions his amatory failings, he repeatedly does justice to his good points, his natural kind-heartedness, and his solicitude for the country over which he ruled. We pointed out in our "Court of the Tuileries" that Napoleon III was by no means destitute of humour, and M. Barthez gives sundry specimens of the Imperial wit, as when, for instance, his Majesty referred to a painting of a hunting scene as being "all dogs' tails and French horns, which could not be distinguished from one another, as they were all equally curly."

Of the Empress Eugénie's little foibles the doctor writes indulgently, as is fit, for none of them was serious; the only part of her career open to criticism being her intervention in politics, which, as we know, bore bad fruit. For the rest, the amusements of the Empress were no more reprehensible than were those of Marie Antoinette, whom she declared to be her *type*. They were even far less costly, and France, instead of inclining to ruin under the Second Empire—as was the case in Marie Antoinette's Trianon days—enjoyed the greatest financial prosperity, and could well afford the luxury of a Court. It was the foreign policy of the Empire which led to its downfall; but let it not be forgotten that the huge war indemnity exacted by Germany was largely paid out of the money which people had been able to save and put by in the palmy Imperial years when there was work for one and all.

To return to the Empress, Dr. Barthez frequently refers to her good looks in her younger days. "Her bosom is beautifully placed and modelled," he writes, "but she displays it a little too much and too frequently." At one time he found her much too pale, but he adds that in moments of emotion a flush came to her face and endowed her with delightful loveliness. On one point he could not agree with her: that was with respect to bull-fights, in which she saw nothing amiss, having witnessed them in Spain, once a week, as a rule, from her earliest childhood until she had grown up. The doctor's remarks on this subject are the more curious when one remembers that the Empress indignantly put down rabbit-coursing in France, as she regarded it as rank cruelty.

M. Barthez tells us, also, some interesting anecdotes of the Empress's ladies. The reader must not imagine that the "Mme. de M.," with whom he indulged in a mild flirtation was the Princess de Metternich. The lady he refers to was probably the Countess de Montebello, or possibly the Baroness de Malaret. As for the doctor's "Mme. de B.," she, without doubt, was that excellent Lady of Honour and model wife, the Duchess de Bassano; whilst his "Mme. de la P." was, of course, the Countess de la Poëze, *née* de la Roche-Lambert. Apropos of the Princess de Metternich, whom we just mentioned, the doctor was surprised to find that she was "not a crazy *grisette* singing risky songs, but a most accomplished great lady, serious in her manner and wrapped up in her home and children. Here, again, was an instance that appearances are deceitful, and that one must not judge of character by the behaviour of a moment." We fully endorse that "appreciation" of the "wittiest woman of her age," who, although she passed at times from "grave to gay," was by no means such a frivolous creature as ill-informed writers have sometimes asserted.

A few famous men flit here and there across the pages of the Barthez letters. We catch sight of Sir Anthony Panizzi, Prosper Mérimée, and Prince Bismarck. The last-named, who is humorously represented as being very much in love with Mme. de la Bédoyère, really visited Biarritz for a very different purpose than that of love-making. It was there that he completely outmanœuvred and fooled the French Emperor, there that he prepared the war of 1866 which was to drive Austria out of Germany and clear the way for that second campaign which was to wrest Alsace-Lorraine from France. Truly did Mérimée say that "Monsieur Bismarck was a dangerous man," but he made that remark apropos of the Countess de la Bédoyère, not imagining that the Prussian statesman might also be dangerous for France. Here we must take leave of Dr. Barthez's frank, unaffected, yet often sprightly letters. They throw many interesting little side-lights on the historical personages with whom they deal. As for Mr. Bernard Miall's translation, it could not be bettered. Several of the many portraits illustrating the volume will certainly appeal to those who are interested in the history of the Second Empire.

A Touch of Nature

On Nature's Trail: A Wonder-Book of the Wild. By F. ST. MARS. With an Introduction by LIEUT.-COL. J. H. PATTERSON, D.S.O. Illustrated by ERNEST ARIS. (James Nisbet and Co. 6s. net.)

People of the Wild. By F. ST. MARS. Illustrated by C. L. BULL, N. TRUSLOW, and A. E. CEDARQUIST. (T. Werner Laurie. 3s. 6d. net.)

Les Ravageurs: Récits sur les Insectes Nuisibles à l'Agriculture. By J. H. FABRE. *Illustrated.* (Ch. Delagrave, Paris, 3 fr. 50 c.)

Nature's Nursery Tales. By the REV. S. N. SEDGWICK, M.A. Illustrated. (Charles H. Kelly. 3s. 6d.)

OF primordial man it has been truly written:—

> See him from Nature rising slow to Art!
> To copy Instinct then was Reason's part;
> Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake:
> "Go, from the Creatures thy instruction take."

And man has done so throughout the ages with very great advantage to himself. "Nature is free to all," and even the wise Solomon did not disdain to be a great observer of her works. He not only knew "the way of a man with a maid," but also "the way of an

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

eagle in the air," which shows that he did not overlook the subject of flying. And there were many other creatures, both large and small, whose ways he claimed to be acquainted with. After all, man is perhaps most indebted to the insects. Have not the bees and the ants taught him thrift and the governing of a community? And though Mrs. Spider generally devours her husband at the close of the honeymoon and then takes another, which is militant suffragettism with a vengeance, was it not the water variety of the species which first gave man the idea of the diving-bell?

"On Nature's Trail" is an attempt by Mr. St. Mars to do for the wild life of this country what Mr. Kipling has done for that of India, and Mr. E. T. Seton and Mr. C. G. W. Roberts for that of America and Canada, and that he has admirably succeeded every reader of the book who loves to study the ways of wild creatures will candidly admit. In these tales, which originally appeared in serial form, Mr. St. Mars displays an extraordinary knowledge of beasts and birds, showing that he must have studied nature at first hand; and he also possesses a remarkable gift for picturing what he has seen. There are sixteen stories in all, dealing with almost every phase of the wild life of these islands, generally, it is true, with the cruel side of existence in the woods and mountains, where the battle of the survival of the fittest is being waged incessantly. But, whether comic or tragic, his stories are so realistic and fascinating that they invariably grip the reader's interest. The seven page plates by Mr. Aris are extremely lifelike, and form a pleasing embellishment to a most interesting work. "People of the Wild," by the same author, is a similar volume to the other, but a less pretentious one. It consists of seven stories, with a coloured frontispiece and a large number of small illustrations in the text. The stories are on the same lines as those in the previous work noticed, and equally interesting, and still further show what a keenly enthusiastic observer of wild life Mr. St. Mars must be. But we are somewhat at a loss to understand why two books dealing with the same subject should be issued by an author in the same publishing season. The explanation may be that the latter volume had first of all paid a visit to the land of the bald-headed eagle, as, although professedly printed in England, we fancy we have detected in its pages some monstrosities in spelling peculiar to the U.S.A.

In "Les Ravageurs" the veteran naturalist M. J. H. Fabre gives an account of the insects which are harmful to agriculture. The narrative is in the form of "talks" between Maître Paul, who from the knowledge he displays must be M. Fabre himself, and his two nephews. The lads have each a little plot of ground to cultivate, and as the ravagers make their appearance, which they ever inevitably do, the uncle is consulted, and he tells the boys how to deal with the successive situations, at the same time giving them the life history of each one of the obnoxious insects whose attacks they have to resist and provide against. From his wonderful accounts of the loves and combats of various insects, M. Fabre, besides being pensioned and decorated by the Government of his country, has acquired from the multitude of his admiring readers the proud title of the "Insects' Homer," and this little book of his, though written in a style intended for young people, will at the same time be immensely useful to farmers, market gardeners, and horticulturists in general. It is illustrated with some very good page plates and a few smaller ones. "Nature's Nursery Tales" is written for quite young people, for whom it is admirably adapted. It is illustrated with over three-score photographs direct from nature, and the moral of it all seems to be, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise"; which is undoubtedly excellent advice. And when you come to consider, after many vicissitudes, such as those of the prodigal son, you will find that she (the ant) has sanatoria galore, and medical and surgical assistance free, and no stamps to lick!

Shorter Reviews

The Democratic Mistake. By ARTHUR GEORGE SEDGWICK. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.00 net.)

THESE lectures, originally delivered before the University of Harvard in 1909, are not without a certain topical interest. America has, during the last few weeks, passed through the throes of a Presidential election. The result is more significant than surprising. The star of Demos is once more in the ascendant, and a considerable impetus has been given to the extension of "popular" legislation. What "popular" legislation is meaning at the present time, and may come to mean in the future, will be found set forth in these pages.

Mr. Sedgwick is a calm and dispassionate observer of the political situation. He does not appear to hold a brief for any particular theory of government, believing, perhaps, with Pope that "whate'er is best administered is best." But he perceives—what has, indeed, long been patent to European eyes—that democracy in America stands convicted of gross mistakes, if not of final failure and ultimate collapse. The multiplication of officials has resulted in the "machine"—that is to say, in the increase of corruption and in the destruction of any real responsibility, either on the part of the legislature or on that of the electors. "If the machine is to be destroyed," he concludes, "it can only be through the introduction of responsible government in its place, and this can only be done by retracing our steps and abandoning the attempt to obtain responsibility through frequent elections and short terms and the multiplication of offices." These are wise and weighty words, and we commend them to the careful consideration of the American elector. He may have occasion to ponder them during the course of the next few years.

Lords and Ladies of the Italian Lakes. By EDGCUMBE STALEY. Illustrated. (John Long. 12s. 6d. net.)

THERE can be no doubt that Mr. Staley knows his Northern Italy and loves it, and he is for those reasons

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

well qualified to write such a book as the present one. In doing so he has kept two objects before him, or perhaps we should say that the scheme which he has adopted is a combination of two objects. In the first place he has set out to write a sort of guide book to the region of the Italian Lakes, and at the same time he has essayed to add to the very considerable recent literature of a biographical memoir nature. Satisfactorily to combine these two objects was difficult, perhaps impossible, and if Mr. Staley has failed to make a complete success of the book he cannot altogether be blamed on that account. He has written a chatty, gossipping volume of stories about castles and cottages, cities and villages, and of the people who inhabited them when life was, or at least appears to have been, far more interesting and romantic than it is to-day, but he never seems to say sufficient about any one individual, and all that he says leaves no lasting impression. Even the illustrations with which Mr. Staley has not been niggardly, have much the same effect. They fall short of the expectations they at first arouse. In many cases one feels definitely the absence from the reproductions of the original colours. Moreover, there is an impression that Mr. Staley has not made the most of his opportunities. As to his style, this can best be judged from the following passage:—

"Lecco is the will-o'-the-wisp among North Italian lakes; not, indeed, that she aqueously is here and there and everywhere, but her name betokens her character—the coin of echo, the acme of daintiness, the blush of temptation—in short, Diana of the Gods! Artemis of mythology was sister of Apollo, goddess of the chase, and protectress of the young and suffering. Her lover, Endymion, she kissed in sleep, and the loves of this well-matched pair illustrate the association of Lecco and the Brianza. By inversion of the metaphor—the pleasure-grounds of the 'Verdant Land' enshrine the sportive deity, whilst she looks out languishingly upon the mirror-face of the beautiful sloop-dowered lake. Diana is the fascinating inspiratrix of the Brianza. The Lake of Lecco is her death; a bevy of bewitching Bacchantes encircle her with crystal-emerald lakelet.." And so on with similar rhapsodisings.

Présences (Poèmes—Ire Série). By P. J. JOUVE. (Georges Crès and Co. Paris.)

IF it be possible to imagine a French Matthew Arnold, with a leaning towards optimism, we think that M. Jouve would fit the description. His mental attitude is a permanent surprise before the immeasurable forces, spiritual and material, of the universe, and his method is a very Arnoldian "vers libre," with occasional touches of a not unpleasant roughness. We will quote a typical passage:—

Rêve qui veut naître
Dans les yeux violents
Et les bouches closes . . . .
Dans le fleuve mû
Par les ponts mouvants . . . .
Dans l'appel des trains
Vers le souvenir . . . .
Dans l'ascension
D'escaliers humains
Où l'on entend rire. . . . .

Nous serons longtemps exilés d'ici,
Du tendre jardin pépiant et vert,
Longtemps exilés de cette paix molle
Qui a le goût sucré de notre nuit.

M. Jouve has chosen a fine title, which suits well with his superb transcendentalism; his poems of childhood, which have nothing of the "berceuse" about them, but are rather hymns before battle, reveal his whole mind. Here, if anywhere, is for him

A Presence which is not to be put by.

Lyrical these poems are not, in the strict sense of the word, but there are moments of pure lyricism—this, for instance:—

Ma vie, votre vie . . . .
Ma main, votre main . . . .
O douceur de l'homme,
Chante un son humain.

New Editions

Edinburgh. By R. L. STEVENSON. With 24 Illustrations in colour by JAMES HERON. (Seeley, Service and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

The House of Life; A Rogue's Memoirs; Bensoniana; Simplicity and Tolstoy; The "Watteau" Series of Choice Little Books. (A. L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d. net each.)

ALTHOUGH there are many people, great readers all, who protest that for them "the word's the thing," and that it matters naught to them what form a book takes so long as they have the imperishable thought, we must confess that a handsome dress adds to the temptation to read. There is a pride of shabbiness for which we feel no sympathy, just as there is an ostentation of luxury which repels. The volumes under notice seem to strike a graceful medium between these two extremes. Stevenson's beautiful analysis of Edinburgh is welcome again, and Mr. Heron's pictures give quite the correct atmosphere—rather calm and subdued in tone, as befits a city "beaten upon by all the winds that blow, drenched with rain, buried in cold sea-fogs out of the east, and powdered with snow as it comes flying southward from the Highland hills." Perhaps R. L. S. was a little hard on the Northern metropolis when he wrote that; at any rate, here are his words in a handsome setting for all who wish a book that is handsome within as well as without.

Rossetti's "House of Life" lends itself peculiarly to delicate treatment in the way of illustration and *format*, and Mr. A. L. Humphreys has done well to include it among the first few volumes of his charming "Watteau Series." The series is modelled upon the most exquisite

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

productions of the masters of book ornament of the eighteenth century in France, and the work of some famous artists adorns these pages in miniature. The effect is often extremely dainty and beautiful. Other issues to hand are four essays by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, opening with one on Tolstoy; selections from the novels of Mr. E. F. Benson—epigrams and *bons mots* which gain an added keenness from their setting; and, best of all, perhaps, three of Mr. Birrell's most attractive little essays under the general title of the first, "A Rogue's Memoirs." Nobody can chat in more lively fashion on men and books than Mr. Birrell, when he is in good form, and it is a pleasure to read him in this handy and novel guise. Among other numbers in this series we note Blake's "Songs of Innocence" and Mrs. Browning's Sonnets.

Fiction

Bright Shame. By KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

WE like Mr. Snowden best in his earlier novels. We miss here the fine, keen, brilliant irony of "The "Life Class" and "The Forbidden Theatre." This is avowedly a novel with a purpose. It is, perhaps, none the worse for that, but Mr. Snowden rather forces the note didactic, and, as if the story itself were not sufficient, concludes with what he calls a "rationale." In an age when so much of fiction is devoted to explanations there is every excuse to be made, but Mr. Snowden is worthy of better things. We have great fears for his future. For the last three or four years he has been accumulating theories—a harmless occupation enough; but Mr. Snowden is beginning to find a use for them.

"Art," says the artist in this volume, "includes morals." There is plenty of morality in this novel—of a kind. It is not the kind that one meets with in suburban drawing-rooms, 'tis true. Here is the story: A young Yorkshireman—the scene is inevitably laid in Yorkshire—falls in love, kisses, and runs away, leaving no permanent trace behind. The woman meanwhile gives birth to a son whom, when she is dying, she bequeaths to the boy's own uncle—a respectable Nonconformist, with the faith of an early Puritan and the soul of a shrivelled pea. In course of time the father returns to England, where he is confronted with his own son, of whose existence he has been up to that time unaware. His general demeanour in the face of that discovery constitutes for Mr. Snowden—as for the reader—the chief interest of the novel.

It is a dramatic situation, admirably treated. But why not have left it at that? Why should Mr. Snowden need to dot his "i's" and cross his "t's" so meticulously in the concluding chapter? Why on earth bring in Socialism and free love and the equality of the sexes, as though the book were, after all, merely a Fabian tract in disguise? Mr. Snowden alone knows. We, who know not Mr. Snowden, can but deplore. We can honestly say that the character-study of Ruth Tempest is as fine a piece of work as Mr. Snowden has done, while his theories fail to entertain us. And entertainment rather than moral instruction is the function of the novelist.

The Unbearable Bassington. By H. H. MUNRO ("SAKI"). (John Lane. 6s.)

IF there were a little more of Bassington in this very entertaining novel probably readers would be better pleased, for Comus, the wayward son of Francesca Bassington, is one of the most delightful and original characters in recent fiction. He upsets all his mother's pet schemes for his advancement, for his marriage, and for her own welfare, with the utmost coolness, and the story of his escapades is told with so much spirit and wit that the attention never flags for a moment. Mr. Munro is an adept at the epigram, neatly sandwiched between incidents or sparkling in a conversation. For example, we can hardly resist being tickled by the statement that "The art of public life consists to a great extent of knowing exactly where to stop and going a bit further," or by the excellent satire contained in the assertion that "Ada Spelvexit was one of those naturally stagnant souls who take infinite pleasure in what are called 'movements.'" The book is clever right through, and free from that boredom which arises from laborious attempts at humour. This happy result is, of course, precisely what we should expect from "Saki."

The Mission of Victoria Wilhelmina. By JEANNE MAGOUN. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2s. net.)

THE story that Miss Magoun has to tell is very slender in form; a girl's betrayal and desertion are not new themes on which to base a novel. In the present instance our sympathies are with the woman, for she is young and inexperienced, and has no mother to advise her. The man is a fascinating scoundrel, who indulges in a quantity of nonsensical talk with regard to being "superior" to the morals decent people observe. It is pleasing to note that the author, without labouring a moral, recognises right from wrong, and does not endeavour to elevate inclination to a god, after the approved manner of much modern fiction.

The Weaving of the Shuttle. By C. HOLMES CAUTLEY. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

MICHAEL ESHOLT, master of Barsland Mills, is a man of moderate wealth but great ambition. He intends his only son, Stephen, to marry Bertha Wade, the daughter of a large yarn merchant, whose orders keep most of the spindles going at Barsland Mills. Complications are caused by Stephen falling in love with Zillah, the daughter of Michael's foreman. The fathers quarrel over this and become deadly enemies. Thias Tempest the foreman, sets up a mill of his own and ruins Michael's trade, but is eventually ruined himself. A double love tale runs through the book, and the strong characters of the two mill owners form the background of an interesting story.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Theatre

A Triple Bill at the Haymarket: "The Younger Generation"

IT must have been difficult work for Mr. Frederick Harrison to decide on a form of entertainment to follow the long and surprisingly successful "Bunty." But he has been bold and happy in his selection. "The Younger Generation," by Mr. Stanley Houghton, possesses all the qualities necessary to fill the Haymarket for a long while to come. It fits in with the present reversion of taste to the candid domestic style of play; it clearly and admirably sets forth such simple story as it contains, and it is acted with a quiet vigour and sincerity which does immense credit to our stage.

One is reminded—at a distance and very pleasantly—of "Milestones" in that three generations bring their clashing ideals to bear upon each other; but in the present play an evening and the following Sunday morning and afternoon are all the hours we are asked to envision. In this period of time James Henry Kennion, a middle-aged, middle-class Manchester father—most skilfully played by Mr. Stanley Drewitt—is made to see the folly of his own mother's treatment of her family and the futility of his particular method of treating his grown-up children. It is all done very smoothly and after a fashion that completely holds the interest. The picture is one of a delightfully self-satisfied group of provincial people, equally egotistic whichever happens to be their generation or age. The two attractive sons, Reggie Kennion (Mr. J. V. Bryant) and Arthur Kennion (Mr. J. Woodall-Birde) and the pretty daughter Grace (Miss Caroline Bayley) are in their way just as wrong-headed and ignorant as the two elder generations that harry them. Again a little while, and these brave and attractive young people will be just as troublesome to the coming race as their parents are to them.

It is rather an old story that no two generations can take the same point of view. Ibsen's younger generation knocking at the door was not invented by him; the sound has echoed through the ages, although man has not always had ears to hear. But Mr. Houghton recognises, as a wise sociologist should, that in each generation there are exceptions to the somewhat dull average. And he presents us in the Tom Kennion, brother of James Henry, with this useful type. Tom managed to break away from the home life of his youth, and eventually prospered in some business in Hamburg. Not very romantic, but highly utilitarian—especially to the action of the play—for he returns to visit his brother just as that gentleman discovers that all his children lie to him, and that he is obliged to lie to them. As they are all very good, honest people really, this is a painful situation, and requires all the good nature and wisdom which Tom can bring to round matters off and give Grace her lover, Arthur his freedom, and Reggie a chance of better things. As Mr. Nigel Playfair takes the part of Tom, or rather seems to be the real Tom himself, it will be understood that the three acts end in fairly favourable circumstances. Of course, it is made pretty clear that the antagonisms of the various generations remain—that must be an everlasting trouble—but it is also shown that such characters as Tom exist, and can calm the clashing elements and link up the broken chain between age and middle age and youth.

We are very grateful to Mr. Houghton for having pointed to this truth once more, and for having made so amusing a play of his subject. As we have said, the acting, the staging, and the producing are, in their way, perfection. Mrs. Crowe as the grandmother, with Spartan views in regard to the treatment of children—of about twenty years—rang bitterly true. Mr. Norman Page and Mr. Luke Forster gave us two perfect studies of commonplace town councillors. Every part, indeed, was admirably played; the cast shows us a younger generation knocking with perfect assurance at the doors of fame. But also it shows us Mrs. Crowe, whose experience goes back so many years, in absolute unison with present-day methods, although she represents a Victorian grandmother. The result is a most engaging comedy in modern manners.

"An Adventure of Aristide Pujol"

WE have all been so much and so often entertained by Mr. W. J. Locke that this little comedy was sure of the warmest welcome, even if it had chanced to fall below the high standard he has taught us to expect. The story of the sham Corot, which the good Mr. Smith intends M. Pujol, as a baron, shall sell for some thousands to the Hon. Harry Ralston, is a gay and pure delight. The plot is too neat to be given away in a criticism. Everyone who enjoys Mr. Locke's graceful fun must be in time at the Haymarket to see Mr. Leon M. Lion's stage version of Aristide Pujol, its blitheness, its aplomb, its cynical humour. And all the other people of the little play are excellently enacted, from the wicked, or as he is called "kind," Mr. Smith, of Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, to his future son-in-law and to-be victim, Harry Ralston, of Mr. Woodall-Birde—who, by the way, shines quite differently in Mr. Houghton's play. The comedy is gay and lively from beginning to end. Seldom has a first piece so fully delighted an audience.

"The Golden Doom"

THE fantastic story of the kingdom of Zericon, "some while before the fall of Babylon," comes very pleasantly between the little comedy and the longer one of Mr. Houghton. The beautiful and rhythmic words of Lord Dunsany are sustained and made more telling by the delicate music of Mr. Norman O'Neill and the straightforward and convincing acting of Mr. Hargreaves as the king, of Mr. Lyall Swete as his chamberlain, and the other accomplished actors of the cast. The only actress here is Eileen Esler, as the "Girl" who invents a couplet which the "Boy" (Eric Rae) writes on the iron doorway of the king. The boy has come there to pray the stars to give him a hoop. The prophets of the stars,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

however, happen to be displeased with the king, and they read into the simple lines of the girl, and the added one of the boy, a passage of doom for the head of the State. Thus, to appease the gods, the king lays down his head-band of gold and his sceptre, and the boy, when he comes at night to look for a hoop, finds a golden one and a golden stick. The prophets tell that the gods of the stars have accepted the king's submission, and the golden doom is averted.

Lord Dunsany wisely does not let us know what happens when the boy is found with his hoop and stick. Why should he? His intention has been to create a fragment of beauty, a picture of subtle irony, a delightful pageant of some far-off, forgotten Eastern kingdom. With the aid of a finely imagined scene from a design by Mr. S. H. Sime, his illusion is made complete, and while the clever actors recite his poetic and effective language one is translated into a mystic world far beyond these shadows, to a splendid period some while before you, brave reader, were a king in Babylon, and I was in London a, more or less, Christian slave. By the way, a clever critic, who is usually profoundly just and perfectly catholic in his taste, has taken the trouble in this connection to be amusing and absurd. In the *Sunday Times* he says that Thackeray would no doubt give us another "Book of Snobs" *à propos* of such works as that of Lord Dunsany.

Delicious as parts of that book by "One of Themselves" are, there is really not the slightest chance that "The Golden Doom" would spur Thackeray to write again in what was his early manner. He was far too sane and witty, far too honest and just, to make an attack upon a just and honest endeavour. This critic must know very little of the intimate W. M. T., as shown us by the author's own letters, his daughter's biographical notes, and his novels—which are often more intensely biographical—if he supposes that Thackeray was inclined to be more severe on the work of an aristocrat than that of, say, a cheesemonger's agent. There are many snobs who sneer at titles, as there are those who laugh at the commoner; there are a few snobs, such as ourselves, who are not affected by ephemerals and see beauty in other conceptions than that of perfection.

"Sylvia Greer" at the Queen's

THIS is by way of being a retrospective review—a grey rose or two laid on the urn that contains the ashes of a well-justified hope. Greatly to our regret, we see an official note that, owing to "the unanimous condemnation of 'Sylvia Greer' by the Press," the play will be withdrawn. Had I been allowed to see the dress rehearsal, as I tried to do, there would have been one meticulous dissentient to this consensus of stupidity, for the author of "Irene Wycherley" has given us a brilliant, amusing, and broadly conceived play. The splendid company, too, which interprets his characters with courage and skill could hardly be approached in cleverness by any of the several gifted groups of actors now playing in town. For once, I suppose, the public have followed the Press and stayed away from the Queen's. I can hardly imagine that the misapplied vituperation of the other critics would really have affected the gifted lady now in management. Had the real public once seen "Sylvia Greer," the fame of the comedy would have spread, and what is now, alas! a *succès manqué* would have been a well-deserved victory. It is too late now to tell of the delicate and natural and subtle lines on which the play runs; we reserve that pleasure for a revival which, we trust, will be soon.

All that is left is to compliment Miss Ethel Warwick on her fine performance as Sylvia. The author has made the character one of the most difficult and telling and true in modern plays, and the actress has not spared her wit to get every psychic and physical atom of the attractive and unfortunate heroine over the footlights. Hitherto she has never played anything so worthy of her gifts, nor has she before even attempted to manifest them with such complete boldness and assurance. Æsthetically, we disliked her "Zaza" in every way.

That the same actress can give us the soul of so intensely modern and vital and asserting a woman as Sylvia is a revelation of power, and, by reason of its wonderful completeness, a work of consummate art. It is also a splendid compliment to the play. That it and the acting should have been sneered at by my fellow-critics is one more disgrace to all of us. "Sylvia Greer" is an actor-making play. Mr. Lowne has seldom given us so absolutely novel a character. Mr. Guy Standing has never approached life so closely, nor with such whole-hearted freedom. Mr. Reginald Owen was perfectly lifelike as Captain Harte, but the same may be said of all the excellent cast. Mr. Heath Haviland, with only a few lines as Carmody, made one feel the strength of the life-blood which flows through the play; Miss Alice Mansfield, who has done so many things splendidly, never gave us a more complete and perfect picture than her mother of Harte. But all were good and all were wasted. "Sylvia Greer" is too like life, and its *unanimous* treatment by the Press is too typical of this land of bitter shadows and mock sentiment to permit one to express oneself fully in praise of the play and the actors, or in regard—shall one say?—of this unanimous condemnation of them by the Press.

EGAN MEW.

Music

FOR variety of interest and excellence of performance the concert music in London during the last week or two would be difficult to beat in any city of the world. Some of the most transcendent artists have been here, and there has been much pleasant and profitable work done, also, by musicians whose fame is not as yet cried upon the house-tops of all nations, but who exercise a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

valuable and agreeable influence in their more restricted spheres. Among the pianists, both M. Paderewski and Mr. Harold Bauer have been playing "at the top of their form," each giving us something that no other living pianist can give. It has often been said of late years that M. Paderewski's style, in public performance, at any rate, had undergone a change, in the direction of increased severity; that he has been less prodigal of the expression of that spirit of romance which so completely distinguished him from all other players, even from so great a man as Rubinstein. There have been occasions when we have had to subscribe to this opinion. We have been conscious of a certain sternness in his interpretation. He has not condescended always to the delicious arts of fascination of which he is so supreme a master, but has kept himself aloof, as it were, solving musical problems for himself rather than for his audience. But when he played recently at Queen's Hall, it was the Paderewski of former days that the intoxicated audience heard; it was the Shelley of the pianoforte rather than the Browning, the poet whose power of expressing beautiful thought by means of beautiful sounds seems as limitless as the variety of his range of language.

Paderewski seldom or never plays the best-known piece in quite the same way. We have heard him play Chopin's Sonata with the Funeral March a great number of times, but when he played it the other day we heard effects of *rubato*, of accent, of tone, which he had not shown us before. So with the "Carneval" of Schumann, which was played with a freedom, a variety, that made one ask, "Is this a new composition which we have never yet heard?" Yet we knew all the time that the music was being played with the most perfect regard for the composer's intention, but also with a temper so responsive to the quick-changing moods of the music that it seemed as if a new voice was speaking to us in Schumann's language. Since the Russians first danced the "Carneval" before us, we have never been able to think of it without them, longing for their graceful movements, their whimsical miming, until Paderewski played it again. Then did our thoughts never rove at all to Covent Garden. The vision of Karsavina and Nijinski was effectually banished. It was Schumann, and Schumann only, his love, his hope, his happiness, his fun, his grief, his perplexity, that we had pictured to us while Paderewski was playing. It may be, as someone, a very competent critic, said to us, that in his playing of Liszt's arrangement of Isolde's "Liebestod" he showed most marvellously what he can do with a piano; it is true he made us forget that voice and orchestra should combine to sing that song; but for us it was in the "Carneval" that we chiefly recognised that the spirit of the Romance of all time was being distilled and poured into our soul. Here we are listening to Paderewski in his finest mood, the unique, the incomparable artist who can scatter over the music a million diamond touches of fancy only possible to the fingers of one endowed with what is indisputably genius.

We were unfortunately prevented from hearing Mr. Harold Bauer's so originally conceived programme of Bach and Beethoven, but we heard him play Beethoven's G major Concerto at the concert of the Philharmonic Society, which subsequently honoured itself by giving him its gold medal, and we heard his second recital. We propose to do nothing so stupid as to elaborate a comparison between the merit and methods of Paderewski and Bauer. It would be no more reasonable to put two such painters as Giorgione and Velasquez into a balance and weigh them. But we will venture to say that, not forgetting the other pianists, who also can afford us exquisite pleasure, we are sure that, if we could not hear Paderewski, we would choose to hear Bauer, and vice versâ. You have but to look at Mr. Bauer's programme to know that he is one of the rarer artists among the music-makers. For Bechstein Hall his scheme was faultless. An early Sonata of Mozart, a piece of innocent loveliness that suggests some happy, beautiful child going out at dawn into the woods of spring to gather primroses. The Sonata in B minor of Chopin, which carries us into the whirl of hot-blooded life and love, aspiring, happy, dreaming, the passion of love transformed, in the last movement, into the passion of patriotism. Then we had Schumann's "Davidsbündler Tanze," an early work, and one which is seldom heard. When Schumann sent his "Etudes Symphoniques" to Moscheles, he wrote, "They were composed three years ago, and I like some of them still." Surely he would still like some of these Davidsbündler dances; but if he cut a few of them out, perhaps we should not regret it. In truth, there are *des longueurs;* and though Mr. Bauer succeeded in holding our attention, and we felt that the music afforded precisely the right contrast needed between Chopin and César Franck, the series of little pieces might have appeared monotonous to some hearers. In Franck's noble "Prelude Aria and Finale" Mr. Bauer was splendid—there is no other word. He does not obey the metronomic direction too rigidly, but he obeys the spirit of the music as few other pianists can, and he makes one forget that very often. Franck forgot that he was not writing for the organ. Such is his art of playing the melody on the solo manual, and filling in the counterpoint on the choir!

A little cult has sprung up, it would seem, for the playing in public of duets for two pianofortes. If these are to be perfectly given, it is necessary that the tone of one instrument should harmonise agreeably with that of the other, though we would not insist upon both being by the same maker. Then, also, the two pianists should be twins in their filial regard for the composer whose work they are to interpret, and they should rehearse together day and night until every inequality has been smoothed away. When that magnificent pianist, Mme. Carreño, played Mozart's famous Sonata in D major with Mr. Backhaus at Queen's Hall, these conditions were not satisfied. The tones of the instruments did not blend together, and, to say nothing of divergences in the more subtle questions of phrasing, one pianist—we will not say which—too frequently

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

finished the phrase after the other had come to a close. The steeds which were to draw Mozart's chariot on this occasion were, in truth, unevenly matched. But it must be admitted that Mozart is probably the most difficult of all composers to play perfectly. In his apparent simplicity a great danger lies hid. We could point to Mr. Bauer's playing of the little sonata as a perfect realisation of what Mozart-playing should be. And we had hoped that Herr Heinbach would give us the Symphony in G minor in some memorable fashion at one of the London Symphony Orchestra's concerts. But he did not. He made it as trim and neat as could be, but that is only the beginning, when you play Mozart. A dressmaker can dress out a mannikin with the utmost neatness. We want flesh and blood beneath the robes, and for Mozart the figure must be of rare loveliness. It should be the beauty of Miss Linley. Beethoven, perhaps, would more closely suggest the grandeur of Mrs. Siddons. Steinbach's too rigid insistance on the outside form of the music resulted in a performance that had indeed the cold beauty of a statue by Canova, but it had not even so much of life as one recognises in the Venus de Medicis.

That fine musician, Mr. Dohnanyi, has been playing for the Classical Concert Society, and producing there some of his chamber compositions. His playing was, and is, virile, poetical, satisfying. He never played like a virtuoso; he is still less like one now; and in Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques" the unco' critical could have pointed out a good many rough places. But these did not matter to us, when we were being refreshed by the fine vigour and musical understanding which so far outweighed them. Miss May Mukle was admirable as Dohnanyi's partner in his very attractive Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello. Among other givers of chamber concerts, the St. Petersburg String Quartett has been here, playing with extreme beauty of tone and all their former excellence of ensemble. An entire programme of Russian music was very interesting, but the Quartetts of Roudolph and Taneiew (in C major), finely constructed as they are, did not leave a very deep impression behind them.

The Picture Habit

IT is only a little over twenty-one years since a clever business man first perceived that there was a large public waiting for a magazine with a picture on every page. The idea is so obvious nowadays that it is hard to imagine how, at any time, it could have been very remote; but although it is not difficult to satisfy a known want, it requires an uncommon amount of penetration and resource to divine a latent desire and to hit on the exact stimulant necessary to make it manifest. The few who can do it command their own price for their services. So Sir George Newnes achieved the prosperity due to the discoverer of the important fact that the way to the great heart of the British public lies anywhere except through its brains. "Keep *Household Words* imaginative" was the repeated injunction of Dickens to Wills; the *Strand Magazine*, on the other hand, strove earnestly to avoid imagination. Its merit was to be easy. If Sherlock Holmes sat down in a chair Sidney Paget showed him doing it; if he got up again another illustration made that clear also. During its earlier years, in deference to prejudices then existing in favour of more solid literary nutriment, Grant Allen was allowed to explain away the wonders of science, and Mr. Raymond Blathwayt interviewed celebrities at home amongst their photographs. But these concessions were abandoned after a decent trial, and the *Strand Magazine* went on from strength to strength, until it encountered the opposition of rivals even more obvious and popular than itself.

There is a multitude of able minds constantly at work to discover new outlets for successful ideas, and it was plainly inevitable that somebody should soon do for fact what Sir George Newnes had done for fiction. The *Illustrated London News* suggested a possible direction, and recent progress in photographic reproduction made it practicable. The advent of the daily picture paper marked a further development of the original scheme. Hitherto the illustrations had been, nominally at least, subordinate to the text, but now the ally became the master, and the letterpress sank to the level of a commentary on the half-tone blocks. The latest step has been taken by the cinematograph, which almost dispenses with the aid of language altogether.

Of all possible forms of entertainment the picture theatre makes the least demand upon the intelligence of its audience. It explains everything to the eye and leaves nothing for the mind. It is catholic in its range and immediate in its appeal. It turns Homer into a pageant for the illiterate, and presents Hamlet without a shred of his philosophy. Mercifully, however, it inclines to small things rather than to great. It prefers acrobats and mountebanks to art and metaphysics; it shows sardines more often than whales; but whether the sardines are being captured by natives off the coast of Sicily, which is Interest, or being eaten by a French buffoon in Paris, which is Comedy, they are made equally acceptable to the most sluggish and unprepared of intellects.

Nobody, of course, debases the moral currency except on principle, and the authors of this state of things were ready with their defence. They held that the persons who bought their papers and attended their entertainments had hitherto read nothing and gone nowhere; that a vast class of people previously cut off from the general movement of the world by lack of a capacity for sustained attention, was now being allured by pleasant side paths into the broad highway of literature and thought; and that, in short, the *Strand Magazine* was better than stagnation, and the picture theatre than the public-house. In so far as this argument is true, it is valid, and it has much truth; but it is not the whole truth. The small gain has been accomplished only at the expense of a very real and palpable loss. The public mind has been directed down-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

wards. When people can choose between amusements they will generally select the most blatant. The opera is superseded by the music-hall just as good money is driven out of circulation by bad. Journals directed by the advertising manager and theatres controlled from the box office are daily supplanting their artistic predecessors. It is through no mere accident that melodrama is being played in the Lyceum, or that the house in which the Bancrofts first showed London how English comedy might be touched with French refinement is now the home of "Kinemacolor." We have asked for smooth things, and we have got them.

"The results are before us." There is hardly one form of literature or art that has not suffered from this taste for the methods of the hippodrome. We expect to have even our reasoning done for us in pictures. Our thinkers refute erroneous opinions by caricaturing the people who hold them. "One imagines a stout bald-headed man leading an austere life in a Norfolk jacket. . . ." This is the style we have learned to understand and enjoy. We feel that the three unmeaning dots are intensely subtle and significant and conclusive. We realise that the ideas of a bald-headed man must be absurd, and that a life spent in a Norfolk jacket must be devoid of interest, continuity, and import. We forget, as we are meant to forget, that fine thoughts may come from ridiculous beings just as easily as ignoble ethics from a popular novelist. To hint the contrary in a thumb-nail sketch is neither art nor literature; it is the argument of the gamin, the repartee of the Mile-End Road. But it is the natural and inevitable outcome of our preference for the things which are seen and temporal to the things which are unseen and eternal. F. C. M.

Foreign Reviews

LE MERCURE DE FRANCE.

October 16.—M. Paul Escoube contributes a long study, or rather rhapsody, on Jules Laforgue. M. C. Régismanset deprecates the interference of French humanitarian politicians in Algerian affairs. M. G. Vidalencq writes about William Morris and the Kelmscott Press, and M. E. Seillière tells the amazing story of Barbe Blomberg, probable mother, in spite of her own taunting allegation, of Don John of Austria. M. Davray considers that the "Germany and the German Emperor" of Mr. Perris, discussed recently in THE ACADEMY, is so good as to suggest the need of a French book on similar lines; he is also delighted with Mr. Whitman's "German Memories"; finally he gives copious extracts from Mr. Belloc's essay on translation in THE ACADEMY of September 7.

November 1.—M. Escoube finishes his study of Laforgue; the second article is more detailed and interesting. M. Fernand Baldenne summarises the feelings of the Japanese on the news of General Nogi's suicide; he quotes from his will one of his reasons for the step—the loss of a standard in 1877, and he adds some new touches: Nogi regretted that his death would make it impossible for him to discharge certain honorary duties, and on the day of the tragedy he composed two poems. M. Marcel Mirtil gives a very vivid picture of Montenegro, and M. Maynial shows how Louis Bouilhet used for his poems material from Flaubert's notes. M. Davray finds Lady Lyttelton's correspondence "beaucoup plus intéressant qu'un roman." That diverting story "L'Illustre Famille," with its clever illustrations, is concluded in this number.

LA REVUE.

October 1.—A particularly good number; we can do little more than enumerate the items. M. Chuquet gives some odds and ends of documents that were too late for his "Guerre de Russie"; the most interesting are concerned with the health of Napoleon and with the grumbles of Chasseloup-Laubat, a leading engineer officer, who wished Smolensk to be the furthest point in the expedition. M. Faguet's theme is Mr. Bernard Shaw, to whom he is not very indulgent, though he calls him "le plus grand satirique, à l'heure actuelle, des deux mondes." Dr. Laumonier discusses the medical properties of colours, M. Nicolas Ségur, the philosophy of M. Bergson, and M. d'Albola literature and nationalism in Italy—with not a word about the Futurists! M. de Banzemont gives the translation of an excellent piece of Chinese comedy, worthy of Molière, and Mme. Léonie Siénicka reproduces some wonderful specimens of songs made and sung by Russian convicts.

October 15.—M. Camille Mauclair discusses the morality and the influence on art of picture-dealers. M. Louis exhibits the strength of German Socialism, and believes in it as a great force making for peace. M. Faguet, *à propos* of recent books, passes in review "les petites religions" of France, from the "Culte de la Raison" downwards. M. du Bled gives a number of the best lampoons on the Academy and the Academicians. "Un diplomate" sketches Italian policy during the last half-century, justifying Signor Tittoni, and continuing the discussion of Franco-Italian relations that has for some time been going on in the *Revue*. Some of "Cim's" literary "howlers" are particularly good—"Vingt mille Autrichiens mordirent la poussière," after "il avait plu toute la journée" (from Thiers)—"La propriété reste debout, assise sur la justice," etc.—"Protéger le porc, c'est nous protéger nous-mêmes" (from a Belgian orator). "Dessins inédits" of Alfred Roll are reproduced, with an essay by M. J. Tild.

LA REVUE BLEUE.

October 5.—M. Le Chatelier gives the text of a panislamic manifesto that, under a German postmark, has found its way into various parts of Africa. He also gives a sketch of the career of a panislamic agitator at Tangier: "Of Algerian origin, and at first a Mussulman, he was picked up at Tangier twenty years ago by a German Jew who had become an American Protestant and now baptised this son of the soil and sent him to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Germany"; there he married a German, and came back with an appointment under the tobacco monopoly. The Berlioz letters reveal the composer as an admirer of English musical conditions. A translation of Wyspianski's "Protésilas et Laodamie" is begun. M. Schuré talks of Signora Evelyn and Piero della Francesca. A second instalment of M. Charles Bernard's "Sur les Chemins d'Assise" keeps us among the Apennines, the saints, and the painters. M. Feugère begins the history of a tiresome sceptic with redeeming features—the Abbé Raynal.

October 12.—More Wyspianski, Raynal, and Berlioz; the last-named is seen at his best, though he "écorcheur peu" Shakespeare in quotations from the libretto of his "scène volée à Shakespeare et virgilianisée"; at times he shows a very pretty wit. M. Flat praises M. Hervieu; M. L. Maury serves up Mr. Gosse. M. Paul Louis approves of the opportunism of the "C. G. T." M. A. Maurel's article, misnamed "De Florence à Naples," deals exclusively with Montepulciano, M. Jacques Lux develops Mr. Bernard Muddiman's judgment, expressed in THE ACADEMY, that Marc Lescarbot was the modern Herodotus.

October 19.—M. Paul Bonnefon publishes an interesting letter of Bonald to an Austrian diplomatist on the Decazes ministry. M. Maury is by no means complimentary to Jules Favre, *à propos* of a biography by M. Reclus; he calls him a "rhéteur d'assises," a "maître d'erreurs," a "dieu de la phrase gonflée de vent," and many other endearing names. M. Dresch discusses Fontane's very independent views, expressed between 1871 and 1876 on the question of Alsace. M. Joachim Merlant shows, in the light of newly discovered correspondence, how Mme. Hanska garbled Balzac's letters to her before submitting them for publication.

L'ACTION NATIONALE.

The October number is almost entirely devoted, except for the usual topical comments, a few short ordinary articles, and some clever ironical criticisms by General Lebas of various books on the next Franco-Prussian war, written in many cases by civilians, to Proportional Representation. In the first place, there is a symposium—if this word be applicable to a company whose round-table manners suggest rather the eventual amenities of the "Society upon the Stanislow," and afterwards there is a well-written, impartial review of the history of the movement. We find it difficult to understand the warmth of the pleading on both sides; we suppose the explanation is that the French people, like Neville Beauchamp, "likes a bone in its mouth." The obvious criticism—that the "R.P." is a harmless quack nostrum that will leave everything where it was before—does not seem to be made by anyone; it would destroy the pleasure of all those who are "spoiling for a fight," such as the present arrangement of French politics has made it difficult to get. M. Ponsot, indeed, says that the "R.P." is merely a passing fashion, but he expects disastrous results from it. With the Radical Party the whole thing has become a question of "cui bono?"—they feel that any rearrangement might be fatal to them: this is the explanation of M. Ponsot's bitterness. On the other hand, M. Ferdinand Buisson, also a Radical, is an "Erpéiste," with a sort of "ruat cœlum" attitude. M. Sembat's defence of the movement is extremely able; the "R.P." means party discipline and order; the irresponsibility of changing ministers will be checked; the level of parliamentary competence will be raised, not by the inclusion of intellectuals, but by the necessity to "savoir son métier." For the reasons for these prognostications we must refer the reader to the article; we are not sure we should get them right. M. Lachapelle says the "R.P." is merely a step towards administrative reform. M. Lafferre believes that justice is a powerful ally of that more important social force—order; while M. Ponsot seems to give the objections to the reform in a nutshell when he says, "A quoi bon voter" ("cui bono?" again), "si on peut détourner les suffrages de leur véritable destination?"

REVUE CRITIQUE D'HISTOIRE ET DE LITTERATURE.

October 5.—Mainly a historical number. Among the works criticised are Dr. Strich's book on Princess Palatine Elisabeth, who came to the Court of Louis XIV as Duchess of Orleans, the fourth volume of M. Pirenne's big history of Belgium, and Professor Martin Hume's work on Philip IV, in its French translation: the author's indulgence for the king is censured, but the social side of the book is highly praised. M. F. Maury's "Nos Hommes d'Etat," lately noticed in THE ACADEMY, is also appreciated.

October 12.—M. Labande displays great versatility as principal contributor. Among the historical books he notices is M. Kurth's "Cité de Liège au Moyen Age"; among the works on art is M. Brutails' "Vieilles Eglises de la Gironde." As in the previous number, a book by M. Lucien Febvre on the Franche-Comté is reviewed. M. d'Eichthal is severe for M. Brouilhet's "Précis d'Economie Politique."

October 19.—M. Maspero is greatly interested in the "Opfertanz des Ægyptischen Königs" of Herr Kees, as dealing with a subject that he had wished undertaken by himself or one of his pupils. M. Roustan criticises a little book by M. Faguet and a big one by Herr von Aster on the History of Philosophy.

October 26.—M. Maspero notices the publication by Herr Gradenwitz and others of a curious document whose fragments had been dispersed over half Europe, and examines controversially Freiherr von Bissing's new dissertation of the Egyptian ka. M. de Labriolle eulogises M. Monceaux's work on Donatism, whose fourth volume has just appeared.

The Royal Society of British Artists

THE exhibition of pictures now on view at the Suffolk Street Galleries is decidedly above the average. If there is nothing, or very little, of outside genius, there is at all events a great deal of honest work, and not a few of the pictures show a real feeling for Nature, a sympathy with, and insight into her moods.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Portraits and figure-studies are rather fewer than usual, and their average merit is not high, though there is some honest and painstaking work. Best of all, however, the proportion of mere eccentricity has been kept lower than we have seen it for some years past, though there are still one or two pictures which ought not to have been admitted. Landscape is a strong point, and something of the current pessimism of the age is reflected in the still evening effects in which the artists appear to find the most satisfactory medium of self-expression, in preference to the joyous dawning lights, the brilliancy of high noon, and "the gay mid-summer pomps" which delight the artists of a more genial age. The mood of the present age would seem to be that which finds expression in "In Memoriam":—

> Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun,
> And ready thou to die with him,
> Thou watchest all things ever dim
> And dimmer and a glory done.

But this need give us no cause for despair. The darkest hour is that which precedes the dawn, and it may be that this chastened spirit of humility in place of the blatant assurance of the Victorian era is the prelude to a new birth in art, as the corrupt politics of mediæval Italy brought forth the glories of the Renaissance.

Mr. Hely Smith is responsible for some very nice coast and landscape studies—unambitious but thorough—as well as some other pictures; that of "Berneval Cliffs" is a capital piece of work, which bears long inspection. Other pictures by the same artist which leave a pleasant memory are "Hard at Work," a fine study of grey and sullen waters, and "Cloud Shadows," a bold piece of landscape broadly painted. We have marked, too, "The Shallow River," a quiet and restful piece of work, and "Smoke," a very clever study of modern shipping. Sir Alfred East will be remembered for his brilliant study entitled "Autumn in Gloucestershire," in which the vivid autumn gold is laid on with the firmness of a master-hand, without any hint of crudity. There is some fine sunlight in Mr. Claude Barry's "June Morning in a Picardy Farmyard"; and Mr. Philip Gilchrist's "Morning Mists," painted perhaps from the flats stretching away from Rye, is another careful and pleasant picture. Admirers of Mr. Graham Robertson will hardly care to remember him by "The Day-dream" or "Monna Vanna," both of which seem to us to reproduce his mannerisms rather than his inspiration. A very pretty study by Mr. W. H. J. Boot is that of "Ickenham Church," truthful enough, but hardly suggestive of a district which the builder is now marking down for "development." In somewhat marked contrast, but equally good in execution, and more striking, perhaps, as a subject, is the same painter's "Pilgrimage Church of the Madonna del Sasso, Locarno," a fine picture of a church and conventual buildings crowning the heights overlooking a still lake among blue mountains. A beautiful study of wet meadows is Mr. Muirhead's "Flooded Valley of the Ouse." Mr. Alfred Hartley has an excellent large-scale landscape, bold in execution and truthful in feeling, "In Cornwall"; and the most ambitious picture in the same room is also one of the best, "The Light Above," by Mr. L. B. Bruhl, showing a Breton coast scene, with peasants clustered round a crucifix on a stone pier under a stormy night, and everything about them moist and shining. There is a touch of melodrama, perhaps, in the effect aimed at, but it is none the less vivid and striking. Another picture which deserves mention in the same room is the clever night study of "The Lightship," by Louis Grier.

The exhibition contains some good landscapes by Mr. A. C. Gould, who has a wonderfully striking and truthful style, appreciative, though without touching any very great deeps of feeling. Among them we mention especially "A Somerset Valley." A beautiful study of marsh land is Mr. Robert Morley's "Where Wild Fowl Call," and the same artist gives a very pretty picture "The Towers of Bayeux," which impresses by its quiet truthfulness. Mr. Morley has also scored one of the successes of the exhibition in "Devoted," a clever study of a sleeping child in bed with a wire-haired terrier lying on a chair beside her, the light through the lattice window falling on the bed, and the sleeping figure is particularly well managed. Mr. Horace Middleton contributes a pretty picture of children bathing in "The Little Diver"—the figure of the elder girl poised for the dive is admirable in its suppleness and grace. Of the portraits we are unable to speak so highly, but two certainly compel attention—that by Mr. P. A. Laszlo de Lombos of his mother, and that by Mr. Schofield, of Mrs. Stocks, the aviator—a delightful composition full of kindly characterisation, with even a touch of humour, and graceful in design and particularly harmonious in colour also. And we cannot close this notice without a brief word of praise to the spirited and very clever statuette by Mr. Paul Montford—"Startled," which is instinct with life and movement.

The Booksellers' Provident Institution

ON Monday evening, the Booksellers' Provident Institution gave their third annual Bohemian concert in the Crown Room of the Holborn Restaurant. It is unnecessary to go into the objects of this Institution; they are now well known for the great benefits they confer upon their members. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin was in the chair, and was enthusiastically received when he rose to say a few words to those present. He touched upon the necessity for union and support among those interested in the endeavours of the workers for the cause, and added that no Government schemes need in any way interfere with the independent working of such societies as theirs. Mr. Longman replied to Mr. Unwin and expressed his pleasure at seeing so many present, and hoped that the association would continue to prosper.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Many artistes contributed to a musical programme, with which the evening concluded. Mr. O. D. Binger gave two 'cello solos; there were also many songs, both sentimental and humorous, among which special mention must be made of those contributed by Miss Maggie Hennessey and Miss Margaret Pierce. The character sketch by Mr. Charles E. Nott was also exceedingly well done. Judging by the expressions on the faces of those present, we think that it is safe to state that the whole company had spent a most enjoyable evening.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

"HARD pounding, gentlemen," observed the Duke of Wellington to his tired squares as they resisted the onslaught of the French cavalry all through that long Sunday afternoon at Waterloo. "Let us see who can pound the hardest."

The Opposition has been pounding away at the uninteresting and complicated question of the finance of the Home Rule Bill. Again and again they have raked the Government with arguments that have been irresistible and with questions that cannot be answered. And a curious thing is happening which will come into greater prominence shortly.

The people of Ireland, many of them genuine Home Rulers from birth and conviction, are beginning to have doubts if their leaders are not making a grave mistake; they are beginning to think that the elder brother is careless and generous to a younger brother when they are both under one roof; but, if the younger brother decides to set up for himself, he is inclined to review the whole position and make a much stricter bargain.

I had a chat to-day with a very intelligent commercial traveller who travels all over Ireland from Cork to Derry, and he stated that wherever he went he found serious misgivings on the turn things are taking. The pounding of the Opposition is having its effect; people are beginning to see that you cannot coerce a nation into what it considers an unfair bargain. It looks as if the reign of the Radical is coming to an end. Even if Home Rule is passed, how will the Unionists act when they come in? They cannot be kept out for ever, and it is perfectly certain they will not allow a great many things to continue which the Irishman has always taken as a matter of course. My friend did not say that the working classes thought this at present, but the more thoughtful sections of the community are beginning to doubt whether they have not "put their money on the wrong horse." The peasant proprietor is contented now; he is beginning to think it will be as well to be satisfied with what he has, lest a worse thing befall him.

On Wednesday the new financial resolutions were again considered. For one perilous half-hour Herbert Samuel had to speak against time, for the Whips in a panic discovered that they were "short" again. If we could only have forced a division, then the fate of the Home Rule Bill and the Government would have been settled for ever.

Balfour made one of his telling speeches. "If we have forced on Ireland legislation that is too expensive, it is a pity that we did not have Home Rule before Old Age Pensions and the Insurance Bill," said he. "Hear, hear!" said Lloyd George. "Well," said Mr. Balfour, in his silkiest tones, "if this had been done, we should have escaped this charge which is going to fall on the British taxpayer—money which, according to the Chancellor, Ireland ought not to receive. If these fiscal arrangements are too costly, let Old Age Pensions and Insurance come to an end, and let Ireland, like any other part of the Empire that is independent, live on her own resources."

Now you see why my commercial traveller's friends in Ireland are becoming a little bit uneasy.

Sir John Simon denied that the Customs control could be manœuvred to provide protection for Irish industries against England; but he was too 'cute to give the guarantee Mr. Balfour immediately pressed for. Birrell made a mountebank speech. "Home Rule is the most popular measure we have," he declared stoutly. "If that is the case," interjected "Worthy" Evans, "what a character you have given other measures!"

Thursday.—Petitions are usually thrust into a capacious bag which hangs on a nail at the back of the Speaker's canopy. It is a tradition that, if you approve of the petition, you put it in neatly folded; if you disagree with it—although it is your duty to present it—you twist it up into a ball. You have the right to present it formally by giving notice, and are then called upon by the Speaker. You rise in your place and briefly describe the petition, saying what it is about, the number of signatures, and as many other details as the Speaker will allow. Every day, for weeks past, the Opposition have been formally presenting petitions against the Welsh Church Spoliation Bill in this way, and it annoys the Government very much indeed. It takes up quite ten minutes of valuable time, and the papers report the apparently inexhaustible stream. Upstairs, in the petition department, people are put on to scrutinise the petitions and see if they are bogus ones; but nothing has come of this industry as yet.

We then went on to the financial clauses again. Worthington Evans wanted a definite sum to be settled—"Come, would Ireland pay one-thirtieth of the Imperial expenses?"—and moved an amendment to that effect. William Moore was terribly rude. "I would rather no money came from England to Ireland. It will all go to a new Tammany Hall in Dublin." Stephen Gwynne, the Nationalist, made a good speech, and spoke sincerely. He hoped the time would come when Ireland would be able to afford to pay its share and throw in a Dreadnought or two; but Banbury was incredulous. The amendment was defeated, modest as it was. Then we tried to get at it in another way. Hewins moved that at least the House of Commons should retain some

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

control over the amount spent. "Oh, that's all right!" said Samuel; "the Joint Exchequer Board will see to that." Bonar Law pinned him down. What were "Irish Services"? "There is a clause in the Bill which provides for an authority to adjudicate on the actions of the Board," said Samuel.

"Indeed! Where is it?" said Balfour. And then the Government Bench had an animated game of Hunt the Slipper. Secretaries leaned over, draughtsmen under the Gallery signalled, Rufus ran through the copy of the Bill, everybody searched, but all to no purpose. The Government had to confess, as Betsy Prig opined, "there was no sich clause." The Opposition roared at the obvious discomfiture of what Mr. Balfour called this "galaxy of learning." "Why, they don't know their own silly Bill!" But, after all, what did it matter? The battalions came in, and the closure came down. Croydon water occupied the rest of the evening.

On Friday many Radicals were away at their annual conference, which takes place this year at Nottingham; so the bill of fare was carefully designed to prevent "misadventures," as defeats are beginning to be called. Nobody believes for one moment that any personal blame or scandal attaches to Stuart Samuel for his firm's dealings in Indian silver. He is a man of the highest character; but the fact remains that, while he was a member of the House, his firm did make some profit out of a Government contract. The Gibbs did the same in our time. No one doubted their integrity, but they retired at once; and the *Jewish Chronicle*, which is quite a non-party organ, earnestly advised Stuart to do the same. For some reason he did not take this course. Some people boldly say the Government won't let him. There are by-elections pending, and, if there is another in Whitechapel and it be lost, it would be another nail in the Government coffin. So they have appointed a Committee, and this afternoon we discussed it. The Government declare Samuel has not admitted his disqualification, and, even if he had, the rule does not apply to Indian contracts. Balcarres very rarely speaks. As Chief Whip he is not expected to, and he did not when he was a junior. I think he hates speaking, but, when he does, he impresses one uncommonly. He said the Government had put themselves in a majority on the Committee, and its decision must be on party lines. The country would have far more confidence in the decision of a Judge of the High Court. He taunted the Government with the inability to get a definite opinion from Rufus Isaacs. That was one of the drawbacks of making the Attorney-General a member of the Cabinet. He had lost his independence. He was no longer the legal father of the Cabinet. He was the junior and subordinate partner of the firm. It reminded one of the time when Labby called Grant Lawson the triangle.

Lloyd George quoted the Jameson Raid Commission as being set up by a Government, and said that a possible appeal to the House of Lords would mean immense delay. Bob Cecil thought the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council would be a better tribunal; but finally, after many speeches, the motion was agreed to without a division. If the Government choose to take that course—well, the responsibility was with them, and the country will judge.

The patient and persistent "pounding" is beginning to have its effect. The Government originally proposed to allow the Irish to do as they liked with the Customs duties, to keep them as they are, to reduce them or to raise them, but some Free Trade Liberals have become seriously alarmed at the opportunities for Protection that this will inevitably open up. The Opposition have shown this all too clearly. Hearing of this, the Government put down an amendment to prevent Ireland lowering the duties, although she could still raise them.

The Unionists, however, were first in the field: Hayes Fisher on Monday had the first amendment on the paper, which cut the ground from under their feet. It was far wider than the Government liked, for it allowed a wide discussion which lasted all the evening. The effect of it was to prohibit the Irish from adding, reducing, or even discontinuing any Imperial tax affecting Ireland—in fact, taking away their fiscal autonomy.

John Redmond found it was time to interfere. It was alleged there were 72—or "more," as one Liberal put it—in a state of open revolt. Something had to be done; he did not believe the recalcitrants would go so far as to wreck the Bill if the Government had stood firm, but on the whole he approved of their yielding. Driven to it, he declared that there was no chance of reduction of taxation in Ireland for a generation at least. The Nationalists would not think of such a thing until the deficit had been wiped off.

Carson was very rude. "Anything to get the Bill through!" he cried. "You rely on the 42 left in the English Parliament to get more when you want it!" Samuel was mildly surprised. "Why do you object? We are willing to do the very thing you want us to do." "Rubbish!" said Carson. "You are doing it because you are obliged to."

James Craig did not much care what happened; all he wanted to make clear for the hundredth time was that loyalist Ulster did not intend to pay a single penny to any taxation imposed by an Irish Parliament under any conditions whatever. The latter would have to finance itself from the three other provinces, and "God help them!" he added, amid cheers and laughter. Hayes Fisher's amendment was ruled out by 117, but the Opposition have made a serious inroad into the Bill. They have broken through the dyke, and the next few days may see it widen.

Mr. Tom Taylor, of Bolton, declared that he could not speak, but that he could vote. Well, he had plenty of experience on Tuesday. The degradation of Parliament was even more complete. From 7.30 to 9.45 we kept marching round and round like squirrels in a cage, and at 10.30 the guillotine fell again, and we tramped on until 12.40. In the hour between most members went to dinner, leaving a few to discuss five whole clauses as best they might. "Oh, that will come up on clause 17, 18, or 19!" as the case might be, said the Chairman

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of Committee in the earlier stages. What was the use of that when Clauses 17 to 21, by the action of the Government, were confined to an hour. Samuel said there was not the slightest danger of Protection in Ireland at 7.29 p.m. The remaining minute gave Bonar Law time to quote a single sentence from a speech by young Redmond, in which he declared Ireland did not want protection against France or Germany, but against England. At 10.15 the news of Blair's win at Bow came through.

Norman Craig, with his hat on, asked whether it was not possible to improve the instrument known as the guillotine, so as to closure with one blow the series of amendments, in order that members who were prohibited from the opportunity of speech might be relieved of the necessity of prolonged pedestrian exercise, and so that the solemn farce of divisions without discussion would not be overdone; but the Chairman took no notice, and the dreary farce went on. This (Wednesday) morning I see that even the Radical *Chronicle* protests against proceedings so unjust.

Notes and News

This week Messrs. Chatto and Windus will publish Volumes XXI—XXV of the Swanston edition of Stevenson's works. These volumes complete the edition, which is already at a premium.

The Countess of Strafford is publishing through Mr. Elliot Stock a revised and enlarged edition of her "Selection of Texts from the Tauchnitz Edition of the New Testament." with parallel readings from the Sinaitic, Vatican, and Alexandrian Codices.

Mr. John Lane has just published "The Love Dream." The author of this novel is a Portuguese viscount—not unknown in the world of diplomacy—who prefers to conceal his identity under the pseudonym of "George Vane." The book was written in the English language, and most of the scenes are laid in a country house in England.

One of this week's Christmas booklets, "Religion and Fairyland," by E. M. Jewson (the Happy Publishing Co., 133, Salisbury Square, E.C., 1s. net), is the second in the series of books written, printed, and published by women, in which this firm specialises. The text is a fanciful issue in which Jack and the Beanstalk and Peter Pan are found in juxtaposition to the saints of all ages.

On Monday afternoon, December 2, the English Folk Dance Society will give a demonstration at the Savoy Theatre, which has been secured for the purpose through the courtesy of the proprietors and Mr. Granville Barker. The programme will include Morris, Sword, and Country Dances, and Folk Songs, all of which will be performed by members of the Society.

Messrs. Black are about to issue a popular *edition de luxe* of "Bacon's Essays," edited by Sydney Humphries. The text used is that of 1673 collated with the last issued by Bacon in 1625, known as the Fourth. It will contain a photogravure frontispiece of a contemporary portrait of Bacon; the title-page, initial letters, and the cover have been specially designed by Mr. A. A. Turbayne.

Mr. C. T. Courtney Lewis has recently completed the Baxter Print Handbook, 1912-13, invaluable for collectors. The price is 6s. net, but subscribers to the earlier works by Mr. Lewis ("George Baxter, his Life and Work" and "The Picture Printer of the Nineteenth Century") may buy it for 3s. 6d. net. It is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd. The great feature of the book is the record of the variations in the prices paid for prints and of their present market values.

The principal articles in the *Round Table* for December will deal with Arbitration and War, the Balkan Crisis, Old and New Ways in India, and Australian Banking. Under the headings on the various countries the following questions, among others, will be discussed: United Kingdom—Different Aspects of the Home Rule Bill; Canada—the Naval Proposals, Railway Rates, and French in the Schools; Australia—Strikes and Legislation, Political Parties and Current Politics, and Universal Military Training.

"The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse," chosen and edited by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, will be published at the end of this month by the Oxford University Press. Poems which adorned "The Oxford Book of English Verse (1250-1900)" have not been excluded from the new anthology; otherwise the editor, as he says, would have condemned himself to the second-rate and to clearing the ground for an "Oxford Book of the Worst Poetry." The forthcoming collection will be uniform with the other volumes of the Oxford series.

"Stage Copyright: At Home and Abroad," by Bernard Weller, author of "How to Protect a Play," and a considerable body of writings on copyright and copyright reform, will be published within the next few days from *The Stage* Offices. This work differs from the ordinary handbook intended chiefly for the use of lawyers. The aim has been to combine a full analysis of the new Law of Copyright with an exposition based on a knowledge of the working conditions of the stage, and so to furnish authors, managers, artists, and all others affected with a comprehensive and practical guide.

The Library Assistants' Association held its second meeting of the present session at the rooms of the Library Association, Bloomsbury Square, on November 13, when papers by Mr. W. G. Fry, of Bournemouth, Mr. A. C. Piper, of Brighton, and Mr. N. Treliving, of Leeds, were read before a fair muster of members and friends. Messrs. Fry and Piper dealt in an exhaustive manner with the methods at present in vogue by means of which our public libraries are made accessible for borrowing purposes. Mr. Treliving's paper consisted of a survey of the question of the library and the cheap series of new books and reprints which flood the market. An interesting discussion followed.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE INTERNATIONAL SITUATION.

DURING the past few days several important developments have occurred of a nature calculated to intensify the strain already existing in regard to the international situation. In the last issue of THE ACADEMY we remarked that public opinion in this country would be prepared to endorse the Servian claim for a commercial outlet on the Adriatic, but that it would not support the larger aims of the Belgrade Government. We added that "no question that has ever engaged the Chancellories of Europe has been more capable of common-sense adjustment than is the case with this Servian dispute." Since then M. Pashitch, the Servian Prime Minister, has spoken, and it must be confessed that his language is not that of compromise. He declares that it is essential for the development of Servia's economic independence that she should possess a coast line on the Adriatic of about thirty miles, extending from Alessio to Durazzo.

This coast-line would be joined to what was formerly Old Servia—the conquered Turkish villayet of Kosovo—by the territory bounded by a line from Allesio to Djakova in the north, and by a line from Durazzo to Ochrida Lake in the south. M. Pashitch is no novice in the ways of diplomacy. With characteristic shrewdness he is doubtless asking for much in order that he may get anything at all. There is every reason to believe that Servia would be satisfied with what has been picturesquely termed a little window on the Adriatic. But up to the present Austro-Hungary opposes an uncompromising veto. The situation has become suddenly serious, because of the general belief that a settlement of the issue one way or the other cannot long be delayed, and because of the military measures which both Russia and Austria are taking, with a view to affording to the imminent discussions of diplomacy the tangible support of armies in array.

A semi official *communiqué* published in Berlin makes it clear that Germany has accepted the stand adopted by Mr. Asquith in his Guildhall speech: that the Albanian question is only to be settled in connection with other issues arising out of the war in the Near East. That declaration, so far as it goes, is re-assuring. But the mode of procedure to be followed in order to bring about an international discussion remains to be decided, Dr. Dillon, telegraphing from Vienna on Wednesday, observed that:—

> the Powers will wait until peace is concluded between the Balkan belligerents, and will then proceed to revise the treaty and amend its provisions, in so far as they may seem calculated to damage their interests. This procedure can be worked to the speediest issue if it is confined to the Powers directly concerned. When these preliminary labours are over there is no reason why the resulting arrangements should not be sanctioned by an international tribunal, which, although it will then be little more than a European registry office, may assume the name of a conference. Proposals affecting financial interests, railways, and other technical matters would, of course, be discussed by an assembly of competent authorities, to which the name of conference may also be given.

It seems, then, inevitable that before long Austria and Russia will confront each other over the Servian question.

An examination of their separate points of view only confirms the belief that the difficulty is one which is capable of common-sense solution. In a section of the English Press there is a regrettable tendency to take sides against our own partner in the Triple Entente—Russia. In one influential journal we notice a somewhat hysterical appeal to the St. Petersburg Government to issue a categorical and formal declaration that under no circumstances will Russia go to war to secure an Adriatic port for Servia. The Russian Government will do nothing of the kind, and for the plain reason that such a declaration would be contrary to its intention. The interests of fair-play, no less than of peace, would be better served were an appeal addressed to Austria to make it known that, while opposing the larger ambitions of Servia, she would be prepared to compromise upon the Adriatic question; in short, to express her willingness to concede the "little window."

Then it is pointed out in Austria's favour that she has raised no objection to the conquest of the Sanjak of Novibazar, and that she has abandoned her dream of expansion towards Salonika. Both these concessions, while serving a useful end in the play of diplomacy, only tend to obscure the main issue. To permit Servia the acquisition of the Sanjak of Novibazar, and at the same time deny her reasonable access to the Adriatic, savours very much of hypocrisy; on the other hand, to relinquish visionary pretensions in the direction of Salonika—pretensions which no single Power upheld—in the hope that such an exhibition of magnanimity would establish a claim to something real, suggests almost childlike faith in the world's gullibility. That Austria has a legitimate right to insist upon respect for her interests in the Adriatic cannot be denied. It will be found when the proper time comes that both Russia and Servia accept this view. But before there can be any immediate prospect of a settlement the Vienna Government must recognise that the interests of Austria can be adequately safeguarded without resort to measures tending to throttle the economic independence of her neighbour. There is no longer any doubt that the feeling in Russia on the question is intense; and the belief that the Government has not adopted sufficiently vigorous measures readily finds popular acceptance.

Naturally M. Sazonoff, whose attitude throughout the crisis has been punctiliously correct, has no intention of surrendering to Austria; and the emphasis which the semi-official *communiqué* places upon the peaceful intentions of the Government doubtless aims at calm-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ing public opinion and at the same time affording Austria necéssary assurances that diplomacy is not being driven before the storm of popular clamour. As the liberator and protector of the Serbs, Russia will not be unmindful of her duty. Whatever solution of the problem may eventually be decided upon, she will certainly not again submit to the humiliation that she experienced in 1909 over Bosnia-Herzegovina. It is in her strength and determination that we find the most potent factor making for peace. That, in spite of all hints to the contrary, she will have the loyal support of her friends, Great Britain and France, is a foregone conclusion. The real issue is not, as some newspapers would have us believe, the question of a few Servian wharves on the Adriatic.

The balance of power in Europe, with its direct bearing upon the safety of the British Empire, is at stake. Were the partners of the Triple Entente, in face of the solidarity of the Triple Alliance, to have regard merely for their own immediate and individual interests, then the compact would be rendered valueless, and no other alternative could face Great Britain save return to splendid and perilous isolation. We refused, together with Russia, to allow France to be coerced over Morocco; if we fail to uphold this precedent now that Russia requires our support, the day will not be far distant when the Triple Alliance—a combination we are clearly not prepared to meet alone—will attempt to intimidate us with the sight of shining armour.

MOTORING

THERE is no doubt that we are on the eve of a very big boom in a type of car which is comparatively new to the motoring community, namely, the so-called "cycle-car." A better name might possibly be found for it, as both in appearance and construction it has more points in common with the ordinary car than with the cycle, either pedal-pushed or self-propelled. It is, in fact, a motor car in miniature, and some such word as "motorette" would describe it more accurately. However that may be, the new vehicle has an immense future before it, and the extraordinary amount of attention it is now arousing is unparalleled in the case of any other new departure since the self-propelled vehicle made its first appearance.

The two great points of advantage possessed by the cycle-car over the ordinary light motor car are: lower initial cost and smaller running expenses. The prices of the forty or so different makes now on show at Olympia range from 70 guineas to 130 guineas, as against, say, 150 to 250 guineas for the two-seater motor car of reputable make. In the matter of upkeep the cycle-car scores immensely over its rival, for while it will easily do from 40 to 60 miles to the gallon of petrol, the owner of the ordinary car, however small, which will average 30 m.p.g., must count himself a lucky man. In view of the present high price of petrol, it is easy to see why the man in the street finds the economical cycle-car so attractive a proposition. But even economy in fuel consumption is a secondary consideration compared with economy in tyres, in which respect the cycle-car shows to still greater advantage. Owing to the lightness of its construction, the expenses in this direction, both in initial cost and in upkeep, is relatively very small. Again, as regards speed, the cycle-car has the advantage over the car of ordinary type; for practically every one of the makes now on the market can be guaranteed to do 40 miles an hour on the road with ease, which should be fast enough for anybody. There remains for consideration the questions of ease of manipulation, reliability, comfort, and durability. With regard to the first-mentioned point, it may be said at once that the cycle-car is much easier to drive than the ordinary car, and for this reason it is very popular with those of a non-mechanical turn of mind, and with ladies especially. Its reliability and durability have still to be proved, but it may be mentioned that one of the best-known of them recently ran for seven consecutive hours at an average speed of 37 miles per hour without developing any weaknesses. The one drawback attaching to the present types of cycle-cars as compared with the ordinary car is their limited passenger accommodation. There are one or two capable of holding two besides the driver, but the great majority are either one- or two-seaters. When the cycle-car carrying three or four in comfort makes its appearance, its already great possibilities will be still further extended.

Mr. Thomas Farrow, the well-known "people's banker," has invented and patented a device called the "Faro-meter," which seems calculated to do much towards diminishing the dangers of the streets. It consists of a mechanical apparatus which automatically registers the speed at which a motor vehicle is travelling, on the same principle presumably as the speedometer, and also displays the mileage per hour in prominent figures on the front of the vehicle. When the speed limit is being exceeded a loud gong sounds continuously, and danger signals are displayed. Thus both the driver and everybody else are aware at all times of the exact speed at which they are travelling, which is obviously a great desideratum. The driver of a motor bus, in particular, should welcome the "Faro-meter." At present he has no means of knowing how fast he is going—the ordinary speedometer being too delicate an instrument to withstand the vibration of a heavy motor vehicle, and he is frequently fined for quite unintentional infringements of the legal limit. We are not sure that the new device will appeal so favourably to the private motorist, who is not always anxious that his speed should be patent to everybody, but if, as is stated, the "Faro-meter" has been tested and passed by Scotland Yard, and if it is equally adaptable for use on every type of motor vehicle, it would hardly be surprising to hear that the authorities had determined to insist upon its universal adoption.

On Thursday of last week a number of friends

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

entertained Mr. S. F. Edge to dinner at the R.A.C., and presented him with a handsome silver salver in commemoration of his retirement from the industry in which he has played so prominent a part. There was naturally some curiosity displayed as to the future intentions of the famous motorist, but it was not gratified, Mr. Edge's reply being simply that up to the present he had formed no definite plans of any kind. The general impression seems to be that he has political ambitions, but what the authority for this is we do not know. In any case it is safe to assume that a man of his remarkable force and individuality will not long remain quiescent.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE battle between the "bulls" and the "bears" still continues—or, perhaps I should say, between the rumours—for candidly I do not think that there are many speculators left in Europe. We enjoy a perpetual see-saw—armies are mobilised, fleets are moved, Ministers' denials increase in acerbity, but of business there is none. Neither will there be any until peace is declared. No one is going to risk his money as long as war is in sight. The great bankers all over Europe hold the securities. They are one and all working for peace. Their influence is enormous. But they were unable to control the Balkan States. Will they be equally powerless to control Russia? The Grand Dukes are supposed to be big "bulls" of stocks, and all my information leads me to believe that Russia does not want war—will not move a finger to help the Balkan States to go beyond what Europe as a whole has agreed shall be their reward. Clearly Austria has all to lose and little to gain by a war. Therefore on the whole the odds are in favour of peace. The real danger lies in the so persistently public declarations of Bercholdt and Sazonoff that they insist upon peace. Diplomatists seldom speak the truth. Yet in London many promoters are testing the temper of the public. The most curious new issue is the Sperling Utilities Improvement offer of six per cent. Preference. Actually these same shares were being sold in New York and purchasers were given a handsome bonus in common stock. The Yankee propectus frankly admitted that the businesses were too speculative for the Cities Services or any of the other Doherty companies to take up, and that therefore they had been put into a sort of prospecting company—which might, if it found the franchises valuable, resell to Cities Services. But the London prospectus simply offers the shares at 86, and says not a word as to the highly speculative nature of the share. Apparently many shares were placed prior to the issue here, and common stock sold, not given away. This is bluff of a very brave character—the good point about the issue is that Doherty and Co. are very successful, and that they have continually made good many very doubtful enterprises.

Horatio Bottomley intends trying to place some shares in the South African Oil venture. But naturally they are only a pure gamble. Bottomley is not fortunate in his Joint Stock ventures, however amusing he may be as a journalist. The Genoa Waterworks Debentures could please no careful person. Not only was the issue price too high, but the profit to be made on the promotion was excessive—£76,000 is too much to take out of such a small concern in which profits are only estimated. The two Canadian issues did not go. The City of New Westminster is borrowing too freely, and the Province of Alberta Four Per Cent. Bond was not cheap enough.

The full details of the Speyer deal are now published, and appear excellent. Everybody should be pleased. The Central London shareholders get four per cent. certain; City and South London are saved from disaster, and may receive an increased dividend when the line is enlarged; Metropolitan Electric Tramways escapes a severe fight with the L.G.O., and takes the management of the London United—a tramway system that has gone from bad to worse. It can now run its fleet of 300 Daimler 'buses to feed the whole service. It can also get traffic from the L.G.O. which will no longer compete. Underground Electric exchange a huge block of valueless and non-dividend paying stock for £560,000 shares in the new company, upon which it should get a 2 per cent. dividend. This will put Underground Ordinary in sight of a dividend. It makes the Six Per Cent. Income Bonds an excellent lock-up.

MONEY must remain dear. The settlement in Berlin, the demand for money in the United States, in Egypt and in the Near East, will keep rates very high. Even if peace is arranged I see no chance of cheap money, as the development of Bulgaria, Servia, Greece and Montenegro will call for huge sums of money. These countries are fertile, and given good government will need capital. Indeed, Servian promoters are hard at work already both in London and Paris, placing their schemes before those with money to invest.

FOREIGNERS.—The Banks support their special stocks. The Government also buy heavily whenever the public is scared. Therefore there is little chance of any fall as long as there is no chance of the war spreading. Those who are sure that we shall get peace might gamble in Hungarian Rentes—the yield is high. But such a purchase is only a gamble on the chance.

HOME RAILS look cheaper every week. We have now had 21 weeks of splendid traffics. The companies have never done so well. They are promised an immediate increase in rates. They have already put up their passenger fares. I believe that most of the companies will pay an increased dividend on the present half-year. Great Western, one of our most progressive lines, should acquire the Metropolitan, and thus be enabled to run its Maidenhead trains right through to the City. It should buy the Mersey Railway, and thus get into Liverpool. Both these self-evident propositions should have been accomplished years ago. We see by the management of the District how energy and quick services pay. The Great Western has the chance of its hitherto sleepy lifetime. Unless it is clever and quick the Great Central, or, perchance, the Midland, will step in and bag the Met., and the L. and Y.R. the Mersey Railway.

YANKEES are being bought quietly by the clever bankers. They see that the United States is progressing, that it has a big year in front of it, and that all the railways will do well. So they buy Unions. This railway could pay off its common stock at present prices if it chose to sell its land interests. It will easily pay its 10 per cent. for many years to come, and at to-day's prices the yield is magnificent. Readings are talked of as very cheap, and Southern Common seem the best lock-up.

RUBBER may not fall any lower, but the public think it will and they do not buy the shares. Frankly, most rubber shares are quite high enough. Bukit Kajang report is good, but the market has discounted the increased yield for the present year, and anyone who buys to-day is only buying a chance. This is not good enough. We

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

must see another ten or fifteen per cent. fall in market quotations before I can say "buy."

OIL.—Mexican Eagle show a large increase in profits, which comes not because the company has sold more oil, but because it has got more oil in stock. It is now waiting more ships, more pipe lines, and perhaps the contract with the new German Imperial Oil Company. The Oil Trust of Galicia has turned out Hicks. Maisel will now reopen his famous Opeg well. The shares have been pooled and are to be put up. The company will work under an agreement with the Premier Oil and Pipe. Ural Caspian have settled their dispute with the Government and now hold 1,100,000 acres. Everyone asks how long the price of oil will hold. It is clearly rigged.

MINES.—Lord Harris has declared for "selective" mining, a euphemism for picking the eyes out of a property. I agree. We don't go into mining except to get rich quickly. Why should these mines go on year after year paying huge salaries to engineers and directors, erecting huge mills, and wasting the shareholders' money when they could all be gutted in two or three years and big sums of money saved? The old-fashioned system is preposterous. I am glad to see that Lord Harris has at last turned round. But the new system will mean a re-arrangement of values. We shall not pay as much for our shares. For example, the Mount Elliott is picking out the eyes and the report now out shows only fifteen months' life. Therefore the shares are stupidly overvalued to-day.

MISCELLANEOUS.—They say that the National Telephone shareholders will soon be put out of their misery. The Government has come to terms, and I am told that a compromise has been agreed upon. I have before said that £190 was the price at which the Deferred would work out, and I expect that we shall soon see this confirmed.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—We are not warranted in forming any other conclusion than that William Shakespeare, of Stratford, and of the Globe Theatre, Southwark, was the veritable author of the plays published in folio, 1623, with his name on the title-page. Mr. W. T. Smedley disputes this on the assumption that the author must have been a classical scholar, hence his proposition that Bacon may have been the author. Mr. Smedley next asserts that the author was a master of the Latin, Greek, Spanish, Italian, and French languages. He further asserts that the late Professor Churton Collins proves beyond doubt Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of the Latin and Greek languages. It is true that the professor gives in his "Studies in Shakespeare" several "parallels in reflection, sentiment, and expression" from the ancient poets and from Shakespeare; but note what he says on page 63: "I do not cite them as positive proof of imitation or of reminiscence on the part of Shakespeare. They may be mere coincidences." And again, on page 69: "There is, of course, not one of these parallels which, if taken separately, might not be mere coincidence." In this very book, "Studies in Shakespeare," Professor Churton Collins has a word to say on the "Bacon-Shakespeare Mania": "It is not so much by its absurdity as by the absence of everything which could give any colour to that absurdity that the Bacon-Shakespeare myth holds a unique place among literary follies. Its supporters have no pretensions to be considered even as sophists. Their systematic substitution of inferences for facts and of hypotheses for proofs, their perverted analogies, their blunders and their misrepresentations, their impudent fictions, and their prodigious ignorance of the very rudiments of the literature with which they are concerned could not for one moment impose on anyone who, with competent knowledge and a candid and open mind, had taken the trouble to investigate the subject."—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

TOM JONES.

London, E.C.

THE RIGHT TO WORK.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Since our letter to you of September 24, considerable progress has been made with the organisation of the workmen who desire to maintain their personal liberty in the matter of their employment. The National Society of Free Workers, we then foreshadowed, has now been formed, and already branches are established in many towns; indeed, the work has gone on at a pace which now calls for an office and a secretarial staff.

The object of the movement is to establish a self-supporting society which will give complete protection against the tyranny of the new Socialistic Trade Unionism. It is obvious that the work of organising such a society must be undertaken by a special body, such as the Committee for Promoting the Formation of Societies of Free Workers, on whose behalf we write.

The work to be done will involve a large expenditure, and if it is to be done effectually it should be done quickly, so that before the close of 1913 there shall be in existence a National Society, not only self-supporting, but powerful enough to prevent any repetition of the tyranny which accompanied recent strikes.

At least £1,000 is required for renting offices and engaging a secretarial staff, etc. We therefore venture to appeal to your readers to help in raising this fund. Cheques made payable to the Free Workers' Committee, crossed "Barclay and Co., Ltd.," may be sent to the Chairman, Mr. Mark H. Judge, 7, Pall Mall, S.W.

There has been a most unexpected rebuff in the refusal of the Treasury to allow the Society to be registered under the Friendly Societies Act of 1896. It is very difficult to understand this action on the part of the Treasury, and a public meeting was held at the Whitehall Rooms on the 22nd instant, to consider what steps should be taken to secure for the Society that legal status to which it is obviously entitled, its friendly and benevolent objects being as follows:—

(1) To maintain the principles of personal liberty and personal responsibility by providing members with legal assistance in cases of injury by accident, if molested when in the exercise of their right to work, and in cases of trouble or difficulty in connection with their employment.

(2) To establish a benevolent fund.

(3) To establish an orphan fund.

We are, yours faithfully.

AVEBURY (Down, Kent).
GEORGE H. DARWIN (Cambridge).
C. F. RYDER (Leeds).
MARTIN J. SUTTON (Wargrave).
ERNEST E. WILLIAMS (Inner Temple).

7, Pall Mall, London.
November, 1912.

THE DOMESTIC SERVANTS' INSURANCE SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—This morning, two well-dressed men called, requesting my maid to produce her Insurance Card, professing the reason to be that some cards had been filled in in pencil. This she did, believing the men to be from the National Health Insurance. Finding her card was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

from Lady St. Helier's Society (The Domestic Servants' Insurance Society) they then tried to make her sign some paper and pay 3d. They said they were from the Prudential Assurance Company.

The same thing happened only a fortnight since with my other maid, who shut the door in their faces (company not stated).

Is it legal for private people to be annoyed in this way, and for foolish young servants to be persuaded to sign and pay what they do not understand?

I enclose my card, and if you will publish this, it may save other girls from being taken in by men of this class.
Yours truly, "INDIGNANT."

CONFLICTS OF USAGE IN THE PRONOUN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Under the above title, Mr. Thomas R. Lounsbury, Emeritus Professor of English in the Yale University, published in the November issue of "Harper's Monthly Magazine" a very interesting article. I may say that I agree with him on most of the points that are treated in this article. As this gentleman refers also to Milton's two verses:—

"Which when Beelzebub perceived, 'than whom'
Satan except, none higher sat," etc.—

in which he takes exception to the relative "whom" as being incorrect, I beg to repeat what I said in THE ACADEMY of May 25, 1912:—

> "In the sentence quoted from Milton, I think that 'than' is but a conjunction. Let us now restore the ellipses: Beelzebub—none, except Satan, sat higher 'than' (he, that Beelzebub of), 'whom' (I speak).
>
> With the help of parsing, we have:—
>
> (a) 'than'—a conjunction,
>
> (b) 'whom'—a relative pronoun, 3rd ps., m.g., obj. case, governed by the preposition 'of' understood."

Since writing the above, I have come across the following sentence, in Mr. Collins's "Man and Wife" (p. 93, chapter ix: THE INN, 2nd page): "A more thoroughly independent person that this Miss Inchbare (of whom I speak) was not to be found on the face of the hotel-keeping earth."

I now beg to put this question to English linguists in general, and to Mr. Lounsbury in particular: Is not such a sentence but the development of: Miss Inchbare, "than whom" a more thoroughly independent person was not to be found on the face of the hotel-keeping earth?
I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

ADOLPHE BERNON.

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W.

"TACITÆ" AND "SILENTIA" IN AENEID II, 255.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Why should Mr. Hodgson, whom I thank for his courteous rejoinder, suppose that the ships were "anchored off Tenedos" at the moment when the flame split the darkness of that moonless night? "And already the Argive fleet," says Vergil, "*was on its way* (*ibat*) *from Tenedos,* when the royal vessel suddenly shot forth the signal flame." As to the other point, I have myself seen in the less clear atmosphere of England a beacon ablaze at eight miles distance; and since Vergil uses "flamma" in the plural, we are at liberty to think that several torches were employed. It appears to me quite in accordance with the text and with experience to conclude that the blaze was kindled for Sinon's information.
I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

H. C. MINCHIN.

Farnham, November 24, 1912.

THE WIRRAL DIVISION OF CHESHIRE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It has just been stated in several newspapers that Sir William Hesketh Lever, who has recently purchased Stafford House, St. James's, "was the former Member for Birkenhead." But that is an entire mistake. On three different occasions (in 1892, 1894, and 1895) Sir W. H. Lever contested Birkenhead in the Liberal interest, but was each time defeated. He represented the Wirral Division of Cheshire from January, 1905, until January, 1910.
Yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead, N.W.
November 19, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

On the Track of the Abor. By Powell Millington. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Napoleon's Son. By Clara Tschudi. Translated from the Norwegian by E. M. Cope. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 7s. 6d.)

The Van Eycks and Their Art. By W. H. James Weale and Maurice W. Brockwell. Illustrated. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

Greece of the Twentieth Century. By Percy F. Martin, F.R.G.S. With a Preface by Professor André Andréadès. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 15s. net.)

Histoire des Communes annexés à Paris en 1859:—*Vangirard.* By Lucien Lambeau. Illustrated. (Ernest Lereoux.)

Transactions of the Royal Historical Society. Third Series. Vol. VI. (Offices of the Society.)

Les Origines Diplomatiques de la Guerre de 1870-1871. *Tome VI: Ier Mars* 1865-31 *Août* 1865. (Gustave Ficker, Paris.)

Washington and Lincoln: Leaders of the Nation in the Constitutional Eras of American History. By Robert W. McLaughlin. With Portraits. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s. net.)

The English People Overseas. Vol. V.—Australasia, 1688-1911. By A. Wyatt Tilby. (Constable and Co. 6s. net.)

Landmarks in the History of the Welsh Church. By the Rt. Rev. the Bishop of St. Asaph. Illustrated. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

FICTION.

Edward Fairlie Frankfort; or, Politics Among the People. By Sir Henry Wrixon, K.C. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

Our Alty. By M. E. Francis. (John Long. 6s.)

The Temple on the Hill: A Tale of Transylvania. By Elsa de Szász. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Love Dream. By George Vane. (John Lane. 6s.)

Susan and the Duke: A Mere Love Story. By Kate Horn. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The King who knew not Fear: A Tale of Other Days. By "O. R." (Philip Lee Warner. 5s. net.)

The Lady Doc. By Caroline Lockhart. Illustrated by Gayle Hoskins. (J. B. Lippincott Co. 6s.)

The Three Destinies. By J. A. T. Lloyd. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6s.)

The Searchlight on the Throne: Reminiscences of an Ex-Ambassador. Recorded by a Peeress. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

A Black Martinmas. By Mrs. Disney Leith. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Chuckler's Children. By E. G. Turnbull. (Murray and Evenden. 6s.)

God's Playthings. By Marjorie Bowen. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

THEOLOGY.

Pentateuchal Studies. By Harold M. Wiener, M.A., LL.B. (Elliot Stock. 6s. net.)

Sacred Latin Texts: No. I.—The Epistles and Apocalypse from the Codex Harleianus. Edited with an Introduction, etc., by E. S. Buchanan, M.A., B.Sc. With Four Collotype Facsimiles. (David Nutt. 21s. net.)

The Truth of Christianity: Being an Examination of the More Important Arguments For and Against Believing in that Religion. Compiled from Various Sources by Lieut.-Col. W. H. Turton, D.S.O. 8th Edition. Carefully Revised Throughout. (Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Story of the First Thirty Years of the Church of Christ: A Series of Lessons for One Year. By the Rev. R. E. Johnston, M.A. (A. R. Mowbray. 1s. net.)

Towards Religion. By R. Brimley Johnson. (The Lindsey Press. 1s. net.)

The Unveiled Glory, or, Sidelights on the Higher Evolution. By the Rev. Luther Winther Caws. (James Clarke and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

MUSIC.

Masterpieces of Music:—Haydn, Brahms, Rossini, Schubert. With Portrait Frontispieces, Other Illustration, and Music. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net each.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Day Before Yesterday. By Richard Middleton. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

Wayfarers in the Libyan Desert. By Lady Evelyn Cobbold. Illustrated. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 6s. net.)

Three Plays: The Eldest Son, The Little Dream, Justice. By John Galsworthy. (Duckworth and Co. 6s.)

The Praying Girl. By Ceres Cutting. (Duckworth and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Old Gardens of Italy: How to Visit Them. By Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

Austria: Her People and Their Homelands. By James Baker, F.R.G.S. Illustrated by Donald Maxwell. (John Lane. 21s. net.)

Amphora. A Collection of Prose and Verse chosen by the Editor of *The Bibelot.* (T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. $1.75.)

Roses of Paestum. By Edward McCurdy. (T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. $2 net.)

Samphire. By Lady Sybil Grant. (Stanley Paul and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Fear, and Other Essays in Fiction and in Fact. By the Author of "Exploded Ideas," etc. (Longmans, Green and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

A Chapter of Accidents. A Play for Boy Scouts. By I. R. Cory. (A. C. Curtis, Guildford. 6d. net.)

Wages. By A. J. Carlyle, M.A. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

Yang Chu's Garden of Pleasure. (*Wisdom of the East Series.*) Translated from the Chinese by Professor Anton Forke, Ph.D. With an Introduction by Hugh Cranmer-Byng. (John Murray. 1s. net.)

An Introduction to Elementary Bibliography. By R. W. Parsons. (Stanley Paul and Co. 6d. net.)

Catalogue of the Avery Collection of Ancient Chinese Cloisonnés. With a Preface by Wm. H. Goodyear. (Museum of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.)

The Eurhythmics of Jaques-Dalcroze. With an Introduction by Professor M. E. Sadler. Illustrated. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)

The Indians of the Terraced Houses. By Charles Francis Saunders. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

Bismya, or The Lost City of Adab. By Edgar James Banks, Ph.D. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 21s. net.)

Ski-Runs in the High Alps. By F. F. Roget, S.A.C. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net)

Life in the West of Ireland. Drawn and Painted by Jack B. Yeats. (Maunsel and Co. 5s. net.)

The Winning of the Best. By R. U. Trine. (G. Bell and Sons. 2s. net.)

The Open Secret: A Study of Life's Deeper Forces. By J. T. Bixby, Ph.D. (American Unitarian Association. $1.25 net.)

Arm and Prepare. By John Le Breton. (Murray and Evenden. 6d. net.)

The Casual Ward: Academic and Other Oddments. By A. D. Godley. (Smith, Elder and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Magnanimous Lover. A Play in One Act by St. John G. Ervine. (Maunsel and Co. 6d. net.)

The Dreamer: A Drama of the Life of Joseph. By Mrs. Percy Dearmer. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

VERSE.

In an Old Man's Garden. By Hervey White. (Maverick Press, Woodstock, N.Y.)

The Adventures of Young Maverick. By Hervey White. (Maverick Press, Woodstock, N.Y.)

Poems and Songs. (*Second Series.*) By Richard Middleton. With a Preface by Henry Savage. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

Scottish Ballads: A Selection. (Grant Richards. 6d. net.)

In Lavender Covers: Verses, a Third Trespass. By Dermot Freyer. (H. J. Glaisher. 1s. net.)

The Ganges River, and Other Poems. By T. A. Roberts. (Arthur H. Stockwell. 6d. net.)

The Blue Grotto. (Arthur H. Stockwell. 2d.)

Flowers of Imagination. By Henry Arthur. (Arthur H. Stockwell. 3s. net.)

The Making of London. By George T. Seymour. (Arthur H. Stockwell. 1s. net.)

Poems to Pavlova. By A. Tullock Cull. Illustrated. (Herbert Jenkins. 3s. 6d. net.)

Spring in Tuscany, and Other Lyrics. (T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine. 50 cents.)

The Vision of S. Christopher, and Other Verse. By Alfred C. Fryer. With Frontispiece. (A. R. Mowbray and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Triolets, and Other Songs. By Maud Beddington. (Truelove and Hanson. 1s. net.)

Lyrics. By Lady Margaret Sackville. (Herbert and Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)

The Oxford Book of Latin Verse. Chosen by H. W. Garrod. (Henry Frowde. 6s. net.)

Parsifal, or the Legend of the Holy Grail Retold from Antient Sources, with Acknowledgment to the "Parsifal" of Richard Wagner. By T. W. Rolleston. Presented by Willy Pogàny. (Harrap and Co. 15s. net.)

The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher, Variorum Edition, Vol IV.—The False One, The Little French Lawyer, Valentinian, Monsieur Thomas, The Chances. (G. Bell and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

Iscariot's Bitter Love. 2nd Edition. (Headley Bros. 1s. net.)

Songs and Stories of a Saviour's Love. By Ed. Every. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co. 1s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

THE ONLY WAY

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

LEVASCO

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

La Fée aux Oiseaux: Féerie en Vers, en 5 Actes et 8 Tableaux. By Marguerite Berthet. (Gastein-Serge, Paris, 2 fr.)

PERIODICALS.

The Author; The Malthusian; Boy's Own Paper; Girl's Own Paper; Sunday at Home; Friendly Greetings; Everyone's Story Magazine; Canadian News; Modern Language Teaching; Bookseller; Our Empire; Dawn of Day; Golden Sunbeams; Publishers' Circular; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Revue Bleue; The Idler; Publishers' Circular, Christmas No.; Cambridge Magazine; Ulula; Cornhill Magazine.

PRICE SIXPENCE ONLY (Post Free).

The Educational Map of INDIA

SHOWING

(1) Density of pupils under instruction per mille of school and college going population.
(2) All College Towns in the different provinces, together with
(3) A Key to the names of Colleges throughout India, Burma and Ceylon.

ALTOGETHER NEW AND ORIGINAL IN DESIGN.

APPLY TO MANAGER:
Collegian Office, 33, Dixon Lane, Calcutta.

MANY REJECTED MSS.

simply need expert revision to make them available. This I can give, securing results that count. Such firms as Appleton, Putnam's, etc., publish my own books, and I was recently editor for a leading magazine. Why not increase your profits by publication in the United States? Address: EDITOR, Box 4L, 435 WEST 119TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK IN POWDER FORM.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

DELICIOUS, NOURISHING AND REFRESHING.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, 1/6, 2/6, 11/-, at all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
VIA the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—

DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—

THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.
For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
NORWAY, Mediterranean, Holy Land, & Egypt.	From £1 a day	About 14 Days	June to December.	Southampton & Grimsby.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg

CRUISES TO MOROCCO.
Canary Islands and Madeira.
23 days from £18.

For further particulars apply:—

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C. Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	723
Is Christendom Satiated? ...	724
Our Village Carolling ...	725
Language and Character ...	725
Reviews:	
Disraeli	727
The Heart of Russia ...	728
A Pioneer Critic	729
L'Enfant du Temple ...	730
Shorter Reviews	732
Fiction	733
Christmas Books	734
Legends, Rhymes and Stories	736
Picture Books	736
Cards and Calendars ...	738
The Theatre:	
"The Eldest Son" at the Kingsway Theatre ...	738
A Triple Bill at the Prince of Wales' Theatre	739
"Hedda Gabler" at Clavier Hall	740
The Cossacks and their Value to the Russian Army	740
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	742
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	744
Motoring	745
In the Temple of Mammon	747
Correspondence	748
Books Received	750

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE should like to pay a tribute to the very intelligent articles which Mr. Harold Spender is contributing to the *Daily News and Leader* on the Eastern question. But we must take exception to one paragraph, which appeared in the issue of November 26, or if we do not take exception to it we must point out that anyone but a partisan would have perceived that the argument is capable of a ricochet action. The passage to which we refer is as follows:—

> But if Austria-Hungary, taking advantage of Servian preoccupation with the Turkish war, were to pour her troops across the Servian frontier, the situation would enter on a much more serious phase. For such an action at such a moment would be an outrage to the conscience and humanity of the whole civilised world.

We think, without adopting the attitude of a partisan, that it is permissible to suggest that the Balkan League in launching their forces against the Ottoman Empire at the moment when it was engaged in combating the burglarious attack of Italy was in effect "an outrage to the conscience and humanity of the whole civilised world," assuming that the civilised world is in the habit of inconveniencing itself with the uncomfortable appanage of a conscience.

Having welcomed the motor-'bus as an aid to locomotion, and possibly to digestion if employed discreetly after lunch, the public is beginning to find it rather a nuisance. It splashes the pedestrian with greasy mud until he longs for the dear old days of the hansom, when a splash was but a spot, and not a jet from thick tyres pressed by a weight of tons. It collides occasionally, as must all things whose movements are limited by lines of houses, and anything less in size than a tram is smashed badly; even thick iron electric-light standards seem as matches when the motor-'bus attempts to push by them. With some satisfaction we notice that a course of lectures for the driver has been arranged by the premier company concerned; he is to be thoroughly instructed in the best methods of avoiding the artistic person who strolls into the middle of the street to admire the architectural scenery, and he will be shown, by means of moving pictures, how to escape a collision that seems imminent. If only they would show him how to steer round puddles in rainy weather, our gratitude would be increased.

"There ought not to be one firm," writes a discontented lady to a contemporary, "who dare refuse to accept and print a good book"; and she assures her readers that she is acquainted with a novelist who has written a book "which far surpasses H. G. Wells' 'Marriage,'" but, alas! no publisher will take it. Mr. Wells himself would be the first to admit that many yet unpublished novels might "far surpass" his own; but the question is, who is to be the judge of what constitutes a "good book"? It all depends on the point of view; each publisher has his own ideas on the subject, and, since we live in a commercial age, it must be acknowledged that good books are often a weary time before they begin to pay expenses. Mr. Herbert Jenkins, who is one of the select band of publishers who are also literary men, has taken up this lady's challenge in a most friendly way in the current *T.P.'s Weekly*, and offers, under certain very fair conditions, to submit the immortal but unborn work to three well-known readers. We shall be interested to see what happens, especially as one of the conditions is that every word said or written on the matter is liable to appear in print. The disappointed author is always a bitter cynic, and is generally convinced that the business of publishing is merely a polite kind of burglary—robbery without violence.

A gentleman has been writing to a contemporary controverting a statement to the effect that "our poets are few and their output of work is small." He points out that sixty-five "books of poetry" were received by a certain review within three months—we believe that THE ACADEMY can beat that record easily, by the way—and draws the inference that "modern English poets place at least 264 books, many of them containing good poetry, in the hands of the public every year." His error is obvious to anyone whose duty or pleasure it is to read critically these volumes; a few of them contain good poetry, many of them contain very moderate verse, most of them are negligible from a critical standpoint, and a few of them contain doggerel that is simply pathetic, written by people who never had, and never will have, the remotest idea of what poetry is or means. The winnowing process is easy, and the golden grain that is left is very scanty.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love."

UNNOTICED you will ever be
In that unseemly place,
Where noise is deemed melody
And pride a sign of grace.
You will not ever shine amid
The great unfeeling herd,
For them the evening star is hid:
The shy song of a bird.

They wonder at your emptiness,
The busy, clamorous fools,
And seek to quench their thirstiness
At sun-dried stagnant pools;
They search the arid desert sand
And watch the sky above
For this that lies so near at hand:
The deep well of your love.

Ah, Sweet, I cannot teach them how
To find the way to you;
The cloud to touch the hill must bow,
The earth must love the dew;
The red, red rose its fragrance gives
Only to senses keen:
They only know where beauty lives
Who love, and thus have seen.

MAX PLOWMAN.

Is Christendom Satiated?

"But if it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive."

WE take some credit for the sane line which we adopted when Italy commenced her felonious raid upon Ottoman territory. No one, not even Mr. Garvin, gave us the slightest support at that time. Six columns from this accomplished writer, if he could have compressed his views into such a small compass, would have been quite useful at the beginning of the trouble.

The Italian brigandage, of course, whetted the appetite of the insignificant powers in the Balkans. They formed a league to rob the Turkish Empire of territory to which at least the Turks had a perfectly valid possessory title. Very much to the surprise of every person of intelligence these small nations have actually fought, and we give them all credit for the bravery which they have displayed. Mr. Bernard Shaw must certainly revise the views which, with his usual omniscience, he put forward in his play, "Arms and the Man," and the sanctioned parody of it, "The Chocolate Soldier."

A league of thieves is entitled to respect so long as the thieves do not fall out and give themselves away, but that is just the situation which we have now to deal with.

'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more!
So coldly sweet, so deadly fair
We start, for soul is wanting there.

The Greek nation, very much to its own surprise, has found out that it can fight against Turkish territorials. The revelation is positively amazing to Europe in general. We, who are saturated with the traditions of ancient Greece, are only too glad to observe that the modern Greek, clothed in a kind of travesty of a kilt, can emulate the deeds of those who are wrongly described as his ancestors, and who are content to wear a helmet and very little besides.

What was the excuse for the present aggression upon the Ottoman Empire? It was that the Turk was unfit to remain in Europe. He was not a fit associate for the murderers of Servia, the usurers of Greece, or the harmless, unnecessary Bulgarian. And what is the sordid spectacle which is now presented to our view? These people who initiated a new crusade are quarrelling over the spoils which they believe are within their grasp —possibly wrongly believe are within their grasp.

The great powers for whom one should express nothing less than contempt, if not loathing, are now coming forward in their immemorial character of carrion birds. Their Christian clients have actually won, at the expense of much blood and treasure, something valuable. The great powers, true to their nature, must be in at the death. They hoped to save their faces by robbing the Turk, an act which is generally agreed to be a perfectly legitimate operation, but now that the puny league have despoiled the Turk of his property, the great powers must have a conference to decide how they shall deprive the league of the fruits of their victory.

As far as appearances can be trusted, a great European conflict will be necessary to decide this question. Herr von Bethman-Holweg has delivered a decidedly provocative speech in the face of Russia. If our information is at all correct, Russia is not going to turn the other cheek to Germany again. If we are right also in our estimate of the position of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and the various races which it comprises, we think that war on the Eastern problem would lead to the dissolution of the dual monarchy. We rather suspect that that view is held in Berlin, and that the German Chancellor has rattled his sabre to prevent such a catastrophe as we have referred to.

Clearly German prestige has suffered a great eclipse. The strategy of Von der Goltz and the cannon of Herr Krupp have been proved to be equally faulty. Friendly as we are to Germany, we do not wish to pursue this line of argument, and we should desire to take this opportunity of offering a very sincere tribute to the attitude of the German Emperor, who with vast means of aggression at his disposal has never been tempted to make use of them. We can only hope and trust that the same level-headed and benevolent policy will prevail with the master of many legions to curb the war party which in his country, as in every other country, is powerful, from driving German policy from the sane lines which are demonstrably necessary to the welfare and the progress of the German people, and the tranquillity of the European hegemony.

CECIL COWPER.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Our Village Carolling

THERE was a time, not so very long ago, when at Christmastide the city was enclosed, after eight o'clock in the evening, by a circumference of carols. Voices (occasionally a trifle thin) piped out impartially "The Mistletoe Bough" and "Christians, Awake," while bands in concord—and discord—blew their uneven wintry way through a repertoire which seemed rather limited if the listener were so situated as to hear four or five consecutive performances at various points. As ever happens at Christmastide, however, most people were anxious to take the will for the deed; the singers were exhilarated, and the players inspired by sundry pence and pleasantries. But to-day, if we except the intermittent wandering minstrel and the youngsters who shout a breathless stave on the doorsteps, the suburbs are comparatively silent.

The Christmas carol has forsaken the town, having found the country more congenial, and the reason is that in the first place the proverbial Christmas weather generally delays its appearance until the middle of January; secondly, that the "carol-service" introduced during the last few years by most churches and chapels presents a convenient means of keeping the spirit uplifted and the body dry at the same time. It is hard work singing in a thick fog or a penetrating drizzle, with icy feet, a vista of two or three disconsolate hours before the fireside is reached, and the prospect of a severe cold; whereas everybody knows that a snow-covered landscape is irresistible—it simply invites carols and hilarity, and causes a perfect recklessness of problematic chills. Since, then, snow refuses to come at Christmas—in London, at any rate—humanity rebels and refuses to carol out of doors in town.

In our village "down-along" things are different. We have a way of our own with music; we are not particular, for example, as to a composer's intentions; if he wrote his quartette for four voices, as presumably he did, and we choose to sing it with five or six or seven, who shall say us nay? Is Timothy Clunker, our big blacksmith, with his voice like a rushing mighty wind, to be left out in the cold just because this "up-country" gentleman of anthems hadn't heard of him? And must Mis' Polgarrick up to post-office, who brought the house down with her rendering of "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" at our last concert, stand meekly by because there wasn't room in the piece for another contralto? Certainly not; the more the merrier, say we, where harmony is concerned; and so, when we go carolling, we go in force and do the thing properly. And here I may say that we are not to be disdained by folks from foreign parts even in the matter of composers; we have an organist who writes real new tunes, and last year he produced a carol specially for us—for our village, called by its name, and printed in London. We sang it indefatigably all over the place; we practised it in private with one finger, on harmonium, piano, and spinet; we whistled it at our daily tasks. On the first out-door performance it "went" surprisingly well, considering that Mr. Clunker doesn't read music and sings by the position of the notes in the clef—up a bit if they are near the top, down a bit if they seek the bottom. This nocturnal perambulation was a favourable opportunity for springing it on the populace; sandwiched nonchalantly between two familiar carols, you see, it cannot be suspect. Nobody would dream that we had only practised it for six weeks.

Other motives for carol-singing, however, are not lacking. Hot coffee, for instance, at certain points of our round can be safely prophesied. Our names will appear in the next issue of the local paper; a base incitement, this, but we are frail mortals, and the glory of print with us is rare. More altruistic reasons, too, can be found. Poor old Mis' Lucy, bent with the weight of eighty years, alone in her cottage up the hill, will postpone her bedtime for our coming; we give her an extra hearty measure, and feel a thrill of pure delight when she draws up her blind and shows her crooked silhouette at the tiny window. We have a parcel for her, tied on our little four-wheeler of an organ, and it is almost a toss-up which gives Mis' Lucy the more happiness, our music or the contents of that amorphous package. Without being analytical, we are glad to know that she would sorely miss either. Then there is jolly Farmer Quiller up at the Manor—ten to one he will come down the garden and roar out a carol with us, just to show that his lungs are in good order and his heart in the right place; it is worth while coming, to hear him!

And so we make the circle of our snug village, with the bass undertones of the sea never out of hearing, and with the light of our swinging lantern at one moment a yellow spot on the road, the next instant darting off into space among the stars—or the raindrops, as the case may be. But then we don't mind a shower or two, down our way, when we go forth a-carolling!

WILFRID L. RANDELL.

Language and Character—II

BY PROFESSOR HERBERT STRONG.

THE German beats the Frenchman in his rich store of words expressive of deep feeling. In English, words can hardly express the emotions which have gathered round such expressions as "Gemüth," "Sehnsucht," "Wonne," "Wehmuth," "Tiefsinn," "Heim," "Heimath," "Heimweh," "Innig," "Innigkeit." We English, too, possess many words which it would be hard to translate into any Romance tongue, such as home, homeliness, dreary, woebegone, self-conscious, forlorn, conceited, humour, and many others. The fact that the Teutonic nations possess a store of words referring to mental conditions not easily defined renders their tongues specially suit-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

able for poetry, in which a certain mysticism is inherent. A German critic has remarked that we English possess a number of words expressive of anger in its different stages, such as wrath, irascibility, passion, rage, excitability, fury, outrage, fierceness, grimness, animosity, resentment, heart-burning, temper; we also possess a number of slang-words for the same kinds of strong feeling: and slang is merely the copper coinage of language, the linguistic currency of the people. A somewhat painful illustration of this is seen in the large vocabulary in our language to express drunkenness, once at least our national vice; indeed, one might make a regular barometer, or rather thermometer, of terms in which we express this unfortunate national habit, from the exhilaration excited by a daily allowance of a glass of port to the state of ecstasy which inspired Tam o' Shanter; such as "festive," "a little on," "a sheet in the wind," "two sheets in the wind," "squiffy," "groggy," "as drunk as a lord," "blind drunk," and numerous others known to non-teetotalers.

That we are a political nation may be gathered from our numerous words expressive of political parties and the nicknames given to them. Our language, too, is extraordinarily rich in words having reference to religion and its rights and ceremonies. We have given the language of the Turf to all Europe: words like jockey, handicap, sport, are common to all nations. The Germans, indeed, I understand, in their anxiety to keep their mother tongue pure, have adopted, to express the golfer's term, the "tee," the word "weitschlagöhe": we should not find time for such expressions, for we love brevity, thereby exhibiting an impatience of waste of time and of energy.

It is possible, too, to trace by an examination of its language not merely the character of a nation's thought, but of its past history and occupations. Of course, Christianity had a mighty influence on our language, not only by its addition of ecclesiastical terms, but by investing with a new significance words existing in the language, such as grace, redemption, humility, salvation, and many others. To a Greek of classical times the word "tapeinôsis" would have meant a grovelling vice unworthy of a free man; Christianity regarded it as an excellent virtue. Sometimes, too, language recalls the memory of arts and pastimes which have long fallen into disuse, as, for instance, the general practice of archery. There was in Queen Elizabeth's time a book written by one Asham, entitled "Toxophilus, a Treatise on Archery," which contains hundreds of technical terms. This pursuit was, I am sorry to say, more familiar in olden times to the youth of our country than is the use of the rifle at present. It has given proof of its former popularity in the family names of Bowyer, Archer, and Fletcher; the latter name comes from the French "flèche." I possess a treatise by an enthusiastic toxophilite intended to prove that Shakespeare was an archer, the proof lying in the number of words occurring in his plays connected with archery, though his large mental grasp has caused him to be taken for a veterinary surgeon, a Catholic, a Protestant, and for many other things.

The pursuit of hawking or falconry, which was followed in the Middle Ages with particular zest, especially in England and in France, largely coloured the language of the Elizabethan age. For instance, in the Shakespearean "Come, seeling night," the word "seeling" (sceller) denotes the closing up the eyes of a falcon to tame her. The word "hagard" signifies a hedge-bred wild falcon. The French word "niais" means properly a young nest-hawk: and as youth and folly are nearly connected in the minds of those who have left their youth behind, the word came to bear its meaning of "silly." In French, the metaphors taken from falconry are even more numerous than in English, as, for instance, "faire rendre gorge," the full expression being "faire rendre gorge au faucon," *i.e.*, to make the falcon disgorge. Thus, again, in the phrase, "c'est une personne bien déleurée," the metaphor is taken from a falcon which will not allow herself to be attracted by the lure, and is used in the sense of "he won't be caught napping."

Again, the style of a nation's language reflects its character not less than its vocabulary. This is well exemplified in the case of Latin, for the Latin language was for the most part addressed to cultivated audiences, and the speakers did not feel that they were under the necessity of addressing an audience which looked anxiously for another instalment of a novel costing fourpence-halfpenny or even four shillings and sixpence. Hence we find the periods in the Latin sentence proceeding in orderly succession, virile, disciplined, even as the march of the Roman soldiers. The outstanding feature is obedience to authority; where we should say our ancestors thought, the Romans said "voluerunt." The main characteristic of the Latin sentence is its subordination. We find this subordination expressed by the introduction of subordinate sentences by relatives, by participles, by the ablative absolute. It is likewise expressed by the strict and careful sequence of tenses, seen more particularly in the "oratio obliqua," in which sentence follows sentence under the strict control of a single governing verb, like the "manipuli" drilled by a "tribunus militum," himself subordinated to the great "legatus." And when we reflect as well on the strong and well-marked accent in Latin, and on the stress laid upon the verb, which crowned and dominated the period at its close, we can understand what Heinrich Heine meant by his assertion: "The language of the Romans can never belie its origin; it is a language in which Generals might issue words of command, Administrators couch their decrees, and Judges in the courts of law pronounce their verdicts."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

Disraeli

By SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

(First Notice.)

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli Earl of Beaconsfield. By WILLIAM FLAVELLE MONYPENNY. Volume II, 1837-1846, with portraits and illustrations. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

"WE were none of us fools," said one of his most brilliant contemporaries, "and each man talked his best; but we all agreed that the cleverest fellow in the party was the young Jew in the green velvet trousers."

The second volume of this fascinating biography opens with the year Queen Victoria came to the throne, when Disraeli was thirty-four years of age. What strikes one first is the ease with which Disraeli seems to have entered the highest society. Algernon West, writing of fourteen years later, says: "Society was so small that Lady Palmerston used to write in her own hand invitations to her parties." It was still smaller in 1837, and much more exclusive: yet this young middle-class Jew, against whose nationality in those days there was a prejudice that it is difficult in this generation to understand, appears to have been on "surname terms"—it would have been "Christian name" terms now!—with the greatest in the land. The secret of it is explained in the quotation above; people were fascinated with the brilliancy of his conversation and the novelty of his views.

The third letter to his sister in the present volume with very little alteration might have been written at the beginning of any session within recent years—the undignified scramble of M.P.'s when summoned to the Lords! "The rush was terrific: Abercromby himself nearly thrown down and trampled upon, and his mace-bearer banging the members' heads with his gorgeous weapon, and cracking skulls with impunity. I was fortunate to escape, however, and able to ensure an entry." James Hope, in his "1900 Parliament," describes a similar scene; all through the book one is struck with the fact of how little Parliament has altered. The times were more leisurely and less businesslike. "Unfortunately, as generally happens on long Committee nights, there was scarcely a reporter in the gallery," could scarcely be written now.

This first chapter deals with his entry into the House of Commons and his maiden speech. Instead of studying to conciliate prejudice, he set himself to provoke and defy it. The story of his failure is ably told:—

> I am not at all surprised at the reception I have experienced—I have begun several times many things and I have often succeeded at last. I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me.

As the *Times* said on the occasion of his death: "To think this and say it next day would have been nothing. To say so, not so much in the petulance of temper as with the calm earnestness of conviction, at a moment when most men would have been crushed helplessly under the load of ridicule, and stung beyond power of reflection by the disappointment of cherished hopes, gave evidence of unexampled strength of will and presence of mind, and of the overweening self-confidence it went so far to justify"; and this feeling is fully described in his own words to his sister Sarah. I have often thought that F. E. Smith's maiden effort was delivered on similar lines, but with more success.

I think Mr. Monypenny has not dealt sufficiently with Disraeli's financial struggles. When one thinks what elections cost in those days, and how comparatively little help he received, it is amazing to find how lightly he appears to have borne an enormous load of debt. A bachelor, mixing in society and dressing as he did, could not have lived on a small income. There are a thousand and one expenses for which one can never get credit; yet he appears in the book to have sailed on as easily as his later hero Endymion did under circumstances far easier. Imprisonment for debt was a common calamity in those days. Who were the people who financed him? Some of his notes-of-hand enrich autograph-hunters' collections, and at the age of twenty-one he owed several thousands of pounds. He did not make much by his books. He only received £200 for "Vivian Grey," and he was not ultimately free from debt until he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. How he did it and why private financial worry did not kill him as it did so many other politicians we could name remains a mystery. And yet all through his long career, when every action was under the microscopes of powerful and unscrupulous enemies, never a breath of scandal was uttered against him. His nature was too inherently great to stoop to relieve himself by knowledge obtained as a public man.

His enemies naturally said he married for money when he proposed to the well-to-do widow of his old friend, Wyndham Lewis. She was twelve years his senior. And the world generally thinks that it was a *mariage de convenance.* The story is freely told, and clears away this misconception. Disraeli writes in a letter during their first and last quarrel (1839):—

> By heavens, as far as worldly interests are concerned, your alliance could not benefit me. All that Society can offer is at my command. . . . I can live as I have lived without disgrace until the inevitable progress of events gives me that independence which is all I require.

The story of his quarrel with Peel is also frankly dealt with. The famous letter is given in which he humbly asked for office, and Peel's reply is set out. Peel really wanted to give Disraeli a place in his Government, but it was Stanley who on account of a private and temporary quarrel turned the Minister against him. If it did nothing else—and it does a great deal—this second

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

volume clears Disraeli's name of these two incidents in his career which to my mind have always required elucidation.

Disraeli's creation of the political novel, and the birth of the Young England party, its principles and its aims, which was the grandfather of the Tory Democracy of to-day, are set out with masterly clearness.

Disraeli had not received an orthodox education. When his contemporaries were at public schools or matriculating at the universities, he was out in the world battling his way upward, and but for his amazing industry and self-culture he could never have written the books he did. He read widely; he travelled; his own genius did the rest.

English literature owes a debt of gratitude to Peel—or to Stanley, if to Stanley it is more appropriately due; their exclusion of Disraeli from office in 1841 led to "Coningsby" and "Sybil," and the creation of the political novel. It would not be fair in a review to give details of Mr. Monypenny's descriptions and criticisms of the novels; they are scrupulously fair and most interesting, and many characters are authoritatively identified.

Since the above was written, Mr. Monypenny has passed away, to the deep regret of his fellow-countrymen. Perhaps later on I may be allowed to deal with the character and career of this brilliant and industrious writer, but I cannot close the present article without expressing the universal opinion that his untimely death is a loss to literature; we gain only a small mean of comfort by knowing that if not finished, he had sketched out his scheme of this Life so that another hand may be able to conclude it in the way he would have liked; for I am informed he has left all his notes in order. I once urged Coningsby Disraeli to write his uncle's Life. He has plenty of ability and a style not unlike that of his distinguished relative.

The Heart of Russia

Moscow. Painted by F. DE HAENEN. Described by H. M. GROVE. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS artistic and beautiful book, one of a series of sumptuously illustrated works on the great capitals of Europe, should be read by every person who intends visiting the ancient capital of Muscovy. Though the historical portion is somewhat weak and uninteresting for such an important subject, the author shows a sympathetic insight into the Russian character, and, probably owing to his knowledge of India and its people, is able to describe the peculiar semi-Oriental habits and characteristics of the Muscovites with a fidelity seldom found among English writers. The striking resemblance of many of the Muscovites to the Pathans and other inhabitants of Northern India is clearly shown; also the similarity of the Russian tongue to the Aryan dialects.

As regards the historical portion of this work, a little more care would have rendered it far more valuable and thrilling; for the history of this ancient city of monasteries, churches and cathedrals is one of the most interesting and sanguinary in Europe. The terrible onslaughts of the Tartars, on one of which occasions 80,000 people were slaughtered, according to independent foreign accounts, are dismissed in a few lines, which give no adequate idea of these calamities. The great plague and famine of 1601, which carried off half a million people in Moscow alone, are not even mentioned.

The description of the Kremlin gives but a faint idea of its grandeur and terrible associations. In the chapter devoted to this remarkable citadel or acropolis, the writer says:—"The cathedral is connected with the palace by a covered passage by which the old kings and queens entered the building." The titles of "King" and "Queen" were unknown in Muscovy; the rulers of the various grand Duchies were called Dukes, Grand Dukes, and Princes, until the days of Ivan the Terrible, who took upon himself the title of Tsar, after marrying the daughter of the Byzantine Emperor. The use of such French phrases as "Notre Dame de Iberia," "Place Rouge," and "Chancellerie" are to be regretted in an English work. But notwithstanding these small blemishes, the book, written in a bright and natural vein, gives a good impression of the life in Moscow, especially of the upper and middle classes. The proverbial hospitality, sociability, and good nature of the Muscovites are well described, as well as the curious and quaint customs of the millionaire merchants and such of the nobility who care to reside in the old capital, which, since its destruction by the French in 1812, has lost much of its political and aristocratic peculiarities. According to the author, Napoleon's soldiers attempted to blow up many of the most interesting places in Moscow, and these were only saved from destruction by the timely arrival of the Cossacks.

The work is to be commended, not only on account of its superior illustrations, but for the good idea it gives of the enormous wealth of the Russian monasteries, one of which, the "Sergei Troitsk," contributed a million sterling towards the expenses of the Russo-Turkish war, whilst the Novsky monastery, near Petersburg, lent the Tsar Nicholas half a million sterling towards the cost of the Crimean campaign.

The writer draws attention to the lawlessness and carelessness of the Russians of all classes, and describes how they defy the city police whenever they are able to resist their authority. It seems, on reading these statements, that the assertion that "the Slav peoples have a natural inclination for anarchy" is only too true. This inclination for lawlessness and going "agin the Government" is admirably pointed out in the chapter on "Social and other Characteristics." The section on the students and the trouble they give their parents and the authorities is also exceedingly interesting; for it clearly shows why so many young people become Nihilists and revolutionists. The practice of letting children have their own way, of allowing them to rule their parents, naturally brings them into conflict with the authorities as soon as they grow up and enter the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

universities and higher schools where such ideas are not tolerated.

The author in the following pregnant sentence points out the real reason for the existing latent hostility to England, and the causes which may ultimately bring the largest land and sea powers in the world into conflict:—"Whenever they (the Russians) are attempting to secure an outlet to open water there invariably appears a Britisher waving a flag, wanting to know where Russia is going to, and pointing out that she has no right to go there"! This remark is only too true. Russia with her vast territory must have more outlets to the sea, and so long as she does not endanger England's power on the North Sea and the Persian Gulf, it would seem unwise to oppose her.

On the whole this work is written in a friendly spirit towards Russia; it should be read by all those who wish to see only the bright side of that country, and who do not wish to rack their brains by a deep study of the subject.

W. BARNES STEVENI.

A Pioneer Critic

The Life of William Robertson Smith. By J. SUTHERLAND BLACK and GEORGE CHRYSTAL. (A. and C. Black. 15s. net.)

Lectures and Essays of William Robertson Smith. Edited by J. S. BLACK and G. CHRYSTAL. (A. and C. Black. 10s. net.)

WILLIAM ROBERTSON SMITH in the last century was the herald of Modernism, of what is now called the Higher Criticism. His articles on the Bible and on "Hebrew Language and Literature" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" led to a strange persecution, and, after a weary trial, to his ultimate expulsion from the chair of the Professorship of Hebrew at Aberdeen. But the loss to the Free Church was a gain to the "Encyclopædia," of which he was at once appointed editor. He migrated to Cambridge, where the closing years of his brief though distinguished career were passed. He was a Fellow of Christ's College and Librarian to the University, and in 1883 he was elected to the Lord Almoner's Readership in Arabic. He was also a member of the Revision Committee of the English Bible. He died in 1894, at the early age of forty-eight. His biography is well written and most carefully edited, though the long chapters and details of the Scotch ecclesiastical controversy are perhaps a little dull, except to readers north of the Tweed. The volume of essays is remarkably good, and shows the width of his scholarship and his great erudition. Like other theologians—notably Salmon of Trinity College, Dublin—he was an abstruse mathematician, and wrote on such subjects as Electricity, and the Metaphysics of the Fluxional Calculus.

As a scholar of Arabic, he made two journeys to Arabia, and adopted the plan of Sir Richard Burton in donning the Arab dress; and the biography, which is well illustrated, has a striking picture of "Abdullah Effendi."

MR. HEINEMANN'S NEW BOOKS

IN THE SHADOW OF THE BUSH. By P. A. TALBOT. With many Illustrations. Large demy 8vo. **18s.** net.

"The book merits the highest praise as a story of Africa. It is a book which will never be out of date."—Sir Harry Johnston, C.G.M.G., K.C.B.

RECENT EVENTS AND PRESENT POLICIES IN CHINA. By J. O. P. BLAND. Royal 8vo. Illustrated, **16s.** net.

WILD LIFE AND THE CAMERA. By A. RADCLYFFE DUGMORE. Demy 8vo, with Plates from Special Photographs. **6s.** net.

THE INN OF TRANQUILLITY. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. (2nd Imp.) Crown 8vo. **6s.**

SALVE! By GEORGE MOORE. (Uniform with AVE!) Crown 8vo. **6s.**

A CHRISTMAS GARLAND. Woven by MAX BEERBOHM. Crown 8vo. **5s.** net.

PORTRAITS AND SKETCHES. By EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., LL.D. (2nd Imp.) Crown 8vo. **6s.** net.

NEW ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

EPOCHS OF CHINESE AND JAPANESE ART. By E. F. FENOLLOSA. In 2 vols With 230 Plates. Crown 4to. **36s.** net.

THE CHILDHOOD OF ANIMALS. By P. CHALMERS MITCHELL, F.R.S. With Illustrations in colour, &c. Royal 8vo. **10s.** net.

ART IN EGYPT. (Ars Una: Species Mille Series.) By M. MASPERO. With 600 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. **6s.** net.

ALL THE TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE. By CHARLES and MARY LAMB and H. S. MORRIS. With 48 Plates in Colour from the Paintings of the Great Masters. In 2 vols., large medium 8vo. **21s.** net.

ÆSOP'S FABLES. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. With an Introduction by G. K. CHESTERTON. Large crown 8vo. **6s.** net.

THE FOUR GARDENS. By "HANDASYDE." Illustrated in Colour by CHARLES ROBINSON. Large crown 8vo. **6s.** net. A beautiful gift-book.

A BOOK OF BEGGARS. By W. DACRES-ADAMS. Crown 4to. **3s. 6d.** net.

New 6s. Novels

UNDER THE YOKE - IVAN VAZOFF
THE DECLENSION OF HENRY D'ALBIAC - - V. GOLDIE
KING ERRANT - - FLORA A. STEEL
BACK HOME - - IRVIN S. COBB
THE CAHUSAC MYSTERY K. and H. HESKETH PRICHARD
A DESERT ROSE - Mrs. DASKEIN
ADNAM'S ORCHARD SARAH GRAND
MOLYNEUX OF MAYFAIR DUNCAN SCHWANN
LESS THAN THE DUST MARY A. HAMILTON
THE BOOK OF WONDER Lord DUNSANY
BETWEEN TWO THIEVES (2nd Imp.) RICHARD DEHAN
THE MARRIAGE OF KETTLE C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE

WILLIAM HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford Street, W.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

After his visit to the Hejâz, he went with Burton from Cairo to Fayyum to the Nitrian Lakes in search of manuscripts. Besides the "Journey in the Hejâz," he wrote a book on Kinship and Marriage in Early Arabia, and with Professor de Goeje re-edited Wright's Grammar of the Arabic Language.

The bibliography of his writings, essays, reviews, and lectures occupies several pages. It is interesting to us to record his connection with THE ACADEMY, to which he was a contributor from the year 1873 until his death. His first review on Ewald's "Biblical Theology" was "the occasion of his acquaintance with Professor Cheyne, with whom he afterwards established most friendly and intimate relations." The very last article he wrote before his death appeared in THE ACADEMY for November 6, 1893. It was on "the interpretation of a Semitic inscription on a small hematite weight which had recently been discovered on the site of the ancient city of Samaria," a matter which aroused considerable controversy between himself and Professors Sayce and Driver. Years afterwards, M. Clermont-Ganneau said that he accepted Professor Robertson-Smith's interpretation.

L'Enfant du Temple

(By "LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE.")

The Last Legitimate King of France. By PHŒBE ALLEN. Illustrated. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 12s. 6d. net.)

Louis XVII and other Papers. By PHILIP TREHERNE. (T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

HERE are two books, one dealing wholly, and the other in part with the "mystery" surrounding the fate of the second son of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette, the lad who, according to official accounts, died in captivity during the Revolution, but who, according to others, including the writers of the volumes before us, escaped from detention and survived in the person of a certain Naundorff. Unfortunately, neither of these works is of the slightest historical value so far as the Louis XVII question is concerned. Mr. Treherne's book certainly contains some interesting and informing papers, notably those on Barbey d'Aurevilly and Casanova, at Dux, but his account of the Dauphin mystery is quite superficial. As for the contents of Miss (or Mrs.) Allen's handsomely produced volume we have had them all before—in the French language—and they are simply a long series of *ex parte* statements in favour of the claims of Naundorff and his descendants to the crown of France.

Neither of our authors seems to be in the slightest degree acquainted with the results of contemporary research. Neither of them attempts to reply to the great array of French scholars who, during the last two or three years, have dissected, demolished, and pulverised the claims of the Naundorff family. Both Miss Allen and Mr. Treherne mention the committee of the French Senate which, in June, 1910, examined a petition of one of the original Naundorff's grandsons; both of them also mention the report in favour of that petition which was prepared by Baron Boissy d'Anglas, then Senator of the Ardèche; but neither states what was the Senate's decision, nor records M. Boissy d'Anglas's pitiful *dégringolade* from the position of an historical authority. In spite of the Baron's report the evidence against the Naundorffs was so strong, so convincing, that the Senate by an almost unanimous vote—there were only three dissentients—rejected the petition. As for M. Boissy d'Anglas personally, the Société de l'Histoire de la Révolution, over which that distinguished scholar, M. Aulard presides, denounced him roundly for his travesty of facts, and he was constrained to resign his membership.

There may still be some controversy as to whether the boyish Louis XVII did or did not escape detention, but, however that may be, it is quite clear that he did not survive in the person of Naundorff, any more than he survived under such names as Guérinière, Hervagault, Bruneau, Richemont, alias Hébert, Ligny de Luxembourg, or Eleazar Williams, to mention just a few of the impostors who subsequently claimed to be the "Child of the Temple." Mr. Treherne rightly points out that "if Naundorff's birth certificate were forthcoming there would be an end to all his claims." The absence of such a certificate is, of course, one of the great Naundorffist arguments; but are Mr. Treherne and Miss Allen prepared to disprove the statements of M. Georges de Meynadier that "Naundorff" was merely a false appellation, and that this claimant to French royalty was really named Karl Benjamin Werg, and was born at Hallé on the Saal, on May 3, 1777? It seems to us that neither of our authors can have any knowledge of the sledge-hammer blow to the Naundorff pretensions which M. de Meynadier first dealt them in the columns of the *Journal des Débats* on March 25, 1911.

Both Miss Allen and Mr. Treherne follow the old grooves, the old beaten track. Their authorities are Modeste Gruau, a petty advocate, who styled himself Gruau de la Barre, and even called himself a count, "de par le roi Naundorff"; Foulon, a Belgian by birth, who added "de Vaulx" to his patronymic, and for literary purposes assumed the *nom de guerre* of Henri Provins; together with a certain Otto Friedrichs, of German origin. Those three have been the chief exponents of the Naundorff theory, which has never been supported by any one French historical scholar of any standing As for Herr Friedrichs, grave charges of juggling with Naundorff's contradictory declarations at Brandenburg (1825) and at Crossen (1831) have been brought against him by M. Laurentie, and have remained unanswered.

The only anti-Naundorffists of any account against whom Miss Allen occasionally tilts are Alcide de Beauchesne, whose book on Louis XVII was published in 1852, and Régis Chantelauze, whose studies on the same

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

subject appeared in 1884 and 1887. Now, both Beauchesne and Chantelauze may have erred in some respects; but in reference to the former one may well say that the study of history has been absolutely revolutionised in France since his time; whilst as regards the latter it has made most remarkable progress since he passed away in 1888. Why, then, does Miss Allen confine herself to picking out faults in authors of what is virtually a past age? Why has she not attempted to answer all the critics of to-day—George Lenotre, Gustave Bord, Frédéric Masson, Henri Monin, Georges Montorgueil, Arthur Loth, Pierre Louys, Louis de Beaufront, the Viscount de Reiset, Ernest Daudet, Alfred Bégis, the Baron de Maricourt, and many others, who in addition to M. de Monteyer, have knocked nail after nail into the coffin of the Naundorff pretensions during the last few years? Why should books published in 1912 give no hint whatever of the recent fruits of research in French State, departmental, and municipal archives? Even the library of Cahors has disclosed documents proving how impudently Naundorff tried to swindle M. Albouys, a magistrate of that town, who honestly inclined to the opinion that the Dauphin had escaped from the Temple and was still alive, although—this should be noted—not a single one of the many false Princes was ever able to give an explicit account of his escape, the date when it occurred, or the friends by whom it was facilitated. As for Werg, alias Naundorff, he at first declared that he had escaped from Paris with his father, and spent ten years with him after the Revolution (Naundorff's Brandenburg Declaration, 1825). If that were so, he could not possibly have been the son of Louis XVI.

We are ready to admit that the present grandchildren of this Arthur Orton of French history urge their claims in good faith, for they have been brought up to believe the legend of their ancestry. Some of them are now-a-days in business as wine merchants at Lunel, in the South of France, and issue pamphlets extolling the merits of Muscat de Lunel—which, as a matter of fact, is very good wine indeed, and therefore needs no bush, though in proclaiming its virtues the Naundorff family delight to embellish their effusions with the Fleurs-de-Lys and the Sacred Heart. Their petition to the French Senate in 1910 was, we may add, resented by the Dutch branch of their "House," a formal protest against it being issued from Oosterbeck, in Holland, by a gentleman who signed himself "Henri de Bourbon, Prince of France."

We regret that we cannot commend what Miss Allen and Mr. Treherne have written on the subject of Louis XVII. But we will add that there is certainly room for an up-to-date book on the question, one embodying all the new information which has become available of recent years. Should any literary reader of THE ACADEMY propose to undertake such a work, we would particularly recommend him to study "Le Rapport de M. Boissy d'Anglas, commenté et réfuté par François Laurentie" (Paris, Emile Paul, 1911), a work valuable both for its sound criticism and the many bibliographical references which it supplies.

STANLEY PAUL & Co.'s NEW LIST.

SUSAN AND THE DUKE

By KATE HORN,

Author of "Ships of Desire," "Edward and I and Mrs. Honeybun," &c.

. *Now Ready. Secure your copy to-day*

A BABE IN BOHEMIA

By FRANK DANBY,

Author of "The Heart of a Child."

REVISED EDITION.

. *First edition exhausted. Second edition at press*

A MODERN AHAB

By THEODORA WILSON WILSON

Author of "Bess of Hardendale," &c.

The *Times* says:—"A long story, full of matter, by a popular novelist, always at home in Westmorland, whose rich inventiveness of character and incident and inexhaustible flow of spirits give a sufficient guarantee that her books will at least not be dull."

Yorkshire Post.—"A story full of keen contest and vigorous characterisation. . . . A stirring book."

A STAR OF THE EAST

A Romance of Delhi

By CHARLES E. PEARCE,

Author of "The Amazing Duchess," "The Beloved Princess," &c.

SECOND EDITION.

Scotsman.—"A stirring romance."

Times.—"Thrilling."

T.P.'s Weekly.—"Stimulating."

Academy.—"Absorbingly interesting."

Also ready, at 6s. each.

The Career of Beauty Darling (5th Ed.) DOLF WYLLARDE
Officer 666 (The Novel of the Play) CURRIE & MCHUGH
Her Majesty the Flapper A. E. JAMES
The Three Destinies J. A. T. LLOYD
The Three Anarchists (3rd Ed.) MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON
The Meteoric Benson VINCENT MILLS-MALET
The King's Master OLIVE LETHBRIDGE & JOHN DE STOURTON
The Irresistible Mrs. Ferrers (3rd Ed.) ARABELLA KENEALY
Paul Burdon SIR WILLIAM MAGNAY
The Romance of Bayard COL. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD
Devil's Brew MICHAEL W. KAYE
Dagobert's Children L. J. BEBSTON
Captain Hawks OSWALD KENDALL
Diners à Deux (5s. net) S. BEACH CHESTER
TheChildren of Alsace (2s. net) By the AUTHOR of "THE NUN"
Dr. Phillips (1s. net. 3rd New Revised Edition) FRANK DANBY

New Clear Types at 6d. each.

A Struggle for a Ring CHARLOTTE BRAME
The Love of His Life EFFIE ADELAIDE ROWLANDS

A New Book by the Daughter of LORD ROSEBERY,

ENTITLED

SAMPHIRE

By LADY SYBIL GRANT,

Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Daily Express says:—"'Samphire' is a charming book."

The *Times* says:—"Excellent satire."

GODOY

The Queen's Favourite

By EDMUND B. d'AUVERGNE.

Illustrated, 16s. net.

Country Life says:—"A book which holds the reader's interest in a way no novel is able to do . . . . intensely interesting . . a fine book . . a great book."

IN JESUIT LAND: The Jesuit Missions of Paraguay
By W. H. KOEBEL, with an introduction by R. B. Cunninghame Grahame. 55 Illustrations. Demy 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF RICHARD CŒUR DE LION
By MAUD M. HOLBACH. Illustrated. Demy 8vo, 16s. net.

GUERILLA LEADERS OF THE WORLD. From Charette to de Wet
By PERCY CROSS STANDING. 16 Illustrations and Map. Large Crown 8vo, cloth gilt, 6s. net.
The *Times*:—"A stirring volume."

THE INSANITY OF GENIUS
By J. F. NISBET. With an Introduction by DR. BERNARD HOLLANDER. 5s. net.

THE DINER'S OUT VADE MECUM.
After Dinner Toasts and Speeches, &c. 1s. 6d. net.

THE EVERYDAY SAVOURY BOOK.
A Tasty Recipe for every day in the year. 1s. net.

STANLEY PAUL & CO., 31 ESSEX STREET, LONDON.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Shorter Reviews

The Mines of Isaiah Re-Explored. By the REV. T. K. CHEYNE, D.Litt. (A. and C. Black, 5s. net.)

DR. CHEYNE, in this his latest contribution to the literature of the Higher Criticism, sets out to modify many of the preconceived notions regarding the return from the Exile under the leadership of Ezra and Nehemiah, and incidentally of other matters. The learned Professor claims to show in the present volume that the Liberator by whom the return of the exiles was permitted was not the Persian King, Cyrus, but a North Arabian ruler and adventurer named Koresh. The Jews moreover, he contends, were not monotheists, but worshipped a company of gods under the leadership of Yahweh, and all their statesmanship after the Return was devoted towards the creation of a federation of Judæa and other neighbouring States under the supreme rule of the aforesaid Koresh, and under the spiritual influence of Yahweh. There is much else in this volume to provoke controversy, and, as is to be expected in any work that comes from the pen of the present author, Jerahmeel is much to the fore. Whether Dr. Cheyne's views will ever obtain general acceptance it is for a future generation to decide. In the meanwhile the author promises in his next volume an attempt to recover the earliest historical and geographical tradition of the Old Testament writers.

An Australian Native's Standpoint. By W. J. SOWDEN. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. net.)

IN addition to the prominent part which he has played in public affairs, Mr. Sowden is the editor of the *Adelaide Register.* He is thus peculiarly well qualified to speak on behalf of the Australian-born members of the British Empire. The contents of his book are for the most part made up of speeches and addresses delivered both in Australia and London—a type of matter which does not always reproduce favourably in book form, but which in this case is eminently successful. For in terse and vigorous language the author paints the virility of Australia, and the unswerving loyalty to the Empire which is bound up with the independent ideas proper to a new land. The Australian pleads for no favours; he takes a just pride in himself and in his land, and would have both appreciated at their proper value by the mother country. There is no doubt that this sane and vigorous work will do much towards clearing up many of the minor misunderstandings which have existed in the past—misunderstandings which in time might swell unduly in importance, and which no one resents more than Mr. Sowden. As the author explains, the policy of the land "down under" is not "Australia for the Australians," but "The Australians for Australia." Mr. Sowden is at times cordial, at times trenchant, but always convincing. We wish his book all the success it deserves.

Photograms of the Year 1912. Edited by F. J. MORTIMER. (Hazell, Watson and Viney. 2s. 6d. net.)

AS the annual review of the world's pictorial photographic work, "Photograms of the Year," is a very useful as well as a very fine production. The articles, dealing with photography in all its branches and in many parts of the world, alone would make the book worthy of consideration; but when to them are added very fine specimens of the artists' work, the appeal of the volume is sure to be very much greater. Several of the reproductions are familiar to those who have visited the London exhibitions during the past year. To them are known the sunshine and shade effects of Mr. A. H. Blake, the striking sea pieces of Mr. F. J. Mortimer, the Dutch works of Mme. d'Ora, and many others too numerous to mention. An intimation at the end of the book informs intending contributors that August 1, 1913, is the latest date on which work intended for inclusion in next year's issue can be considered.

Hampton Court. Described by WALTER JERROLD. Pictured by ERNEST HASLEHUST.

Exeter. Pictured by ERNEST HASLEHUST. Described by SIDNEY HEATH. (Blackie and Son. 2s. net each.)

MESSRS. BLACKIE AND SON have with the volumes before us issued two more of their popular colour series. These books, as is now well known, provide in a chatty popular form a short description of the districts with which they deal, and contain also several coloured illustrations. While not wishing in any way to disparage the latter, it appears to us that the colours are much better and the representation is clearer in buildings such as Anne Boleyn's Gateway and Rougemont Castle, than they are, for instance, in Countess Weir and the Long Walk—the latter in fact gives but a very faint idea of the beauty of that portion of the grounds of Hampton Court. We also think that any work on Hampton Court is incomplete without an illustration of Bushey Park. With these exceptions the books should be very acceptable as guides to the various places dealt with.

Parsifal, or the Legend of the Holy Grail retold from Antient Sources, with Acknowledgment to the "Parsifal" of Richard Wagner. By T. W. ROLLESTON. Presented by WILLY POGANY. (Harrap and Co. 15s. net.)

EVEN the most captious critic must admit, we imagine, that this is one of the finest gift-books of the season; for taste and general attractiveness of appearance it is a credit in every way to the firm which issues it. The artist has, of course, no need of any introduction; Pogány's work is by now well known for its delicacy of fancy; as to the writer or adapter, he has presented the famous legend in a happily conceived form. This sumptuous volume is one which will be treasured by all its possessors.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Fiction

The Street Called Straight. By the Author of "The Inner Shrine." (Methuen and Co. 6s.)

THE situation which supplies the motive of "The Street Called Straight" is a decidedly interesting one. Henry Guion, an American solicitor, has been gambling recklessly—and unsuccessfully. His speculations have involved the loss of certain moneys, of which he was merely the trustee. At the time when this book opens, the game is up. Guion is faced with the certain prospect of detection and imprisonment. To add to the tragedy of the situation, his daughter is about to be married to an English Army officer of good family. She, poor girl, is entirely innocent of the calamity which is about to overwhelm both her father and herself. Suddenly the whole aspect of things is changed. A casual acquaintance—one Peter Davenant—comes forward unexpectedly with the offer of the money. This man had at one time the temerity to fall in love with Olivia Guion, who had snubbed him unmercifully—it is the one ungrateful thing that she had ever done, for she is a very perfect heroine. Should Guion, or should he not, accept the money? That is the problem of the book. Ultimately, after much pain and self-sacrifice to more than one of the characters, a way out of the difficulty is found, and the Street called Straight does indeed lead to the House called Beautiful. The author's character-drawing is firm and finished. Rupert Ashley, in his way, is a masterpiece, but even he must give place to Rodney Temple, the gentle and quizzical old antiquarian who plays a part in this story similar to that played by Pippa in "Pippa Passes"—with this difference, however, that Temple is not altogether unconscious of his influence. For his sake alone, the book is well worth reading. And, on any account, "The Street Called Straight" is a novel that it would be unwise to miss.

Things That Pass. By ALICE E. ROBBINS. (Andrew Melrose. 6s. net.)

"EVERY death is but another birth," wrote Lucretius, and Miss Robbins takes his words as a text on which to base a quiet, yet a forceful lesson. This book tells of the doings and sayings of three generations; it leads us on through the simple happenings of country life; birth, marriage, and death follow on each other, and birth again. So void of ultra-significant events is the story, and yet so well is the interest of ordinary happenings maintained, that we are led on from chapter to chapter in expectant fashion, and left at the end rather puzzled until we realise that the author has accomplished her aim, shown the continuity of being—the linked sequence which renders it impossible for one to say that here a certain influence began, or there a story ended. There is neither beginning nor end, but an unending story whose moral is, as Mary West finds on this book's last page, that God is very good.

The story is told with great delicacy rather than with force. If the author had set out to prove that life is

EIGHT IMPORTANT NEW BOOKS.

Separate Prospectuses can be had of all below-mentioned Publications.

Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.

Absolutely the most acceptable Present of the Season.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.
By JEFFERY FARNOL. 25 Illustrations in Colour by C. E. BROCK. Small 4to, handsomely bound. **10s. 6d.** net.

The Art Book of the Season. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A.

EOTHEN: or, Traces of Travel Brought Home from the East.
By A. W. KINGLAKE. With an Introduction by SAMUEL L. BENSUSAN, with delightful Illustrations in Colour and Designs in black-and-white by FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A. Crown 4to, boxed. **12s. 6d.** net.

Travels in Four Continents.

ROUND THE WORLD FOR GOLD.
A Search for Minerals from Kansas to Cathay. By HERBERT W. L. WAY. Medium 8vo, cloth, with special Maps. **21. 1s.** net.

Costume has always a significance deeper than the whims of Fashion.

DAME FASHION, 1786-1911.
By JULIUS M. PRICE. Special Artist-Correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. Crown 4to. 150 Plates, mostly coloured. **22. 2s.** net.

The New Book by the Author of "Anne of Green Gables."

CHRONICLES OF AVONLEA.
By L. M. MONTGOMERY. Cloth decorative, with a new picture of Anne from a painting by GEORGE GIBBS. **6s.**

John Haslette's New Novel.

THE MESH.
By JOHN HASLETTE, author of "Desmond Rourke, Irishman." Crown 8vo. **6s.**

A Novel of absorbing interest.

WHEN THE GATES LIFT UP THEIR HEADS.
By PAYNE ERSKINE, the Author of "The Mountain Girl." Crown 8vo. **6s.**

A charming new romance by a Manchester Authoress.

THE FAIREST OF THE STUARTS.
An Historical Romance by WINIFRED BROOKS MYLECHREEST, Author of "Fairies, Flowers and Fancies." Crown 8vo. Illustrated. **6s.**

London: 100 Southwark St., S.E., and 32 Warwick Lane, E.C.

Write for Complete Illustrated List of New Books suitable for Xmas and New Year Gifts.

J. M. DENT & SONS, Ltd.,

Attractive Xmas Gift-Books

Send a postcard for Illustrated Catalogue.

NEW AND CHEAPER EDITIONS.

OXFORD AND ITS STORY. 10/6 net.
By CECIL HEADLAM. With 24 Tinted Lithographs and 30 Line Drawings by HERBERT RAILTON.

COMPANION WORK.

CAMBRIDGE AND ITS STORY. 10/6 net.
By the late Rt. Rev. C. W. STUBBS, Bishop of Truro.

A CHILD'S BOOK OF WARRIORS. 5s. net.
By WILLIAM CANTON. With Illustrations in Colour by HERBERT COLE. Large crown 8vo. Uniform with "A Child's Book of Saints."

THE CONISTON CLASSICS. 3s. net.
33 volumes chosen from EVERYMAN LIBRARY in a new style of binding known as Bedford Morocco. *Prospectus.*

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HOUSE OF PRAYER."

FLORENCE CONVERSE. "The Children of Light." 6/- net.

The Morning Post: "Really beautiful and arresting. The first part, which deals with the childhood of the three personages of the story, is by far the best. Here Miss Converse is on her own ground, and she treats the idealism and inspiration of receptive children with rare delicacy and intuition."

Edinburgh Evening News: "A living book."

THE COTTAGES AND VILLAGE LIFE OF RURAL ENGLAND. 21/- net.
By P. H DITCHFIELD, M.A., F.S.A. With 52 Coloured Pictures and numerous Line Drawings by A. R. QUINTON.

37, ALDINE HOUSE, BEDFORD STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

made up of little things rather than that it is endless, she could not have succeeded better, for here are no abnormal passions and emotions, but simple and very real people absorbed in simple and very real interests. There is a slight tendency to moralising which Miss Robbins would do well to keep in hand—though it never becomes unduly obtrusive in this book—and in the earlier chapters a markedly colloquial style to which some readers may object. These, however, are minor ills, and on the whole the clean, refreshing atmosphere of the book renders it a welcome change from highly spiced sex problems, and too frequent essays in morbid sensationalism, of which Miss Robbins' work is the exact antithesis.

The Joyous Adventures of Aristide Pujol. By WM. J. LOCKE. Illustrated by ALEC BALL. (John Lane. 6s.)

ARISTIDE PUJOL is a creation of genius worthy to rank with his immortal compatriot, Tartarin de Tarascon, in sunny Provence. For the most unabashed effrontery Mr. Locke's Provençal would be hard to beat. In fact, he is as inimitable as Daudet's slayer of lions. His adventures are termed "joyous," and so indeed they are; but occasionally there is something more than merriment, a deep emotional note, as, for instance, in the "Adventure of the Foundling." Mr. Alec Ball has entered fully into the spirit of the stories, and his illustrations are delightful; while Mr. Locke's occasional excursions into French, which enhance the necessary local colour, are the *crême de la crême* of the most *spirituelle* of languages. One of the adventures, that of the "Kind Mr. Smith," has been recently successfully dramatised, and forms a lively curtain raiser at the Haymarket Theatre.

Christmas Books

TWO very notable books issued by Messrs. Blackie and Son this year are "Conquests of Engineering" and "Wood and What We Make of It," by Cyril Hall, 3s. 6d. each. These books treat of the wonderful achievements that have been wrought by human enterprise in various parts of the world. There are more than thirty illustrations in each volume; these show up clearly the many details contained in the construction of the masterpieces of engineering and the methods employed in transferring timber from its home in the forest to the huge dockyards and workshops of the nations. It is quite easy to believe the authors of "The Boys' Book of Aeroplanes" (Grant Richards, 6s.), when they say that they have vastly enjoyed writing their account of this history of flight. While setting before their readers the great accomplishments of the pioneers of flight—a considerable space is devoted to the attempts of the Wright Brothers—Messrs. T. O'B. Hubbard, C. C. Turner, and E. W. Twining, have also pointed out what still remains to be done to perfect the art.

French battles are responsible for "Under the Flag of France: A Tale of Bertrand du Guesclin," by David Ker (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d.), founded on the records of the old French Chroniclers, "The Lord of Marney: A Tale of the Days of St. Louis of France," by G. I. Whitman (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), and "The Red Hussar," by Reginald Horsley (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.), which is a graphic account of the Franco-Prussian War. The border referred to in "Boys of the Border," by George R. Bennett (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d.), is that between Wales and England at the time of Henry II, and the story consists of the adventures of two boys who defended their father and his lands against a foreign usurper. "The Captain of the King's Guard," by Commander E. H. Currey (W. and R. Chambers, 5s.), treats of the visit of Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham to the Spanish Court at the time when it was proposed that a marriage should be brought about between the English Prince and the Infanta. "Kidnapped by Moors," by Captain F. S. Brereton (Blackie and Son, 6s.), and "Captured at Tripoli," by Percy F. Westerman (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), are both adventurous stories of Northern Africa. "Rattlesnake Ranch," by Robert Leighton (C. Arthur Pearson, 2s. 6d.), details adventures with Redskins, and "A Boy of the Dominion," by Captain F. S. Brereton (Blackie and Son, 5s.), is a tale of Canadian immigration, and treats of the hardships undergone by young immigrants in that country. "The Lighthouse" and "Deep Down," by R. M. Ballantyne (Blackie and Son, 2s. each), are adventurous stories, one dealing with Scotland, and the other with Cornish mines. These



From "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales" (A. and C. Black. 6s. net).

two books are very well got up at the price and form companion volumes. "My Tightest Corner" (C. Arthur Pearson, 2s. net) consists of personal narratives related by men engaged in public service, and is one of the books included in the Scout Library. "Martin Spade," by Violet T. Kirke (S.P.C.K., 1s 6d.), is a story of smuggling in the eighteenth century.

Some old favourites appear again in reprints: "Gulliver's Travels" (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), Henty's

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"Through Three Campaigns," and "True to the Old Flag" (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d. each), "Robinson Crusoe" (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), Captain F. S. Brereton's "In the King's Service" (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d.), and "A Book of Golden Deeds," by Charlotte M. Yonge (Blackie and Son, 1s.).

"What the Other Children Do," by Elizabeth Grierson (A. and C. Black, 2s. 6d. net), is an exceedingly interesting little book that every child should read, for while putting before them the schemes for the relief and help of their poorer brethren, it is done in such a bright and simple way that it cannot fail to attract its young readers, and it should also produce in them an active interest in philanthropy.

Miss Marchant's books for girls are well known, and to say that "The Younger Sister" (Blackie and Son, 5s.), equals any of her former work—as undoubtedly it does—is to pay her the highest compliment. The story of the girl who was always treated as a useless nonentity by her energetic elder sisters, and how she found her true vocation, is thoroughly well written, and if a few of the characters are somewhat conventional, the principal figures are vividly and naturally drawn.

Although the charm of "Twin Sisters," by Miss Mulholland (Blackie and Son, 6s.), is very considerable, it would, we think, be greatly enhanced if many of her minor characters were a little more natural; but, on the whole, the book is charming, and should interest all healthy-minded girls.

In "A Pair of Schoolgirls," by Angela Brazil (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), the interest centres round two girls



'Oh, you nasty, cross old wretch!'

From "The Cloister and The Hearth" (W. and R. Chambers. 10s. 6d. net.)

very different in character and disposition; while in "Cora's School Chums," by May Baldwin (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.), we have a description of a head-

GEORGE ALLEN & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF RUSKIN

By SIR EDWARD T. COOK. With 28 Full-page Illustrations in Colour and 17 in Black and White by Miss E. M. B. WARREN. Demy 4to. Cloth. **21s.** net.

"One of the most beautiful and fascinating gift books of the season."—*Standard.*

THE ART OF JOZEF ISRAELS

By J. E. PHYTHIAN. With 40 Reproductions of the Artist's Works, including 8 Full-page Illustrations in Colour. Crown 4to. Cloth. **12s. 6d.** net.

ANIMAL LIFE IN ITALIAN PAINTING

By W. NORTON HOWE. With 2 Full-page Illustrations in Colour and 48 in Black and White. Foolscap 4to. **12s. 6d.** net.

A pleasantly written and exhaustive Guide to some aspects of Renaissance Art hitherto neglected by writers.

THE LIFE OF SIR HOWARD VINCENT

By S. H. JEYES. Concluded by F. D. HOW. With Photogravure Portrait and 19 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Gilt top. **12s. 6d.** net.

"An eager, capable, versatile, and accomplished man of affairs, is here portrayed."—*Times.*

NAPOLEON'S SON

By CLARA TSCHUDI. Translated by E. M. COPE. With 12 Full-page Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth. **7s. 6d.**

"A vivacious history of the 'eagle brought up in a poultry yard.'"—*St. James's Gazette.*

KING'S CUTTERS AND SMUGGLERS, 1700-1855

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON. With 33 Illustrations and Coloured Frontispiece. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Gilt top. **7s. 6d. net.**

"A capital study of a fascinating theme."—*Daily Telegraph.*

THE SHEEP AND ITS COUSINS

By R. LYDEKKER, F.R.S. With 62 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. Cloth. Gilt top. **10s. 6d.** net.

"The only concise account of the chief breeds of sheep of all parts of the globe."—*Morning Post.*

HOURS OF GLADNESS

Eight Nature Essays. By M. MAETERLINCK. With a New Essay on "Our City Gardens." Translated by A. TEIXEIRA DE MATTOS. With 20 Full-page Plates in Colour; designed Cover and Title-page by EDWARD J. DETMOLD. Special Edition on Arnold Paper. Demy 4to. **21s.** net.

"Most exquisitely illustrated and truly to be described as a thing of beauty which will be a joy for ever."—*The World.*

GEORGE ALLEN & CO., LTD.,
44-45, Rathbone Place, London.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

strong girl who spends part of her early life in South Africa. "Peggy from Kerry," by L. T. Meade (W. and R. Chambers, 5s.), is an Irish story of a feud existing between two girls, one of whom was found to have cheated at school. "The Discretion of Decima," by Maude Leeson (Blackie and Son, 5s.), unfolds the family reminiscences of a bright English girl of sixteen. "Angélique," by Constance Elizabeth Maud (Duckworth and Co., 6s.), is dedicated to "all 'p'tits choux,' English and French." The style in which this book is written is to be commended; for interspersed with the text are many easy French expressions, very useful for a child to know. "Jim's Children," by Theodora Wilson Wilson (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), is a tale of town, country, and canal; while "Our Friend Jim," by Geraldine Mockler (Blackie and Son, 1s. 6d.), is a story suitable for younger children.

Legends, Rhymes and Stories

THE adventures of a rebellious and yet winsome child form the subject of "Naughty Sophia," by Winifred Letts (Grant Richards, 6s.). The book is in the form of a story told by a small elfin man to Margaret, a restless little mortal who could not keep still for many minutes at a time. The narrative is pleasant and fantastic, and treats of weird and wonderful things interesting to little folk with imaginative minds. "Santa Claus and How he Came Again," by Elspeth (Sherratt and Hughes, 2s. 6d. net), is disappointing so far as the illustrations are concerned; they are not at all natural and detract greatly from the story, for children expect the pictures to tell them as much as the words themselves. In "Uncle Remus and the Little Boy," by Joel Chandler Harris (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d. net), we have all the marvellous adventures of Brer Rabbit, cunningly illustrated by J. M. Condé. Two stories, reprinted from Nathaniel Hawthorne's "Wonder-Books for Boys and Girls," are contained in "The Paradise of Children" and "The Three Golden Apples" (Constable and Co., 1s. net.). These stories introduce to children some of the heroes of ancient Greece, and are nicely illustrated by Patten Wilson. Miss Alice M. Brown contributes some pretty verses, and Miss Isabel Bonus some dainty black and white sketches to "The Moon Boat" (F. and E. Stoneham, 2s. 6d. net).

It is not quite easy to decide under which heading it is best to classify "The Four Gardens," by "Handasyde" (Wm. Heinemann, 6s. net). There is a ghost in the first story, and a child's diary forms the principal interest in it. A child also takes matters very much into her own hands in "The Rich Man's Garden"—the last of the series. For the rest the book consists of accounts of the four different gardens told in a pleasant vein with many allusions to Bacon and the poets. Sent on its way with a fine introduction by G. K. Chesterton and some excellent drawings by Arthur Rackham, the edition of "Æsop's Fables," issued by Mr. Heinemann (6s. net), bids fair to be a very popular one.

Little Songs of Long Ago.
Our Old Nursery Rhymes. Original Tunes Harmonised by ALFRED MOFFAT. Illustrated by H. WILLEBEEK LE MAIR. (Augener, Ltd. 5s. net. each.)

IT would be very difficult, among the finely illustrated books of the year, to find two more delicate in touch and dainty in design than those issued by Messrs. Augener under the above titles. Mr. Le Mair's pictorial representation of the dear old rhymes and songs of our childhood are excellent; every detail has received attention, and although the colouring appears very pale in some of the illustrations, in others it serves to show up the few bright dashes of colour with greater effect. The familiar music to the rhymes also adds to the charm of the books, and if it were not a shame to rob the little folk of their due, we think that the music is about all of the books that would be left for them, for each study is well worth a frame.

Picture Books

TO "Father Tuck's Annual," edited by Edric Vredenburg (Raphael Tuck and Sons, 3s. 6d.), must be accorded its usual welcome, for it comes to brighten with its miscellany of rhymes, pictures, and stories, as does also "More About the Empire," by Alice Talwin Morris (Blackie and Son, 1s.), and Vol. XVI of "Golden Sunbeams" (S.P.C.K., 1s. 4d.). Children who are fond



From "Æsop's Fables" (Wm. Heinemann. 6s. net.)

of animals will enjoy "Three Jovial Puppies," by J. A. Shepherd and E. D. Cuming (Blackie and Son, 3s. 6d.). The quaint doings of these mischievous little pets will delight many a small person as they turn the double leaves so suited to their rough but kindly handling.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Another double-leafed book is "Babes and Beasts," with designs by Charles Robinson and verses by Jessie Pope (Blackie and Son, 2s.). In this book a few lines are devoted to a description of each animal, wild and domestic. Miss Jessie Pope also writes verses for "The Adventures of Silversuit" (Blackie and Son, 1s. 6d.), as well as for "The Cat Scouts" (Blackie and Son, 1s. 6d.). The illustrations of this latter book are by Louis Wain.

Miss Grace G. Wiederseim has some quaint illustrations in "Kiddie Land" (Dean and Son, 3s. 6d. net). "Wee Tony," by Rosamond Praeger (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), does not appear always to be a good child, but is an amusing one. "Sambo and Susanna," with pictures by Ethel Parkinson and verses by May Byron (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), records the doings of a black boy and girl, while "Molly and Me," written and illustrated by H. G. C. Marsh (Dean and Son, 2s. 6d.), consists of adventures of two white kiddies. "Three Jolly Huntsmen" contains verses again by Jessie Pope, and drawings by Frank Adams (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.), and is a good sporting book of olden times. "Blackie's Green Picture-Book of Nursery Rhymes" (1s. 6d.) does not lose by the new illustrations provided by John Hassall. In "Merry Days" (Blackie and Son) there are a good assortment of stories and pictures for the price of 1s. A neat little set of six books are issued by Dean and Son, at 3s. 6d. net; they are prettily bound in colours, nicely varied in theme, and well illustrated. Messrs. Dean and Son also issue three very useful books mounted on cotton cloth: "The Delightful Book" (3s. 6d.), "Canada" (1s.), and "South Africa" (1s.); two good painting books at 1s. each, and a "Patchwork Puzzle Book" at 6d. In looking through this last book the source is now revealed from whence came the ideas of the Post-Impressionist artists, although happily small fingers will eagerly seek to piece the odd-looking forms together, and not leave them a blurred mass, as is the way with more experienced artists. "The Bye-Bye Book" (Dean and Son, 6d.) is something new in toy-books, and has detachable cardboard dolls in front of each book.

Some Christmas Issues

The *Windsor Magazine* for December is full of good things. To start with there is a very interesting article on "The Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool," in which Mr. Edward Rimbault Dibden describes the growth of the gallery and the attention given to art generally in this city of the North. Music, too, receives its meed of appreciation from Mr. G. Wodnil, who, under the heading of "The Royal Academy of Music," gives a detailed account of the origin and aim of London's musical centre. "Little Wars," by H. G. Wells, is an intricate but most useful game, "to be played by boys from twelve to one hundred and fifty," so that the much discussed question of "too old at forty" has not to be reckoned with in this instance. Stories by popular writers com-

BLACKIE'S LIST.

The Gift Book of the Season.

A BEAUTIFUL BOOK BY AN ARTIST AND POET.

ELFIN SONG.

Written and Illustrated by Florence Harrison.

12 pages in full Colour and 12 Black-and-White Plates, with numerous Decorative Headings and Tailpieces. Small 4to, gilt top, 6s. net.

"Altogether this is a delightful gift book."—*Athenæum.*
"An exquisite book."—*British Weekly.*
"Pencil and pen are so perfectly matched that we know not whether to give the first place to verse or pictures."—*Journal of Education.*

A BEAUTIFUL NEW COLOUR BOOK
By CHARLES ROBINSON.

THE BIG BOOK OF FABLES.

Illustrated by CHARLES ROBINSON, with 12 full-page Pictures in Full Colour, and 16 in Two-colour, together with numerous Illustrations in Black-and-White. Large 4to, cloth, elegant gilt edges, 7s. 6d. net. Also special Edition de Luxe, bound in white vellum cloth, price 15s. net.

Two Stirring New Books by

Capt. F. S. BRERETON.

Kidnapped by Moors: A Story of Morocco. Illustrated by EDWARD S. HODGSON. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 6s.

A Boy of the Dominion: A Tale of Canadian Immigration. Illustrated by WILLIAM RAINEY, R.I. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 5s.

By HARRY COLLINGWOOD.

Two Gallant Sons of Devon: A Tale of the Days of Queen Bess. Illustrated by EDWARD S. HODGSON. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 5s.

A Strange Cruise: A Tale of Piracy on the High Seas. Illustrated by ARCH. WEBB. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 3s. 6d.

A New Sea Story by Fleet-Surgeon

T. T. JEANS, R.N.

John Graham, Sub-Lieutenant, R.N.: A Tale of the Atlantic Fleet. Illustrated by C. M. PADDAY. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 6s.

By GEORGE R. BENNETT.

Boys of the Border: A Tale of the Days of Henry the Second. Illustrated by PAUL HARDY. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 3s. 6d.

By G. I. WHITHAM.

The Lord of Marney: A Tale of the Days of St. Louis of France. Illustrated. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

By PERCY F. WESTERMAN.

Captured at Tripoli: A Tale of Adventure. Illustrated by CHARLES M. SHELDON. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

NEW BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND (Lady Gilbert).

Twin Sisters: An Irish Story. Illustrated by FRANK WILES. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, gilt tops, 6s.

By ALICE CORKRAN.

The Romance of Woman's Influence. New Illustrated Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 3s. 6d.

By ANGELA BRAZIL.

A Pair of Schoolgirls: A Tale of Schooldays. Illustrated by JOHN CAMPBELL. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

By BESSIE MARCHANT.

The Youngest Sister: A Tale of Manitoba. Illustrated by WILLIAM RAINEY, R.I. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 5s.

A Princess of Servia: A Story of To-day. Illustrated by WILLIAM RAINEY, R.I. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 3s. 6d.

By MAUD LEESON.

The Discretion of Decima. Illustrated by JAMES DURDEN. Large crown 8vo, cloth extra, olivine edges, 5s.

A COLOURED BOOKLET POST FREE.—Messrs. BLACKIE & SON have prepared a Booklet containing particulars of Gift Books, beautifully printed in colours on Art Paper, and containing many facsimile coloured pictures, which will be posted to any address.

BLACKIE & SON, Ltd., 50, OLD BAILEY, E.C.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

plete the number, while "The Pluperfect House," by Keble Howard, with illustrations by W. Heath Robinson, provides the dash of humour which is always associated with these two names.

The supplement to the *Field* is devoted to the sports and pastimes of different nations, and snow has been deliberately chosen as a background on which to represent the various aspects presented. The numerous illustrations are accompanied by descriptive articles, and include, among many others, an account of John Gilpin's ride.

The titles of *Publishers' Circular* and *The Bookseller* may to many convey the idea that they are publications intended only for the trade, but in the case of the Christmas numbers, at any rate, this is not so. The issues before us are full of pictures, well produced from some of the principal books issued by various publishers. There are short reviews of each book mentioned, while in the case of the *Publishers' Circular* odd corners are filled up with droll jokes—a lapse, we believe, only allowed by the magazine in question at this season of the year.

Although many periodicals, presumably for the young, have made their appearance since the advent of the *Boy's* and the *Girl's Own Paper*, we believe that these earlier magazines are still great favourites with all healthy-minded boys and girls. The current numbers are full of good stories, with coloured plates and articles on Christmas fun and Christmas fare.

All ladies are bound to be interested in their own newspaper, the *Queen*. For ourselves it is always difficult with regard to the illustrations, to determine whether the advertisement pages or those further on in the paper are the better. In addition to the usual features there are two pages of puzzles, and among others a good article in "The Romance of Old London," together with some very fine coloured illustrations. We understand that the number is already out of print. The *Gentlewoman* has not increased its price, and gives some fine illustrated pages of seasonable presents.

Cards and Calendars

IT is not possible to vary in any great degree the style of the cards and calendars issued each year by Messrs. A. R. Mowbray and Co. The subject of them being scriptural they cannot, of course, be fashioned to the changing caprice of the moment. As much as possible is done, however, to make them tasty with regard to colour and design. This season is the first time we have noticed the issue by Messrs. Mowbray of the autograph card, and the specimens we have before us are very suitable in every way for the festival for which they are intended. The calendars, also, are very good, and we are glad to see that many of them have fair-sized blocks for the dates. Without being at all near-sighted, it is extremely difficult on many almanacks for anyone to see the day of the month from any point farther than a few inches away.

The Theatre

"The Eldest Son" at the Kingsway Theatre

THEATRICALLY, London is the most fortunate city in Europe at the present time. There are at least six plays now running which abound in interest and compel towards delight. Among these, Mr. Galsworthy's sincere, straightforward, realistic domestic drama takes its place with ease. It is well considered, distinguished, profound, and boldly simple. To those who find it boring, life must be a tedious affair; to those who can be affrighted by its candours, existence must be terrible. The author takes the old English family of Sir William Cheshire for his figures of the theatre, but he depicts them with perfect justness and truth, and poses them a primarily simple situation, which, owing to the artificial circumstances of many generations, is made to be an intolerably difficult one. Sir William Cheshire has inherited his tradition from the thirteenth century, when his family first lived and ruled in his pleasant country home. He is not exceeding rich, but everything is and always has been perfectly comfortable. He is a law—under tradition—to those on his estate. A gamekeeper compromises a girl of the village; they are tired of each other; the man desires not to marry; the girl feels she must reinstate herself in this, the usual, way in the eyes of the community. Sir William is strongly roused by the affair; he makes it impossible for the man not to marry, and tradition is satisfied. Soon the position occurs again. Bill, his eldest son, has loved for a little while Freda, the daughter of Sir William's head-gamekeeper. She, too, is likely to have a child. In this case Freda still loves Bill, but he, having ceased to love her, is still determined to marry her. Given the feeling of caste which lies so heavily on the family, and presuming the feelings of Freda and her father—a most devoted, honourable, competent servant—a situation of the greatest interest is evolved, and the development awaited with candid excitement by the audience.

The affair is ended without the slightest artificiality. There are no strokes of the theatre for Mr. John Galsworthy; everything is sincere and beautiful in its simplicity. The language throughout is exactly such as the characters—all well known to every man of general experience—would have used. The situations develop naturally, nothing is forced, nothing set down for mere effect. Much is left to the fully stimulated imagination of the audience. Although written a few years ago, it is by far the truest and soundest piece of dramatic work produced in our generation. To have such a play staged under the management of Mr. Granville Barker is a point on which we congratulate both that gentleman and the author. Seldom has a cast been so admirably chosen; rarely have sixteen actors formed just such a valuable ensemble. One cannot over-praise the portrait which Mr. Edmund Maurice

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

gives of Sir William Cheshire, the confident, self-satisfied, proud, and perfectly human country gentleman, who believes, heart and soul, in the importance of such a family as his in the conduct of the country. Never for a moment did Mr. Maurice loosen his grip upon the audience, or fail to sustain the manner in every look and movement of the man he intended to show us.

The Freda of Miss Cathleen Nesbitt proved of equal value to the play; her sincerity cut one to the quick, her regretful self-negation at the end of the play left one subdued to a sense of pity and of bitterness. The Irish lady who is visiting at the Cheshires' country house, Mabel Lanfarne (Miss Ellen O'Malley) says of Freda, whom she recognises as a difficulty in the way of her friendliness with Bill, that "she walks in beauty." Only Mabel could have quoted Byron thus, for the whole family is far too reticent, far too lacking in ideas, to do anything so appropriate and meaning. It is one of the thousands of admirable character-touches with which Mr. Galsworthy endows his fine play. For Freda really does walk in beauty like the night, and all that's best of the darkness and the stars meet in her wonderful eyes. Miss Nesbitt walks in beauty and walks to victory. If every other part were not perfectly played, she alone might have made the fortunes of "The Eldest Son."

But, as it is, we have the added delight of Miss Irene Hentschel's Rose Taylor, the village girl as she really is; the Rev. John Latter of Mr. Maunsell; the baronet's second daughter Dot of Miss Irene McLeod, who suggests the revolt and the future in store for the Cheshires very plainly. It is rather tedious to recount the names of the perfect cast, but one cannot forgo the pleasure of mentioning the excellence, in their different ways, of Mr. Claude King, Mr. William Farren, Mr. Moffat Johnston—these shine a little more fully because of their parts, but no one is weak, no one is wayward, no one permits the illusion of reality to drop for one moment. The result is a fine play splendidly presented.

THE DANCERS

BEFORE this admirable piece of acting we are entertained for a little while by Miss Margaret Morris and her dancing children. One cannot imagine a more delightful prelude to a serious play, or a more attractive entertainment in itself. The music and the dancing are full of light and colour. Possibly the little girls are not so beautiful or accomplished as Miss Isadora Duncan's pupils, but that does not matter. They are delicious little children, in delightful costumes, who dance and move to the beautiful music of Schumann, or each in turn—

> . . . . . musical at heart—
> Throbs to the gathered grieving of Beethoven,
> Sways to the light coquetting of Mozart

Only, I don't think Mozart happened to be in evidence on the night I saw this most pleasant group influence the audience at the Kingsway in the direction of beauty and gaiety.

Admirable Christmas Gift Books.

A New and Charmingly Illustrated Edition of a Famous Book.

TRADITIONS OF EDINBURGH.

21/- net By ROBERT CHAMBERS, LL.D. 21/- net

An Entirely NEW EDITION, which contains 30 Original Drawings in Colour, and over 60 Pen-and-Ink Sketches by JAMES RIDDEL, R.S.W.

MANCHESTER CITY NEWS says:—"A famous book in sumptuous new raiment. . . . . delightful illustrations . . . an ideal gift book, a fund of unfailing entertainment to the mind and a joy to the eye. . . . an edition which for taste and style, and for the beauty of illustrations (thanks to Mr. Riddel), leaves nothing to be desired."

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH.

By CHARLES READE.

10/6 net With 20 beautiful Coloured Illustrations and numerous exquisite Pen-and-Ink Drawings by GORDON BROWNE 10/6 net

DAILY TELEGRAPH says: Is all the keenest admirers of this classic could desire. Mr. Gordon Browne's illustrations are worthy of the tale. They are produced in soft colours and entirely catch the spirit and the motive of the original. A better gift book for appreciative readers of a thoroughly English novelist than this there could hardly be.

New and Cheaper Edition revised to 1912.

6/- net, cloth 1006 pages Half Mor. 10/6 net

CHAMBERS'S BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY
Of Celebrities of all Nations and all Times.

ATHENÆUM says:—"The best biographical Dictionary in a single volume that has appeared for a long time."

Write for Descriptive Coloured List of Gift Books

W. & R. CHAMBERS, Ltd., 38, Soho Square, LONDON, W., and EDINBURGH.

A Triple Bill at The Prince of Wales' Theatre

THESE three curious and delightfully original pieces are for a few matinées only—if one may judge by the note on the programme; but if we may be guided by the pleasure of the audience, they should hold the stage for a long, long period.

The first and in its particular manner the most captivating is "An Imaginary Conversation" held in the pleasant room, with early Georgian furniture, over Mr. Moore's shop in Dublin, in May, 1797. The characters are Robert Emmet, the handsome and heroic (Mr. Graham Browne); Tom Moore (Mr. Shiel Barry), as a lad, beginning to fit his pleasant words to old Irish melodies; and his sister, Kate Moore (Miss Marie Tempest), who sings some of them and the "Marseillaise" in her sympathetic, clear, enthralling voice. Mr. Norreys Connell, who has never written anything commonplace or dull, weaves a gay and pathetic story out of the conversation of these three, and ends it with a dramatic and tragic epilogue which drives home the underlying seriousness of the play with a sting from the lash of his ever-ready satiric whip. To the unknowing this may seem an undramatic trifle. But there are no trifles in art, and this "Imaginary Conversation" is distinguished and bold and original, and made doubly delightful by the two clever actors and the gifted Miss Tempest.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

"The Dumb and the Blind," by Mr. Harold Chapin, is also far from the dusty, beaten track which one usually has to follow in the theatre. It tells in vivid, broken words of a hidden but beautiful love incident in a tenement house in Bermondsey. Joe Henderson, of Mud Barge E4 (Mr. Graham Browne), and his wife Liz (Miss Elsie Davison), have been married some years, during which time the man's work has kept him a good deal away from home. They are deaf and dumb to each other's love. He is moved to a job which will enable him to remain at home. By an accident Joe discovers how deeply grateful Liz is for this chance of seeing more of the man to whom she is devoted, and he is touched—well, far beyond expression. That is a simple story, but it rings truly, and it is developed by the author with a fine sense of the tenderness and humour of life. Liz's young daughter Emmy is a character made perfect by Miss Bessie Courtney. Bill Pepper (Mr. John Alexander), a friend, is delightful in his seriousness and truth. The whole thing, compact of romance, is still expressed in the exact terms of tenement life. Mr. Browne's acting of Joe is certainly the best thing he has ever done, and he has often done well. Miss Davison I have not noticed in other parts, but she presents Liz with complete knowledge and effect; her every movement and intonation tells; she can play upon the emotions of the audience just as much as she pleases by the simplest and most direct means. The play is a victory in which the author and actors share equally.

"The Malingerers" makes one more entertaining change in the triple bill. After Mr. Connell's lightly treated satiric tragedy, and Mr. Chapin's realistic and, as it were, secret romance, we are diverted to the fantastic wordless world of Pierrot, his love, his rival, and his doctor. The period and the whole comedy is boldly rococo, yet decorative and diverting. The scene, the costumes, the furniture, and the play itself have been invented by Mr. Sidney Lewis-Ransom, who plays the part of Fraud, the doctor, with a fine feeling for this queer figure of pantomime. The general air of the piece reminds one pleasantly of Beardsley's illustrations to the "Rape of the Lock"—some of his most beautiful work—but it goes further back than those drawings in spirit, and contains the essence of all Pierrot comedies within its elegant limits. For the second time in the afternoon Miss Tempest holds the admiration of the audience. Her Pierrot, here called Frivol, is a superb piece of pantomime character; her lightness, her sadness, her gaiety and despair are all delicately and yet strongly expressed. Miss Kate Sergeantson—who is always so clever—surprises one with her remarkable manservant, Silence; Miss Dillon is a divine enchantress; and, for the third time in the afternoon, Mr. Graham Browne is excellent in this play as the rival of Pierrot. There are plenty of people who find our theatres trite and conventional; they can be assured of amusement—and deeper pleasure, too—at one of these Prince of Wales' matinées.

EGAN MEW.

"Hedda Gabler" at Clavier Hall

THE Drama Society presented Miss Octavia Kenmore and Mr. Leigh Lovel in "Hedda Gabler" at the Clavier Hall, Hanover Square, on Tuesday, November 26. Mr. Leigh Lovel has to some extent familiarised English audiences with Ibsen's great character tragedy. And who that has seen it can ever forget that picture of Hedda Gabler? The relentless and determined mental aberration that deviates neither from its path nor from the results of its actions is probably unexampled in dramatic literature. Sometimes jealous, sometimes cynical, sometimes ambitious; but ever and always moving onward to that terrible goal with which the tragedy reaches its natural culmination. The character, at once remorselessly intelligent and at the same time lacking in intellectual and moral traits, is exceedingly difficult to represent; nevertheless, allowing for the difficulties of staging the production, Miss Octavia Kenmore must be congratulated upon a very thorough study. Mr. Claud Sykes as the husband, George Tesman, was never able to realise his part. The general dullness of perception (outside his subject of sociology) and the peculiar idiosyncrasies of diction were so overacted and emphasised that the character was made to appear ludicrous. Mr. Leigh Lovel played the part of Judge Brack with considerable insight, while Mr. Rathmell Wilson acted the character of Eilert Lövborg with great feeling. Miss Doris Digby as Aunt Juliana and Miss Daisy Race as Mrs. Elvsted gave careful studies of their respective parts. The play was produced by Mr. Leigh Lovel. At the next performance the Drama Society will present a new Russian play.

The Cossacks and their Value to the Russian Army

BY A COSSACK OF THE DON.

IT is very difficult to speak of Cossacks as warriors before having said something as to the reasons of their appearance on the bounds of the Russian Empire, which, ever since the fifteenth century, they have guarded from the invasions of numerous neighbours. With the development of slavery, the peasants showed a wish to become affiliated with free peoples, who occupied themselves with wars and irruptions, who knew no slavery and no restraints, and who, thanks to their warlike spirit, lived richly and sumptuously. The more the peasants were persecuted, the more they went over to the Don and were inscribed as belonging to the Cossack race. By that means was formed the mighty and powerful army which saved Russia so many times and continues to carry the heavy task of the vanguard proclaimers of war.

It is impossible to enumerate all the battles in which the Cossacks played the determining part. But of their more glorious deeds the most remarkable in its con-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ception was their campaign towards India. I am not sure that everybody is acquainted with the great strain which was caused by this whim of the sick Emperor. Twenty thousand men, counting the old and infirm, under the command of Ilovaïsky, general-in-chief, advanced to Orenburg on February 27, 1801, not even having the map of the empire which they had to subjugate. One of the reasons of this foolish decision was the wrath that the Emperor harboured towards the fine policy of the British nation. The strength of the Cossacks and the great energy which was hidden in the hearts of men accustomed to live by war, and only for war, had to be poured out. All the wealth and beauties of India, all the attractions of the East promised by the Emperor in reward, stimulated the fancy of the inhabitants of the Don. They moved, as the Magi, searching their way by the stars, without either artillery or river-boats, nor having any stores of food. Indeed, they were given only three days for the outfit.

It is no wonder that in such conditions they lost six thousand men without even leaving Russia. But happily on the ascension to the throne of the Emperor Alexandre this strange adventure was stopped. History provides many other examples of Cossack daring: the conquest of the vast Siberia with a division of seven hundred men under the command of Ermak, which greatly enlarged the territory of the Russian Empire; and, further, of Azoff, Potsdam, and Neimour, which fell victims of the savage bravery of a horde equipped according to Eastern custom, with swords, lances, and knives, and with only very few firearms. But it is unnecessary to look so far back, when the Ataman cavalry during the wars of 1878 and 1904 gave splendid examples of Cossack bravery. When we listen now to the tales of the veterans who remember the most bloody moments of the Turkish campaign, we are astonished to hear how dreadful, even in simple narrative, are the images of the fights of the Caucasian Turks with our Cossacks. And involuntarily our minds go back to the glorious times, when all the South, all the course of the Dneiper, were formed by the camps of the Cossacks. Then the Tartar Hans, the Turkish Sultans, and the Kings of Poland feared them.

But with the modern evolution of military strategy, which places the centre of weight in war on the artillery, the importance of the Cossacks as of the whole cavalry loses much of its weight. Now the attacks on horse are so rare that the elementary qualities of the Cossack tactics have a mere historical significance. But it is not to be forgotten that the peculiarity of the Cossack order of battle is so confined that every Cossack is obliged to undergo a careful course of preparation before he is able to take his place in the ranks. He must be physically strong and be well acquainted with the horse; indeed, complete harmony must reign between the rider and his steed. These accomplishments are only acquired by continual practice during long years and beginning from early youth, and this is the reason why at the Don there are preparatory sections in which all boys over sixteen years of age have to serve. Those who are enrolled in the lines of the Cossacks of the Don have to be proficient with the sword and the lance, to jump from the horse and to pick up money which is strewn on the ground—in other words, must be able to jump as skilfully as acrobats. These are the first acquirements of a Cossack. Certainly such violent exercises contribute to keep the war qualities and the physical vigour among the people. Their height, strength, dexterity, and promptness astonish those who see for the first time the Cossacks of the Don, who, even by their exterior, little resemble the regular cavalry. They enter the regiments provided with their own horses and ammunition, and are, from the beginning, a well-formed and friendly mass, needing only exterior polish to become quite appropriate to war. The Cossack regiments differ from the other branches of the army in that, during many months, the latter lose time in bringing their recruits into normal order, whereas the Cossacks of the Don can at any moment of the year come forward to the defence of their country.

In the space of a single article it is not possible to present the whole picture of Cossack life; but, without going into details, it must be said that the Cossacks do not look on the military service as upon a hard task, but as upon a high, sacred, and agreeable duty. And really the organisation of the Cossack regiments contributes to unfold in the Cossack love of the military service and a friendly feeling, one man towards the other. On entering the regiment, which each year is recruited from the same stanitza (village), the soldier meets there a brother, an uncle, a friend, not in one, but in many instances, and so the ties of his early life are perpetuated.

The Cossacks of the Don comprise twenty regiments. Each regiment bears the name of a Cossack leader who specially distinguished himself in battle, the guard regiments having as chiefs—the first, the reigning Emperor; the second, the Heir to the Throne. We find it necessary to mention this because the Cossacks themselves very highly esteem the laurels won in the wars by the regiments in which they serve. They do so by a quite comprehensible feeling of proudness, and, secondly, because the names of those who fought for their country will never be forgotten in history, while humanity will remember the exploits of those who settled the fate of nations and sovereigns. Having referred to the active

SECOND EDITION.

DR. TUPPY

By STEPHEN TOWNESEND

Author of "A Thoroughbred Mongrel," etc.

Brightness Itself
Pall Mall Gazette

A distinct creative effort
Westminster Gazette

HODDER & STOUGHTON. 6/-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and warlike characteristics of the Cossacks, we may now look a little upon another side of their life, which, it must be said, has a great influence on the morale of the Cossacks as a unit in wartime and in civil life.

At the Don there are not many towns of importance —Rostow, Novotcherkask, and a few more, the last-named being very great rivals. Rostow resembles Odessa, but is larger and richer. Its inhabitants are very mixed, and, if it were not for the military schools, one could scarcely see any traces of its belonging to the troops of the Don. Novotcherkask, considered the capital of the Don, is the favourite town of the Cossacks, and contains many ancient monuments and old and precious relics. The Palace of the Hetman is in this town, and in it is concentrated the central administration of the country. The Hetman is the first person in civil as in military matters, the post being always occupied by one of the most worthy generals of the Empire. Nowadays it is a hero of the recent war—Mischenko, Adjutant-General to the Tsar, who fills the office of Hetman.

Most of the population live in villages called "choutar," and have their own self-government in the persons of delegates who represent the country and district authorities. They help the Cossacks in many land-suits and other domestic questions. Each Cossack, after his birth, is given a plot of land, as if in compensation for his service, his outfit, and his steed. Class and social divisions exist at the Don, but they differ from those obtaining in other provinces of the Empire by the little importance that is attached to quality and noble birth, which with them have no price, whereas everywhere else they have much importance. They have the highest class, which is represented by officers who play the part of the educated guild, but very unwillingly. Certainly the distinction of birth is very much esteemed, the descendants of heros and Hetmans standing high in the public consideration, many of them serving in the guards, but that is all. In the hours free from duty an officer of noble birth speaks with and treats his Cossack quite as an equal: the soldier, indeed, would be astonished were it otherwise. He is well aware that not only the Cossacks, but even the officers would turn away from a conceited comrade. These are the charms of life at the Don. There never were and never will be any slaves. Therefore it is not inaccurate to remark that if the ideas of universal freedom are only now being preached in Russia, they existed already many centuries at the Don.

Concerning the development of instruction one must say that here also the outskirts of the country are not behind the centres of culture. A very good Polytechnical institute, a newly built university, a good many public schools, and special military establishments, tell us that even in the arts and sciences the Cossack keeps pace with the other members of the Russian population. The most popular Russian historian is a Cossack and the descendant of a celebrated general. It only remains to be added that at the south of the Don there are rich coal mines, which are nearly all superintended by young engineers, Cossacks by birth, who finished their education in the high colleges of Russia and Germany.

AL MOHOVSKOY.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

IT is becoming more and more clear that the Home Rule Bill cannot be made to stand up—even if left alone and not attacked. It has been so carelessly drafted that its defenders cannot even answer questions about it. For instance, on Wednesday we examined, or tried to examine, a new body to be formed called the Joint Exchequer Board, which is to be given the power of deciding how much money England is to give Ireland. Manifestly a very important body; but we could discover very little about it. We diligently inquired of how many members it would consist; what class of person would be nominated on to it; were they to be paid; how much authority were they to wield?

"It is not necessary to provide for all this in the Bill," said Rufus Isaacs. Austen, who has that rare gift, a memory for past debates, taunted the Government with their statements during the passing of the Parliament Bill that they intended to make the House of Commons supreme in the matter of finance; and here they were delegating it to a body of which we could learn nothing. Stuart-Wortley, a painstaking railway director, who does not speak half enough, coined a phrase that will stick—"I call it cynical indolence." That is exactly what it is, and the worst of it is that although they now see it for themselves, they have no time to amend. They are caught in the wheels of their own guillotine; they cannot stop to put things right—that would cause more discussion and upset the second time table. They must, therefore, press on with a Bill that is not workable even from their own point of view. It was Arthur Balfour who said: "Tyranny grows upon what it feeds." "This system of ruthless and indiscriminate closure," he went on, "has made the Government thoroughly indifferent to the ordinary decorum of legislation."

On Tuesday we sat up all night over Welsh Disestablishment. When the Parliament Bill was going through Mr. Asquith certainly gave the House to understand that only one measure of first-class importance should go through each Session. Did he say it? If so, when did he say it, and what were the words? Everybody brought in old volumes of Hansard and quoted bits of speeches. Asquith denied saying anything of the kind. He said he had distinctly and directly refused to pledge himself to any limit at all except what Nature itself would impose on the power of endurance of the House of Commons! So this is what Parliament has come to. Laws are to be passed by means of gag and kangaroo so long as members can keep awake.

We therefore decided then and there to test the physical power and endurance of the coalition. Some

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Radicals spoke against adopting the closure for this Bill. That querulous quidnunc Byles, who is always protesting but takes care never to vote against the Government, was dead against the closure. Why substitute party strength for the real triumph of reason and argument? Bonar Law twitted Asquith with not being present at the debates, but the Premier said he had been absent because of weighty matters that required his attention elsewhere. Both the early majorities fell to 74 and 72, and the Government saw it would be wise to give way; for if seventy-eight Nationalists had not been present the Government would have been defeated again. Two more days were given, and all through the night the Unionists fought on, having the satisfaction of keeping over twice their number out of bed; and all through the night the Radical Whips kept an anxious eye on the door, for it was feared that at three or at four fifty Unionists might come back.

Friday is always considered a bye-day, and yet the Government now intended to take this Bill on Friday, starting the sitting at eleven instead of noon, to the great inconvenience of business men. "It is all very well for professional politicians at £400 a year to snigger, but do you want to drive all business men out of the House?" asked Bob Cecil. The last division was taken about half-past five. The Unionist leaders did not want to challenge, but some hot-heads argued that they must divide against the main question. A number of Unionists left the chamber as the division bell rang, as a protest, but as the Irish had announced that they intended forcing a division at any price, it would have been better if they had stayed. The only good done was that the Unionists who left took all the cabs and taxis, and the Radical party had to hie its way to the Underground Railway and wait for the workmen's trains.

"It was very dull," said John Redmond, as we stood waiting in the cold darkness, the rain pattering on to the tin roofs—as if he would say, "If we had been obstructing, we should have had more fun." And yet a lot of funny things happen that never get into the papers; for instance, one day last week a breezy young Unionist Whip in temporary charge of the divisions, discovered that both the Radical Whips were bald, so for the sake of uniformity he chose (quite unknown to them) two bald men to tell also. When they bowed in the dim afternoon light it looked as if four ostrich eggs were bobbing up and down. Encouraged by this success he next chose two fat men and then two thin men—all equally unconscious of why they were summoned for this honour. The game was only discovered accidentally by Balcarres, who wanted to know why Amery, the shortest man in our party, was told off to tell with Ronald M'Neil—our son of Anak. This he stopped, to the grief of the few in the know. Reviewing the story afterwards in the smoking-room somebody alleged that in the *x*th division, the breezy Whip had chosen the two ugliest men in our party. "Why, that was when I was——" objected a listener, amid roars of laughter, in which he fled.

On Friday we came down to the House at noon, six hours after we had left it—"feeling fresher but pink-eyed," as Bobbie Monsell graphically expressed it. The debate was on a really high level. Griffith-Boscawen proposed that the Bill should be divided into two parts. Some Radicals were honestly in favour of Disestablishment and others in favour of disendowment. Some wanted both, but there were a great many who wanted one and not the other. He boldly claimed Lloyd George as a non-disendower. Did he want to live in history like Henry VIII? Did he want, to use his own phrase, to have his hands "dripping with the fat of sacrilege?" The Nonconformist bodies had trust deeds setting out their beliefs in black and white. It was common knowledge that many of their opinions were in a state of flux. There would be a temptation to the cupidity of a Government to disendow them on the ground that their objects had failed. F. E. Smith, as a Nonconformist, made a long speech, low in tone and very moderate in expression; but his very moderation increased the power of his attack, and he made out an unanswerable case for the separation of the two questions. He spoke like Cave, the embodiment of equity.

There were one or two explosions, and the Speaker urged members not to be provocative, but it all ended in the usual way; the gag was applied and the instruction was defeated.

Ginnell had the audacity at five p.m. to try to debate on the scandal of the Dublin Crown jewels—but this was too much for everybody—so we fled before forty could be counted. Some stood behind the Speaker's chair to see the end. Mischievous Booth shouted out—as the Speaker ended his count—"There are some behind your chair, Sir!" The Speaker turned round, but it was too late, "he could not see them for dust."

On Monday, to the annoyance of the Scotch, who always make a great festival of New Year's Eve, Asquith announced that the Christmas holidays would consist of ten days, from December 20 to 30. One member asked him if he was not aware of the custom, and Asquith blandly replied: Oh, yes, he had been there, and knew all about it! There is a sort of promise held out that we shall have all February for a holiday, but personally I do not see how it will be possible. We can never finish all we have to do by the end of January, even if we sit all night, and that would be going beyond Asquith's limit—namely, physical endurance.

There was a human little touch when grim Sir Henry Craik apologised to Masterman for asking why he was not present the other day to answer his question. It appears that Masterman had become a father on the date in question, and he blushed under his tangled mane when the House cheered the news.

We then went on to financial relationships again, and Cassel made the speech of the evening. He is a K.C. in considerable practice, and used to facts, figures, dates, and juries. The way he administered a series of interrogatories to the Government was most entertaining. With admirable clearness he first asked if the Government proposed to do so and so, and, without pausing for a reply, gave the answer. That stuck them

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

on the horn of one dilemma. Then he took it that the Government would take the other course, and showed how equally impossible that course was. This kind of question and answer extended over four or six different subjects, and was greatly enjoyed by the Opposition, while the Government officials writhed uneasily.

Lloyd George is a very clever man, but he has no head for details, and I should say was less at home at figures than Arthur Balfour, which is saying a good deal. I have been told that, if you gave him a thick brief overnight packed with facts he could no more digest it than fly, but he can get secretaries to do it for him in such a way that when he meets, say, a deputation in the morning he would convince them all that he knew the subject in all its details. He has a genius for picking out salient points and things that matter. He "strolled into the House" this afternoon, as Bonar Law described it, and tried to answer Felix Cassell and make things clear; but this was no respectful deputation, but a keen and critical Opposition in the House of Commons. It was certainly not one of Lloyd George's "days." Bonar Law tore his explanation to pieces, but he had only ten minutes in which to do it before the guillotine fell. The greatest friend the Government has is the clock. It answers questions that would otherwise be unanswerable.

On Tuesday the question of the Judges was discussed: should they be appointed by the Imperial Authority or by the Dublin Parliament? When I was in Canada I was at some pains to inquire why so many Americans were crossing the border, and one of the reasons given was because the Canadian local courts were purer than the United States State tribunals. Inquiring further, I found that the Canadian Government had resolutely determined to make all appointments from the central authority at Ottawa, instead of allowing each province to appoint its own judiciary. In the United States the opposite is the case; local pressure and local passions are brought into play, and the locally appointed judge has not the independence necessary. And yet in this United Kingdom the Government actually propose to leave the appointment of the Irish Bench to the minions of Redmond and Devlin.

Religious animosity blazed all day. William Moore told a story of two Nationalist poachers being caught in the act—how the local magistrates released the poachers and put the Protestant prosecutors in prison, and on both occasions Mr. Birrell had to interfere and get them released by telegram. Mr. McMaster made a neat speech endorsing my Canadian experiences, but all to no purpose; the guillotine fell with an unintellectual thud.

The important speeches on the Territorials and the necessary defence of the country delivered recently by Lord Roberts to the citizens of Manchester and to the Men of Kent, at their annual dinner, have been reprinted in sixpenny pamphlet form, and will be published by Mr. John Murray at once.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE INTERNATIONAL DEADLOCK.

THE alternative waves of optimism and pessimism which characterise the views of the daily Press afford little by way of clue to the exact state of the international situation. Frequently we have insisted in these columns that, so long as Austria and Servia maintained towards each other an uncompromising attitude on the question of the Adriatic seaboard, a severe strain would necessarily be imposed upon the peace of Europe. Naturally, as the time is approaching for a settlement of all issues arising out of the war, and as neither party to the dispute over Albanian territory shows the least sign of yielding, the crisis has developed acute symptoms. But we cannot subscribe to the theory advanced in certain quarters, where an incorrigible *douleur* prevails, that these symptoms necessarily portend a clash of arms in which the Great Powers will be called upon to range themselves in opposing camps. In spite of the more combustible elements in a situation admittedly grave, we refuse to believe, even at this stage, that the application of the principle of reconcilability is beyond the resources of diplomacy.

The present tension arises, of course, from Servia's desire to find an outlet on the Adriatic coast, an outlet by way of a strip of territory over which she asks for international recognition of her sovereignty. At the time when her requirements were first made known to the world, outside the two Adriatic Powers, almost universal sympathy was expressed in regard to what were termed her legitimate aspirations. Indeed, even earlier forecasts of objections which it was expected Italy and Austria would raise to the prosecution of such a policy were concerned exclusively with the obligations of the Governments of Rome and Vienna to see maintained the integrity of Albania. To-day, however, it is becoming clear that the real motive underlying Austro-Italian hostility is to be found in a jealous determination to exclude Servia from the shores of the Adriatic.

There, then, lies the true cause of the present deadlock which threatens such widespread and such alarming complications. Up to a point Servia has given some indication of the desire to act in a spirit of compromise, her express wish being to avoid anything in the nature of an open rupture in which the Great Powers might find themselves involved. That her attitude has been largely determined by Russia, whose counsels all along have been on the side of moderation, there can be no room for doubt. And so it has come about that in the process of modifying her demands Servia is approaching what amounts to the irreducible minimum consistent alike with national honour and national requirements. Yet she is met, apparently, with an uncompromising front by Austria-Hungary and Italy. "The two Adriatic States," writes the Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, "have resolved to oppose the advent of a third Power to the Adriatic, and, even if Servia's

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

demand were limited to one square mile of territory over which her national flag could fly, it will be refused without discussion." The question naturally arises as to how much farther the St. Petersburg Government is likely to go in the direction of bringing influence to bear at Belgrade, with the object of finding a peaceful solution. In our opinion, the Northern Power, whose interests in the Balkan problem are indisputable, has already reached the irreducible minimum to which she is disposed to exert such influence. We cannot doubt that this probability is being taken carefully into account, both in Downing Street and at the Quai d'Orsay.

Meanwhile the attitude recently adopted by Germany should give food for reflection to people in this country who throughout the present crisis have clamoured for freedom from our "entanglements" on the Continent. In no country in the world does there exist a more intelligent conception of the widespread evils of war than in Germany. The peace party of the nation is large and influential; and yet, as Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg well knows, the people as a whole would temporarily relinquish their ideals in the face of national peril. It is true that neither we ourselves nor Germany possess any immediate interests in the Balkans; but we cannot, from the point of view of our Imperial safety, afford to remain idle when out of the Balkan problem may come a redistribution of European influence. Before electing finally to remain without the arena, we must make up our minds as to what would be our position were we to do so, whether such a redistribution of influence favoured the Powers of the Triplice or the Powers of the Dual Alliance. In either case we could find no cause for satisfaction; and the least evil that could result would be a serious blow to our prestige arising from the shaken confidence and diminished respect to which we would be regarded alike by foes and erstwhile friends.

MOTORING

THE latest phase of the protracted controversy over the tyre test business consists of the publication of an official statement by order of the committee of the R. A. C. which places the latter in a worse light than ever, and makes it clear that they have bungled the matter from the beginning. It is to the effect that although the Club originally agreed to conduct a competitive trial between the Victor and three other leading tyres, "at a late stage in the negotiations it became clear that the Victor tyres could only be selected from one stock in this country, whereas the tyres of the other companies could be selected from a large number of depôts all over the kingdom," the inference intended to be drawn being that the other companies would have been unfairly treated had the agreed trial been carried out.

But in what does the unfairness consist, unless the other companies make a practice of supplying their

VICTOR Tyre Trial

The First Round

(Steel Studded non-skid) of the Tyre Trial resulted in a victory for the VICTOR, with 5,010 miles

The Second (Grooved) Round

of the Tyre Test has so far eliminated two of the competitors. Continental succumbed at 3,271, leaving the Victor and the Dunlop to fight it out, as in the first round.

The Third Round

(Plain will complete the Trial).

It will pay to take immediate advantage of special discounts. Victor Grooved Tyres are the cheapest. We hope to prove, as in the case of the Victor Steel Studded Covers, that they are the most durable. A guaranteed fresh Victor Cover, bought now, will be at its best in May. If for immediate use will supply those manufactured a few months ago.

Write NOW

AMERICAN SIZES MADE.

THE CHALLENGE RUBBER MILLS,

EAGLE WHARF ROAD, CITY ROAD, LONDON, N.
Telegraphic and Cable Address: "SIGNATURE HOX."
'Phone: 3497 North.
West End Offices and Showrooms at PEMBROKE HOUSE, 133, OXFORD STREET, W. 'Phone: 7811 City.
Where stock of Victor Tyres is kept.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The NOISELESS NAPIER—the Proved BEST CAR

CLUTCH. The latest Napier clutch, which does not require lubrication, never gets fierce, and can be slipped to an incredible extent at will without harm or vibration. It has all the advantages of the Napier multiple-disc clutch, but eliminates the necessity for oil.
Two driving discs revolving with fly-wheel, coated on wearing surface with a special heat-resisting composition, are pressed together by a number of springs against a plain steel disc fixed to gear-shaft. Depressing the clutch-pedal forces apart the two driver discs, so that they revolve freely. **The last word in Clutch construction.**

38.4 SIX-CYLINDER LIGHT-TOUCH CHANGE-SPEED GEAR-BOX. Provides three speeds and a reverse, the top speed direct, when the lay-shaft is out of mesh and lying idle. This lay-shaft is taken out of mesh and returned by positive means, no springs being used. This is a unique feature, as no other gear-box is made with such an advantage incorporated.
All locking and gate mechanism is inside gear-box itself, and special oil-retainers are fitted to clutch and propeller shafts capable of resisting paraffin. The most carefully thought-out gear-box made, without exception.

SIX-CYLINDER ENGINES... . (above 15 h.p.). The original Napier conception, and since adopted by all high-class manufacturers. No dead centre; constant torque eliminating distressing blows to transmission and tyres; consequent lightening of gears and gear-shafts and saving of wear on tyres. The extra purchasing cost of six cylinders is soon repaid by saving of cost in tyres—at least 20 per cent. greater mileage with six cylinders compared with four cylinders of same horse-power and load.

WORM DRIVE ON 15 H.P. AND 30 H.P. Napier worm drive, having proved so successful on the 15 after long continued tests, now adopted on the 30-h.p. six-cylinders. Difficult to manufacture, but when perfect, as on the 30-h.p. six-cylinder Napier, nothing to equal it.

15 H.P. NAPIER WITH ENGINE-CLUTCH AND GEAR UNIVERSALLY SUSPENDED. The engine-clutch and gear-box are all connected together in one complete unit, which is suspended in the frame from three points in such a way that chassis distortion is not communicated to the unit. This does away with the necessity for universal joints between the engine and clutch and clutch and gear-box.

All the above, and many more, can be seen and explained by the courteous and intelligent staff of

S. F. EDGE, Ltd.,

14, NEW BURLINGTON STREET, LONDON, W.

Rudge Detachable Wire Wheels Save Tyres.

various depots in the provinces with tyres inferior in quality to those kept at head-quarters—which is highly improbable? And in any case, why could not the test tyres have been selected, if necessary, from the head-quarters of each of the four companies concerned? It has apparently taken the Club nearly five months to evolve this "explanation," which is too palpably lame and insincere to satisfy anybody, and which has obviously been given only at this late stage because it has been found impossible to maintain silence any longer. The fact is that in accepting the invitation to hold the trial the Club made a gigantic mistake. It entirely overlooked the contingency—obvious to everybody else—of powerful opposition on the part of the trade, and when this opposition made itself evident it thought to extricate itself by a curt intimation of withdrawal. The forced and belated "explanation" only makes matters worse, and the thanks of motorists are due to the makers of the Victor for having declined to take their treatment "lying down." The unpleasant part of it is that in future no one will believe in the absolute independence of the Club from the pernicious effects of the influence of "the trade."

The extent to which the motor industry is transforming the industrial aspect of the country is evidenced, not only in the great motor manufacturing centres of the Midlands and the North, but also in many towns which until a few years ago were famous in quite different departments of industry. Luton, for example, which has for generations been associated in the public mind with the manufacture of straw hats, has within the last seven or eight years become an engineering centre of considerable importance. This fact is strikingly emphasised in the recently issued birthday number of the *Luton News*, which cites a number of large firms that have revolutionised the industrial life of the town. Among these are the makers of the well-known "Commer" commercial motor vehicles, which are familiar to every Londoner, and Vauxhall Motors, Ltd., the manufacturers of the popular pleasure car of that name. These two companies alone give constant employment to many hundreds of hands, and every week witnesses additions to the number of motor mechanics engaged in the town.

Hints on Motor Car Purchase.
1913 CARS.

There are many prospective Motor Car Buyers in a state of indecision as to what car they had really better buy.

Mr. ALDERSEY SWANN,
Consulting Automobile Engineer,
of 9, Regent Street, S.W.,

for many years has made a special study of assisting his Clients in buying the right car for their particular requirements. Ring him up on the 'phone, 3616 Central, and arrange an appointment.

Remember, he makes NO CHARGE for advice, your car will not cost you more, probably less. He can secure you EARLY DELIVERY of all makes.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Mr. H. T. Vane, the new managing director of Messrs. S. F. Edge, Ltd., has signalised his accession to the supreme control of the company by bringing out "The Napier Book," a splendidly printed and illustrated catalogue of the Napier models for 1913. The contents, unlike those of many others of the catalogues issued by motor-car manufacturers, are exceedingly well arranged, the illustration of each of the various types being accompanied only, on the same page, by a simple statement of the car's special features, its chassis, and complete prices respectively, and the tax it pays. The complete specifications are given in another section of the book. In addition, there is a selection of names of distinguished owners of Napiers, an imposing list of the principal world's records, etc., secured by Napiers, and an interesting description of the processes they pass through in manufacture at the immense works at Acton. It will be news to many that the family of Napier has for generations made the machinery for the Royal Mints, both of this and other countries.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THERE is no change to report in the attitude of the City. The war continues and the refusal of the public to buy stocks and shares remains unchanged. Who can blame them? If peace is suddenly accomplished then we shall get a rise of one or two points in certain securities. But if war goes on and other countries become involved, a drop of 10 to 20 points all round is a dead certainty. Therefore, the man who buys to-day as a speculation is really laying about 20 to 1 on peace. These are not the odds at all. Indeed, as I write I should call them much nearer 2 to 1. The bulk of the public has a sort of rough-and-ready sense which keeps it out of danger except in days of great excitement. That sense is helping it to-day. Caution is money when the world is fighting.

But a few reckless promoters have braved the cold wind that chills the City. Horatio Bottomley tried fate once again with his Consolidated Oilfields of South Africa, a truly desperate venture. But he found no followers. His optimism has once again misled him. Frankly, I have never met a more ridiculous offer of shares. I cannot call it a prospectus. It does not come within the Act. At least, I presume that it doesn't. Perhaps someone will test this point. I notice that the *Statist* advises those who have applied to withdraw by telegram. But if the offer is not made under the Companies Acts—and there is nothing to show that it is—then withdrawal would be useless because I imagine that the Board would allot each day and all day any share or shares that are applied for.

The British Portland Cement is once more asking for money. I think it would be wiser if investors waited to see what result the combine can exercise upon prices. Trade is good, and the cement works are busy. But if they become slack I imagine that these over-capitalised concerns would do very badly indeed.

MONEY does not grow cheaper. On the contrary the banks will not lend readily. They are most conservative. Austria needs money badly and is compelled to borrow on Treasury Notes at very high rates. She is on the eve of a financial crisis. Germany needs money badly. She is in good credit, but even she finds difficulty in getting what she wants. It is possible that the Reichsbank will have to put up its rate. The Bank of France is losing gold. Our own bank, thanks to its courage in raising the rate in time, is in a much better position. But in the United States call-money is very dear. Extravagant rates have been paid for short loans. Russia has an ample supply of gold, but she has most foolishly entered into a State-aided market deal directed against her ally France. It is said that here the hand of the Grand Dukes is visible. Russia is so rich that she can afford to play pranks with finance, but it is a queer thing to support a gambling market with State funds. Brazil has done it, but no other country that I am aware of. We shall get no cheap money before the end of January. Even then the outlook is not good for trade is booming and the demand for money is increasing, not falling away.

HOME RAILS.—The prices of Home Railway Stocks look cheaper each week as the end of the half year approaches. Traffics remain good, and as there have been no labour troubles in the half-year, the companies must have done well. Prices of coal, copper and iron have been high, and this will affect working expenses. But most of the lines have raised their passenger rates, and we may find that the increase here will counterbalance the additional cost of materials. As I have again and again pointed out, the Great Central shows the most important relative increase, and the 1889 Preference should get the full dividend. Indeed, there may be enough to pay a little on the 1891. North Eastern, Great Western, Lancashire and Yorkshire, and London and North Western are all sound purchases. I suggest no speculation. The present price of money makes that unprofitable. But I do say that those who want a five per cent. gilt-edged investment could not do better than buy to-day.

YANKEES were startled by the decision that the combine between Union Pacific and Southern Pacific was illegal. But the position of the Union is not damaged because it is still in possession of an entrance into San Francisco. That is not disturbed. It will have to sell its Southern Pacific stock. It may decide to retire the preference. It may cut the melon for the benefit of the ordinary shareholders. In any case I look upon the decision as a "bull" point. Chesapeakes have been bought, traffics are improving and the common stock looks cheap. It is a good investment at to-day's prices. Southerns are a reasonable lock-up. Business all over the South is good and this railway is now in excellent shape. The common stock may not pay a dividend this next year, but it will earn one.

RUBBER shares are steady. This means that no one tries to sell. But there are no buyers. There is nothing to induce buying. The Taiping report is out but I see nothing attractive in the shares. The capital is too big. The report does not tell us anything. Mr. Lampard has spoilt us. He always gives complete details. When other companies fail to reach the high standard of the Harrisons and Crosfield group we grumble.

OIL shares remain very much as they were last week. Mr. Boxall having denied that he had joined the board of the Oil Trust of Galicia has now changed his mind. He is the chairman. Maisel will not, however, obtain any control. The story that Mr. Kennedy Jones will take a hand in this company is not confirmed. The wells will be under the management of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line. North Caucasians have been rushed up in a few weeks from 2s. to 3s. 6d., as McGarvey has now got a much bigger production, and the group claim that they can eclipse Spies and become the biggest oil company at Grosny. Some of the Debentures have been con-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

verted into shares, but Standard Russe, which owns £50,000, decline to convert.

MINES are quite out of fashion. The Pahang report shows that the company has gained enough to pay off its arrears of preference and carry forward a good round sum. If those who have the call on the new shares exercise this call the company will be in funds and can go on prospecting, but at present it has hardly enough money to do more than pick out the richest spots and sell the tin to pay expenses. The shares are, however, talked higher. The Whim Well report tells us very little. What we all want to know is whether the French group whose engineer has just come back intend to find fresh capital. This must be found if the mine is to work its large bodies of 5 per cent. ore. It can hardly be hoped that the mine will go on finding 20 to 30 per cent. ore for ever. The Lena report is bad and I should not be surprised to find it worse next year than this. The mines are badly managed. Both the Kaffir and Rhodesian markets are quite dead for the moment. Copper shares are still suffering from the slump caused by the war. This seems absurd, for the war must have caused the destruction of thousands of tons of copper. The statistics of this metal are good, but the market for the shares is dull.

MISCELLANEOUS shares are steady. Slaters report is a shade better than last year, but not good enough to suggest a purchase of the shares. The P. and O. report was satisfactory. This great company tell the public bravely that they find 5 per cent. depreciation quite insufficient for a shipping company. They pay the usual 15 per cent. on deferred and the financial position remains as strong as ever. There is much talk of great opposition in South America to the Farquhar schemes and it is said that the Argentine Government flatly refuse to sell their lines. They also talk of a refusal to allow B.A.G.S. and B.A.W. to amalgamate. The Argentines hate trusts and fight against any inclination to combine on the part of the railways.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

INSANITY AND CRIME.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—As there are no subjects still so unknown as the causation of insanity and crime, and as there are none which call more urgently for a careful investigation, it seems a pity that in your review of Dr. Hollander's book in this week's ACADEMY you should state as facts what are not only not proved facts but are matters of very doubtful opinion.

That "heredity is by far the most potent predisposing cause of insanity" rests on no solid ground. The evidence for it cannot stand scrutiny. For instance, A is insane and it is discovered that his great-uncle B was once insane for a time, *therefore* it is inferred that there is a hereditary taint. But, if so, why are not the fifty other grand-nephews and nieces of that great-uncle insane? A hereditary taint that only shows itself in one case out of fifty, is not hereditary taint. Again, a hundred years ago B went insane. He has left a hundred descendants, none of whom is insane. If it is a hereditary taint, what has become of it?

C is insane to-day, but no hereditary taint can be discovered. How is that? And how can he originate a taint that will be transmitted?—acquired characteristics are not transmitted. If you take at random a thousand sane people and compare their ancestry with that of a thousand insane people, will you find more taint in one than the other? If so, it has never been proved, and I believe that there are few people who could not find in their ancestry some one who had been insane. That fact is ignored by those who maintain the hereditary nature of insanity. It is not enough to prove that insane people have somewhere an insane ancestor, you must prove that sane people have no such ancestry. But facts are the other way.

Therefore, what justification have you for saying "it is the duty of persons of either sex who have a mental taint not to continue the strain." Had your advice been followed in the past we should have had no Queen Victoria, no Edward VII, no King George, no German Emperor, yet I think the English people have been proud of their last three sovereigns. Are you proposing to bring the Royal families of England and Germany to an end? And this is not an exceptional case. If facts were known it would be found to be a common case. It is owing to this prejudice which you state as a truth that facts are concealed for the sake of the children, yet the children need have no fear. Were your suggestion adopted, half the world, the best half, would be ended. Elsewhere in your article insanity is attributed to pauperism, factory life, etc.; uncivilised people are said to be less subject to it, but both these statements are debatable, and the last probably quite incorrect. But if they are true, then the "hereditary taint" must be abandoned. If a person, though he or she have the "hereditary taint," does not become insane except under bad surroundings, then insanity is due to the bad surroundings, not the "taint."

Again, as to crime, you say "that the difference between the madman and the criminal is that one cannot and the other *will not* increase self-control." That such a theory is necessary to justify the penal system is true, but where are the facts to support it? There are none, and no one who has studied criminals in the making would admit the theory for a moment. The difference between a madman and a criminal is that the former does not know what he is doing, the latter does. Neither can help it. The madman is like a man who goes out into the rain, not knowing he will catch cold; the criminal is he who is caught in the rain. He knows well enough it may be his death, but he has no shelter and cannot buy a coat.

The criminal is made, not born. Lombroso's theory of stigmata has no sanction, because the "stigmata" are found universally. Other characteristics, such as loss of sensitiveness, are acquired, not hereditary. They arise in the process of making criminals. The discovery of what this process is and how to stop it is the most urging need of the day, but gaols only make things worse. In Holmes' "London's Underworld" and Devon's "The Criminal and the Community," we have real efforts to discover causes. But the study of the criminal after he is made is little use. The mischief is then done and can rarely be retrieved.

The best working theory of both insanity and crime which we have at present is that they are like tuberculosis—once also supposed to be an hereditary taint—the individual is predisposed to them by circumstances in his environment not under his control, and so weakened that when the microbe, the strain, or the temptation comes he cannot help but fall. The cure lies in changing the environment and not in talking of "taints" or "want of will." Your obedient servant, H. F. H.

Temple, E.C., November 26, 1912.

THE TERRITORIAL IMPOSTURE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The columns of our leading daily papers have for some weeks past been largely occupied by correspondence relating to the present condition of the Territorial Army, and to that of our defensive resources in general. A great many letters have been written upon the subject by officers of the force in question, and have appeared in print. Such officers are clearly and undeniably guilty of a breach of the King's Regulations. And the gentlemen

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

in question are doubtless fully aware of their guilt. That they should nevertheless deem it incumbent upon them to lay before the public the result of their experience as officers should surely suffice in itself to convince us that there is something seriously amiss with the Army in which they are serving. The figures relating to that Army recently published in the House of Lords by Lord Herschell are such as to give any sober citizen furiously to think. According to those figures the force is short of establishment strength by no fewer than 51,500 officers and men. Of members serving, 34,700 officers and men did not attend camp at all, and 67,000 attended for fewer than fifteen days. Of 198,160 men examined in musketry 34,504 failed to pass the tests—roughly speaking, 17½ per cent. The establishment strength of the Territorial Army, viz., 315,000, represents what at the time of its formation was regarded by Mr. Haldane and his expert advisers as the absolute minimum possible to meet the necessities of the case. Not only, therefore, are we at the present moment 51,000 short of the bare margin of safety, but a very high percentage of officers and men actually serving are returned as inefficient.

The answer, if answer there be, apparently is, that, even so, volunteers, however few, are preferable to any possible number of troops compelled to serve. The whole of military history refutes such a contention, but the gist of the matter is that we do not volunteer. In sober truth the volunteer is so hopelessly handicapped in the modern commercial and industrial struggle for existence that any system of national defence based upon voluntary service is obviously doomed to failure. The greater the praise due to our gallant remnant of a forlorn hope which bears the grandiloquent title of "Territorial Army." When will the Briton, if any Briton be left amongst us, dare to face the plain facts and assume that duty of national service which should be the proudest portion of his heritage?

R. E. N.

"EDWIN DROOD."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In recent discussions upon the "Mystery of Edwin Drood," the Tartar-Datchery theory appears to have been somewhat ignored. Yet the evidence in its favour is very strong. John Forster, who was undoubtedly in Dickens' confidence, believed that to Tartar had been given the task of unmasking the murderous choirmaster.

The traditional method of fiction demanded that the lover of Rosa Bud should himself attempt to rescue her from persecution.

Tartar, also, was absent from London. Rosa expected him in vain to call upon her. Where could he be if not in Cloisterham?

Datchery, again, had a military air. No one except Tartar—who had actually commanded a corvette—could have assumed the walk and manner so well.

Datchery was unfamiliar with Cloisterham; so, also, was Tartar.

The first act of Datchery was to seize an opportunity of meeting Jasper face to face. Now, as Tartar did not know the choirmaster by sight, he would wish to acquaint himself at once with the latter's personal appearance.

The whole part, too, of Datchery suited Tartar admirably. He was himself "living idly on his means," and the "single buffer's" easy, frank, and open manners corresponded to his own.

Datchery's habit of going abroad in Cloisterham without a hat, and of keeping his hands in his pockets, indicated the careless sailor unaccustomed to the conventions of city life.

Tartar possessed, too, the courage, resolution, and quickness of invention, which his enterprise required.

Indeed, there does not seem to be a single weak link

A WORD WITH THE AMBITIOUS.

How a Master-mind will put you on the Royal Road to Success, Power and Influence.

IT is the ambitious man that we want to talk to in this announcement. It is this type of man particularly who will be more interested in what we have to say. Now to this type of man we put these questions, "Are you ready **now**, to satisfy your ambition, if we show you the way?" "Are you anxious to grasp your opportunities with both hands, and make the most of them?" "Are you willing to train your mind, personality and influence, along the true and scientific lines?"

What are your answers? YES! to every one of them! That is what we expect of you.

You want to succeed? **You** want to better your position in the world! **You** want to earn more money?

Then it is obvious you need the FRANK HARTLEY COURSE OF MENTI-CULTURE.

It is only the man who can use his brain, who can act promptly, who by reason of his superior mental culture, naturally dominates, and whose strong and powerful memory, who reaches the top rung of the Ladder of Success.

In whatever sphere of life you may be, it is the man with the magnetic personality, with the powerful grip of essential details—which can only be obtained by a well ordered and systematic mind—who will win.

Ask yourself how the various great schemes—political, commercial, naval, military and social—have been carried out. In each case the man or men with the powerful brain, with the indomitable courage—with the sure grasp of their proposition, forgetting nothing, it is to these men that we owe the successful endings to which those great schemes have been brought.

Now, why don't **you** succeed? You want to, of course. Why not, then, take up the FRANK HARTLEY COURSE? Its cost is little; its results are guaranteed, you are put to no risk, and personally you have the privilege of corresponding with Mr. Frank Hartley himself, and before you have finished the course you will have well appreciated this fact.



MR. FRANK HARTLEY

SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT FOR THE BENEFIT OF AMBITIOUS READERS OF "THE ACADEMY."

To every reader of THE ACADEMY who sends for his book, "How Failure Becomes Impossible," enclosing two penny stamps to cover postage, Mr. Frank Hartley promises to send One Free Lesson.

Furthermore, in order to secure one hundred readers of THE ACADEMY as enthusiastic supporters of the Hartley movement, Mr. Hartley has decided to offer to enrol the first **100** readers who apply as students at

HALF THE USUAL LOW FEE.

This is a very extraordinary offer, and is a proof of Mr. Hartley's confidence in his ability to do justice to every one of his students.

THE FRANK HARTLEY COURSE.

What is the Frank Hartley Course of Menti-Culture? It is the most Scientific and systematic course of mind training in the world. It develops your mind, rouses the latent powers of your brain, and makes it give forth of its great and wonderful fruits, and, in consequence, gives you a strong and magnetic personality. In these respects alone the Frank Hartley Course is unique.

The Hartley Course will instal into you the knowledge, desire, and ability to succeed, power of concentration and a powerful memory, and that personal magnetism which makes you a thorough and complete success in social, political and commercial life.

A Powerful Mind Means Powerful Pay.

Continuity of thought and ability to express those thoughts in coherent and well-chosen language is only the gift of a man whose mind is well ordered, shipshape and spontaneous.

To be **logical**, to be **consistent**, to set thoughts and ideas in chronological order, is to be successful, and the Frank Hartley Course teaches you how to be successful.

By a series of lessons each student is, almost unconsciously, scientifically and systematically taught to think for himself, to develop his power of observation, to have confidence in himself—in his ideas, his opinion, his word—to attract, to fascinate, and to conquer.

Another Extraordinary Offer to Readers of "The Academy."

But Mr. Frank Hartley makes still another offer. He says **"If any student after taking the course has not improved himself, he or she is at liberty to return his instruction papers, and his or her money will be returned in full.**

Do you know what this means? **It means that Mr. Hartley is perfectly confident of the training he imparts.**

Think this over. Ask yourself if your mind wants scientific training, and we are sure you will not delay in writing for Mr. Frank Hartley's Free Book and his Free Lesson, which will prove a forerunner to your move forward to success.

COUPON WHICH ENTITLES "THE ACADEMY" READERS TO THE TWO ABOVE MENTIONED SPECIAL OFFERS.

FRANK HARTLEY, Room 6, London Institute of Menti-Culture,
35, Wellington Street, London, W.C.

Dear Sir,—Please send me, without any obligation to enrol, your Free Book "How Failure Becomes Impossible," and your Free Lesson. I enclose 2d. for postage, etc.

Name .....

Address .....

T.A..... .....

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

in the chain of evidence which identifies Tartar with the elusive Datchery. I am, yours faithfully,

2, Stanley Road, Edinburgh. P. C. MARR.
November 27, 1912.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Christian Science is built on the New Testament. Therefore, with all due respect to Mr. Martin, I no more "see the absurdity of putting forward material arguments as a justification for the acceptance of a spiritual doctrine," than Jesus of Nazareth did when he said that if his hearers would not believe for the word's sake, they must believe for the very work's sake.

He says he believes that in the fourteenth century such a mental attitude was quite common. He alludes, I suppose, to the mediæval schoolmen. Now the mediæval schoolmen, if they did nothing else, at least taught the people of the Middle Ages how to think; and the man whom Huxley once described as the most subtle thinker of them all, was the man who declared that theology, or the word of God, was the only absolute science, and that all the other so-called sciences had merely a relative value. In spite of this, I should not have thought that Mr. Martin could have discovered a particularly close analogy between, say, the "Summa" of Thomas Aquinas and Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," and, indeed, his sparkling pleasantries on the subject of microscopes and stethoscopes fill me with a suspicion that his mental grasp of either subject is as mixed as that of the nurserymaid in "The Pirates of Penzance," who

> "Mistaking the instructions which
> Within her mind gyrate,"

bound her master's son apprentice to a pirate by mistake for a pilot.

Only such a *lapsis mentis* surely could have induced him to imagine that I began this correspondence. Surely he has not forgotten that "epigrammatic conundrum" which led to my first replying to him. If he has, let me remind him that it is to be found in your issue of September 21. The fact is that Mr. Martin is, I cannot help feeling, just a little bit annoyed, or he would not seriously propose that I should produce the evidence of Christian Science healing in a letter to the Press. He was inditing a sort of amateur "Pilgrim's Scrip" in your columns, to his own entire satisfaction, when it occurred to him to introduce an aphorism on the subject of Christian Science. Now, the worst of aphorisms is that they have a way of sounding much better than they explain. Mr. Martin has been explaining ever since.—Yours truly, FREDERICK DIXIE.

A POINT OF GRAMMAR.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In order to meet the views of your correspondent who signs himself "Quis," I beg to be allowed to submit to him the following extracts*:—

INTERROGATIVE PRONOUNS.

The interrogative or questioning pronouns in English are "who," "what," which." "Who" is used only as a noun. It has two genders, the "personal," including masculine and feminine, expressed by "who," and the "neuter," expressed by "what." "Who is that man?" "Who is that woman?" "What is that thing?" These forms are plural as well as singular: "Who are those men?" "Who are those women?" "What are those things?"

"Who" has an objective case "whom," parallel to "him," from which, however, the uninflected "who" is substituted in the spoken language, as in "who(m) do you mean?"

"What" differs from "who" in being used as an adjective as well as a noun. In both functions it can be used in a personal sense, but in a meaning different from that of "who": "what is he?" "what woman is that?"

"Which," like "what," is mainly neuter in meaning, though it is used personally as well. It is both a noun and an adjective, and is indeclinable, not having even a possessive form, as "what" has: which (of those things) do you want?" "which boy do you mean?"

When an interrogative pronoun is used to introduce an independent sentence, the interrogation is said to be "direct." When it introduces a clause dependent on a principal clause containing a statement or question, the interrogation is said to be "indirect." Thus we have indirect interrogation in such a sentence as "I asked him who he was" and "what he wanted," contrasting with the direct interrogation sentences "who are you?" "who is he?" "what does he want?"

It must be borne in mind that an interrogative pronoun is always the predicate of the sentence it introduces, whether the sentence is independent or dependent. Thus the question, "who is he?" ("I asked") "who he was," correspond to the statement "he is somebody."

In English the interrogative pronouns "who," "what," "which," and the definite pronoun "that" are used also as relative (and conjunctive) pronouns. "That," when used as a relative, is indeclinable, as in "the men that were here yesterday," compared with "those men," being used also only as a noun, not as an adjective. The use of "who," "what," "which" as relatives is parallel to their use as interrogatives: the relative "who" is used only as a noun, the relatives "what" and "which" both as nouns and as adjectives, the use of these three pronouns as regards inflection being much the same when they are relative as when they are interrogative.

The relative pronoun makes the clause it introduces—the relative clause—into an adjunct to some noun-word—called the "antecedent"—in the principal clause. Thus, in "I know the man who was here yesterday," the clause "who was here yesterday" is an adjunct to the antecedent "man" in the principal clause "I know the man"; and in "I say it who know it," the antecedent is the pronoun "I."

In conclusion, I beg to add the following quotation from "Bain's Grammar" (p. 158):—"When a clause limits or defines a noun or pronoun, it is of the nature of an adjective: 'men "that are selfish" ("selfish" men) never win our esteem.'

"The adjective-clause, being by its nature restrictive, should be introduced by the restricting relative 'that,' or its equivalents, rather than by 'who' or 'which,' the relatives more properly adapted for co-ordination. 'The man "that" is wise' (meaning the same as 'the wise man') is preferable to 'the man "who" is wise,' etc., etc. An adjective clause is 'not' separated by a comma from the noun."

An example of a "non-defining" relative, given by the authors of "The King's English," might also prove useful under the circumstances:—"The man, 'who' had behaved most rudely, then walked off."

I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

61, Talbot Road, Bayswater, W. ADOLPHE BERNON.

* Henry Sweet's New English Grammar (Logical and Historical), p. 78. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1892.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Philosophy of Nietzsche: An Exposition and an Appreciation. By Georges Chatterton-Hill, Ph.D. (John Ouseley. 7s. 6d. net.)

The Dash for Winter Sports. By Harry Maitland. Illustrated by Alfred Leete. (John Ouseley. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Plays of W. S. Maugham: Penelope; Mrs. Dot; The Explorer. (Wm. Heinemann. 1s. 6d. each.)

Folk Tales of Breffny. By G. Hunt. (Macmillan and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO

THE ONLY WAY

LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

Science and the Infinite, or Through a Window in the Blank Wall. By Sydney T. Klein. (Wm. Rider and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

The Light Bearers. By M. Sylvestre. (John Long. 6s.)

The Works of Thomas Hardy: XV.—Desperate Remedies. XVI.—The Hand of Ethelberta. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net each.)

Mr. Massiter. By Mrs. Lewis Leeds. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

Rosamond. By Flora Hope. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

VERSE.

The Crow's Nest, and Other Poems. By Florence E. Nicholson. (R. G. Badger, Boston, U.S.A.)

Voices of Dawn over the Hills. By Rose E. Sharland. With an Introduction by Edward Carpenter. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 1s. net.)

To the Sources of the Clitumnus. By Giosue Carducci. Translation and Notes by E. J. Watson. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 1s. net.)

The Visions of a Dreamer; Sonnets, Poems, and Lyrics. By Herbert E. Britton. (Edward Parry, Kidderminster. 1s. 6d.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

One Welshman: A Glance at a Great Career. By Whitelaw Reid. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

George Frederic Watts: The Annals of an Artist's Life. By M. S. Watts. 3 Vols. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 31s. 6d. net.)

The Inferno. By August Strindberg. Translated by Claud Field. (Wm. Rider and Son. 2s. 6d. net.)

The Childhood of Art, or the Ascent of Man. By H. G. Spearing, M.A. Illustrated. (Kegan Paul and Co. 21s. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Fortnightly Review; Oxford and Cambridge Review; The Antiquary; Nineteenth Century and After; Bookseller; Sales Promotion; Winter Sports Review; Blackwood's Magazine; Publishers' Circular; Educational Times; Collegian, Calcutta; Cambridge Magazine; Harper's Magazine, Christmas No.; Book Monthly; Throne, Christmas No.; School World; University Correspondent; Occult Review; Churchman's Year Book, 1913.

EVERY FRIEND OF INDIA
and
EVERY UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE IN THE WORLD
should subscribe to THE ONLY ALL-INDIA EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, having the largest circulation.

THE COLLEGIAN
AND PROGRESS OF INDIA

Edited by Prof. N. N. Dey, M.A., B.Sc., of Calcutta,
With the help of a strong Editorial Staff.
ILLUSTRATED.
Single Copy 6d. or 0·12 Dol.
9s. 6d. or 2·31 Dols. (post free) per annum, to any part of the World.

THE COLLEGIAN is the only Educational Journal in India which contains the complete collection of Educational News of India, Burma and Ceylon, and which, by noticing the Educational Methods, Needs and Progress of India in the present times, as also in the past, aims at establishing an international relationship between the Indian Universities and Colleges and those in other parts of the World.

Single Copies from THE MANAGER,
COLLEGIAN OFFICE, CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Vià the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—
DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.

For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
NORWAY, Mediterranean, Holy Land, & Egypt.	From £1 a day	About 14 Days	June to December.	Southampton & Grimsby.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

CRUISES TO MOROCCO.
Canary Islands and Madeira.
23 days from £18.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C. Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	755
Pan	756
The Dogmatism of Cobbett	756
Reviews:	
Le Fils de l'Homme ...	757
The Royal Visit to India	758
Prison Life	759
Contra Mundum	760
Shorter Reviews	761
Fiction	763
The Theatre:	
"The Waldies" at the Haymarket Theatre ...	764
"Where There's a Will—" at the Criterion	765
"The Price" at the Aldwych Theatre	766
"The Visit of the King" at the Palace	766
"Curios" at the Coliseum	766
A Charity Matinee at the St. James's	766
Music	766
Pictures of Passing Islam—I. The Selamlik	768
League for the Defence of the Constitution and the Union	769
The Secret of Romance ...	769
The Magazines	771
Notes and News	772
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	773
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	776
Motoring	776
In the Temple of Mammon	778
Correspondence	779

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE have no great faith in the usefulness of ambassadorial conferences. They have been tried before, when some of the world's most distinguished diplomatists at Constantinople have laboured in vain to compose intricate problems arising from the momentary phases of the Eastern question. Our hope is that the impending conference will prove an exception to the previous rule. An element of hope certainly exists at present. It is that all the absurd ideas which fluttered the dovecots of the Cocoa Press at the outbreak of the war about the ineffable Turk, the necessity for his expulsion from Europe, and the rest of the fustian of the Memorial Hall has been wiped off the slate by the action of the Allies themselves. They are perfectly willing to negotiate with the Turk on the basis of living in amity side by side, and some of them are not unwilling to secure their own salvation by allying themselves with the unspeakable pariah of Europe. Exit Brunner, Byles, and the venerable Doctor Clifford.

We wish to enter a protest against much which has appeared in the London Press with reference to the case of the engine-driver, Knox, and we feel the better able to do so because no reproach can be brought against us of having given even a modicum of support to lawless conduct or hysterical advocacy of shop-window dressings or weepers intended to placate the worthless dregs of the population. Here is a different case. Knox has been a hard-working man, and, so far as we know, the Railway Company—his employers—have had no previous cause of complaint against him. We are entitled to draw thot inference because one of the most extraordinary features of the case which we are considering is the extreme slowness of the Company in taking action after the engine-driver's conviction. We should uphold any employer who is entrusted with the safety of the public or of a large number of his own workmen in taking the most stringent measures against a servant whose conduct jeopardised their safety. We should, however, demand that such action should be promptly taken, and in default we should look with some suspicion on the excessive anxiety of the employer in the cause of public safety. As regards the justice of Knox's conviction, we quoted with approval a few weeks ago Judge Parry's tribute to the magisterial benches of the country: "They work well, and make no more blunders in the administration of justice than any other courts, as the statistics of the Appeal Courts will testify." Such a tribute from a man of Judge Parry's known predilections is significant. No court of first instance is, however, infallible, and the decisions of benches are sometimes reversed on appeal by quarter sessions. Driver Knox in his representation to the Home Secretary has adopted a sane line, and he ought not to be prejudiced because a number of his fellow-railwaymen have lost their heads and adopted a reprehensible course, which we strongly condemn.

If Sir Isaac Newton had never rested beneath his apple-tree, or if no apple had chanced to fall while he was there, doubtless by this time some other acute mind would have arrived at the theory of gravitation which has revealed to man the exquisite beauty of the universe, of which his home, the Earth, forms so microscopic a portion; but it is fitting that a twig of this particularly historic tree should find a home with the Royal Astronomical Society. The relic seems to be well authenticated, and, although its wood does not resemble apple-wood, Kew has staked its reputation, and declared the piece to be genuine. We should very much like to know whether, before the Great Idea dawned on him, Sir Isaac Newton idly ate the apple and thus achieved wisdom.

We observe that Mr. Frank Harris has been discoursing in New York, in the vein of his celebrated interviews. His acquaintance, it would appear, with the British aristocracy is practically exclusive, and he is able to impart unexpected and intimate details of the doings and misdoings of the caste of Vere de Vere to panting American audiences. We like Frank Harris. He is so robust, so full of blood, so imaginative, that although we may laugh, our laugh is not at him, but with him.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Pan.

UP and up the silent hill,
And on and on athwart the glory.
Dreams at her heart, the earth lies still;
And time wears thin as an oft-told story.
A far-off rill makes faint replies
To the wind's last whisper ere it dies.

Sweet is labour, and wise is rest
Where the air is cool and the world is wide.
Gone is the rose from the mountain crest;
And deep in the valley an owl hath cried.
The moon sits pale o'er the dusky scaurs;
And the mute heart waits for the quiet stars.

The stuff of dreams is the life of man;
The stuff of clouds is the melting clod.
The lord of the earth is the shy god Pan,
And the spirit knows him a mighty god:
He steals from the deeps in the evening dim,
And man stands 'mazed in the face of him. . .

Down and down the haunted hill,
And on through the moon-webs' witching glory,
The ghostly woods lay weird and still;
In a starry hush hung the pine-tops hoary.
Through the eerie gloom the awe-thrill ran,
And the heart in the hush cried, "Pan! Pan!"

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

The Dogmatism of Cobbett

FOR some reason that, since it hangs on no anniversary, it would be difficult to explain, the present publishing season has seen a revival of interest in the works of two rural writers, with little in common but their passionate love of the vanishing village life of England—Borrow and Cobbett. Cobbett, author of the "Rural Rides," one of those "books of all time," as Ruskin called them, was chiefly characterised by a thoroughness verging on brutality and admitting no compromise or trimming. Sprung from sledgehammer stock, he was nothing if not a bully, though, at his best, a very entertaining bully. He is not, however, always at his best, even in the pages of the work on which his reputation mainly rests. Courage of their opinions may be virtuous in politicians, but in scientific men, if it should render them reluctant to modify their views in the light of new research, it may be wholly detrimental, and there are few more painful illustrations of the drawback of dogmatism than the smug satisfaction with which, in the work referred to, Cobbett propounds half a dozen silly problems in his own version of natural history to the "prigs." These are the kind of queries that carry their own answer, and unfortunately Cobbett's answer, begging the question in each case, was invariably the wrong one. Whence, he asks, come fish in new-made places where none have ever been put? What causes horsehairs to become living things, drops of rain to turn to frogs, mosquitoes to appear in rain-water in a glass covered with oiled paper, or flounders —"real little flat fish, brown on one side, white on the other, mouth sideways, with tail, fins and all, leaping alive"—in the inside of a rotten sheep's liver?

It will be gathered—and from the full context it would be apparent—that Cobbett's so-called questions are in reality postulates, and they are, without exception, based on fallacies. One of them, the alleged transformation of horsehairs into eels, is as old as Albertus Magnus, who mentions that horsehairs may be thus converted by soaking them in water. The so-called "eels" are, it may be mentioned, merely a nematoid parasite of the horse, just as the generation of threadworms, not unlike microscopic eels, in decaying paste or vinegar gave rise to an analogous superstition. The seemingly spontaneous generation of fishes, frogs, and mosquitoes in water supposed to be free from foreign matter, is explained by the ease with which the spawn of fishes and frogs can be conveyed in the feet and feathers of waterfowl. The eggs and newly-hatched larvæ of mosquitoes would easily be overlooked by the careless eye until the more conspicuous perfect insect hatched out.

It is, however, to the last of these amazing propositions that Cobbett attaches supreme importance, declaring that any farmer, ploughman, or shepherd will attest it on oath. There is no denying that country folk are as a rule prepared to attest even stranger goings on, notably the habit of the viper swallowing her young, but in his description of what is merely the parasite known to farmers as the sheep's liver-fluke, Cobbett gives the reins to his imagination with abandon. This endoparasitic trematode, though having, needless to say, nothing in common with the flat fish commonly known as the fluke, or flounder, does roughly resemble it in outline, though actually more elongated in form, like a sole. It is not, however, coloured in the manner described, and it has no fins, no tail, and no lateral mouth.

It is well to bear this dogmatism of Cobbett in mind in order that those who read the "Everyman" reprint of his "Rural Rides" may not be carried away by the fascinating style in which the author describes rustic England in the light of his travels in the New World. Cobbett's natural history will be found not much in advance of Herodotus and considerably less picturesque; and the defiance with which he poses these fatuous questions to the "prigs" of his generation suggests the propriety of exercising caution when enunciating wild statements which scientific investigation may refute before the writer's ink is dry. There are Cobbetts teaching popular science even to-day.

F. G. A.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

Le Fils de l'Homme

(By "LE PETIT HOMME ROUGE.")

Napoleon's Son. By CLARA TSCHUDI. Translated by E. M. COPE. Illustrated. (G. Allen and Co. 7s. 6d.)

A GOOD many years have elapsed since we last stood in that vault of the Capuchins, at Vienna, which has long served as the last earthly resting-place of the members of the House of Hapsburg. A hundred memories assail one on gazing at those rows of plain, grim coffins, mostly of a uniform type, and thus only distinguishable one from another by the plates affixed to them. In that gloomy spot the words of the Preacher, "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity!" ring in one's ears with renewed force. Here lies all that is mortal of some of the highest-born, the most exalted, of human kind. Here, too, you come into contact with some of the world's great tragedies. Yonder lies Maximilian, some time Emperor of Mexico, but shot at Queretaro by the orders of Juarez. Here, at rest at last, is the once restless and unhappy Elizabeth, assassinated by the Anarchist Luccheni; and beside her are the remains of her singularly gifted yet ill-balanced son, that Crown Prince Rudolph who so passionately loved the beautiful Maria Vetsera, but took his life—as she took hers—one wild night in the sequestered retreat of Meyerling. Farther on, another mother and her son repose close together. She entered the world as an Archduchess of Austria, became for a few years Empress of the French, and ended as Duchess of Parma and Guastalla. He was born King of Rome, and died an Austrian colonel.

On three occasions attempts have been made to procure the removal of his remains from the Capuchins in order that they might be laid beside those of his glorious father under the dome of the Invalides. Twice did the third Napoléon apply to the Emperor Francis Joseph to that effect, and subsequently the French Republic made a similar suggestion, but the Emperor of Austria has always refused the requisite permission. And, after all, it is perhaps as well that this throneless unhappy Prince should rest beside his mother at Vienna. France saw little of him. His life was essentially an Austrian tragedy.

In the volume before us, Mme. Clara Tschudi tells the story of his young inglorious career, in the manner which one might expect of an author who has repeatedly proved how catholic are her sympathies. In previous works Mme. Tschudi has compassionated the misfortunes of Marie Antoinette, the Empress Eugénie, the second Ludwig of Bavaria, the last Queen of Naples, and others; and now in the brief life of Napoleon's only legitimate son—let it not be forgotten that the modern Alexander still has lineal descendants through his illegitimate offspring, Count Walewski and Count Léon—she has found a subject well suited to her kindly pen.

Truth to tell, there is not very much to be recorded respecting the ill-starred Prince whom his father's subjects saluted as "L'Aiglon" and "Le Fils de l'Homme." The poet has ascribed to him the words, "Ma naissance et ma mort, voilà mon histoire," and, so far as he was of historical importance, that sentence sums up everything. Bonapartist writers claim that he at least reigned as Napoléon II from June 23 to July 3, 1815; and as the French Chambers recognised him on his father's second abdication, there is a little truth in that contention. But it should not be forgotten that since the previous year the King of Rome had been a virtual captive in Austria. As he did not die at Schoenbrunn until July 22, 1832, there may still be some octogenarian or nonagenarian Austrians who saw him in their childhood; but he left France in 1814, and so it is extremely doubtful whether any Frenchmen now alive ever set eyes on him. One of the last to remember him in France was the present writer's father-in-law, who passed away a good many years ago at the advanced age of ninety-six. Great-nephew of a medical man who was celebrated at the close of the eighteenth century, son of an officer attached at one time to the person of Eugène de Beauharnais, afterwards Duke of Leuchtenberg, he was in his eighth year when Marie Louise and the King of Rome quitted France; and in his later days he often told the story of how his father, after taking him up before him on his saddle, rode to meet the departing exiles near the frontier, and how at last they reached the fallen Empress's travelling coach, in spite of all the foreign escort. The lad had been provided with a few flowers, and these he tendered to Napoleon's consort, who ended by taking him into the carriage, in which he rode with her and the little King, then three years old, till the frontier of France was reached. And there Marie Louise kissed him, and there, too, he gave a kiss to the child Napoleon—France's kiss of farewell, as it were, the last which her great Captain's heir ever received from French lips.

On looking at some of the portraits which illustrate Mme. Tschudi's interesting pages, one is reminded of the lack of physical resemblance between Napoleon and his son by Marie Louise. The child who was most like him in features was the boy born of the beautiful Polish Countess Walewska, the son on whom he bestowed the Christian name of Alexander, and who was a year older than the King of Rome. During the Second French Empire people often commented on the resemblance between Prince Napoléon Jérôme and his uncle, the first Emperor; but that between the latter and Count Walewski was really closer. It happened, however, that the Count, who served at one time as French Minister of Foreign Affairs and succeeded the Duke de Morny as President of the Legislative Body, was very unlike his father in mind and disposition. Quiet, urbane, a polished gentleman, he had none of the Napoleonic ambition, spirit, *brusquerie*, or other characteristics. In all his qualifications he was a Walewski, not a Bonaparte.

On the other hand, the King of Rome was facially a Hapsburg, one of the many examples of that Haps-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

burg prepotency in matrimony which has inclined scientists to the view that the Hapsburg type always asserts itself in the offspring of any marriage which may be contracted by any Archduke or Archduchess of Austria with any foreign Prince or Princess whatever. Nevertheless, there may have been some of the Napoleonic spirit in the son of Marie Louise. We know that he chafed under captivity, that he yearned for opportunities which never occurred. Perhaps he might have become a good soldier, for the Austrian reports on his military efficiency are distinctly favourable. We read that as a lieutenant-colonel he commanded his battalion with skill. We are aware, too, that he was an expert and daring horseman. But the *régime* to which he was subjected was such as might quell the most aspiring disposition. Surrounded by spies, he shrank at last from any attempt to assert himself. He was afraid to communicate with those of the Bonapartes who endeavoured to get into touch with him—as, for instance, Elisa's daughter, the Countess Camerata, who made repeated but fruitless attempts to see him. We are somewhat suspicious of the story which shows him telling Prokesch-Osten that his mother was not the wife his father deserved. We feel, too, that most writers are unduly severe on Marie Louise. She was by no means so callous as some have asserted. It is certain, for instance, that she was deeply affected by her son's death. But she was a woman, and Napoleon, after a time, became a very indifferent husband. Some writers apparently think that he ought to have been mated to a woman of virile mind, but the consequences would probably have been disastrous. We know what happens only too often when a strong-willed man and a strong-willed woman are joined in marriage. Mme. Tschudi certainly brings out some of the good points in Marie Louise's character. For the rest, her pathetic narrative of the young Napoleon's unhappy career is full of human interest, and deserves to find many readers.

The Royal Visit to India

Narrative of the Visit to India of Their Majesties King George V and Queen Mary, and of the Coronation Durbar held at Delhi, 12th December, 1911. By the Hon. JOHN FORTESCUE. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. FORTESCUE has had a great opportunity, and on the whole has acquitted himself successfully in his task. His subject was calculated to inspire the pen of a courtier, but it had its defects as a theme for a continuous narrative. It involved the accounts of much of what Indians and Anglo-Indians call "tamasha," a significant word including processions, ceremonies, displays, shows of all kinds and degrees. The prominence of this feature somewhat marred the effect of Sir W. H. Russell's volume on the (then) Prince of Wales's visit to India in 1875-6, and Mr. Fortescue has wisely taken warning from that precedent. He has done well to relegate to an appendix the official programmes of the tour, and the accounts of the various assemblages, receptions, banquets, camps which figure so largely in Royal processions. This has enabled him to present the course of the King-Emperor's journey by sea and land in such a manner that the story can be read with pleasure: it is not wanting in enthusiasm in some places, but the restraint and moderation of the author are generally manifest. Mr. Fortescue lets himself go most conspicuously in attributing the real success of the Durbar to the presence of the King-Emperor:—

> The organisation of the pageant was admittedly perfect. Yet even if all the setting had been perfect, it would have availed nothing without the precious stone in its midst. It was the King and not the King's clothes, or the King's surroundings that so profoundly impressed India. The inhabitants, it must be repeated, believe in no vague abstraction called a Government; they believe in the one ruler whom God has set over them; and when he comes among them they fall down and worship. Nor, if the matter be considered, is this surprising. In the ordinary routine of life one man is better than another; but in the presence of the King all men are so immeasurably below him as to be merged together on the same footing. The King is the King. All other are his subjects; as such they are equal; and in the King's presence the humblest peasant feels himself on the same level with the Viceroy.

The Royal visit on this occasion, unlike the King's visit to India six years before as Prince of Wales, was not extensive in time or distance. Bombay, Delhi. Calcutta, shooting in the Nepal Tarai—while the Queen-Empress enjoyed the scenery, the old-world charm, the chivalry of Rajputana—occupied nearly the whole of the King-Emperor's energies, though there were several side-shows, so to speak, as at Arrah, Patna, and Nagpur, where their Majesties' appearance met with loyal welcome. The Delhi Durbar, with its eventful eight days of pageantry, was, as it was intended to be, the main occasion of the Royal visit; and unique importance was added to it by the surprising announcement of the transfer of the capital from Calcutta to Delhi. Mr. Fortescue apparently believes in this change; this is not the place to discuss it. Throughout the tour the King and Queen bore themselves with a dignity, grace, and affability which delighted the Europeans and Indians alike. Some of the impromptu incidents were perhaps the most effective. One happy inspiration was on the day of the native pageant at Calcutta, when, at its close, their Majesties drove very slowly round the whole length of the quiet ring of native spectators, within two yards of them; the absence of escort and police showed a marvellous confidence, which, to their credit, the natives loyally reciprocated. Another unpremeditated movement was the leave-taking at Bombay, when their Majesties, unattended, paid their farewell greeting to India. Such actions struck the imaginations of the spectators. The Oriental tendency to worship a personality was exhibited everywhere. Mr. Fortescue has not really grasped its origin when he writes: "So strong is the impulse in men to deify

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the power which keeps them in discipline and order, and thus brings to them the divine blessings of peace." The idea of propitiating the source of all favours must be included.

It is when Mr. Fortescue writes of other matters than the events of the tour that his work is more open to criticism. His historical sketch of India has a number of slips which a reviewer who does not know Indian history may fail to notice. Alexander the Great did not penetrate to the Sutlej, but only to the Bias—the Hyphasis—where he built altars: his soldiers declined to go farther. Babar died in 1530, not 1540. Akbar reigned 49 years, as Mr. Fortescue could easily have calculated, and not just upon 40. Nanak was followed by nine Gurus, not ten: there were ten in all. The Popes' Bulls which divided the world were issued in 1493 and 1506, not in 1502. The 39th Regiment went to India in 1754 under Adlercron, not under Eyre Coote, who obtained his captaincy in India. The Battle of Buxar was fought on October 23, 1764, not in February. Arthur Wellesley did not accompany his brother Mornington to India. Arthur reached Calcutta in February, 1797; Mornington assumed office in May, 1798. Dalhousie annexed Oudh under orders from Home; it was not his policy. Hardinge did not make over the Viceroyalty to Dalhousie at the end of 1847: there was no Viceroyalty to make over: the Governor-generalship was transferred on January 12, 1848.

These are sufficient samples of Mr. Fortescue's inaccuracies in history. Can he be relied upon for the accuracy of personal observations? He is severe upon Lord William Bentinck, and perhaps rightly. But he is quite wrong in supposing the British military officer to be more closely in touch with Indian thought and feeling than the civilian: for one thing, the native officers are few in a regiment; the civilian deals with hundreds of natives, subordinates, and independent persons of all sorts. To attribute a certain decision, apparently the King's own, to "malignant officialism"—even as a quotation—is hardly judicious or proper. If Mr. Fortescue knew the bazaar opinion regarding the King's entry into Delhi, he has rightly refrained from recording it. The disparagement of the civilian wherever possible is to be regretted. Mr. Fortescue's short time in India might have taught him better. The long disquisition on the meaning of education, and especially literary education, and on the devotion of shepherds to literary education, is out of place. Mr. Fortescue is also critical of red baize, aniline dyes, and of the camp arrangements at Delhi: he finds fault with Muhammadan architecture, and writes of the reproaches to British architecture which at present stand unabashed in Calcutta and Bombay. These are the impressions of a visitor, and are, after all, superficial. The suggestion that, in the future, "what is needed in both parties"—England and India—"is sympathy and patience" requires more reflection. It is easy to preach sympathy: the difficulty lies in the practical application of the term. Are the English in India to sympathise with native ideas and customs on such subjects as, say, "suttee," female infanticide, inaccuracy, opposition to sanitation, dilatoriness—in fact, with the Eastern view and standard of civilisation as opposed to the Western—to sympathise, that is, to the extent of reversing the policy of the last hundred years? In preaching sympathy, some explanation of its operation might be offered. As to the need for patience, there can be no question: it is required in reading some of Mr. Fortescue's remarks which detract from the merits of his book.

Separate Prospectuses can be had of all below-mentioned Publications.

Sampson Low, Marston & Co., Ltd.

Absolutely the most acceptable Presents of the Season.

THE BROAD HIGHWAY.
By JEFFERY FARNOL. 25 Illustrations in Colour by C. E. BROCK. Small 4to, handsomely bound. 10s. 6d. net.

The Art Book of the Year. Frank Brangwyn.

ROTHEN: or, Traces of Travel Brought Home from the East.
By A. W. KINGLAKE. With an Introduction by SAMUEL L. BENSUSAN, with delightful Illustrations in Colour and Designs in black-and-white by FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A. Crown 4to, boxed. 12s. 6d. net.

Travels in Four Continents.

ROUND THE WORLD FOR GOLD.
A Search for Minerals from Kansas to Cathay. By HERBERT W. L. WAY. Medium 8vo, cloth, with special Maps. £1. 1s. net.

John Haslette's New Novel.

THE MESH.
By JOHN HASLETTE, author of "Desmond Rourke, Irishman." Crown 8vo. 6s.

A Novel of absorbing interest.

WHEN THE GATES LIFT UP THEIR HEADS.
By PAYNE ERSKINE, the Author of "The Mountain Girl." Crown 8vo. 6s.

A charming new romance by a Manchester Authoress.

THE FAIREST OF THE STUARTS.
An Historical Romance by WINIFRED BROOKS MYLECHREEST, Author of "Fairies, Flowers and Fancies." Crown 8vo. Illustrated. 6s.

Costume and Fashion.

DAME FASHION, 1786-1911.
By JULIUS M. PRICE. Special Artist-Correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*. Crown 4to. 150 Plates, mostly coloured. £2. 2s. net.

London: 100 Southwark St., S.E., and 32 Warwick Lane, E.C.

Write for Complete Illustrated List of New Books suitable for Xmas and New Year Gifts.

Prison Life.

My Life in Prison. By DONALD LOWRIE. (John Lane. 6s. net.)

AT a time when men in England who find themselves in a workhouse are known to commit wilful breaches of discipline in order to enjoy the greater comfort of prison and to be treated with more respect (as one of them told the present reviewer), it is interesting to read an account of prison life in California in this century.

Mr. Lowrie served a long term in San Quentin Prison, which is maintained by the State of California to accommodate the law-breakers of the State, who hail principally from San Francisco. Our author was sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment for burglary committed under pressure of hunger and poverty—a strong sentence, according to our ideas, for the crime.

Perhaps a general summary of the points of difference

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

between our system and the Californian may be pointed out for the benefit of those who do not read the book, which is, of course, written from a prisoner's point of view, a point of view which naturally does not coincide with that of the authorities.

First, then, the inmates, generally speaking, are not isolated for any length of time, but occupy a cell in parties of four or less. They take their food in batches of twenty-four in a dining hall, and the food being placed on the table, help themselves. They are allowed tobacco, and on Sundays all meet together in an exercise yard, where they can talk and have a band maintained by themselves, which plays for dancing. They have a library also maintained by themselves. Religion is, as with us, Protestant and Roman Catholic, and our prisoner speaks very well of the priests, but not so well of the then Protestant chaplain. Prisoners are permitted to buy necessaries—such as soap, towels, handkerchiefs, tobacco, and musical supplies—and to receive papers.

The principal work on which they were employed was a jute mill. At the time of our man's entry the great trouble was the smuggling into the prison of morphine—called "dope." This appears to have been stamped out. Punishment was confinement in a strait-jacket—a fearful torture, as the prisoner could not move; at one period there appears to have been no limit to the time in which a prisoner might be under this penalty. It seems to have been used to make prisoners "squeal," *i.e.*, confess; and many confessed to prison offences rather than endure this pain.

Capital punishment was in vogue, and the author devotes much space to gruesome details—quite unnecessary, to our mind—as to the methods adopted.

As one might expect, the book contains a great amount of moralising, some of it true, some not; but we quite agree with one remark, that the more abnormal a man's life is, or is made (*i.e.*, by prison discipline and customs) the more liable he is to get out of touch with what we call civilised conditions. There is much American slang in the book, and some amount of humour. Even prisoners have their little jokes.

Corresponding to our ticket-of-leave system or licence, is what is called the Parole Law, passed in 1893; by this the State Board of Prison Directors is empowered to make rules and regulations under which any prisoner not committed for life may be paroled after he has served one year of his term, and life prisoners after they have served seven calendar years. The practice, however, at the time the author was a prisoner, was that no application for parole was granted until the applicant had served one half of his net sentence and had a perfect prison record for six consecutive months preceding the consideration of his case; that he shall have advertised his intention of applying for parole in a newspaper of general circulation in the country where his conviction occurred; that he shall have employment assured him by affidavit from some responsible person, and that he write a biographic sketch of his life from boyhood—a stringent set of conditions to be complied with! The general result of giving parole appears to be good.

The author, in conclusion, asks for a change of system, so that prisoners may be benefited and converted into useful citizens while "paying the penalty" for crime, and suggests an indeterminate sentence with parole based on individual merit under a remunerative industrial plan whereby the prisoner may support his family while he is confined; and later he observes, "God meant human beings for fresh air, sunshine, and work."

As a general principle we agree with this. Our present system tends that way—plenty of work—and hard work is the best thing to restore the self-respect of a prisoner; and as he shares in what he earns, he can obtain a considerable reduction of his sentence by his own good conduct. Unless he is a hardened character, and better both for his own sake and the country at large under care, the ordinary accidental criminal has little to complain of, owing to the working of our Probation Act—proving every day more and more of value—or by the light sentences now imposed, the care taken of his health, comfort, and morals.

One step we should like taken, namely, never to send a man or woman to prison for non-payment of a fine unless it can be shown that the person meant wilfully to set the law at defiance.

Our prisoners' aid societies do much quiet and good work in helping men to make a new start—much more good work than people generally understand or recognise. A problem not yet solved is what to do with the working-man's wife and family when the bread-winner, or he who should be the bread-winner, goes to prison. Attention is being given to this question—a serious one—and something is being done, but the workhouse is the fate of many families, and thus a double charge is thrown on the country, and the sins of the father are truly visited on the children. Perhaps some of the readers of these notes may consider this problem.

The book, we may observe, was printed in the United States, and the effect is poor.

Contra Mundum

The Enthusiasts of Port-Royal. By LILIAN REA. (Methuen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

A GREAT preacher remarked recently that "the Jew is our expert in religion"; he might perhaps have added that the great amateur in this matter is the Anglo-Saxon. The Englishman on his travels abroad visits churches which are otherwise never entered except for purposes of devotion. The retired officer or administrator solaces his enforced leisure by a very active participation in the affairs of the church that is, topographically or theologically, nearest to him. On the pathological side we are, in the view of many of our fellow-mortals, incredibly well informed. We have many miniature Bossuets capable of doing justice to one side at least of the "Variations of the Protestant Churches."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Most readily, however, is Anglican curiosity excited by the phenomena of dissent or qualified assent within the Church of Rome. Dr. Döllinger and the foreign Modernists have found almost as many sympathisers or critics in England as among their own compatriots. Port-Royal and primitive Jansenism, as the most considerable of modern attempts at forming an independent community within the Roman Catholic Church, have always been a special object of wonder. The above description is possibly loose, but we do not believe that it is as inaccurate as many writers on the subject profess to believe. The movement was the minority report of the "Grand Siècle." Its leaders were Catholics and patriots; they did not wish to dissociate themselves from their Church or their country, and, if circumstances brought them into conflict with existing authorities, it was because a tyrannical theory of the State held the field. The State in France has always been more hostile than the Church to the "écarts" of pietism. Moreover, Port-Royal occurred at the very moment when the great question of Gallicanism, which it considerably complicated, came up for solution.

It is little more than five years since Mrs. Romanes published a book on Port-Royal of very similar scope and tendency to the one before us. We are doubtful if Miss Rea has added very much to the knowledge offered by her predecessor. At most she has complemented the facts and conclusions of Mrs. Romanes. The light and shade are sometimes rather different; some of the characters are more prominent than heretofore; others retire a little further into the background. There is, perhaps, a little less Pascal and a little more Racine—it may be an impression. Speaking generally, there is a great abundance of interesting detail, and the book is eminently good reading. There are, unfortunately a good many faults of style, slips of the pen or the press, and oddities of translation, but these last are often rendered innocuous by the presence of the original on the same page, and the weaknesses are not strong enough to impair the excellence of the whole work.

The description of the two Port-Royals—of Paris and of "les Champs"—are very clear, and the rather confusing story of the various migrations is well told. Apart from the two or three feminine leaders of the movements, and the fashionable outposts, like the Duchess de Longueville, interest is naturally focussed on "les Solitaires." The story of Pascal has been told a good many times, and the relations of Racine to Port-Royal are still matter of controversy, but there were many men of transcendent worth among the "Solitaires," and every trait of them has its interest. There is Doctor Pallu who began his career in the "Wilderness" by "writing a treatise on the salutary qualities of the laugh"; and that other doctor, Hamon, who knitted and read books of devotion as he went his rounds. There is also the noble duellist, de la Petitière, who became an evangelist cobbler. Antoine le Maître is better known, but embodies the supreme self-renunciation of Port-Royal—the greatest orator of France condemning himself to the "humility of silence." The chief temptation of these, as of other saints, was to spiritual pride, and while we can endorse Archbishop Péréfixe's criticism—"pure as angels and proud as Lucifer"—we can spare a little sympathy for the monarch who persecuted the "Solitaires," as the Athenian condemned Aristides, because he was tired of the perpetual cry: "Ces Messieurs! Ces Messieurs!"

Shorter Reviews

The Day Before Yesterday. By RICHARD MIDDLETON. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)
Poems and Songs. (Second Series.) By RICHARD MIDDLETON. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

ONCE again we have to note the beauty and delicacy of the work of the late Richard Middleton, much of it familiar to our readers in its original appearance in these columns. There are essays in "The Day Before Yesterday" equal in quality to any of the pages in "The Ghost Ship," and they are all to be read with pleasure. The delightful plea for "Votes for Children" in the article on "Street Organs"; the description of "Real Cricket"; the excellent study of a pet cat in "A Distinguished Guest"; all are in his best vein of quiet humour. A little picture from "Real Cricket" must be quoted as a good example of Middleton's style:—

> The oddest cricket I ever played was with a gardener, a reticent, impassive man, who came and played with me when sudden mumps had exiled me from my holiday-making comrades. He would bowl to me silently for hours, only parting his lips now and again to murmur the name of the stump which he proposed to hit with his next ball, and no efforts of mine could prevent his grim prophecies from being fulfilled. When I gave him his innings he would pat my widest and most wily balls back to me politely until he thought I was tired, and then he would let me bowl him. This unequal contest was not cricket as I knew it, but it fascinated me nevertheless. At night in my bed I would hit his bowling all over the world and upset his stumps with monotonous ease. By day I could only serve his humour. The devil was in the man.

Through all these essays runs Middleton's constant protest against the prosaic materialism amidst which he was forced to labour, and, in a different form, a much sadder form, it can be traced in his poems. The new volume does not contain such fine work as is to be found in the previous issue of his poetic artistry, reviewed in THE ACADEMY for June 1; it has, however, one very beautiful lyric which we remember reading and admiring a year or so ago—"Queen Melanie and the Wood-Boy." It is a conception of pure delight, and we doubt whether any other writer could have treated it in so exquisite a fashion. In the other poems the thought of death is frequent, and love is sung with a music that is perfectly rendered but not particularly

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

new or individual. The four books—two of essays, two of poems—contain the finest part of Middleton's writings; and it is on these that his name, that of a sweet singer and a dreamer, must worthily rest.

Writing the Short Story. By J. BERG ESENWEIN. (Andrew Melrose. 6s. net.)

GIVEN four hundred pages of good advice, a pen and some ink, and a receptive mind, who would not dash at the opportunity offered for a mere six shillings of learning how to write the short story? Fame lies before us; and if others are so rash as to inquire whether Henry James, Kipling, Hardy, Wells, invariably consulted a book of instructions when the desire to write seized them, let us retort with a supercilious smile that had they done so, doubtless they would have produced better work. Alas! not in such a manner is the author to achieve immortality; if there is one thing that certainly cannot be taught, it is the art of writing the short story. Mr. Esenwein does his best, and, as editor of *Lippincott's*, he surely knows how short stories should be written. He has read, it seems, most of the specimens of the art accessible to him; he has analysed them carefully, found differences and resemblances in their methods, and published the result of his unwearying investigations to the world of ambitious youth. So far, so good; the chapters on "Selling the Story," and "Why Stories are Rejected" may be of value to many eager free-lances, and the advice on the choice of a title is admirable. Meanwhile, we must reiterate our conviction that, given the idea and the power to write, the short story will precipitate itself in an effective form without the aid of a guide-book. As to the machine-made magazine story, that is another affair altogether.

A Miscellany of Men. By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Methuen and Co. 5s. net.)

ALL of these essays, we believe, have appeared before as separate articles in the Press, and some of them are worth preservation in volume form. Not every one can stand Mr. Chesterton's "awful jollity," and many of his readers must be very tired of his literary tricks; the trick, for instance, of labouring an argument from the first thing that happens to cross his mind. We give an example or two:—

> There are things in this world of which I can say seriously that I love them, but do not like them. The point is not merely verbal, but psychologically quite valid. Cats are the first things that occur to me as examples of the principle. Cats are so beautiful that a creature from another star might fall in love with them, and so incalculable that he might kill them. . . .

This is the beginning of an essay entitled "The Elf of Japan," after reading which we still remain puzzled as to what Mr. Chesterton is trying to say. Here is another piece of strained juggling:—

> Thinking backwards is not quite easy to define abstractedly; and perhaps the simplest method is to take some object, as plain as possible, and from it illustrate the two modes of thought: the right mode, in which all real results have been rooted; the wrong mode, which is confusing all our current discussions, especially our discussions about the relations of the sexes. Casting my eye round the room, I notice an object which is often mentioned in the higher and subtler of these debates about the sexes: I mean a poker. I will take a poker and think about it; first forwards and then backwards, and so, perhaps, show what I mean. . . . .

"There is nothing up my sleeve, ladies and gentlemen," we can hear Mr. Chesterton protesting; "I will take this poker, this plain, ordinary poker, and from it deduce tremendous notions about Imperialism, Socialism, the Suffrage Question, and many other things; heaven only knows where we shall finish." It is funny—once; but to watch the literary acrobat go through all his repertoire brings mere tedium.

Probably, however, there are in this world many good people who take a pure delight in this sort of legerdemain, who, by its use, are tempted to read on just to see what is coming; to them at least half of the little essays here collected will make an irresistible appeal. They will not be disconcerted by the sudden introduction of cows, rabbits, a giraffe, and a wasp in an article entitled "The Sun Worshipper." Mr. Chesterton is like a heavy excursion train which does not know its destination and crashes along at full speed all the time; sometimes it gets off the lines, and things happen; fortunately, as a rule, tragedy is avoided. In some of these essays, where he keeps to the track, he is a joy to read: "The Real Journalist," "The Romantic in the Rain," "The Priest of Spring," and several others, bring thrills of appreciation that encourage a very forgiving mood towards the times when Mr. Chesterton's fearful momentum carries him near to disaster.

The Voice of One Crying. By E. GIBSON CHEYNE. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)

A VOLUME of "verse" in Whitmanesque style is something of a problem to the critic. It is almost sure to be blamed for what it is not, rather than for what it is, supposing it to deserve blame. Thus one who is a lover of beautiful form in poetry comes and finds only an irritating hybrid "prose-poetry." And on the other hand, the seeker for ideas, who is careless of form, is apt to be disappointed; for, after all, there is only one Whitman. This is not to say that there is any shortage of ideas in Mrs. Cheyne's work. On the contrary, she has enough ideas to fit out any half-dozen modern minor

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

rhymers. She presents us with a kind of raw material for really great poetry. Thus:—

> No one is a lover of Beauty, who has not gone hungry and barefoot for her sake.
> No one is a lover of man, who has not hung upon a cross for him.
> No one is a lover of God, who has not given up man for Him.
> Yet the world is full of lovers, and life is fed by their sacrifices.

There is an idea, not new, it is true, but worthy of the mightiest treatment. It would be expecting too much to look for new ideas on every page. Mrs. Cheyne does, however, often achieve freshness:—

> The tides of joy and sorrow are the tides that irrigate the wilderness of the world,
> Till it blossoms into beauty.

She gives utterance in this volume to a creed of spiritual unity and solidarity somewhat vaguely expressed, but always stimulating; and she has a keenness of spiritual insight only too rare among poets. We do not know whether it would have been possible to crowd these thoughts into any of the more recognised verse-forms; but if the writer had been able to do it at all successfully she would almost have produced a masterpiece. As it is the book is worth reading more than once; and, moreover, is worth a very great deal of thought.

Fiction

The Crock of Gold. By JAMES STEPHENS. (Macmillan and Co. 5s.)

IT is a very excellent thing when the watcher on the tower—as the reviewer is imagined to be by the guileless of heart—may leave his post and simply pull a joyous peal on the bells of praise. It is splendid to sheathe the sword on one's hip—to think for one moment of the petty scalpel of criticism by so dignified a title—and to pull vigorously on, because the merry clangour over one's head is the only thing proportionate to the joy in the soul. Really that office is won, more often than it would appear, when it takes a little courage to fulfil it; but no courage should be needed in the case of the "Crock of Gold."

The Crock of Gold itself has little to do with the subject. Neither have the two Philosophers; nor their two respective wives, the Grey Woman of Dun Gortin and the Thin Woman of Inis Magrath; nor, for that matter, their two children, nor the Leprechauns, nor Pan, nor Angus Og, nor Caitilin Ni Murrachu. There is only one person who has anything to do with the book; and that is Mr. Stephens, who has given some considerable care to Blake, and a good deal of care to his own devilment. In fact, he has given so much care to Blake that he has not altogether digested that mighty man's scheme of things, being too content to give it speech on his own lips with a disorder of idea that it had not in its originator's brain. That is an incidental complaint common to most of Blake's readers, who cannot step quite as decisively as the strong man himself did in the involutions of his scheme of things. But the inspiring spirit is here; and it gives a singing beauty to Mr. Stephens' own devilment. That devilment is undeniable. It both makes and mars the book. It was a very good thing for one of the two philosophers, and his wife, the Grey Woman of Dun Gortin, that they, in a surfeit of life, spun round like tops till they died; or they would have added to the number of people in whom our interest is aroused, to remain unresolved at the end of the book. Caitilin Ni Murrachu leaves Pan for Angus Og, and that is an end of her—and a very good end, too, one may say. But her father, Meehawl MacMurrachu, who stole the Crock of Gold, and was singularly afflicted by the Leprechauns in consequence, is never heard of again. The surviving philosopher is rescued from prison by the Shee, after their hosting, we are told, but the manner of it we are not told, nor are we told why the Shee hosted, nor what came of it in the larger purpose of things.

The book concludes with four dots to signify a conclusion that is no conclusion. The remaining half a page should have been filled with dots, had Mr. Stephens wished adequately to signify the unconcluded interest. But the characters happen not to be the matter of our interest. It is Mr. Stephens who provides that interest, and the characters are only by way of a framework on which he may stretch himself. We have spoken of his spirit in the book as one of devilment; but it must be understood that it is that manner of devilment that is full of wisdom, the inspiration of which, indeed, is wisdom. No man can dance down the road, and leap and laugh in the sun, and pluck flowers where he will, and stretch in the fields when he will, without having joy in his heart; and he cannot have that joy in his heart without having wisdom in his soul. He cannot tell us that wisdom, since wisdom defies the intellect. He can only communicate that joy to us, and we may find the wisdom for ourselves. The phrase of his song, the light in his eyes, the sunlight on a blossom in his hand, may communicate that joy to us; but if it cannot, it will not, so irresponsible is it. And such is the procedure of the book. Being what it is, it is a little matter that it is unconcluded, or that its characters are not taken to the end of their history in the tangle of interest aroused by the Crock of Gold, even as it is a small matter that the song sung on the roadside should lack an ending. The manner of the singing was all, there; and the manner of the telling is all, here. It is such chance things that recreate the sunshine that is the air of joy and wisdom; not a well-framed tale and a concluded interest. We can scarcely imagine anyone reading this book without having a sunshine kindled in his soul; and without looking with a kindlier and wiser eye on his dear Mother Earth and his Brother Man. And if Mr. Stephens wants a better praise than that, then he is a different man from that we have taken him for.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Heroine in Bronze. By JAMES LANE ALLEN. (Macmillan and Co. 6s.)

AFTER the many hours of pleasure which have come to us from the reading of Mr. James Lane Allen's work in the past, and the memories of anticipations keenly gratified when a new novel from his pen was announced, it is extremely disappointing to be compelled to record a sense of futility concerning the present book. We have a profound admiration for Mr. Allen's work, testified on more than two or three occasions in the columns of THE ACADEMY; his characters move in a purer air than most characters conceived by present-day authors; they achieve happiness through suffering without any taint of sentimentalism and without any sacrifice of the interest of the story. "The Heroine in Bronze" has the thinnest of plots, so thin and flimsy that it will not bear the weight of words erected upon it; and as a result we feel, with the sorry joke of the hero at the expense of his wife, which concludes the book, that the whole structure is toppling, and that we really have not cared all the way through what happened.

How different were our sensations when reading "The Choir Invisible," "The Increasing Purpose," or any of the other little masterpieces which Mr. Allen gave us a few years ago! We admit quite freely that there are some charming passages in this volume, pages which recapture for a brief while some echo of the older music; but they seem the aimless improvisings of a musician who has lost his theme. Our hope is that this pallid heroine and insignificant hero may be but a temporary lapse, and that Mr. Allen has some better work in store.

Dr. Tuppy. By STEPHEN TOWNESEND. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

MR. TOWNESEND has drawn vividly upon his imagination for Dr. Tuppy, with the result that if we have not quite a life-like figure, at any rate we have an amusing one. The unfortunate man is very near-sighted, very kind-hearted, and absolutely guileless. The effect of such a temperament upon his colleagues at the hospital is easy to foresee, and there are many amusing—and several pathetic pages of the treatment poor Dr. Tuppy is called upon to endure. Two of the nurses are kind to him, and one goes so far as to promise to look after him for the remainder of his life, so we take leave of him hoping that the worst of his trials are over. The story is bright and amusing, and although the author has given the greatest care and attention to the character who gives his name to the title, those of the nurses and his maiden aunt are also very clearly portrayed and add to the enjoyment of the book.

Our Alty. By M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. BLUNDELL.) (John Long. 6s.)

AN outlying district of Liverpool is the scene of Mrs. Blundell's latest romance. Alty is a girl of the people, and thrown upon her own resources at the age of seventeen, with a cross old grandmother to provide for, sets about her task with the true north-country spirit of being daunted by nothing. There crosses her path a young Territorial, who is charmed by her bonny looks and artless manner. They arrange a runaway marriage, but circumstances in the shape of Alty's employer and secret admirer prevent the elopement. From this period we have a changed Alty, for she finds that her eager young admirer has not the courage to stand by her in the face of his parent's opposition; and the knowledge gives her pain. Also, the gossips are busy with her name, for the story of the proposed flight has leaked out, as such stories are apt to do. Again her employer comes to her aid, and the reader is gradually led up to a very momentous meeting between the old love and the new, at which Alty herself is also present. We must leave the reader to find out the result of the encounter, and in doing so he will spend a very pleasant time.

Idle Hands. By W. CLINTON ELLIS. (Jarrold and Sons. 6s.)

A VOLUME of short stories is a direct temptation to the reviewer, for it is always possible to read one or two of the stories and write as if judging the whole book—but a long railway journey prevents a multitude of sins in this direction. We can recommend this work as a travelling companion, for all the stories that it contains are light and entertaining; they make no undue calls on the intellect of the reader, nor are they likely to remain long in his or her mind once the book is put aside. Mr. Ellis's capacity for recording light and smart dialogue is happily illustrated more than once in this volume. The American lady reporter—who, by the way, does *not* marry the hero of the story—remarked that paternity and maternity might still be regarded as matters of sex, however equal the sexes might be in other respects, and the aptness of the hero's rejoinder: "That'll be got over some day, doubtless," can only be appreciated after perusal of the context. Although we quote this instance, it is with no desire to represent the book as "risky," for such piquancy as characterises its contents is perfectly fresh and wholesome. Its author has kept to the beaten track of the magazine and periodical contributor; his work is not uninteresting, and it is not excessively thrilling. He writes a pleasant short story—and that is all.

The Theatre

"The Waldies" at the Haymarket Theatre

THE Incorporated Stage Society, though not on this occasion sufficiently fortunate to present a play of the calibre of "You Never Can Tell, or "Hindle Wakes," was able to produce at the performance on December 9 at the Haymarket Theatre, a play with regard to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

which the writer may perhaps be counted unlucky. Mr. G. J. Hamlen, the author of the new four-act play, "The Waldies," has improved upon his earlier effort "Barbara Grows Up," but the atmosphere and the types presented were essentially those of what may be called "the 1912 drama." And Mr. Hamlen, who might possibly have been heralded as the leader and originator of a dramatic phase, is just the latest adherent of the new style.

Once again we have the middle-class home of "Rutherford and Son" and "Hindle Wakes"; we have the harsh and intolerant father, whose ambition and business energy have destroyed the individuality of the frightened family; a son, who doubtless was an only son, and who brings trouble into the household; there is the irrepressible daughter who tactfully evades the paternal displeasure; and there is a foolishly-behaved mother, and, of course, a matronly daughter who carries the troubles of the others. But there are variations upon the usual theme in "The Waldies." Aleck Waldie may have been made what he is by excess of parental restraint, but there is no excuse of "wild oats" in his case; he is just a nasty little creature who will drift into the criminal classes, and whose repentance at the end of the play seems but an inconsistent sop to the English notion of the happy ending. Aleck, who, we feel sure, takes no delight in wickedness, and is simply a degenerate, has got into the hands of a moneylender named James Pritchard, who threatens to disclose the transaction to the father. Meanwhile the excitable sister Euphemia has been influenced by the revival services held by a missioner named Ross, and in her religious excitement has placed her rings, including her engagement ring, in the collection plate. Ross, thinking of the remorse on the morrow, returns them to the Waldies, but the engagement ring disappears, and the poor missioner is suspected and victimised. Aleck, however, is the thief, and has given it to Pritchard in payment for his debt, and the latter individual returns it to the enraged father. John Waldie declares that it is not his daughter's ring—surely a terrible deed for such an honest, intolerant man. Then comes the usual straight-talking on both sides, and father and son repent.

There are some good moments and some good lines in the play, but Mr. Hamlen's hand is still uncertain. Mr. Philip Leslie gave on the whole a good rendering of the part of the son, but the finest character in the play was Euphemia, acted by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt. Euphemia was a gloriously natural, joyous, devil-may-care girl who did not suffer from the over-smartness of her dramatic type. Miss Gwynneth Galton made the most of Mrs. Waldie, but Mr. Charles Bibby was never happy in the part of the father, John Waldie. It was the worst-drawn character in the play, and should have been used to a much greater extent. Miss Ellen O'Malley, as the matronly daughter, acted with a quiet charm and force which exactly suited that queer household. Mr. Norman McKeown as the missioner, and Mr. Anthony Warde as the moneylender, both did well. The play was produced by Mr. Norman Page. "The Waldies" possesses genuine humour, while the audience seemed to discover a great deal of amusement in the religious references. But why not change the atmosphere or the types? We wonder what the dramatic fashion of 1913 will be?

A. H.

"Where There's a Will——" at the Criterion

THIS play was described on the programme as a four act comedy, but it soon showed considerable possibilities as a three act farce. I believe since the first night the amusing side of "Where There's a Will——" has been developed, and the tedious, inappropriate serious passages have been reduced. Under some such system of improvement the play should delight the modern Criterion audience, for there is no end of ingenuity displayed in the complication of the will; there is also the bedroom scene, and a lady ready for repose, which seems to be popular just now. If one may have a personal point of view, I think a woman, after she is eighteen, never looks quite so stupid as when she lets down her obviously coiffured hair. But it is always done on the stage, and is supposed to be immensely "fetching." Thus Miss Dora Barton, who plays the heroine of the comedy, Hilda Burchell, has very nearly the whole of the second act in this supposedly attractive *négligée*.

Her charming husband, Harry Redgrave, delightfully played by Mr. Vernon Steel, has been very brave in the first act. Hilda was punting, and knocked an elderly gentleman into the river; Harry, at great risk to his life—he was already married to Hilda, but had not a penny, so the matter was secret—saves the victim of his wife's clumsiness. The old man makes a nice will, leaving Harry so many thousands a year, and then, most conveniently, dies. All promises well for the hero and heroine, but not for the play, which needs complications. These are readily supplied. Mrs. Harry has been a witness to the excellent old gentleman's will. When she is explaining her good fortune to her uncle and showing him how she will score in regard to a disagreeable mother who has provided her with an unwelcome suitor, the uncle, who is a K.C., points out that which most people would have already known, namely, that Harry cannot inherit under a will which has been witnessed by his wife. Thus and thus a charming imbroglio is provided, and Mr. Bernard Parry, the bold author, works it for all its worth and a little bit more.

However, the play marches, and with the aid of an excellent company may prove very agreeable to a holiday audience for the next month or two—or more, I hope. As the mother of Mrs. Harry, Miss Vane Featherstone gave by far the most considered and convincing character-study in the play. When she happened to be on the stage she held the audience with her old easy grace, and although Mrs. Burchell's severity and self-seeking is something of a departure for this delightful actress, she kept well within the hard limits of her part, and gave us a complete piece of art. Mr. Paul Arthur was disappointing as the over-clever uncle and K.C. His

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

difficult speeches—involved and would-be smart—refused to flow freely from his lips. To make matters worse he frequently attempted imitations of Sir Charles Wyndham's voice and manner, and then forgot to continue the affair. Sir Charles was in the stalls and probably did not notice these banal efforts of Mr. Arthur to reproduce the effects beloved of both Mr. Esmond and Mr. Lorrain. Mr. Vernon Steel and Miss Dorothy Minto both bring great charm and liveliness into their somewhat empty parts; one only wishes they had something more worthy of their attractiveness and skill. As Herbert Mossop—the lover who is not beloved by Hilda the heroine—Mr. Spencer Trevor gave an admirable character-study; in fact, in most cases the acting was a little better than the thing acted. As Mr. Louis Meyer presents this four act comedy, I apprehend it has been wrought into a telling and crisp success by this time. When first presented one could only glance at his box sympathetically and welcome the end of the fourth act with a glad sigh.

"The Price" at the Aldwych Theatre

NOTHING is more fully regretted by the student of the stage in England than the constant failure of American successes when transplanted to our midst. Mr. Broadhurst, the author of "The Price," is, I believe, English; but his play, so elaborately and carefully produced here, has so many qualities beloved of the American public and disliked in London, that we regret to say it has already passed from the stage of the Aldwych Theatre. The cast, which was greatly helped by the strong character-acting of Miss Henrietta Watson, presented Miss Fannie Ward in an elaborate part which she seriously attempted to make emotional and realistic. This actress has a complete knowledge of the technique of the art which she takes so earnestly, but, unfortunately, in all the parts in which we have seen her, she fails to convey to the audience the charm of her personality. To some this gift is given unasked; to those who strive for it, how slowly it appears to come. Mr. Ben Webster, as the busy and successful medical man, looked the part to perfection, and Mr. Frederick Kerr was admirably made up for the quite thankless and impossible part of Professor Damaraff. Miss Pattie Browne was hardly fitted to the difficult character of a servant with a past, her method of casting her eyes to the gallery was somehow understood to mean that she expected a laugh when the action of the play needed something akin to tears. But with all its faults "The Price" was an interesting and encouraging experiment. It is to be hoped that a clever dramatist will take Miss Ward's measure and enable her, one day soon, to give us of her best.

"The Visit of the King" at the Palace

TERRIBLY chastened by the mistaken views of a writer on the "Fleshly" movement in the theatres, the management has substituted a Scottish piece of meek dulness in place of the curious and often beautiful "Venetian Night." Mr. E. V. Lucas is so justly popular with those who like to be thought literary and those who wish they could enjoy humour, that we suppose his little play was considered likely to prove a winning card. With the aid of Mr. Watson Hume, Miss Florence Haydon, and the beautiful Miss Laura Cowie, perhaps it will yet succeed. An ex-Provost believes he will have to take the place of the Provost when the King visits a Scottish town, and his family, with the exception of his old wife—charmingly played by Miss Haydon—hopes he will be knighted. These affairs engage the thoughts of all and lead to many little touches of quaint character, and some rather well-worn jokes, and then the Provost recovers fro mhis illness sufficiently to receive the King and the knighthood and all sorts of possibilities vanish. They vanish just as the humour and sentiment and satire vanish out of the play before the sight of a regretful audience.

A Charity Matinee at the St. James's

SOMEWHERE among the illusions of one's youth used to rest the desire that the English edition of "Le Monde où L'on S'ennuie" called "The Lion Hunters," should be revived. It may be remembered how brilliant were the performances of Miss Boucicault and Mr. H. B. Irving, also how this version of Pailleron's long successful comedy did not hit the taste of the public. The matinée for the benefit of sufferers in the present war was an admirable occasion on which to prove that the play had not been rightly appreciated, and might still be made into a London success. Under the all too apropos title of "The World of Boredom" it was given the other day, and one realised, alas! not for the first time, how mistaken were our enthusiasms of yesterday. No one can expect to follow Miss Boucicault with perfect satisfaction, but Miss Margery Maude played the heroine with something more than her usual grace, and Mr. Saintsbury made one almost forget the clever character-study of Mr. Irving. And yet the whole affair seemed like the far off echo of its old self, the lees of the bright wine of a past theatrical generation. For on the stage there is a new generation every ten years, and few are the survivors of that awful passage of Time.

"Curios" at the Coliseum

WITH Mr. G. P. Huntley as the "antique dealer," Mr. Harry Grattan and Miss Eva Kelly as the American buyers, with the passion for collecting in the air, and the vast auditorium of the Coliseum packed with a simple-hearted audience, we justly expected half an hour of utter delight. But, alas! the whole affair proved to be a mirage of enjoyment. As you approached, it drifted before you; as you stood to welcome the ripe humour of Mr. Huntley, the light patter of Mr. Grattan, and the grace of Miss Kelly, these things evaded your embrace and all was barren, dull, and weak. Surely it

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

would not have needed any remarkable gift of tongues to have provided such admirable comedians with some chance to amuse their public. As matters now stand, "Curios" is merely a sad and rather biting commentary on what is supposed to satisfy the playgoer. That it will have a good run is, no doubt, foredoomed, but all our sympathy is with Mr. Huntley for having to be so dull, and with audiences, far and wide, who will politely pretend to enjoy this dreary piece of empty comedy.

EGAN MEW.

Music

WHAT a blessed comforter music can be on a very cheerless day! In these days of biting wind or nipping frost, all recollections vanish of the moments in summer when we have sought her to calm our fever. We remember no more the afternoons when we lay in the hot heather, cooled by the music of the waterfall, or on the lawn, refreshed by the chanting of the tree-tops. Let us go in to the warm concert-room to-day—oh! concert-room, so often blamed for your stuffy tawdriness!—with its cheerful lights and its eager be-furred company, and see if the rich flood of splendid, harmonious music will not kindle body and soul like a draught of generous wine. So it is that we find ourselves in Queen's Hall, and Sir Edward Elgar is advancing to the conductor's desk, the London Symphony Orchestra, expectant, before him. To read the title of the first piece on the programme is to be conscious of a quickening glow of warmth. "In the South (Alassio)." The very name has the sun upon it! Are we indeed going to drink a beaker full of the warm South? Is the conjurer able to transport us into one of those lovely garden-terraces that blush or turn pale with their clambering roses, where the sapphire spires of "Echium Zebrina"—tenderest of Riviera jewels—mock the blue of sea and sky; into the olive groves up higher, enamelled with their jonquil-stars, of which, with the maidenhair fronds of the "Erba di Fontana" we may make the sweetest bouquet? Yes, Sir Edward has known how to distil the warm elixir of Alassio into orchestral melody, and as we listen to his gentle, pathetic goatherd airs we are wandering again along the slopes of Italy's diviner coasts, far away from bleak Langham Place and the noise of London's relentless traffic of wheels. When we hear the discords crash out that the Roman Empire which once ruled the favoured land was a despot, we are not so sure that Alassio ever made *us* ponder over any tyranny more terrible than that of the dinner-hour which forced us, reluctant, to descend the flower-arched paths. But Sir Edward has a brooding mind, and it turns, even amid the serenity of quiet little Alassio, to old, unhappy far-off things. We note this character, too, in his beautiful introduction and Allegro for string orchestra and solo quartet. Since we first heard it, we have always looked upon this as one of Elgar's most original and delightful compositions. Why did he never confer upon it some poetic title and make it, in fact, a companion to "In the South?" He has given it a motto from Cymbeline, "A Smiling with a Sigh"—a poet borrowing from a poet—and very happy is this illustration of the interchanged brilliance and tenderness of the Wales-inspired music. It was a very great pleasure to hear this sympathetic music again.

Sir Edward generally succeeds in getting his band to play his own music well, but his most faithful admirers would have to admit that he lacks the decision and force for the conducting of that of the other composers. Dr. Serge Barjansky, a brilliant violoncellist, was sadly hampered in Dvorak's Concerto by uncertainty as to what his accompanists were doing, and that pleasant music made less than its usual effect. So in the noble symphony of César Franck, the instruments were not kept in due subordination, and many of the effects of the wonderful contrapuntal writing were lost. Unlike a good deal of Franck's music, the symphony is so easy to follow and understand, that it can hardly ever fail to impress; but its thrilling melodies should be rung out with a great deal more of inspiring impulse than that which was given them by Sir Edward Elgar; and when, after the romance of the middle movement, the finale is driven along with real spirit, even the most phlegmatic audience ought to be roused to enthusiasm. Some years ago the Philharmonic Society and Sir Henry Wood performed this symphony with tolerable frequency, but it has of late been rather neglected. We do not wish that it should be "done to death," as was the case with some of Tchaikovsky's symphonies, but each season should offer one performance at any rate.

But we must go on with our tribute of gratitude to those who have warmed us by their music—better than a piled-up fire—during the recent chills. How were we not comforted, one Tuesday afternoon, by the glorious voice of Miss Muriel Foster! If on entering Bechstein Hall we had nourished any thoughts of cold criticism, it soon became impossible to do anything but rejoice that once more a happy public is permitted to hear those splendid tones, too long reserved for private audiences. There was nothing in Miss Foster's programme to stir us to the depths as we are stirred when she sings the Alto Rhapsody of Brahms, even when she sings it, as recently, with a conductor whose way is not precisely her way. But she sang "The Lovely Lass of Inverness" with a sense so right of its drear tragedy, and "My Faithfu' Johnnie," with such a lovely tenderness, that it was almost as good as anything we could have wished. One heeded not the fact that Beethoven's string accompaniments to the Scottish tunes do not add in the least to their beauty. We could, and did, complain a little that Miss Foster sang so lengthy a list of songs by Hugo Wolf. Most of them are beautiful, no doubt, especially "Zur Ruh'" and "St. Joseph's Song," but Wolf could not vary his language as the greater song-composers could, and the effect of many of them together is monotonous. One had only to note the refreshment of spirit brought about by Brahms' "Zigeuner Lieder"—and with what delightful art they were sung!—to realise the differ-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

ence in the genius of the two composers, and to regret that the prevailing fashion pushes Wolf into a place which, in truth, he does not deserve. Still, Miss Foster may sing what she will, and we must always go to hear her.

And we will never willingly lose an opportunity of hearing the clarionet quintet of Brahms, which the Klinger Quartet and Mr. Draper performed one afternoon with commendable results. The tone of the quartet is not always mellifluous, and its playing is straightforward rather than subtle; indeed, it is sometimes harsh and cold, but Mr. Draper's tone is good, and he competes not unsuccessfully with the difficulties of his part. But in its way, is there anything in music more perfectly lovely than those first two movements of drawn-out, entrancing sound? The last two movements seem to us to present almost too sharp a contrast to the first. It is hard to change one's mood so quickly from the warm, almost scented luxury of the adagio to the grave calmness of what follows. Still, it is all so beautiful that it were heresy and ingratitude to pursue the subject. The Quartet had played some Mozart and one of Beethoven's posthumous quartets, but less fortunate than the rest of the overflowing crowd which filled every corner of Bechstein Hall, we were unable to get there in time to hear them. It is a good augury when so noble a programme can bring together so great an audience.

Should we ask Sir Henry Wood, at Queen's Hall, to make us forget the weather with the aid of his orchestra and Mme. Carreño, a pianoforte concerto by MacDowell, a new piece by Glière, and the C minor symphony? Or should we seek to be snug in Bechstein Hall, and hear Mr. d'Albert play a programme of Beethoven? We had not heard this fine musician-pianist for a good many years in such a programme, so the lot was cast upon him. Sad it is to say, but he left us cold, in spite of his superabundant energy, and his dash, and his bigness. Of the bigness there is still no doubt at all, but we cannot think that he still plays as finely as he did. Choosing the best known sonatas, the Waldstein, the Appassionata, and the great C minor, he swung them along with a rhythmic impulse that never halted, and this was very good. But his tone was too frequently explosive; in the climaxes he became even distressingly noisy, and some of his effects were theatrical rather than dramatic. Dignity was lost in vociferation, and we were reminded of Queen Elizabeth played by an actress who scolds because she cannot command. In former days Mr. d'Albert used to show a tendency to be angry with the piano, and sometimes to cow his hearers instead of persuading them. This tendency has increased considerably. But since the audience was very large and very enthusiastic, it must be supposed that his militant methods with Beethoven are by no means displeasing to everybody.

Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. announce that they will shortly re-issue M. Rene Bazin's dramatic story, "The Children of Alsace," at 2s. net, and that they are adding "Love's Mask," by Effie Adelaide Rowlands, to their series of sixpenny "Clear Type" novels.

Pictures of Passing Islam

I.—The Selamlik

SINCE the days when that red-handed old despot, Abdul Hamid, fearful for his life, used to gallop on Friday with furtive eyes to the Hamidié Mosque, the Selamlik has lost much of its pomp and significance. Now the Sultan has become a mere figure, and power has passed into the hands of his ministers, but such as it was, the Selamlik that I saw just after the declaration of war by the Balkan crusaders was a picturesque sight enough.

A crowd of old white bearded men—Bokharas for the most part—from Turkestan, of a Mongolian caste of countenance, and dressed in robes of many colours, lined the dusty square in front of the tawdry white and gold Mosque.

They stood there in silence stroking their beards and waiting for the leader of the faithful to appear. One wore a gorgeous robe of orange embroidered with rose-coloured flowers, another a sky blue cloak and the green turban of those who have made a pilgrimage to Mecca. Opposite them, in a reserved space, was a group of privileged Europeans under the guard of a magnificient Embassy kavass; on the other side of the square were two smart European broughams in which the dark-eyed women of the harem waited to see their lord and master pass. Near them were two gigantic flat-footed eunuchs in frock coats and top hats, treated by all with exaggerated deference. On the high ground beyond the rails of the square had gathered a motley group of women in dresses of orange, mauve and green, some of them wearing light hued yashmaks, and others shamelessly exposing their pretty pale faces to the gaze of the unbeliever. Beyond them again were the Hamidian Lancers in blue and crimson, mingled with the scarlet of the Sultan's Circassian bodyguard.

Constantinople was so denuded of troops that the fire brigade—who, indeed, are soldiers in all save the name, even to the extent of carrying a rifle and bayonet—had turned out to do duty at the Selamlik. They are a grotesque looking lot, for on them has descended the egg-shaped scarlet helmet of the conquerors of Byzantium, only now it is combined with a modern khaki uniform.

Tales are told of how when a house burns these legalised brigands will bargain for *baksheesh* before consenting to wage ineffectual warfare on the flames with their puny hand engines.

Then the leader of the faithful arrived in a victoria drawn by two of those fat horses with arched necks and exaggerated gait, which appear to be the monopoly of Royal carriages all the world over.

The Sultan looked old and stout, and as if not long for this world. He was received by a group of ministers and officials in blue and gold. Then as he waddled up the steps of the Mosque, the crowd of solemn old turbined men cast their dignity to the wind and ran pell-mell to find a place in the empty Mosque, sublimely confident that by doing so they were materially increasing

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

their chances of an entry into Mahomet's somewhat material paradise.

Then, after the Muezzin had called north, south, east, and west from the bracelet of the minaret for the faithful to assemble and pray, the old men in the Mosque began the noisy ritual of their sterile creed.

HERBERT SEABURY.

League for the Defence of the Constitution and the Union

We are informed that a League on the lines of the communication which we print herewith is in the course of formation. We invite our readers to weigh carefully the bases of the movement, and we shall be glad to receive correspondence on the subject.

ED., ACADEMY.

THIS confederation is banded together for the sworn purpose of opposing the tyranny of the overbearing oligarchy that now controls the government of these islands, that has degraded public life in a manner hitherto unexampled and shattered the Constitution which has heretofore been our proudest possession throughout the centuries.

The confederation has two objects:—

(1) To resist by every means in its power any Act of Parliament that is carried without the sanction of the House of Lords, and to deny the authority of the same, feeling that its members have been brought up as true Constitutionalists to respect the law as enacted by King, Lords and Commons, and that the elimination of one vital essential of these three adjuncts is fatal to the continuance of that acquiescence.

(2) To resist the present flagitious attempt to dismember the Imperial Kingdom at its very centre—and to do so, though in sympathy and co-operation with the people of Ulster who are similarly moved—on grounds that are purely British and based on the following arguments:—

It has been falsely alleged by advocates of Home Rule that the only obstacle to a solution on that basis lies in the problem of Ulster and the recalcitrance of the North-Eastern corner of Ireland. So far is that from being the case that if there was no Ulster community in existence at all, the objection to the Home Rule Bill would still be insuperable and overwhelming. The Bill as a possible pacificator of Irish rebels or satisfier of Irish agitation is in its inception an insult to the intelligence of anyone acquainted with the facts of Irish Nationalism and the personality of its leaders, but the charter of our resistance stands rooted in the following provisions in the Bill that are intolerable to any citizen of this country with the most elementary regard for his civic rights. These may be tabulated as follows:—

We are determined to resist this Bill on British grounds for three predominant reasons which are apart from the obvious consideration that it creates a fatal dual control within the area of our home politics and arms a community of avowed enemies with an incalculable power to act to our detriment.

(1) That forty-two Irish Members will be retained at Westminster to vote on English and Scottish measures without the faintest justification for such interference.

It has been suggested as an excuse for this gross violation of our liberties that only a proportion of them will be Nationalists, and that some of them will be Unionists. This is utterly beside the point, as there is no single Irish Member of any political faith who has any conceivable right to legislate for Great Britain when once a Parliament is established in Dublin.

(2) Large sums of British money are to be placed at the disposal of the Irish Government without any control of the British people and without any suggestion that they have pretended to assent to the same.

This is the issue upon which the American Colonies revolted with the approval of every Radical theorist, and this is—as it then was—a sufficient incentive in itself to warrant a resort to arms.

(3) The proposed institution of a separate Customs house and a separate Post Office is manifestly repugnant to the interest, sentiment, and traditions of a country that has from time immemorial been in all such respects entirely at one with itself.

This last consideration is as intrinsic as any other, and of an importance so insistent that the same spirit that animated the Northern American States in their prolonged and unyielding struggle to keep their dominions under the ægis of the same flag, inspires us to-day. We are going to fight the Secessionists, and we found our resistance on an avowed menace to our well-being, on injustices to ourselves that no self-respecting citizen is prepared to endure, and on the fact that no law can have any binding force save through the triple medium that our forefathers devised and their children have learned through the ages to regard.

On these grounds we pledge ourselves to withstand Home Rule (equally with any measure passed in defiance of our honoured Constitution), to declare unmistakably now that at the earliest possible moment it shall if passed be repealed, to ally ourselves with the Ulster movement in their flat negative of its acceptance and to affirm with the same unequivocable voice, "We will not have Home Rule."

The Secret of Romance

IT is unfortunate, from many points of view, that the fascination which Death has for us is so much deeper than the fascination of Birth. There is no real philosophical distinction between the gate which leads to the unknown and the other gate which leads from it. But the mere fact that the former lies before us, and may loom up at a hand-stretch at any moment, gives it an overwhelming significance to the practical mind. We listen with profound concern to everything that poets

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and prophets, metaphysicians and saints, and men of science have to say about death, but we take little more than an obstetric interest in the phenomenon of birth. It appears to be nothing but a formal preliminary; it has no more mystic quality for the majority of us than the hammer-blow which announces the rising of the curtain upon a play which may be good, bad, or indifferent. So little do we think about it that we regard it as a step no less sudden and complete than that of death. We speak of "beginning life," whereas we are no more alive at the moment of birth than when we were hidden in the womb. We speak of "opening our eyes upon the world," whereas these organs are no more capable of seeing with effect than our infant limbs are of sustaining us. The true miracle of birth lies in the slow emergence of an organism capable of responding with thought and emotion to its environment. Nature starts with a single cell, which proceeds to divide and to grow until it produces a complex something, sensitive to light, sound, and the contact of material things. Presently, out of the reciprocity between this unconscious mass and the impulses which rain upon it, there appears a being which becomes aware of itself and of the world. This is the true birth—a far more wonderful and mysterious thing than the collapse of the structure in death. For centuries we have sought the secret of life on the further side of the valley of the shadow; it lies, as a matter of fact, under the shadow from which we creep to self-consciousness.

Few of us realise this simple fact, because the change comes so slowly, and is so easily lost among the childish memories which are washed away like ripple marks on sand. It sometimes happens that ripple marks are preserved by some chance which converts the shifting grains into solid rock; and occasionally a similar chance leaves the permanent mark of this true-birth on the mind. The moment of awakening has such a fine romantic quality that we treasure the faintest traces of it, and must regret that it comes at a time when the soul is amorphous and purblind. Nothing in adult life is comparable with it, save the first sudden leap of the flame of passion; and even that, no matter how great its revelation may be, seems to glow in answer to an instinct which has long been struggling for expression. The earliest conception of the strangeness of life precedes it by many years; it is a real virgin sentiment, for it touches chords which were until then passive in the heart of the infinite. It comes as something absolutely fresh; and it is the basis of that elusive and beautiful view of life which we call Romance.

There is something more and something less in this phenomenon than the appearance of that spirit of inquiry which makes a child launch a "why" at everything he sees, hears, or touches. The mark of interrogation is there in both cases, but in the romantic birth it is not concerned with material things, and it is inarticulate. Anyone who can recall the event from his own experience must remember how he became aware of something impalpable and thrilling, before which all ordinary questions were silent. It was something different, moreover, from the mysteries of ghosts and fairies, for it belonged to the everyday world of visible land and sea and sky. It was something so novel and so incomprehensible that he would not have known how to speak of it, even if his instinct—itself mysterious—had not led him to dwell upon it in secret.

The strangest part of this first glimpse into the hidden meaning of life is that it often comes from the contemplation of death. Just as the savage builds his theories of the other world upon the puzzle set him by a corpse, so the child may take his earliest lesson in the incomprehensible from a coffin or a tomb. The tragedy of these sombre things may not touch him, but they have a subtle emanation which penetrates to his embryonic soul. One evening during my early childhood I was sitting idly on a grass-grown rock, close to the waters of a northern firth. I recollect the stillness of the sea, the soft greyness of the lingering twilight, and the haze which made the opposite shore seem remote and gloomy. The picture itself is so clear that I feel sure it would have remained in my memory even though nothing had occurred to imprint it deeply. But as I gazed around me I became aware of figures entering the path which led round the base of the rock to the beach beneath me. At the same moment I observed, for the first time, a boat drawn up at the edge of the water. The figures were those of four men carrying a coffin on their shoulders, and followed by several other men. As they passed beneath me, I noticed that the coffin was small; and I had a vision of a boy like myself, lying shrouded and cold within it. They laid the coffin in the stern of the boat, took their seats near it, and rowed away. I have no recollection that they made the slightest sound at any time; their footsteps on the rough shore, and the oars as they dipped and rose, were soundless. The twilight deepened as they approached mid-channel, and I lost sight of the boat in the haze as night fell. My imagination pictured the men lowering the coffin into the sea.

It would be easy to take quite a commonplace view of this incident. But it made so profound an impression upon me that I mentioned it to no one. I hid it away in my memory as if it had been a sacred rite of which I had been an illicit witness. Although I felt no curiosity about the men who had taken part in it, or about the boy within the coffin, I looked upon the event with a growing sense of the mystery, the glamour, and the picturesque sadness of the world. Indeed, the event served as the creation of that sense; and in later years, whenever my path led me in the neighbourhood of Romance, the memory of that funeral would loom from the wayside shadows, like a human spirit with friendly but unfathomable eyes, gazing at me with a question and a message, the very symbol of life itself. Nothing which I have since encountered, either in actual experience or in the pages of imagination, has surpassed that solitary recollection in its strange and persistent magic.

If we knew more about the inner history of romantic writers, we should probably discover that in their most delicate work they are seeking to recapture the beauty

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of such a dawn. And if we knew more of the psychology of mystics, we should perceive in their spiritual aspirations a pathetic attempt to grasp the solution which seemed to be offered to them in such an accidental glimpse of the unknown. However that may be, the real inwardness of Romance cannot be understood if we consider it merely in its adult condition, with its full panoply of sex-passion and noisy conflict and daylight adventure; we must trace it to its root in the first quiver of the soul as it emerges from darkness, the first conscious response of sentient life to the vibrations of the infinite. There is frequent truth in the contention, often so lightly held, that to keep our taste for Romance we must retain in some essential form the heart of a child.

A. G. W.

The Magazines

THE *English Review* for December opens with a poem by W. H. Davies, entitled "Christmas," and improves on this with an exquisite lyric by Walter de la Mare, "The Dreamer." John Drinkwater also has a poem which is worthy of more than a single reading. The fare in the way of stories and articles is very varied—from Henri Fabre to Gaby Deslys is a terrible leap. M. Fabre discourses on the wonderful methods adopted by hunting-wasps in rendering their prey motionless and harmless, and comes to the conclusion that the modern theory of instinct is "no more than an ingenious game in which the armchair naturalist takes delight"; the whole article is fascinating. "Wayfarers," by Mr. Algernon Blackwood, is a mystical account of the dreams that came with an accident which stunned the writer; we have read better work from the same pen. Mr. Maurice Hewlett has an interesting essay, "The Gods in the Schoolhouse," full of suggestive thought, notable for his description of the thrilling moment when, as a schoolboy, the sense of poetry came to him. The very French scrap of reminiscence and chat by Mlle. Deslys, an able discussion of some of Strindberg's work by the editor, and a well-wrought discourse on "Art for Life's Sake," by Arthur Ransome, form other features of a good issue.

The most striking contribution to the *Fortnightly* this month is "The Bubble in the Far West," by J. B. Firth, a warning against the craze for real estate speculation in the new township of Canada. Some surprising facts are given. "In Calgary alone," says the writer, "with a population of about 60,000, there are 600 real-estate agents—one for every 100 men, women, and children in the place." "Wherever two or three are gathered together, there is the real-estate man. The poison is in the blood of the whole population." The Eastern question, of course, demands a fair proportion of space, and it is a relief to escape from these serious matters, important though they be, to a purely delightful comedy in one act by Lady Gregory, "The Bogie Men," and a good article on "Stage Decoration," by Charles Ricketts.

From a literary point of view, the best pages of the *Nineteenth Century* are those by Sir Sidney Lee, who, writing on the story of the Dictionary of National Biography, glides necessarily into a capital essay on the art of biography and its scope. "The Problem of Marriage and Divorce" is discussed by Bishop Welldon and W. S. Lilly; Lord Avebury writes on the subject of "Private Property at Sea in Time of War"; Yoshio Markino, in an illuminating essay, treats of "The Drama in Japan and England"; and the pressing interests of war and peace are well to the front in various capable contributions. A remarkable and fascinating paper, which we should like all our readers to see, is that entitled "The Listener Speaks," by H. M. Wallis (Ashton Hilliers), on the theme of evolution.

"Traquair's Stalk," an exciting adventure told in "Linesman's" best style, will appeal to many—even to juvenile readers, we fancy—in the current *Blackwood's Magazine*. "Q" finishes in the same issue his new tale of Troy, "Hocken and Hunken," already reviewed in these columns, and the "Tales of the Mermaid Tavern" are continued by Mr. Alfred Noyes. The cricket of the passing year is analysed in a good and pungent article which does not neglect the point which was to the fore last summer—slowness of play. An appreciation of the late Mr. William Blackwood, for more than thirty years the editor, closes an exceptionally fine issue. The *Cornhill* contains a very amusing account of "The Manœuvres from the Wayside," by one who evidently saw more than the mere dry facts of march and countermarch; another sketch by Mr. Pett Ridge of "A Vanished Humorist"—the driver of the horse-'bus—deals with the lighter side of things. In "Drake" Sir Harry Johnston estimates pitilessly, but doubtless justly, the character and achievements of the sea-king whom most of us admire without detailed knowledge of his doings. Other contributions in fiction and in discussions of topical questions will please many tastes.

The Christmas Number of *Harper's Magazine* is full of good things; the very first paper, "My Quest in the Arctic," by V. Stefansson, holds the attention, and, with the aid of an excellent outline map, is easy to follow. This is the opening instalment of what promises to be a most interesting story. Miss M. Cameron has an amusing sketch, the scene of which is laid at the New York Customs Office, and there are several more capital articles and stories. The illustrations, as usual, form a notable feature of this issue. The *Vineyard* for December is specially devoted to Christmas fare; Mr. Ernest Rhys writes on "Old Welsh Carols and Customs," and there are some attractive translations from the French and Swedish.

The *Throne* for December 4 formed a special Christmas issue, and is well worth getting; there is plenty of good-humoured fun in the supplement, dealing with the adventures of "Three Jovial Statesmen" in their search for a programme "calculated to catch votes and guarantee salaries," and the usual excellent features of the paper are not allowed to suffer. *Punch*, of course, in his annual "Almanack," eclipses all previous efforts,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and the sly satires on various folk who happen by good or bad luck to be in the public eye are very good indeed.

The December number of the *Oxford and Cambridge Review* contains a striking article by Mr. F. E. Smith, K.C., M.P., which is certain to arouse a lively controversy. Mr. F. E. Smith undertakes the defence of Lord Roberts, and the defence does not extenuate or attenuate the effect of the Field-Marshal's recent candid utterances, but proceeds on an uncompromising plea of justification. First, Mr. Smith bestows a brief notice upon the politicians who have assailed the soldier on his own ground, and remarks: "The height of insolence is surely reached when Under-Secretaries, who have never done anything for the country, and are never likely to, attempt to advertise themselves by attacks upon him, which are founded upon gross perversions of his actual words." This personal rebuke duly administered, the writer turns to consider the Field-Marshal's declarations as they affect Germany. In his opinion our militant kinsmen on the other side of the North Sea have no good ground of offence in Lord Roberts's warnings to his fellow countrymen.

He then passes to what is the kernel of the argument in favour of instituting universal and compulsory military service in this country. "Let us assume that whatever other merits national service may possess, it cannot reasonably be supported by the apprehension of invasion. There would still be overwhelming reasons why we ought to adopt it and ought to adopt it at once. In the present position of European politics it is almost universally recognised by men of all parties, that we in this country cannot stand by and see France crushed. On at least two occasions in the last five years a position has developed from which the consequences above adverted to might easily have emerged. . . . Either we must make up our minds that we will not take part in a European war under any circumstances, or we must have national service; but we cannot make up our minds on the first of these points unless we are prepared to do what our ancestors to their eternal glory refused to do in the days of Napoleon, acquiesce in the hegemony of Europe by one Titanic power."

These are days of tribulation for Little Englanders both in and out of Parliament, and Mr. F. E. Smith's joyously aggressive article is especially well adapted to fill up their cup of woe. There is much excellent matter in suitable association with it in the *Oxford and Cambridge Review*. Mr. Hilaire Belloc offers a gloomy but dramatic view of the House of Commons in an assumed condition of advanced corruption; a poignant study of a dingy district in London bears the fitting title "Tragedy Row"; an article on "The Prospects of Catholicism in England" is full of a challenging courage, and a discourse on "Style," by a purist, will edify the supercilious and pleasantly divert others.

The Christmas issue of the *World* is exceedingly good. As usual, a clever topical skit on events of the day, "The World Variety Theatre," by Mr. Adrian Ross, occupies a prominent position; the illustrations to this, by Mr. Walton Corbould, are in his best vein of smart caricature. Among the various Christmassy stories is a fantasy by Mr. Wilfrid L. Randell, entitled "The Snowy Lovers," descriptive of the loves of a snowman and snow-woman overtaken by a sudden thaw; other seasonable articles and sketches compose an excellent number. Mr. Mostyn Pigott contributes a set of verses, and we may mention "A Christmas Rose" and "The Vengeance of Israel Vischein" as two of the best stories. The usual interesting features are included in this special issue.

Notes and News

The Rev. Wm. Ewing, of Grange U.F. Church, Edinburgh, has written a new devotional work, daintily produced and suitable for presentation purposes, entitled "Cedar and Palm," and announced for immediate publication by Mr. Robert Scott. Mr. Ewing will be recognised as the joint author and editor of the "Temple Dictionary of the Bible."

A new travel work entitled "Half Hours in the Levant," by Archibald B. Spens, will be published shortly by Messrs. Stanley Paul and Co. In this volume the author gives his impressions of the peoples and cities of the near East, and supplements his pen-pictures with many interesting photographs of the various places visited by him.

Mr. Elliot Stock announces a new work by R. W. Pounder, intended mainly for the men and women who compose the average church congregation, entitled "Historical Notes on the Book of Revelation." The author's endeavour has been to treat in a simple and non-technical manner some of the questions which have gathered round the most obscure book in the New Testament.

Mr. Thomas Wright, of Cowper School, Olney, is preparing for publication an entirely new and exhaustive "Life of William Blake," founded upon a quantity of hitherto unpublished material. The work, which will be lavishly illustrated (partly in colours), will be issued in two volumes, large demy octavo, 24s. net; Edition de Luxe (of which not more than eighty copies will be issued), printed on hand-made paper, and bound in parchment, £2 2s. Price to subscribers—ordinary copy, 20s.; Edition de Luxe, £1 15s.

Mr. John Lane announces that the third edition of Mrs. Alec Tweedie's "Thirteen Years of a Busy Woman's Life," is nearly exhausted, and that a fourth edition will be shortly on the market. The success of "The Letter-Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer Stanhope," by A. M. W. Stirling, is reviving interest in "Coke of Norfolk" by the same writer. The new edition of "Coke of Norfolk" (12s. 6d. net), is not a mere reprint. With new matter available the work has been especially revised and extended.

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are about to issue a new edition of Lord Acton's Letters to Mary Gladstone, first published by Mr. George Allen in 1904. The new edition has been revised, and contains a series of hitherto unpublished letters covering the period from 1883 to 1901. These letters deal with a number of questions of public interest, such as the formation of the 1892 Administra-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

tion, the Irish question, and the Ulster problem, Lord Rosebery and Mr. Pitt, and appreciations of several contemporary statesmen.

Dr. Vaughan Cornish has written a volume which gives a record of travels undertaken by the late Mrs. Vaughan Cornish and himself, "The Travels of Ellen Cornish, being the Memoir of a Pilgrim of Science," contains a description of their visit to Japan, to Niagara, the great earthquake of Jamaica in January, 1907, during which they were at Kingston, and several visits to the Panama Canal works, illustrated by a fine series of original photographs. The book will be published by Mr. Ham-Smith immediately.

Robert McClure, of "Ye Auld Buik Shop," Cromwell Street, Glasgow, has in preparation a brochure which ought to be of interest to students of Scottish history, entitled "Mary Queen of Scots and the Prince her Son," being a transcript of a contemporary Venetian manuscript in Latin, hitherto unpublished as far as he knows. The MS. forms one of a collection of sixteen ambassadorial reports on various topics (in Italian) historically known as "Relazioni," at present in Mr. McClure's possession. The concluding section is headed: "Presens Scotiæ Status," with the date 1578.

A year's course of lectures on the Groundwork of Eugenics will be held, by kind permission, at the Imperial College of Science, South Kensington, from January to December, 1913. The growing feeling among social workers of the need for an elementary knowledge of the foundations of eugenics has led to the organisation of the course. It will be arranged so as to be open to the public on the payment of the fees stated, and previous university training will not be compulsory. The course of elementary biology is to meet the needs of those who have not already studied that subject elsewhere.

We are requested to state that a biography of the late Victoria Lady Welby is in course of preparation. It is hoped that her friends and correspondents may be willing to assist by placing such letters as they may possess at the disposal of her family. The greatest care will be taken of the letters, and they will be returned to their respective owners intact at the earliest possible date. In the absence of any definite expression of wish to the contrary, it will be assumed that the loan implies permission to publish where deemed desirable. The letters should be sent to Sir Charles Welby, Bart., C.B., Denton Manor, Grantham.

The "Arrow Booklets" is the title of a new series (1s. net) announced by J. W. Arrowsmith, Ltd. The aim of the publishers is to produce in permanent form original literary work of real merit, in prose and verse, for which publication in a more imposing dress is unsuitable, but which might otherwise be lost. The first of the series—"A Tale of Wulstan," by E. J. Watson—tells, in eleventh-century style and diction, of the efforts of Bishop Wulstan to suppress the slave trade in Bristol. The second is a translation, also by Mr. Watson, of Carducci's great ode, "Alle Fonti del Clitumno," which is produced in English for the first time. By the kindness of the Italian publishers, the English version appears opposite the Italian original.

The list of staff members of the Mayfair School of Music is headed by Madame Albani; associated with the great prima-donna are Miss Marie Brema, Miss Evangeline Florence, Mr. Plunket-Greene, Mr. Gregory Hast, and Mr. Frederic Austin. Dr. Vaughan-Williams and Mr. Cyril Scott have been secured to give instruction in composition. Madame Alma Haas, Mr. Archie Rosenthal, and Miss Gertrude Bauer, are some of the professors in pianoforte teaching, and the teachers of the violin and violoncello include Mr. Edgar Haddock, Mr. Louis Pecskai, and Mr. W. E. Whitehouse Special interest is lent to the elocution and dramatic side of the school by the association of such teachers as Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Edith Craig, and Mr. Basset Roe.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

THERE is a dullness about the House which is unmistakable. The members are worn out. Although it is an autumn session, Committees are still meeting at 11 and going on until 3, or by special resolution until 4 p.m. Then there is the Marconi inquiry and the Samuel Select Committee, and from 2.45 to midnight those who have sat on Committees have to take their share in either speaking or listening in the House downstairs; Asquith's "limit of human endurance" is being rapidly reached, whilst the legislation enacted is a farce.

Trivial incidents are hailed as comic relief. Sir William Byles aspires to the seat so long occupied by Labby and afterwards Dilke. The Labour Party did not mind either of them, but they object to Byles. If you come in to prayers, you have a theoretical right to sit where you like, but you must slip a little card with your name written on it into a brass slot at the back. Byles does this, and then goes out to get his letters, or ballot for seats for constituents, or the hundreds of other things that a member does every day as a matter of routine; when he returns, he finds his card has disappeared, and a Labour man is coolly seated in his place. According to the *Globe*, the word "literally" is continually abused in the sense in which it is used, but on Monday afternoon Duncan and Byles literally sat alternately on each other, Duncan on the arm of the seat, bulging over Byles, uncomfortably seated below, and vice versa.

We then discussed the Home Rule Bill again. Clause 29 makes special provision for the decision of constitutional questions by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, by reference to them by the Lord Lieutenant or a Secretary of State. The Unionists pooh-poohed this safeguard. It was as imaginary as the rest of them. How was a Liberal Ministry dependent on Irish votes to set the machinery in motion, and how could the Lord Lieutenant act? Being a Liberal, he could only act through the mouthpiece of the Irish Ministers. Hildred Carlile moved a clever amendment to enable questions as to whether any executive power in Ireland had been unlawfully exercised or withheld to be referred to the Privy Council, and he pointed to the Nationalist record as law-breakers in the past. There was a growing tendency to travel beyond legal limits, and in Ireland the temptation would be specially great.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Rufus Isaacs saw no necessity for this. He hoped there would always be an active and vigilant Opposition in Ireland, which would be a sufficient check. Tim Healy, to the surprise of everybody, turned and rent the Opposition in a fierce speech. He was tired of listening to attacks on his people. For three centuries the English had wronged and oppressed the Irish; his race had been decimated and almost destroyed. His speech greatly pleased the Ministerialists and the Irish; it seemed almost as if he was back amongst his old allies. Lord Helmsley next moved that the Lord Lieutenant's expenses should not be paid by the Imperial Exchequer, but Herbert Samuel would not listen to it, and the gag came down in due course.

On the adjournment, "Boadicea" Hunt drew attention to the state of the Territorials. Courtenay Warner brought forward the old charge that the Opposition were trying to make capital out of the state of the Territorials, and it was a shame to discourage them. This was hotly denied. Seely did his best to defend the present state of affairs, and spoke strongly against compulsory service; he urged members to abandon a will-o'-the-wisp, and back up what they had.

On Thursday we went back to the Welsh Church. McKenna announced that the Government would graciously allow the Church six months in which to adapt itself to the new condition of affairs after it had been disestablished and disendowed. Cripps proposed to give the Church two years' time. Several members demanded to know "why six months?" what was the hurry? The Church had been in existence for nearly 2,000 years. Why allow it now 200 days to clear up? "I know why it is," said Bob Cecil, with bitter emphasis. "You daren't give us the time we ask for because you fear that there will be a general election in the interval and that the Bill would be rejected by an overwhelming majority." Eventually McKenna agreed to a postponement of six months as a minimum, with a possible extension to twelve months, and the minority had perforce to be content with this.

The next point of interest was religious equality. Silvester Horne, in an unctuous speech, said that by a policy of freedom and concession to other religious denominations absolute religious equality would be obtained, which he believed would be good for the Church itself. She must not be in the toils of the State. Alfred Lyttelton said the House seemed to have forgotten that the Bill contained proposals, not merely to disorganise and impoverish the Church, but to secularise the State. Mr. White said that the State could only be secularised if there was no religion in the hearts of the people. Hemmerde bluntly said he did not know a single Liberal—including Liberal Churchmen—who was not in favour of disestablishment and disendowment, not only in Wales, but in England. For hypocrisy, hatred of the Church, and a malicious determination to destroy it, root and branch, I have never seen such an exhibition as that afternoon.

At the adjournment Pretyman asked the Chancellor to consider the advisability of an inquiry into the working of Part I of the Finance Act. Lloyd George promised to consider it.

I ought to have mentioned that the Speaker at question time came down rather heavily on Byles in the battle of the corner seat; he said it was highly inconvenient for a man to plant himself among a party to which he did not belong. Byles whined that he was only asserting the universal right of every member to sit where he pleased.

I believe it has been stated that the House in its long history has met at every hour round the clock. I do not know whether this is true, but it is clear that it must be a great many years since it met at 11 o'clock on a Friday. Business men have been in the habit of doing their business on Friday before the House met at noon, and to take an hour out of a short morning is felt to be little less than an outrage. However, a goodly number turned up.

Many years ago, the division bell once did not ring in St. Stephen's Club, and two score of members, when they strolled in half an hour later, discovered to their dismay that a division had taken place, and that the Unionist Government had been beaten. A nationalist member was always suspected of cutting the wire that runs along the tunnel between Palace Yard and the Club. Measuring other people's corn by his own bushel, Mr. Willie Redmond at the outset of the proceedings called attention to the fact that Big Ben had stopped, and asked that the clock should be at once attended to, "as it increased the danger of snap divisions." Bob Cecil asked why, having brought us all down at this hour, the Prime Minister, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the Secretary for War, the Foreign Secretary, and other members of the Government were not present. Illingworth countered smartly by saying that they were attending a meeting of the Imperial Defence Committee, at which there were cheers from the Ministerialists, meaning that the Unionists could not complain if the Ministry were so patriotically engaged. Just then Lloyd George walked in, evidently having left the I.D. Committee, and was greeted with loud cheers, while the Ministerialists shouted, "Where was Bonar Law?"

We then went on to discuss the question that all the ecclesiastical courts should not have any force in Wales after disestablishment. The Unionists passionately protested at this wanton interference with the internal Government of their Church by the Nonconformists. By substituting civil courts for the ecclesiastical courts you are putting the Church more completely under the heel of the State, said Robert Cecil. Balfour was very bitter. "In the name of liberty you are going to impose this perfectly gratuitous hardship on a Church to which you do not happen to belong," he said. "Was the status of a single Nonconformist body spiritually improved?" Lord Hugh said there was a pagan emperor who had treated the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

early Church better than this Government were proposing to treat this Church, inasmuch as he recognised the authority of Church courts in their own affairs. No one had enough knowledge of history to attempt to controvert the fact. The Mad Hatter put his oar in, and Lord Robert passionately moved that the question be now put, which was done, and the machinery of the Church disappeared. In the next amendment Lord Hugh said the Government could not even do an unjust thing in a just way. They were acting unfairly because a body of Welsh Nonconformists' opinion was necessary to their political existence. The Chairman gently interposed: however strongly either side felt, they must carry on the debate on a basis of mutual good faith. Hugh, nothing daunted, said he was imputing that honourable (and he laid a stress on the word) members were acting from political motives in a religious controversy and that was true. That was not set aside by the fundamental customs of any assembly. The Church was being wronged and robbed and members opposite were prostituting their own honour. Clem Edwards said the language reminded him of St. Mary-at-Hill, which was close to Billingsgate. McKenna declared that the Church could go on with the same courts after disestablishment if they liked, but members of the Church must be defined if they had any fear that Welsh Nonconformists could interfere in the reconstitution of the Church after the disestablishment. Cripps, the great Ecclesiastical Lawyer, had barely time to say that he disagreed with every word the Home Secretary had said when the guillotine fell again. Progress was then reported and the debate adjourned. Ginnell again tried to bring on the question of the Crown Jewels, but he had no luck—the House was at once counted out. Members were not inclined to discuss Irish as well as Welsh burglaries in one afternoon.

Monday is always a favourite day for questions. As you have to give two days' notice, everything that you want to know after Wednesday is naturally put down for Monday, and to-day there were many of interest. The epoch-making gift of Canada was the subject of several. The Government, through Winston and Asquith, set the minds of the House and the country at rest on certain matters connected therewith. In accordance with the expressed wish of Canada, the three additional battleships would be an addition to the existing British programme. They would directly strengthen the naval forces of the Empire and the margin available for its security. They would also welcome a Canadian Minister as a permanent member of the Imperial Defence Committee, and, indeed, representatives of the other self-governing Dominions. It will thus be seen that Canada's patriotic action will have far-reaching effects, and the foundations of a Pan-Britannic Parliament are being laid more quickly than some of us hoped. We shall yet live to see a Parliament of the Empire regularly meeting in Westminster Hall, the cradle of the race!

Asquith denied that Lloyd George had said he intended next to disestablish the Church in England, and ended with this cryptic remark: "It shows the inadvisability of departing from the rule of giving publicity in the Press to statements alleged to have been made in the course of private conversation," which led us all to wonder what it was Lloyd George *did* say to the Baptist minister—at the Scotch railway station!

Archer-Shee wanted to know if the secret land committee had begun their investigations in Surrey, and whether they had yet come across the Radical who was acting the part of a second William Rufus and forming an immense deer forest in that county. He obtained no reply, but the matter will not be allowed to rest.

The Home Rule debate is getting into the doldrums; comparatively small details are now discussed. Mr Hoare pointed out that the Civil Service in Ireland were beginning to get rather uncomfortable as to their position under their new masters; Birrell described them as "admirable and perhaps naturally agitated persons." He proposed to spend £40,000 in compensating those who wanted to retire. Redmond was graciously pleased to approve, and the amendment was negatived without a division. Sir Philip Magnus then proposed that the principal teachers should be included in this arrangement. Birrell was aghast at the suggestion. He adopted Paul Kruger's celebrated phrase, and said that the cost "would stagger humanity."

Mr. Balfour attributed no ill motives to the new Irish Parliament, or any avoidable bigotry; but the Government were deliberately setting up a system which might and probably would destroy the whole system under which the teachers had come into their posts, and he thought that to leave them in that position would be unnecessary and unjustifiable cruelty. But it was all no good. The teachers were rushed out of court by the majority. We then had a series of divisions which completed the Bill down to Clause 36.

On Tuesday, Bonar Law asked the Premier when the House would be given an opportunity of expressing its gratitude to Canada for her gift. Asquith spoke admirably in reply: "His Majesty's Government fully recognise that it is both the desire and the duty of the House of Commons to give formal and authoritative expression to the universal feeling of warm appreciation and heartfelt gratitude which has been aroused in the Mother Country by the splendid patriotism and liberality displayed in this matter by their fellow subjects in the Overseas Dominions and Provinces. The Government, however, think, and the House will probably agree, that it would be proper, and in deed only respectful, to the Canadian people to defer taking such action until the proposals introduced by Mr. Borden come under consideration and discussion in the Canadian Parliament."

Keir Hardie got up and wanted to know what steps had been taken to find out if the Labour organisation in Canada had agreed to the expenditure. "That," said Asquith, "is a matter for Canada"—and Keir Hardie sat down, and the few other Little Englanders silently gnashed their teeth. They dare not say anything about this most inconvenient gift.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE CRISIS.

WERE one to depend solely upon the daily Press for enlightenment with regard to the international situation, then the conclusion would be inevitable that during the last twenty-four hours the outlook has become appreciably worse. As a matter of fact, however, the truth lies in the recognition that the international situation has undergone little change; and that it is neither more nor less critical to-day than was the case some weeks ago, when the Austro-Servian dispute first developed into public prominence. At one time it doubtless appeared to those unacquainted with the undercurrent of foreign affairs that no cause existed for anxiety, either immediate or ultimate. Germany and Great Britain were believed to be working for peace upon terms which, taking into consideration their past relations, could only be described as indicative of sincere intimacy.

Then came the speech of the German Chancellor, in the course of which at one period he turned towards this country and frankly acknowledged the welcome improvement in feeling, and at the same time avowed Germany's adherence to the sacred cause of peace, while a few moments later he turned towards Russia, and said in blunt language that, were Austria to become involved in war with a second nation—meaning, of course, the contingency that Russia might range herself on the side of Servia—then Germany could come to the aid of her ally. The subtle oration succeeded in its immediate object. Russian public opinion noted the warning and resented its terms; British public opinion felt itself flattered by the Chancellor's courteous attentions. Within a few days of this weighty pronouncement, the Triple Alliance which, under ordinary circumstances, would have run until May or June of 1914, was renewed.

Abundant proof is therefore forthcoming that the Triple Alliance stands firm on the question of vetoing Servia's claim to an outlet on the Adriatic. In view of its attitude, it is idle to attempt, as some writers have done, to whittle down the issue to one of merely local importance Once again, as in the case of the Agadir incident, the efficacy of the balance of power in Europe, so essential to the very existence of the British Empire, is about to be subjected to a critical test. The Conference of Ambassadors, to be held, probably in London, about the same time as the Peace Conference between Turkey and the Allies, cannot, in the nature of things, prove a very decisive instrument in the maintenance of peace. According to Sir Edward Grey, this eminent assembly is to be informal and non-committal. These restrictions would not in themselves warrant pessimism, were it not for the plain indications, coming from several quarters, that, acting to some extent independently, Austria is bent upon forcing the issue with Servia. The military preparations of the Dual Monarchy have continued with undiminished vigour, and the recent changes in the higher commands of the army were obviously decided upon with deliberate and ominous purpose.

In a country where war is looked upon as a contingency of the immediate future it is not surprising that trade and commerce should be disorganised. Thus we hear of the run upon savings banks, of the losses of large sums of money, of pawnshops filled to overflowing with pledges, of the inability of creditors to collect debts, and, in short, of a widespread upheaval in the normal life of the community. Moreover, the middle-class Austrian, ordered to betake himself to the frontier and there to undergo the hardships of a common soldier's life at a period when the calendar indicates the approach of the festive season, feels irritated beyond measure. He recalls that he was compelled to undergo similar disabilities two years ago, when a crisis arose with Servia over the annexation of Bosnia. Naturally he vents all his wrath upon Servia. It is with difficulty that the Government is holding in check the swelling tide of public opinion. Nevertheless, the Government, too, is bent upon finally clearing up the Servian situation, for it is not slow to realise that the moment for such a decisive settlement may never be so opportune as it is at present. To begin with, the Triple Alliance is of one mind on the question. Then Servia, to a large extent exhausted by her campaign against Turkey, has all the appearance of an easy prey.

And, most important of all, there are not wanting signs that the Triple Entente is ready to make substantial sacrifices to secure peace. Contrary to the precedent established over the Agadir incident, there has, on this occasion, been no weighty pronouncement on behalf of this compact that it is ready, in certain eventualities, to resort to extreme methods. Russian public opinion enthusiastically supports Servia, and doubtless, when the proper time comes, the Government will uphold the legitimate aims of Slav kinsmen. But, as far as Great Britain is concerned, there is no denying the plain fact that the belief is widely entertained that the employment of the British Navy in the interests of Servia would mean that the statesmen in responsible office had taken leave of their senses. The conclusion is inevitable that British public opinion has been wrongly instructed. The real issue lies in the determination of the Powers composing the Triple Alliance to reap full advantage of the implied, and therefore loosely expressed, obligations of the opposing group, the Triple Entente, in order to force its will upon Europe. In the absence of any explicit and authoritative statement that Russia, France, and Great Britain are in complete agreement as to their policy in the Near East, Austria, conscious of the full support of her allies, exhibits a tendency to expand her demands. It is not sufficient that Servia should be denied a port on the Adriatic.

She is to be called upon to give Austria positive proofs of neighbourly friendship. For example, the trade which Austria acquired in the days when she kept

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the little kingdom in economic servitude must not be interfered with by the imposition of tariffs. Then a hint is to be conveyed delicately, though none the less firmly, that, now Turkey is subjugated, Servia, if she desires relations of amity with Austria, can have no further need for a large army. Yet, in spite of these extravagant requirements, the Vienna Press endeavours to persuade the world that it is Servia who is arrogant and obstinate, whereas the Belgrade Government has throughout assumed an attitude noteworthy, on the whole, for its patience and correctness.

It is only too apparent that there are dangerous elements at work in Austria, making for a European war. We still believe that this overwhelming disaster will be averted, but the clouds will gather dark and low before the first signs of a permanent improvement in the situation become noticeable.

MOTORING

IT is announced that the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders have allocated out of their funds the sum of two thousand guineas as a prize for a satisfactory home-produced motor fuel. This is a handsome gift, commensurate with the importance of its objective, and the Society is to be congratulated on having at last offered to do something for motorists in return for the splendid patronage the latter give to the Society's annual shows.

The motor-fuel question still continues by far the most important and interesting topic of discussion in motoring circles. The actual position seems to be that it is to benzol that we must look for the ultimate solution of the problem, but it becomes more and more evident, in spite of the optimism displayed in certain quarters, that it will be a long time before this spirit can be manufactured and distributed on a scale calculated to disturb the operations of the petrol "ring." It has been proved that it can be manufactured from ordinary coal dust, of which we have unlimited supplies, at a comparatively nominal cost; but in the process of manufacture there are enormous quantities of by-products for which a market has to be found. It appears that the by-products now produced can be profitably disposed of, but it does not follow that such would be the case if the many more millions of tons of coal necessary to meet the motorists' requirements were treated for benzol production. If they could not be disposed of, the cost would have to be borne by the benzol, which would therefore be placed at a prohibitive price. What little benzol can be obtained at present in this country costs a little over one shilling per gallon at the place of manufacture. To this must be added the duty of threepence per gallon, say twopence for distributing charges, and twopence for the agent. This brings the actual cost to the consumer to 1s. 7d. per gallon—the

HISTORIC TESTS: No. 5.—The Test of Reliability



A Brahman test, but of prehistoric origin. Where we swear oaths before Commissioners, the Brahman drank three cups of holy water with solemn rites before Shiva the Destroyer God, whose authentic reproduction in the background will be readily recognised by the faithful. If thereafter the Brahman lived three weeks without aches or pains he had told the truth.

Nevertheless we must be content with our legal bond that guarantees all rubber **VICTOR TYRES** for 1,000 miles more than any other tyre is guaranteed. That evidence of reliability (shorn, by the way, of all the usual clauses by which some manufacturers contract out of responsibility), plus the road evidence of the tyre trial, the steel-studded round of which Victor won with 5,010 miles, will, we hope, be good enough to satisfy our potential patrons that the **VICTOR TYRE** is something better than any of its competitors and worthy of personal trial. Our actual patrons prove by their repeat orders that Victors **are** better.

What Victor Tyres are to others Victor retreads are to others and Victor Vests are to every liner and shield on the market. The first is built up as a new tyre is built. Unsound retreading covers are exchanged free. The last is the only device to support the cover from stem to stern, from tread to bead, rendering it absolutely burst proof and preventing punctures. It rescues a tyre from the scrap heap and renews its life and youth.

During the remainder of the Tyre Trial special sporting discounts allowed off all Victor Tyres.

AMERICAN SIZES MADE.

The Challenge Rubber Mills

EAGLE WHARF RD., CITY RD., LONDON, N.

Telephone: 3497 North. Telegraphic & Cable Address: "Signature Hox"

West London Office & Showrooms:

PEMBROKE HOUSE, 133, OXFORD STREET, W.

'Phone: City 7811.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

present price of petrol. There is therefore little inducement to the motorist to make any change under existing conditions, even if he could obtain the benzol without difficulty.

Several months ago the London County Council applied for the imposition of a speed limit of ten miles an hour on a portion of Streatham High Road and Tooting Bec Gardens. The usual inquiry was held by the Local Government Board in October last, the application being opposed by the Automobile Association and the R.A.C. Formal intimation has just been given that the Board has declined to comply with the Council's application. This is another instance of the value to motorists of co-operation between the two big motoring organisations, and it is of special importance in view of the fact that the Streatham High Road forms a portion of the main Brighton Road, which is probably the most motor-frequented highway in the kingdom. It is evident that, if it were not for powerful and organised opposition to the L.C.C.'s continuous applications for special limits, the lot of the London motorist would be a very hard one.

During the last few years there have been several attempts on the part of inventors to so construct a pneumatic tyre as to render it capable of easy and permanent repair in the event of damage to one particular section, such damage to the ordinary tyre frequently resulting in its being rendered totally useless, although nine-tenths of it may be perfectly sound. The "sectional" principle upon which these devices have been based is applied in a very interesting, and apparently quite sound, method to a new tyre, called the "Clark," which is just about to be placed on the market. We hope to give full details in a future issue, but in the meantime we may say that very great claims are confidently made on behalf of the "Clark," a minimum service of 4,000 miles being guaranteed, even with the smallest tyre manufactured.

The position of the Royal Automobile Club in the matter of the tyre test is even worse than appeared. It will be remembered that the Club recently advanced a certain specific reason for its refusal to proceed with the test—namely, that the Victor tyre could only be procured from the headquarters of the makers. The latter now practically accuse the Club of deliberate lying in representing this as the reason for the withdrawal. They assert that on June 18 last, at a joint meeting of the committees of the R.A.C. and the Society of Traders, three reasons were given for withdrawing from the trial, one of them being that "it was proposed to conduct it without the consent of the other tyre firms," and they have deposited £100 with two important journals, to be handed over to the Society's own Benevolent Fund if the R.A.C. can prove that such is not the case. This is a direct challenge, impugning the veracity and straightforwardness of the committee of the Club, and it will be both interesting and instructive to note what happens.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

ALTHOUGH peace seems nearer to us business is coy. The speculator at any rate refuses to gamble in any market, and I do not suppose brokers have had a duller account for some years. There is an uneasy feeling abroad that Russia and Austria are not as friendly as they seem. The pretensions of Austria grow more absurd each day; when we remember that she is in serious financial trouble these airs are somewhat irritating. France and Russia combined have huge reserves of gold, which after all counts for everything in a war, and neither Austria nor Germany has any to speak of—their wealth is all on paper; therefore they should not threaten Europe in the way they are doing to-day. It is neither polite nor politic. The Reichsbank can go on issuing paper *ad lib.*, but it does not improve the credit of Germany.

We have at last roused the promoter, and dozens of schemes are being offered. Some good, such as the Grand Trunk Debenture; some speculative, such as the De Bruyer Preference; and others frankly wild-cat, such as the Tin Concessions. The Tilling issue came betwixt and between. You may call it attractive. A cocoa-nut plantation in Tobago is trying to get underwritten; it may succeed. But no one should apply for shares.

The Pathescope went like hot cakes. They say that the shop in Piccadilly sold 400 machines the first day it opened. Those who got an allotment were lucky. It is to be a second Gramophone.

Most of the gossip of the week centres in the Oceana scandal. Henriques has resigned; the Ehrlich crowd is fighting for control of the New Egyptian against Mr. A. A. Baumann and Sir Ernest Spencer—two clean men whom shareholders in this company should unhesitatingly support with their proxies. With regard to Oceana, I think the best thing is to vote against the new directors who are of the Ehrlich group, but I do not think that the Conybeare faction will succeed, though if they do we shall see some pretty disclosures. There are various matters connected with the Piccadilly Hotel and the H. D. Syndicate which should be examined into, and the doings of the Bend and Zed companies also call for more publicity. Indeed, were I a shareholder I should insist upon a committee of investigation or I would vote against the directors.

MONEY is not quite so hard, but until the end of the year no change will be made in the Bank Rate. It is not likely that even Germany will advance her rate, as she is getting good supplies of cash from Holland, where money is quite plentiful. France also has more money than she knows how to use, and some very big loans are being arranged in Paris, Brazil being the chief borrower.

FOREIGNERS are steady. Japanese issues have been put up, and I suggest that it is a good opportunity to get out. The change of Ministry cannot affect the financial position, which does not grow better. On paper Tintos look undervalued, but the speculative blocks taken over by the banks at the last crisis have not yet been sold. All international stocks are quite strong, which looks as though the big banks were convinced that peace was a certainty.

HOME RAILS are dull on the absurd strike on the North Eastern. It is hardly likely to last long, but it will spoil the half-year of this railway. I believe that when the figures are all complete we shall see that the leading lines have done splendidly. The Railway Bill will enable them to raise rates next year, at any rate sufficiently to cover

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the increase in wages. The best stocks to buy are Great Central '89 Prefs, Great Western, and Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Midland Deferred. Those who want a lock-up can purchase Dover A, but they must not think that they will get any immediate result from the Kent Coalfield; this will take some years to fructify. Clever people are buying the stock, and locking it up for the not far distant day when it will touch par and be worth it.

YANKEES are suffering from nerves. Dear money and the Union Pacific decision combined have upset the market. It will recover. All the American Railways are making good profits. Increases are recorded each week, and though taxation has increased also the present half-year will be good. I look upon the decision in the Supreme Court as a "bull" point. All the railway wanted was the entrance into San Francisco. That it gets. It no longer needs the Southern Pacific, and the cash it will get for its shares will be a bonus for the ordinary. Union Pacific has huge reserves and it will surely pay off the preferred, and thus put ordinary into a much sounder position. The Convertible bonds have fallen and are very cheap just now. Atchison is showing big increases and may be safely bought. Southern Common are also cheap.

RUBBER has been talked about all the week. The Trusts want prices marked up by the end of the year in order that their balance-sheets may look better. The dealers and manipulators of the rubber market have been picking up cheap shares for some time past, and they hope to unload before Christmas, but there is nothing in the position to warrant any rise. I have always held that the production from Brazil must rise as the price of rubber falls, and the past year proves my argument. The demand from the United States has absorbed the Brazilian increase, and will do so next year, but the Malay States production for 1913 will be very big, and there is no chance of any sustained rise in rubber, and therefore in rubber shares.

OIL.—The Ural Caspian report is frankly disappointing. It tells us no new thing. It might just as well have been dated 1911. No doubt some progress has been made, but I can't see it. Yet the share is such a favourite gambling counter that few people sold. The history of Ural is the history of all new oilfields—long delays, bitter disappointments, and perhaps loss in the end. Shells were weak on the Ural report. But why, I don't know, for the Shell makes its profit on the handling of oil, not the baling. It is now said that the Galician Oil Trust troubles are at an end. I hope so, but this company has been in trouble since its birth, and we must not be too sanguine.

MINES.—The report of the Ashanti Goldfields is better than people expected. The price of these shares has steadily fallen, mainly owing, I think, to selling of executors, and to-day they pay 16 per cent. on the market price. There are about 2½ years' ore in sight. Van Ryn report is good also. But no one wants mines. The Bauchi costs work out very high. Nigeria is another great disappointment. Hay mine is now another Rhodesian Mine gone wrong. Clearly the deposits of Rhodesia are most erratic, and it will be hard to get anyone to put a penny into this country. The Globe and Phœnix shareholders have succeeded in getting a new director put on the Board. At least that is the story.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The agony of the holders of National Telephone Deferred will not be prolonged much longer. Cute people are now buying, and on each fall they add to their stock. The Darracq report was an astounding document. No debenture preference or any other dividend could have been paid but for the reserve fund. Darracq has gone, and the whole business looks black. Evidently the insiders knew what was going to happen, for the price has steadily fallen for months past. Amalgamated Press holds its own. That is good, for the selling by insiders has been stealthily going on for many months past. The profits are up and the goodwill has been written down—altogether not a bad report. But the shares are too high. RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE TRADE DISPUTES ACT.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The judgment in the case of Vacher and Son *v.* the London Society of Compositors, deciding that no action for libel against a Trade Union can be entertained by any Court, has served a very useful purpose by removing any doubt as to the extent of the immunities conferred upon trade unions by the Trade Disputes Act, 1906.

By the Trade Union (No. 2) Bill which is now before Parliament the Government is deliberately extending the powers of the unions so that they may enter into trade and compete against others by wrongful means and yet carry the absolute immunities of the Trade Disputes Act; or they may run newspapers and libel and slander all who cross their path and yet leave their victims without redress. How powerful this weapon will be in contested elections, or trade disputes, is easy to imagine.

The judgment will be welcomed by all who had previously recognised the need for an alteration in the law. The first step towards a cure is rightly to diagnose the disease, and now that this has been so ably done by the Law Lords the politicians cannot long be allowed to shirk their duty.

The danger is that in finding a remedy there may be some inclination to go too far and so create an injustice on the other side. I would therefore call the attention of your readers to a Bill which has been prepared by the Committee of the British Constitution Association—copies of which can be obtained from their office, 11, Tothill Street, S.W.—and which has been introduced into Parliament by Lord Robert Cecil. This Bill relieves the Union funds from liability for unauthorised acts of their members and others only when such acts are effectively repudiated by the managing committee. Again, while allowing the Unions all reasonable latitude for carrying out their objects in accordance with their rules, it prevents them from using their great power for the purpose of injuring others. So well does it attain to the happy medium that it has almost, if not entirely, disarmed criticism. The Parliamentary Committee of the Trade Union Congress attempted an attack upon it, but were quickly silenced. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

11, Tothill Street, S.W. W. V. OSBORNE.

INSANITY AND CRIME.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—If H. F. H. does not believe in the power of heredity, it can only be that he has never studied the subject seriously. Apparently he does not believe in hereditary taint because it often happens that some members of a tainted family go through life without any serious breakdown. He forgets that heredity is only one of the factors to render a man liable to disease; it is a predisposing factor; the exciting factor may never occur. There are, for example, people who go through life experiencing the saddest disasters, and yet they keep their optimism and cheerfulness; there are others who on the slightest misfortune, often only an imaginary one, think at once of suicide. Surely we mental specialists are in a better position to test the importance of heredity than any lawyer can possibly be. If a patient has a good family history, I am invariably hopeful as to the prospect of curing him. If in the patient's ancestry insanity, epilepsy, consumption, or suicide has

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

occurred, I may also get the patient well, but I shall dread the recurrence of his particular affliction, for the disposition of the nervous system to get out of order will always be there. He has the "taint."

H. F. H. asks, Why do some members of a tainted family escape? The answer is not easy, but probably it is because the exciting factor never occurs A tainted person may marry a healthy partner, and thus the children may escape. But if both parents have a taint, the outlook is a serious one. I need only quote one example —one of a great many—from my practical experience. Last week I was consulted about a boy who had an epileptic attack. Both father and mother were absolutely healthy and never had a day's illness in their lives. Yet, on further examination, I ascertained that the father's father had died insane, the mother's father had died of consumption. Not only was this particular boy an epileptic, but a sister of his died two years ago in an idiot asylum, and another sister, still in her infancy, proves uncontrollable. To deny heredity, when one has such cases in one's daily practice, one must be lacking in intelligence.

H. F. H. considers it deplorable that tainted people should not be allowed to marry, and mentions Royalties of distinction who would have never existed had the eugenists had their way. In my preface to Nisbet's "Insanity of Genius" (Stanley Paul and Co.), just published, I have referred to the same fact, that a great many men of genius, especially poets and artists, mostly come from tainted families. Such genius is a "sport" creation in Nature and generally dies out with the abnormally gifted man. Whether it is of greater advantage to the State to encourage the breeding by insane people in the hope of producing now and then a man of genius, or whether it is better to encourage normal people to reproduce their kind—that is, men of average talent—is a question for the sociologist, but I do not think there can be two opinions.

H. F. H. has also peculiar views as to crime and criminals. He says: "The difference between a madman and a criminal is that the former does not know what he he is doing, the latter does." In his opinion, "the criminal is made, not born." He traces all crime to the influence of environment. To be fair, it must be admitted that a large number, perhaps the largest number, of criminals have fallen owing to the influence of environment. But I declare that a large number are criminal by disposition. I have seen them in good society and healthy environment, and if they have never committed a crime, it is simply because being wealthy, the temptation was never strong enough; but the tendency, and I have it on their own confession, is always there. It is not true either, that the criminal necessarily knows what he is doing. A man in a passion, the impulsive man, the epileptic, all these do not know at the time the consequences of their actions. Besides these, there are a number of insane, who if not recognised in time, are liable to commit criminal offences; they may know what they are doing, but their crime is the natural outcome of a diseased brain, or a brain functioning in a morbid manner, and to punish those as ordinary criminals is the height of injustice.

Most men do not recognise insanity until it becomes apparent to the commonest man in the street. Lawyers often accuse lunacy specialists that they are in favour of pleading insanity for every criminal. This is not my standpoint. I know perfectly well that the great majority of criminals are the result of unfavourable circumstances; at the same time, I have come across a good many criminals who are such by a peculiarity of their brain organisation. I have seen a number of children in my time, of whom I prophesied that they would become criminals. In most instances the parents feared the same. Some I have been able to treat; as regards others, I have been helpless, there being no institution in this country to take care of them. These children were not insane enough to go to asylums; they were not "intellectually" feeble-minded, so as to go to idiot institutions; they were morally deficient (some with brilliant intellect), and for congenital moral deficiency no provision is made in this country. One of these children, a girl now grown up, has at the present time some twenty convictions against her, of which all the details are in my possession. Yet the Home Secretary, the Lunacy Commissioners, magistrates, and judges declared themselves powerless to deal with the case as one of brain disease, when the evidence was placed before them.

H. F. H. says: "The individual is predisposed by circumstances in his environment not under his control, and so weakened that, when the temptation comes, he cannot help to fall." Nonsense! Circumstances may be very strong, but if they were so powerful, and the innate disposition counted for nothing, as H. F. H. assumes, property—nay, life itself—would not be safe for a moment, and no State could exist. There are men inherently good, others inherently bad, and some are what circumstances make them. The first, with a predominance of good qualities, would rather die than commit a sin; the second, with a predominance of bad qualities, will not be deterred by any prospect of punishment, and are beyond reform; the third may remain good if placed beyond the reach of temptation, otherwise they fall. It is the last class on whom reform measures succeed. Finally, there is the irresponsible criminal from brain disease or disordered brain function. For him we want hospitals, not prisons. —I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

57, Wimpole Street, W.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It is, I am afraid, clear that Mr. Dixon has no intention of giving the public a chance of judging of the value of the evidence on which he thinks he became a Christian Scientist. He now thinks that a letter to the Press is not a proper means of producing such evidence. In this he is, I should think, quite right. The point on which most people probably disagree with Mr. Dixon is the propriety of laying claim, in a letter to the Press, to the possession of evidence which one has no intention of producing, either in the Press or elsewhere.

Mr. Dixon was led to begin this correspondence by my mentioning—in another correspondence—Christian Scientists as being people who habitually fail to differentiate between a fact and a hypothesis. By way, I suppose, of showing how unjustifiable my insinuation was, Mr. Dixon has put forward in your columns—apparently as facts—a series of propositions, than which it is difficult to imagine anything more hypothetical and less susceptible of proof. I recognise the special difficulty of finding out what Mr. Dixon really believes about anything: but, as far as I can make out, the following are among the things which he looks upon as facts:—

Adherence to any religious system is generally (or frequently?) the result of a purely intellectual process.

Any man who has formed any belief on any subject is likely to be a more reliable witness as to the nature and validity of his reasons and the correctness of his train of reasoning than an outsider.

He himself was led to accept Christian Science by critical and unbiassed examination of evidence as to what Christian Science had accomplished in specific cases: so were most other people who have accepted it.

He is in possession of a vast mass of such evidence, conclusive enough to have converted him from his originally hostile attitude. [Therefore, one would suppose, conclusive enough to convert other people.]

He has excellent reasons for not producing this evidence.

Inharmony of every description can be overcome by Christian Science. [If this means anything, it must, to my mind, mean that the confirmed drunkard, at whatever

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

age, can, by Christian Science treatment, be put into as good a condition—physical, mental, and moral—as the man who has led a life of self-control.]

Mr. Dixon possesses valid evidence of such things having been done, and is logically and morally justified in refusing to produce it.

I, of course, deny Mr. Dixon's moral right to keep such evidence up his sleeve. The satisfaction which a man may derive from feeling that he is the only educated man in the community to which he belongs cannot justify the withholding of evidence which would, if published, bring in troops of other educated men, to the manifest advantage of themselves and the community. I am, of course, not implying that Mr. Dixon is consciously actuated by any such motive: any man in whose mind such a motive was at work would be the last person in the world to know it.

In his latest letter, Mr. Dixon has put forward a further "fact," more enlightening, perhaps, than any of the others. I—an opponent of Christian Science—am likely to be "just a little bit annoyed" at the course this correspondence has taken. What an unappreciative wretch I should be, adding to all my other failings an utter lack of gratitude for the benefits which have been vouchsafed to me.—I am, Sir, yours, etc.,

T. G. MARTIN.

London, December 8, 1912.

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.
THE TESTIMONY OF FLORIO.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—John Florio tells us quite clearly that the author of the Shakespeare plays was a person of distinction, "a gentleman" . . . . " that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so."

In Florio's Second Frutes, 1591, immediately after the address to the reader there is a sonnet, Phaeton to his friend, Florio, which, it is admitted by Sir Sidney Lee, must have been written by "Shakespeare." I think that Dr. Munro was the first to discover that this was a "Shakespeare" Sonnet (see the article "Shakespeare" in the old Encyclopædia Britannica). Well! what does "Florio" himself say about it? The Sonnet appeared in his second Frutes, 1591, and he thus refers to it in "A World of Wordes," which is dated 1598: "There is another sort of leering curs, that rather snarle than bite, whereof I could instance in one, who lighting upon a good sonnet of a gentleman's, a friend of mine, that loved better to be a poet than to be counted so, called the auctor a rymer, notwithstanding he had more skill in good poetry than my slie gentleman in good manners or humanite." Here we see that Florio says most distinctly that the author of the sonnet which is addressed to himself "loved better to be a poet than to be counted so." But the author of that sonnet is admittedly the author of all the "Shakespeare" sonnets, and also admittedly the author of the "Shakespeare" plays. Florio, therefore, tells us in words the meaning of which it is not possible to mistake that the mighty author was a "gentleman" who "loved better to be a poet than to be counted so." Florio was always a servant of Bacon's, and eventually received a pension of £50 per annum for making my lord's works known abroad. It is quite possible that Florio could have been alluding to the "Householder of Stratford" when he said that the sonnet was written by a "gentleman" who "loved better to be a poet than to be counted so." The man of Stratford could have had no possible reason for desiring concealment if, indeed, he, who could neither read nor write, had been a poet. Furthermore, William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, did not become entitled to be styled a gentleman till he had obtained a coat of arms in 1599. In "Every Man Out of His Humour" we read that the essential clown is so desirous of the title of "gentleman" that he is willing to pay for it. Accordingly, when he appears upon the stage in Act III he says, "I can write myself gentleman now; here's my patent." Writing in 1598 about what was printed in 1591, Florio could not have described "the essential clown," William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, as "a gentleman," "a friend of mine." If it were possible to imagine that Florio might have been friendly with "the essential clown," he would have written merely "a friend of mine," and would not have gone out of his way to say "a gentleman," "a friend of mine."

I have known the facts stated above for many years, but only in this present month, November, 1912, have I made public this convincing evidence that, the greatest birth of time, the Immortal plays were not the works of the drunken illiterate clown of Stratford, but were written by a man of position, "a gentleman" who "loved better to be a poet than to be counted so."

Yes! Florio's testimony proves that Bacon was Shakespeare.

EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

November 14, 1912.
13, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—May I add one belated argument to the masterly letter of Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence, published in your journal for October 26?

Why did Bacon choose the name of "Hamlet" for his greatest character? The reason is this: "Hamlet" is a diminutive form, and signifies "a little Ham"; and "a little Ham" is "Bacon." Q.E.D.

Bacon was quite a model of industry. He wrote the "Dramas" of Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Greene; the "Poems" of Spenser, Shakespeare, and a few others; the "Prose Works" of Burton; and he translated the Bible, Don Quixote, and Montaigne, besides "polishing up" Chaucer. No wonder literature was found by his contemporaries to be rather a poor profession. There was nothing left for them to do.

H. G. RAWLINSON.

Deccan College, Poona, India.
November 15, 1912.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—It is refreshing to read the excellent common-sense letter of "Tom Jones" in your paper of the 17th. I am grateful to him for it. Much good would it do some people if they read a very convincing and sound essay by my old friend the late Sir Theodore Martin, published by Blackwood in 1858, called "Shakespeare or Bacon." They might read, too, with benefit a careful compilation by C. E. Hughes, published in 1904, entitled "The Praise of Shakespeare." In a history of the Church of St. Saviour, Southwark, the author, the Rev. Canon Thompson, alluded to the Baconian theory, and in

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK IN POWDER FORM.
THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.
DELICIOUS, NOURISHING AND REFRESHING.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.
Used instead of tea, coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak, the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, 1/6, 2/6, 11/-, at all Chemists and Stores
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO

THE ONLY WAY

LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

a footnote, page 295, says, "Dr. Furnival, we may add, flings the wild craze aside with scathing contempt." He then gives a quotation from the learned Doctor's introduction to the Leopold Shakespeare; it is strong, but not a bit too strong. I will not trouble you with it all. He alludes to the craze as one "which can be entertained only by folk who know nothing of either writer, or are cracked, or who enjoy the paradox joke"; and he ends with "the tomfoolery of it is infinite."

Last year some diving operations took place in the river Wye, carried out by some eccentric and enthusiastic individual who from some reason or other believed that an iron chest or box would be found containing matter in reference to the Baconian theory. I heard Sir Herbert Tree speak of this gentleman as one seeking in the Wye for the wherefore of Shakespeare.

I have not heard of any discovery having been made. My hope is that the craze may soon be—

"In the deep bosom of the ocean buried."

I am, Sir, yours truly,

November 26. JAMES R. FERGUSSON, BT.

"TACITÆ" AND "SILENTIA" IN AENEID II, 255.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,— We will not discuss how far the torch-flare from the "regia puppis" might have been visible through the darkness of the clear atmosphere of the Trojan coast; or whether Vergil meant it to be the signal which caused Sinon to open the "pinea claustra." But, if Mr. H. C. Minchin will read once more the lines which we have been considering, he will see that "extulerat," in the pluperfect tense, must have preceded the "ibat" of the "Argiva phalanx," in line 254, which is the inceptive imperfect tense. The royal ship *had* held aloft the flames; *and then* "iam Argiva phalanx instructis navibus ibat." That surely is what "*cum*" comes to in line 256.

Oxford, November 29, 1912. E. S. DODGSON.

MANY REJECTED MSS.

simply need expert revision to make them available. This I can give, securing results that count. Such firms as Appleton, Putnam's, etc., publish my own books, and I was recently editor for a leading magazine. Why not increase your profits by publication in the United States? Address: EDITOR, Box 4L, 435 WEST 119TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

PRICE SIXPENCE ONLY (Post Free).

The Educational Map of INDIA

SHOWING

(1) Density of pupils under instruction per mille of school and college going population.
(2) All College Towns in the different provinces, together with
(3) A Key to the names of Colleges throughout India, Burma and Ceylon.

ALTOGETHER NEW AND ORIGINAL IN DESIGN.

APPLY TO MANAGER:
Collegian Office, 33, Dixon Lane, Calcutta.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week... ...	787
Autumn on the Downs ...	788
Soul	788
A Churchill! A Churchill!	788
Reviews:	
Disraeli	789
Recent Theology... ...	790
1812: The German Allies of Napoleon	791
Fifty Years of English Literature	792
Spiritual Intimates ...	793
A Literary Henchman ...	794
"Who's Who" and Others	794
Shorter Reviews	795
Fiction	797
The Theatre:	
"If We Had Only Known" at the Little Theatre	798
"Aladdin" of the Follies at the Empire	799
"The Harem Lily" at the London Pavilion ...	799
"Troilus and Cressida" at the King's Hall, Covent Garden... ...	799
The Pioneer Players at the Little Theatre ...	800
Music	800
Aspects of Ireland: Culture and Prosperity	802
Verona	803
A New French Play ...	804
Christmas Exhibition at the Baillie Gallery	805
The Painters in Water Colours	806
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	806
Notes and News	808
England's Frenzy	809
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	810
Motoring	811
In the Temple of Mammon	812
Correspondence	813
Books Received	814

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

IT has been our lot to adjudicate over a course of years in cases of drunkenness. We have heard many fine distinctions advanced as to the precise condition of persons who are charged, but Mr. Chester Jones is, so far as we know, the first to invent the offence "drunk in the police court sense." Drunkenness or sobriety rests entirely on the evidence produced. Not infrequently the evidence takes the form of a doctor's certificate. The practitioner judges from the perfume of the breath of the alleged culprit, from his ability to walk with undeviating steps along a straight line, and from the appearance of his eyes, whether they are suffused or whether they are not. No doubt when these evidences are before the court and are all present in the case under examination, it is clear that the defendant is drunk "in the police court sense." We are not aware that any medical evidence was offered in the case of the engine-driver Knox. If no medical certificate was produced we think that the learned magistrate should have been able, upon the evidence before him, to arrive at a conclusion whether in his opinion Knox was entitled to be acquitted or must necessarily be convicted. Such a decision, we submit, would have been infinitely more satisfactory than the halting and hesitating judgment at which Mr. Chester Jones arrived. It is not fair to Knox to suggest that although he was drunk he was not so drunk that a conviction was justified. It is also not fair, we think, to the railway company to adopt a course which prevents them from taking disciplinary action against a servant who has clearly failed to convince a court and a special commissioner that he was virtuously sober. The interests of the travelling public undoubtedly demand that men who are entrusted with the safety of a large number of passengers should be habitually immaculately sober. Personally we enter a protest against being conveyed in trains of which the drivers can urge no more powerful plea than that they are not drunk "in the police court sense."

The Prix Goncourt was awarded last week to M. André Savignon for his book, "Filles de la Pluie," which was reviewed in THE ACADEMY on May 11 last. His most serious competitor was M. Benda, whose novel, "L'Ordination," received five of the votes of "The Ten" in the last ballot. The casting-vote of the President of the Académie Goncourt, M. Léon Hennique, was given to M. Savignon. The new *lauréat* lives in England, where he is studying life and language for literary purposes. As a journalist he has become well known by his contributions to many periodicals during the past ten years, but "Filles de la Pluie" was his first book. It deals, as our readers will remember, with the Isle of Ushant, and is a poignant study of the conditions and character of the women of that almost Adamless Eden.

The headline in the hands of an acute sub-editor is a wonderful phenomenon. We picked up a daily paper this week and found several articles which, judged by their titles, looked interesting. "Superstition Overthrown" seemed promising, and we settled to read of the breaking of historic and classic beliefs, to find that it was an account of the "Springboks," who had won a football match. "Downfall of the Lions" tempted us, but the "Lions," we discovered, were a celebrated football team. "Woolwich Arsenal Blown Up" thrilled us; what an explosion it must have been; but the first paragraph told us that "Tottenham Hotspur" had defeated "Woolwich Arsenal"—at football. "Why the Orient Failed" drew us on to explore the wisdom of the Occident; but no—the "Clapton Orient" had simply equalised against "Barnsley"—at football. "Birmingham Shivers"; was there an extraordinarily low temperature in the Midlands? Not at all; the article related to . . . but is there any need to go on? For two whole pages the clever sub-editor held sway, and we ranged forlornly among headlines of murder and distress in the endeavour to find some interesting news, thankful to know that not the whole of the paper was devoted to victories and disasters on the field of mud and local glory.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Autumn on the Downs

GREY fall the shadows on the Downs,
The birds no longer cry aloud;
The sheep-folds and the vacant fields
Draw mist around them like a shroud.

Death seems to lie upon the land;
Save in my heart, no thoughts remain
Of Spring's first magic flush of green,
Of wild-flowers after summer rain.

Yet in the sombre view there lives
A charm; and he may find who wills
High courage in the open sky
And peace among the folded hills.

A. G. W.

Soul

SOUL soars where science falters: she shall fare
From creed to creed. The wisest of the wise,
Her goal is far. Serene her fate—to rise
A phœnix from the flames of low despair.
Time's swift mutations in their passing wear
Life's murky reflex and the dust's disguise;
But she hath seen the vision, and her eyes
Are dazzled with the beam no man can bear.

Beyond the ultimate boundaries of the known
She breathes, and life's high arbitress shall be
Mid all the poignant flux of transiency,
Gleam through the flesh, and glimmer in the bone,
Haunting the world, till truth's white light be grown,
A prescience—pledged to immortality.

A Churchill! A Churchill!

THE Right Honourable Member for Dundee cannot complain of our heading this article with the ancient cry of the Scottish war-lords who were bent on extermination of every human obstacle which stood in the way of their designs. Mr. Churchill would, if he could, have annihilated the party which was responsible for the prominence which belonged to his immaturity, and there is every reason to believe that he would at least as cheerfully sacrifice the party to which he very reluctantly belongs, if any personal advantage would accrue from such a course.

The First Lord enjoys the perhaps unique distinction of having been a failure in every office which he has filled. It is not too much to say that he cut a ludicrous figure as President of the Board of Trade. As Home Secretary he has been bettered even by Mr. McKenna. On his advent to the Admiralty hopes were entertained, and appeared for a time to be partially justified, that the Right Honourable gentleman had at last secured a billet in which his action might be beneficial.

It would now appear that the first indications that he was entering on a path of usefulness had no foundation in fact. His predecessor, a person of no importance, had been totally unable to withstand the fatal cheese-paring policy of the combination of men who pass as a Cabinet. The natural impulse, the unavoidable course of a man of Mr. Churchill's temperament, naturally was to adopt a diametrically opposite policy to that which had been pursued by his predecessor. Hence the new First Lord was hailed with acclamation as a strong navy-ite, and a man who at all costs would secure national safety against the known inclinations of the majority of his colleagues.

So far well; a Minister's innate contrariety wrought for the good of the Nation and the Empire. Soon, however, it became apparent that Mr. Churchill possesses a dual personality. It is unnecessary to refer to Stevenson's well-known work depicting a nature in which benevolent and malevolent ingredients were constantly at war. The Minister who succeeded to his present office in October, 1911, is now repudiated in many vital aspects by the Minister who at the moment occupies the same chair at the Admiralty. Plain speaking, and apparent veracity in 1911, have given place to obscurity and patent inveracity in 1912.

A Minister who has, it is now apparent, been promoted out of all proportion to his experience and gifts, has gradually become—by a process of elimination—dictator in the supreme region of national security. Never since the French Revolution have tumbrils been so frequently requisitioned to carry victims to the guillotine. Mr. Churchill has shown himself unable to assimilate advice from the most distinguished admirals of the day, either those whom he found at the Admiralty on his appointment, or those whom he subsequently appointed himself The list is a long one: Sir A. K. Wilson, Sir Francis Bridgeman, Rear-Admiral Moore, Rear-Admiral Briggs, Captain Packenham, and others. A veritable Bluebeard's chamber of horrors!

We shall never know with exactitude the reason for the decapitation of several of the Sea Lords whom we have mentioned; but unless we are much mistaken—which is scarcely possible, because we speak with accurate inner knowledge—the circumstances of the "dismissal with a royal declaration" of Sir Francis Bridgeman will be fully elucidated.

We say, with a full sense of responsibility, that the statements hitherto made by Mr. Churchill in the House of Commons are devoid of truth. We know precisely what has occurred, and it is only out of deference to an August Personage that we do not print here and now the whole of the facts of the discreditable episode. When the truth emerges, as emerge it will, personal considerations will give place to the serious question whether a Minister, who is incapable for a week or so together of a steadfast and uniform line of conduct in connection with the administration of the most important branch of national security, is a man who can be safely trusted with destinies which call for very different attributes, both of character and conduct.

CECIL COWPER

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

Disraeli

The Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. By WILLIAM FLAVELLE MONYPENNY. Volume II, 1837-1846, with portraits and illustrations. (John Murray. 12s. net.)

SECOND NOTICE.

By SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

I HAVE always thought Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone" one extreme of biography. Admirable as it is, beautifully as it is written, it is so closely packed with facts and quotations that inevitably it makes heavy reading. It is an etching. Winston Churchill's life of his father stands as the other extreme; it is a masterly sketch—brilliant, bright, and breezy—a crayon drawing. I admit the two subjects stand in two categories and demand different treatment, but that difference is very striking. As I ponder over this Life of Disraeli, I am more and more impressed with the painstaking skill with which the facts are marshalled. One is struck over and over again with the care that is taken to put everything in exact proportion, and the industry employed in verifying a date or name or the number in a division. It is a rash thing to say, but I am of opinion that, if the book has been sufficiently finished to proceed on the present high lines of excellence to the end, it will prove to be a better-balanced work than either of those just mentioned.

Chapter VIII is devoted to the events of 1844-5. Disraeli has been six years in Parliament. Here is a vivid sketch of his position at the time:—

> He had shown qualities that would have won him influence and promotion as a Minister, and, if he had been taken into the Ministry in 1841, progress would have been easy. But an open and visible check, such as he had received, is more often than not fatal to a Parliamentary career, and in his case recovery was rendered more difficult by the dubious reputation which, taking its origin from his early political escapades and his affectations of dress and manner, still clung to him persistently.

But Disraeli believed in the wisdom contained in his own motto, adopted later on in his career, that "nothing is difficult to a brave man." He bided his time, and began by attacking Peel. It is made perfectly clear that Peel was no match for his antagonist in debate. It was a case of the swordfish and the whale over again; Peel was solemn, conscientious, and heavy in speech, while Disraeli was full of "subtle, speculative, and volatile brilliancy." He had to fight a party which included in its ranks men like Palmerston, Gladstone, Russell, Graham, Cobden, Bright, whilst on his own side it is not unfair to say he was the only man of first-class ability.

The fascinating story of how he succeeded after years of incessant conflict in overthrowing Peel is told with spirit and without bias; indeed, what helps to make the book so human a document is the fact that Mr. Monypenny never goes out of his way to extenuate anything. He does not gloss over any of his hero's faults or mistakes.

In his preface Mr. Monypenny apologises for dealing at such length with the facts contained in these eventful years, but his judgment is sure. To do justice to the statesman's career, one must learn how he came to be the trusted leader of a party so *difficile* as the Tories then were. Here is an accurate and illuminating summing up of the position, viewed by the knowledge of present events:—

> Peel was overthrown, but his policy prevailed. In its origin it was not suggestive either of foresight or circumspection, but the stars in their courses fought for it. The great development of steam and railways that was proceeding when it was adopted, and the gold discoveries in California and Australia that soon followed, led to a mighty growth of national prosperity, with which the new system from the first became identified in the public mind; and the period of almost continuous war that presently began, and lasted till the 'seventies, long concealed its chief weakness by postponing the injury to English agriculture which Disraeli and his friends predicted.

He speaks of a statesman of wider vision than Peel, who might have done all that Peel attempted by other means "than a precipitate and violent scheme":—

> The repeal of the Corn Laws was the first decisive step in that policy of sacrificing the rural life of England to a one-sided and exaggerated industrial development which has done so much to change the English character and the English outlook, and which it may not impossibly be the business of subsequent generations to endeavour to retrace.

Disraeli, when he refused to be blinded by the fanaticism of free imports, did not pay any tribute to the fanaticism of protection. In Mr. Monypenny's opinion, if Peel had taken Disraeli for his guide, or continued on the lines he at first laid down, he might have been identified with a system of free trade, of which, after a lapse of two generations, the United Kingdom would not have been the solitary adherent among the nations of the world. He defends Disraeli from the common charge that, if Peel had taken him into his Government, he would never have turned against him, and allows the reader to judge for himself by a minute description of the sequence of events.

Disraeli consistently supported the Peel Government for two years after it came into power, and he only began systematic opposition when he saw that the Ministry were drifting away from the principles on which they had attained office. The author describes how hard and continuously Disraeli struck at Peel, but shows how, except in the Canning episode, he did not transgress the bounds of taste and judgment. He knew how to spare the fallen. From the moment he had succeeded in the great task of driving Peel from office he never uttered another offensive word against him.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

With this account the volume ends. In early and mid-Victorian days it was the fashion for Dickens, Thackeray, and others to bring out their novels in monthly instalments. The story usually ended in an exciting part, where the words "To be continued in our next" appeared, and the reading public were left in a pleasing state of suspense. With similar feelings we await the next volume of this book. The third phase in Disraeli's career is about to begin; we look forward with interest to a description of his next Parliamentary duel with Gladstone, which, as Mr. Justin McCarthy says, "only knew a truce when, at the close of the session of 1876, Mr. Disraeli crossed the threshold of the House of Commons for the last time." The interest is heightened from a literary point of view because at the time of writing we know not who will be invited to assume the mantle of editorship. To wear it effectively, successfully, and worthily, it must be a strong man.

Recent Theology

Immortality and Life Eternal. By WILLIAM P. ROBERTSON, B.D. (Skeffington and Son. 3s. 6d. net.)
Our Future Existence. By FRED G. SHAW, F.G.S. (Stanley Paul and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)
The Great Initiates. By EDOUARD SCHURE. 2 Vols. (Rider and Son. 7s. 6d. net.)
Life Understood from a Scientific and Religious Point of View. By F. L. Rawson. (The Crystal Press. 7s. 6d. net.)

MR. ROBERTSON, who is Treasurer's Vicar of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, gives his work the sub-title, "A Study in the Christian Contribution to a Universal Hope." This explains the basis of his position, that belief in immortality is and has been almost universal, quite independently of Christian revelation, a fact which he deduces from an examination of comparative religion. Mr. Robertson refers to the research and opinions of many eminent men, adding various original thoughts of his own. In his volume of interesting essays, one of the best is the last chapter on Christ's victory over moral rather than over physical death. The real penalty of sin is moral death. The doctrine of the Resurrection is that life is continuous, though the fact of physical death remains as a necessity of our earthly condition. Even the Genesis story implies that man was created mortal, and the well-known opening of "Paradise Lost" is merely a false deduction.

The author of "Our Future Existence" has doubtless found in angling—as did Isaak Walton—much time for reflection. So, having some reputation as a past-master in the art of fishing, he now, like the Apostles, turns his attention to psychology, and with no little success.

His work may be shortly described as a rather prolix inquiry into the old philosophical problem of the identification of mind and soul, the question whether mind-consciousness survives or not. Mr. Shaw lays down this position:—

> To render tenable the belief in a future conscious existence, the normal consciousness, the mind, must be acknowledged as perishable, and therefore separate from its imperishable adjunct, the psychical consciousness, the soul.

This is at once a challenge to Haeckel and the monists, and also to the usual Christian attitude, that mind-consciousness is bound up with soul-consciousness. But the real difficulty lies in the problem: How far is the soul conscious independently of the mind-process? To what extent Mr. Shaw's speculations answer this question, we leave to his readers the determination, though we note that he is compelled to postulate a soul-memory totally independent of the brain. Mr. Shaw writes with a strong faith, with much vigour of expression, of thought and of criticism; and his book is well worth reading.

"The Great Initiates" is translated from the French by Mr. F. Rothwell. The work has appeared in various fragments, partly in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, during the last seven years. It is now given in homogeneous form. The author, who was born at Strasbourg, studied in Paris, and afterwards at Munich, where he became the friend of Richard Wagner, on whose drama and work he has also written.

This book is a most interesting examination of the esoteric teaching in the mysteries of religion. We can best give some notion of its scope by citing the subjects of which the writer treats: Rama, or the Aryan Cycle; Krishna, the Brahmanic Initiation; Homer, the Mysteries of Egypt; Moses, the Mission of Israel; Orpheus, the Mysteries of Dionysos; Pythagoras, and the Delphic Mysteries; Plato, the Mysteries of Eleusis; and, finally, the last great Initiate, Jesus. The author's contention is that, in addition to the exterior history of the dogmas and myths of religions as publicly taught, there is a common esoterism in the "profound science, the secret doctrine, the occult actions of the great initiates, prophets, or reformers, who established, maintained, or propagated these religions." A greater knowledge of esoteric teaching alone will show that Science and Religion are not irreconcilable and hostile forces, and also satisfy the widespread modern aspirations after spiritual life. Further, the author believes that "the transformation of Christianity in its esoteric sense would bring with it that of Judaism and Islam, as well as a regeneraton of Brahmanism and Buddhism, and furnish a religious basis for the reconciliation of Asia and Europe." In short, his optimism, like that of many others, is based on his belief in the ultimate value of the study and knowledge of comparative religion.

"Life Understood" is a truly marvellous production—a sort of gigantic commonplace-book, with extracts from innumerable writers, running commentaries, and discursive dissertations and sermons by the author, well interspersed throughout with texts of Scripture. The range of topics is immense. Even a compressed analysis of the table of contents would occupy columns. The medley of subjects is an overwhelming farrago. Theology, Psychology, Physiology, Homœopathy, Philosophy, Theosophy, Ancient and Modern; Anglo-Israelism, Christian Science, Evolution, Sex Problems,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Inspiration, False Beliefs, Divination, Medicine, are but a few of the leading headings, while the subdivisions and side-issues, as given in the Table of Contents alone —not the Index—number no less than eight hundred.

With this wonderful compendium the publishers very kindly issue a review of their own—four pages foolscap —from which we take the following extract. It gives a better idea of this work than we could possibly attempt:—

> Each reader is shown how he himself can at once put into practice, in some degree, the scientific and therefore infallible and instantaneous method of obtaining revolutionary results, ultimating in deliverance from every kind of difficulty, including sin, disease and death.

At the same time this unqualified praise exactly corresponds to our own feeling that now at last the world is presented with a Universal Guide or Handbook to the solution of all the mysteries and problems that have ever worried mankind. This exceedingly happy result may, perhaps, be traced to two dominant influences—Faith in Christian Science and the conviction that the English people are the Lost Ten Tribes of Israel. Mr. Rawson is a man of eminent ability in his own sphere, and also, as this book shows, of extensive general reading. Yet we cannot but recall the ancient maxim, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam."

1812: The German Allies of Napoleon

Die Deutschen in Russland, 1812. Leben und Leiden auf der Moskauer Heerfahrt. By PAUL HOLZHAUSEN. With Maps, Plans, and Facsimiles of Documents. (Morawe and Scheffelt, Berlin.)

"KORLEN hewwen de Franzosen mitnamen nah Russland, un hei's nich wedder kam"—that is all the news that the German miller in the play of Fritz Reuter can give of his son. These simple words serve Herr Holzhausen as a text for his wonderful book on the sufferings of the German contingent in the business of 1812. The anniversary of that fateful year is being celebrated in Russia with patriotic fervour and general rejoicings; in France its commemoration assumes a more chastened and reflective form—1812 is the cairn, made of the bones of heroes and the wreckage of armaments, raised at the highest point of the mountain of fame ever reached by mortal man. In the breast of the least military of Frenchmen pride and sorrow must hold divided sway when the magical words—Moscow, Tarutino, the Beresina are spoken. "Que l'on dise de nous, il étoit à cette bataille sous les murs de *Moscau*."

It is easy to forget that the Great Army was far from being a merely French force, but was made up of contingents from almost every European State. France contributed in fact only a quarter of the host, and of the remainder a very large proportion was supplied by German-speaking countries. It is with these Germans that Herr Holzhausen has to deal. They went out in their hundreds of thousands, they came back in only tens of thousands. The vast majority of them perished in the campaign or during the first months of captivity, a considerable number finished their lives in the qualified freedom of a compulsory exile. A few accepted their expatriation, and, as physicians, soldiers, or industrials in a backward country, achieved a prosperity that in their own homes would probably have been beyond their reach.

The most astounding thing about the Moscow campaign is not the magnificence of the attempt, nor even the vastness of the failure. It is the extraordinary spirit that the name and presence of Napoleon breathed into the ranks of the allies, his victims of yesterday and his conquerors of to-morrow. It is an object-lesson in the illogicality of war, an awful warning to the calculator of political probabilities. A German count speaks of the universal "Vive l'Empereur!" that burst from an army, "three-quarters of which was drawn from nations with whose true interests the opening war was in the sharpest conflict." A Saxon lieutenant records the "unfeigned joy" that, "from the very first day's march, shone on every countenance; . . . each man thought only of the duty he would so soon have to perform, of the glory to be won for his regiment, and every other sentiment, even his patriotism—however warm that might be—was henceforth alien or silent."

The accumulated disasters of the campaign never once destroyed, in the greater part of the German contingents, this devotion to a supreme man and to an immediate duty. Suffering, defeat, and injustice failed to disturb their loyalty. In two instances only had Napoleon miscalculated: the Prussians on the left wing and the Austrians on the right were from the first resolved to do nothing for the cause beyond what was absolutely necessary to their duty as allies; the latter, indeed, probably did a good deal less than their stipulated duty, and certainly failed to cover the retreat at the most critical moment of all, but Herr Holzhausen is not specially concerned with the Austrians, and even they exerted themselves to save their friends, the Saxons. The Prussians fought with complete but grudging loyalty in the cause of their oppressor till the momentous day of Tauroggen. Even then there were many Prussian officers—not Yorck, whose "ausgesprochener Franzosenhass" admitted of no weakness or exception—who were moved to tears at the necessity of deserting the chivalrous Macdonald.

Herr Holzhausen repeats more than once that one of the greatest blunders of the campaign was "the placing of the least trustworthy allies on the extreme flanks." A mistake that also touched the Germans very nearly was the early squandering of the cavalry, in which Murat was the principal agent, for the Germanic States had contributed more than their just share to that arm. The corrupt administration of the French commissariat was another source of weakness to the whole army, as was also the short-sighted policy of wholesale devastation that prevailed. At the outset of the campaign the army was not ill-provided, but in the circumstance excessive care was needed in the husbanding of re-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

sources, and even in the initial stages Gouvion St. Cyr is forced to admit that "each day's march cost us more men and horses than a fierce battle."

The strategy of 1812 is only a secondary object of this book, but it is well and concisely indicated. To treat frankly a single aspect of a great subject is often the best way of treating the whole subject. The Germans were everywhere—except on the flanks Napoleon had deliberately dispersed them—and what happened to the Germans in particular happened in general to the whole army. And Germans have left notes of their experiences in every corner of the vast Aceldama. Those of Margrave William of Baden—one of the soberest and most veracious of chroniclers—have recently been discussed in THE ACADEMY. German authorities are certainly among the best for this campaign, but Herr Holzhausen seems to us rather too summary in his remarks on Russian mendacity and French exaggeration. In his purely military criticisms he is very just and impartial, giving the French as their undoubted due the first place in the roll of honour. For the Russian generals he has little praise; opportunities of annihilating their much-tried enemies were vouchsafed them over and over again. If nowhere else, they should have forced matters to a finish at the Beresina, especially as Napoleon had wilfully destroyed his pontoons. But Kutosov—the Fabius Cunctator of Russia—was the most cautious of a cautious race, and felt the prestige of his opponent almost as strongly as did his opponent's army. It is curious to note that the tragedy of the Beresina was principally due to a thaw that had, a few days before, been welcomed as a favour of heaven by the luckless dupes of the Russian climate.

All the horrors and all the heroisms are here. Among the latter perhaps the most remarkable is that of the French engineers at the Beresina, drowning or dying of cold in the icy water to make the bridges that should save their comrades. Of the horrors it is useless to speak; they were too many. Death and disease in every form, hunger, thirst, vermin, hospitals without medicine, doctors, or nurses, treacherous and barbarous conquerors—these were some of the ingredients in the cup that the Great Army drained to the dregs. Not only bodies, but also hearts and minds were frozen; mad universal hatred was sometimes the one surviving feeling. Herr Holzhausen instances a German trooper who kicked over a bucket from which his horse had drunk rather than give it to a German officer who begged for the water that was left in it. Cannibalism and murders for food were not unknown. The worst horrors of all were, according to Herr Holzhausen, to be found in the hospitals of Wilna, especially after the arrival of the Cossacks. To the cry of the prisoners after the end of everything the answer was that of a Russian governor: "Heaven is high, and the Czar is far, you French dogs!" The word of a German officer, spoken before Borodino, might have been echoed at almost any subsequent moment by any soldier of the Great Army: "Lieber ein Ende mit Schrecken als ein Schrecken ohne Ende."

Fifty Years of English Literature

A Survey of English Literature, 1780-1830. By OLIVER ELTON. Two Vols. (Edward Arnold. 21s. net.)

PROBABLY no period in English literature was charged with such important consequences as that which Professor Elton has selected as the subject of these volumes. England was slowly awaking from an intellectual torpor which had benumbed the national imagination and frozen the national fancy for close upon fifty years. New ideals were in process of formation. The hard crust of classicism was giving way before the warmth of a humanitarian sentiment which was to find its ultimate expression—though in varying forms—in the poetry of Wordsworth and of Shelley. Collins had already sounded—however faintly—the trumpet of revolt, and the process of emancipation was carried a stage further by Cowper. Crabbe, "a Pope in worsted stockings," had opened up a new realm for poetry in the lives of humble people, and his successors, while they discarded his diction, were careful to retain much of his sentiment. Blake piped down the valleys wild to an unheeding generation. In Scotland an inspired ploughman was enriching the language of his country with the sweetest lyrics that it had ever known, while Sir Walter Scott brought back to English literature the breath of that older romance which had filled the Middle Ages with mystery and colour.

The French Revolution, which set thrones a-tottering throughout Europe, left its permanent impress alike upon English life and English literature. It was in vain for Edmund Burke, the last of the Whigs and the first of the Conservatives, to attempt to stem with his lofty and impassioned rhetoric the incoming tide of democracy. The world—or so men felt—was being recreated. Shelley appeared as the herald of a new dawn, and Byron—that Titanic figure—his head in the clouds and his feet planted firmly on the earth, flaunted through Europe "the pageant of his bleeding heart." The fight between the old classical tradition and that new spirit which has been so happily termed "the renaissance of wonder," raged fiercely for a space, flickered down, and died. The victory lay with the moderns.

To write the literary history of such a period is a task almost superhuman in its magnitude. It is not, indeed, the task of any one man, be he never so gifted. Professor Elton applies himself to a work at once more modest and more effective. "The book," he writes, "is really a review, a direct criticism, of everything I can find in the history of fifty years that speaks to me with any sound of human voice." As such it must be judged, and as such—if we mistake not—it will be held to be the most entirely satisfactory contribution to this vast and perennially interesting subject that has yet appeared.

Necessarily the personal equation plays a considerable part in these appreciations and criticisms. There are writers for whom Professor Elton professes a warm-hearted admiration, while others, of equal eminence,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

leave him dispassionately critical. But his judgments are always sane and well-balanced. His enthusiasms stop short of idolatry, and he is capable of a condemnation that is wholly devoid of rancour. On every page, almost, we encounter the right thing rightly said. Occasionally the critic displays a depth of insight into his subject that is almost startling in its penetration. This—of Cowper—may serve as an example:—

> Cowper had trembling, naked sensibilities, and reasoned his notions to the bitter end. He hated Rome; yet who cannot wish that he had been born in the old faith, and come into the hands of some humane, adroit confessor, such as Balzac paints, who might have "cleansed the stuff'd bosom" at the right moment, and led him back, by mingled suggestion and authority, to the paths of sanity, softening by nominal penances gently graded, or by the chance of purgatory at the worst, the more hideous of the patient's delusions? For Cowper, being not a sinner, but the very pattern of innocence, went through a struggle harder than any sinner's; a struggle with a possessing delusion. The real tragedy lies in his never suspecting it was a delusion.

Again, what reader of Jane Austen—what male reader, at least—but will be forced to agree with the following estimate?

> She is the woman our enemy. We could only have the advantage of her by taking her off her own ground; and, artist and humorist as she is, she knows this, and never quits her ground. The contest is a drawn one. She abides; we acknowledge her, we do not quite like her, and we quit her—perhaps run away from her—not without relief, bidding to such cold voices a somewhat long farewell.

But one might go on quoting indefinitely.

It is impossible, indeed, to follow Professor Elton into the various ramifications of his enormous theme. The poets and the novelists, the political philosophers and the metaphysicians, the critics and the historians—each in turn is made the subject of a sympathetic and discriminating study. Equal justice is rendered to the elaborate eloquence of a De Quincey, and the sturdy common-sense of a Cobbett. Among the best studies in the two volumes is that of Hazlitt, who rightly claims a chapter to himself, while, in his remarks on the minor novelists of the period, Professor Elton shows a knowledge of early nineteenth century fiction which, of itself, is a remarkable contribution to English critical literature.

No student of modern English literature and poetry can afford to neglect these volumes. The work wanted doing, and Professor Elton has done it admirably. In all the nine hundred odd pages there is not a superfluous sentence. The author is entitled to our gratitude and our thanks.

Spiritual Intimates

Unseen Friends. By Mrs. WILLIAM O'BRIEN. (Longmans, Green and Co. 6s. 6d. net.)

HOW often and how fervently have some of us longed to meet in the flesh those writers who have cheered, comforted, or inspired us! They have been the companions of our spiritual pathway, and have sometimes assumed a reality that not even our visible friends possessed. We have known these unseen ones so much better; they have unveiled the sanctuary of their nature for us. The sense of the *intime* will more often be felt with such master-spirits than with the living personalities who so persistently hide their hearts from us. Many would desire no better heaven than such a high intellectual and spiritual fellowship. It is, therefore, a wholly delightful task that Mrs. O'Brien has set herself in this book. Her intention is sufficiently well expressed in the introduction:

> As we usually have something worth saying as to the men and women we love best in the flesh, in the same way there may be some interest to dwell on the unseen friends whose qualities have helped to shape our character for good or ill.

From this it will be guessed that all these studies are personal rather than critical. We would not wish it otherwise; quite enough of a critical kind has already been written about some of the characters dealt with here. Thus it would be difficult to say anything new along these lines concerning such a writer as Charlotte Brontë. But Mrs. O'Brien's paper, full of very evident affection, and regarding the woman as of more importance than the works, is quite refreshing. When one has mentioned the names of Christina Rossetti, Mrs. Oliphant, and Jean Ingelow, one has exhausted those in the essayist's list who can be said to be really well-known people. Eugénie de Guérin is best known to most folk through Matthew Arnold's study, while Felicia Skene may be remembered by a few good people of the last century. The rest of the names in the contents-table will not call up many associations. Here, again, we commend Mrs. O'Brien, for she has not worshipped at the shrines of the mighty, but has followed the dictates of her own preferences, and given us essays about little known characters.

Our author is a Roman Catholic, and throughout this volume she has not tried to disguise that fact; in a book of personal preferences it would have been wrong to do so. Thus a good half of these studies is taken up in delineating for us the characters of women who became foundresses of religious orders, or Sisters of the poor. That kind of virtue which is at once pious and practical appeals very strongly to Mrs. O'Brien. Yet her Catholicism is of no narrow type, blinding her to the virtues of other creeds. Only once does she allow her love for her faith somewhat unduly to influence her, when, in writing of Christina Rossetti, she expresses the opinion: "It has often struck me that as a Roman Catholic she would have been a happier woman." The combination of intellect and piety is irresistible to her; she becomes reverentially affectionate before it. Mrs. O'Brien is an Irishwoman, and thus is usually happy in dealing with women of her own nationality.

The chief defects of the book are an occasional repetition, and an occasional, though rarer, looseness of diction; as, for instance, on page 94:—

> Now the writer who can produce such an impression, by the mere power of truth, that writer is not

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

likely to sink into forgetfulness, and we need not wonder at the interest roused by Mr. Shorter's labour of love among all Brontë enthusiasts, to whom Charlotte Brontë has given some of the most profound impressions of their lives.

Those who wish to increase their circle of spiritual intimates will do well to read this book.

A Literary Henchman

William Hone: His Life and Times. By FREDERICK WM. HACKWOOD. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

THERE is a class of personages, often of a not inconsiderable stature, who may be said to live in footnotes. In the course of literary work some reference to their doings or writings becomes necessary, when a note is added at the bottom of the page for the benefit of the uninitiated. For not all of us have explored the holes and corners of literary and general history; and if we have—well, human memory is an extremely fallible thing. Every now and then one of these folk is rescued from his footnote obscurity and given a full-length biography. William Hone may be said to belong to this class; for, in spite of the vogue of "The Every-Day Book" and "The Table Book" in a previous generation, those who are not students to-day generally look for the necessary footnote when his name crops up. We are tempted to ask, when a man is unearthed after this fashion, "Cui bono?" and the question recurs in perusing this volume. The chief value of a work of this kind is the number of sidelights which it gives on other better-known characters. Thus Hone's account of how, when a child, he saw John Wesley is one of those vivid and first-hand touches which is worth any number of official biographies:—

> . . . I saw the black legs, with great silver buckles, coming down the stairs, and there came into the room a venerable man, his long silvery hair flowing upon his shoulders, his countenance cheerful and smiling and ruddy as a youth's, and his eyes beaming kindness. . . . The room seemed illuminated by his presence.

Hone's relationships with George Cruikshank, and his encouragement of the young artist, are good things to remember for the light they shed on both men. But the man by whom the memory of Hone is chiefly kept green is, of course, Charles Lamb; so long as his letters are read, people will ask, "Who was William Hone?" If curiosity about him still continues, it may be completely satisfied by referring to Mr. Hackwood's work. His book is a piece of tardy justice to an estimable character, for until now no worthy record of Hone existed. At the end of the volume, too, we get a glimpse of Charles Dickens, who visited Hone in his last illness, and was present at his funeral. This sidelight on Dickens is a not altogether pleasant one, for it shows the great novelist using his descriptive powers in a way that afterwards gave pain. But it is well that the controversy which arose out of this affair should now be fully presented and finally settled, for the good of all parties concerned, as it is here.

Perhaps this life of Hone will give some modern moralist a shining example with which to illuminate his pages. Hone may be held up in this fashion in two ways, according to tastes. His hot, revolutionary, pamphleteering youth may be put forward as an ideal for these unrestful times; or his irreproachable, "converted" old age may make a subject for a tract, as it has already done at least once. Mr. Hackwood's work is certainly not lacking in interest, and, generally speaking, is very well done. There are occasional repetitions, but these are due to his arrangement, which strikes one as being, at times, rather awkward. We do not know what public he had in mind when writing this book, but we think he might give his readers credit for some small literary knowledge, and not append such solemn bits of information as that about Gifford of the *Quarterly Review* on p. 229, and that concerning "Tuyfelsdröckh" (Hone's spelling) on p. 333. A word of praise must be added for the excellent bibliography and illustrations. After all, Mr. Hackwood has more than justified his choice of a subject.

"Who's Who" and Others

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage for 1913. (Dean and Son. 31s. 6d.)
Whitaker's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage, 1913. (5s. net.)
Who's Who, 1913. (A. and C. Black. 15s. net.)
Whitaker's Almanack, 1913. (2s. 6d net.)
The International Whitaker, 1913. (2s. net.)
Englishwoman's Year-Book and Directory, 1913. (A. and C. Black. 2s. 6d. net.)
The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1913. (A. and C. Black. 1s. net.)

THOSE people who make a point of collecting each edition of certain books as they are published must see a very great difference between "Debrett's Peerage" of several years ago and the one issued for the year 1913. The number of hereditary, personal, and courtesy titles, together with the companions of the various orders, now totals 18,000, so that the volume before us is very massive compared with the three small books which constituted the principal reference there was to the peerage of over a century ago.

The "Peerage" issued by Messrs. Whitaker at the price of 5s., although not containing the many details of the larger Debrett, is a book formed on similar lines to its companion, and is very handy for people who cannot afford the money or space for the handsome red and gold favourite.

"Who's Who" always strikes us as a book that is far more interesting than many novels. In it one can read the history of their favourite writers, musicians, divines, or soldiers, while the little human touch provided by an account of the recreations of the various people mentioned seems at once to bring them into closer relations with the outside world, which can merely wonder and gasp with astonishment at the extraordinary

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

amount of work and number of accomplishments some people seem able to crowd into one short span of life. For instance, a French lady who has been, and still is greatly admired by the English, not only has to her credit the honour of being the director of one theatre, the founder of another, but has gained a medal for sculpture and published many books—all this in addition to the numerous rehearsals she must have attended in order to perfect the numerous characters she has from time to time represented on the French and English stage.

The gentleman whose recreation appears to have ceased after he "represented Cambridge in the quarter-mile *v.* Oxford" in 1886 cannot certainly be accused of over-indulgence in the pleasures of this life. Another, resident in Australia, once had a two years' visit to England, since when, slightly to paraphrase the words of the advertisement of a well-known commodity, he has had no other. A few have no recreations, or are too modest to state them. One impresses upon us the fact that, although now occupying a notable position, he was born of working-class parents and married a collier's lass; while we are all well acquainted with the genial musician who spends his spare time in looking up, or rather down, upon the tombstones of the great, in order to ascertain their condition, and has also written upwards of 1,400 letters to the Press.

In addition to the usual "Almanack," Messrs. Whitaker this year have issued "The International Whitaker." They claim for it that it can be used "either as the companion . . . or in substitution for the older but less topical handbook." From a casual glance in many instances it appears to contain in a much fuller form information with regard to the countries of the world, similar to that given in the "Whitaker" with which we are all acquainted.

Among other interesting items, "The Englishwoman's Year Book" contains a very able and concise article by Miss Harvey on the much criticised Insurance Act. Educational, professional, and social work is also dealt with at some length. In fact, no subject likely to be of interest to women is omitted, and the arrangement of the whole book is to be highly commended.

"The Writers' and Artists' Year Book" has again been revised and brought up to date, and will prove this year, as in previous years, a most handy little guide for young authors who desire to know the best markets in which to place their manuscripts.

Shorter Reviews

The Romantic Trials of Three Centuries. By HUGH CHILDERS. (John Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a good book, but one which might have been much better had it been written by a man of legal training. Mr. Childers shows but little sense of proportion; thus he starts his volume with one of the most unreadable episodes portrayed in it. He is evidently a man who is unable to sift a quantity of evidence and present salient features in a condensed and agreeable form. The opening article, entitled "The Great Alibi," extends to thirty-seven pages, although the author does not seem to recognise the fact that the story of Elizabeth Canning is one which has very little intrinsic interest, and it could very well have been disposed of in half the space.

On the other hand, the story of the trial of so fascinating a personality as William Penn, told in fifteen pages, might have held entranced the interest of the reader for three times that length. The history of Beau Fielding and the Duchess is kept within suitable limits; that of the notorious Elisabeth, Duchess of Kingston, is also well presented; but the narrative of Dr. Dodd, called "The Macaroni Parson," bores the reader by its quite uncalled-for amplification. The same may be said of the trite and well-worn story of "The Lyons Mail." It was scarcely worth while to introduce this long narrative, covering nearly fifty pages, unless the author was prepared to shed a good deal of light upon its obscure aspects. We think Mr. Childers believed that this was a masterly paper; we regret that we do not agree with him. The trial of Disraeli for libel is distinctly interesting, as everything connected with that incongruous but brilliant man must naturally be. There are several minor stories which are readable, and, on the whole, the volume may be cordially recommended to those who are interested in legal proceedings in which prominent persons through several ages have appeared.

One Welshman: A Glance at a Great Career. By WHITELAW REID. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

THIS is a reprint of the address by the late American Ambassador, to whose memory such eloquent tributes were lately paid in the House of Commons, delivered at the University College of Wales at Aberystwith. The lecture gives a bird's-eye view of the career of Thomas Jefferson, author of "The Declaration of Independence." Perhaps Mr. Whitelaw Reid is correct, and perhaps he is not, in ascribing Welsh origin to Jefferson. We admit that we have never heard that Jefferson belonged to that nationality. Perhaps fifty-nine pages are hardly sufficient in which to present a complete view of a man of Jefferson's achievements. However that may be, the impression which one derives from the perusal of the lecture is that Jefferson was a past-master in all the arts which a man who appeals to popular approval should be possessed of. He was very little troubled with principles, and consequently there was no uniformity of design or steadfastness of action observable throughout his career. He was able to trim his sails to catch any wind, and there is no doubt that he would have done violence to a sensitive conscience, had he possessed one, by many of the gyrations in which he indulged when he thought that political profit would accrue from them. Still, he was a great figure in American politics and progress, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid's

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

lecture, if it does not lead us to entertain the highest possible respect for Jefferson as a man, yet enables us to perceive the qualities which enabled him to perform a great part in the evolution and progress of American nationality.

Indians of the Terraced Houses. By CHARLES F. SAUNDERS. Illustrated. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

DOWN in the south-west of the United States, half a dozen or more communities of Indians dwell unto this day in the primitive sort of semi-civilisation which was theirs when first the "conquistadores" set foot on Californian shores. They have never warred with the white intruders, nor misbehaved themselves in any way; they are industrious agriculturists, with some sort of knowledge of stone architecture, and other simple arts which place them above the level of the mere savage, and they form a remarkable remnant of aboriginal America, a link rather with Mayan and Aztec forms of culture than with the bloodthirsty tribes of savages who once hunted on the northern prairies.

Among these people Mr. Saunders and his wife spent a period of almost unalloyed happiness, if one may judge by the record which this book contains. The author introduces us to sundry characters whose acquaintance we are glad to make—Dick, the policeman of Zuñi, is a noteworthy instance. Dick as intermediary in the purchase of meat is a joy, and indirectly he sheds much light on the ways and customs of these "Indians of the Terraced Houses."

While writing in light and truly entertaining style, Mr. Saunders conveys a good amount of serious knowledge to his readers. Philologists may note the absence of "r" from the Zuñi tongue, and thus deduce another link between the Far East and the Far West in attempting to place the original birthplace of these Indian tribes—especially those among whom civilisation had made some progress before white men came to overthrow and remodel. This by the way, for it is only one point worth thinking over among the many which the author raises in the course of this narrative, which, it may be said, is well and adequately illustrated by photographs of these people and their belongings, and is in itself an entertaining record, well worth perusal.

Ὁρατίου ᾠδαί, κατὰ μετάφρασιν Πανευμόλπου. Τόμου ἁ τεῦχος ἁ. (Parnassus Press. 2s. 6d.)

M. PANEUMOLPOS presents us with an interesting "specimen" of an intended translation of the Odes of Horace into Greek—not modern, but classical Greek. Apart from a critical preface and some rather commonplace notes, both in Greek, he gives us renderings of two well-known odes only: "Odi profanum vulgus et arceo" (III, i) and that to Leuconoe (I, xi). Of the former there are three and of the latter no less than ten renderings, besides suggested variants. It can hardly be intended to carry out the work on this scale, which would expand it to the size of the Encyclopædia Britannica; and, furthermore, this repetition of translations of the same Latin words unavoidably produces also repetition of the Greek phrases used. Thus, in the "Leuconoe," "*scire nefas*" in the first line is rendered four times by *οὐ θέμις εἰδέναι* and four times by *οὐ θεμιτὸν εἰδέναι*—to quote no further examples.

The language is, with rare exceptions, strictly classical. We note, however. that *πέπρωτ'* for *πέπρωται* is a comic form. It is the more remarkable that M. Paneumolpos, whose preface shows that he can write ancient Greek with ease and fluency, should not have adopted as the vehicle of his translation some of the ancient lyric metres which Horace copied and of which sufficient fragments remain to furnish models, while the brilliant imitations of Carducci have shown that it is possible in a language closely allied to the original to reproduce those metres with success. M. Paneumolpos has adopted none of these, nor even what he calls the "national" verse of fifteen syllables, but rhymed lines arranged in various modern lyric forms. But though the language is classical, both the rhyme and the rhythm depend on modern Greek usage and peculiarities of pronunciation. For example *ὁποῖον* is made to rhyme with *ὡροσκοπίων* and *θεωρεῖται* with *μήτε*. Similarly, pronunciation by accent governs the rhythm. This is familiar enough to Continental schools, where prosody is neglected, and Greek verse-writing practically unknown, but to English scholars it is somewhat repellent. Elision, moreover, M. Paneumolpos only uses where it is convenient. Nevertheless, the experiment is an interesting one, and the work deserves perusal, if only for the sake of the lucid and elegant Greek of the Introduction. The printing and general appearance of the book are excellent, but there are some strange mistakes, due, evidently, to faulty reading of proofs. These are chiefly in the Latin—*e.g.*, "tagenta" for "tangenda," "eorem" for "eodem"; and there are a few misprints in the Greek.

Chinese Poems. Translated by CHARLES BUDD. (Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE chief value of this book will, we imagine, be found to lie in Mr. Budd's introduction dealing with the construction and technique of Chinese poetry. Even the slight sketch he gives of the history of Chinese poetry, valuable though it is, and wonderful in its concision, has to date its value from that essay. And from what he says it is clear that the Chinese had no slight task before him in the construction of a poem. It is, of course, fairly common knowledge that in the Chinese language the tone of a word gives it meaning more than the sound, many words having the same sound and having to rely on the various tones in which they are spoken for their differing meaning. And it is obvious that, since one of the highest things in all poetry is its tonal significance—a fact that is too often lost sight of among modern poets and the critics of poetry—the possibilities before Chinese poetry must have been considerable; the more so since the poet had not only to construct his pattern

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of lines and his pattern of rhymes, but also his pattern of sounds and tones. Whether, however, this possibility was ever at any time realised is difficult to judge from the present work. This was more or less to be expected. Poems devised in this way are untranslatable—for the impossibility of translating poetry at any time is just the impossibility of translating tones. Mr. Budd's efforts are, as he modestly says, "pleasantly readable," but they are no more.

Apart from the difficulties we have already spoken of, a man who is in the habit of translating "commercial documents," and has no practice in the forms of English poetry, is only adding to the formal difficulties: he is bringing one inability to another. But in the most opaque of renderings it is usually impossible to catch the echo, or spirit, of whatever greatness is singing unmuffled in the original, and the chief disappointment in these poems is that, in spite of our hopes aroused by his introductory essay, very few of the poems seem to hint any more than prettiness in the songs of Chinese poets. The note that, in Western poetry, cries aloud in our spirits, and makes us know we are gods of immortal destiny, seems altogether lacking in Eastern poetry—judging by these efforts, and by translations of Japanese poetry. It seems only the Aryans in the East—Aryans like ourselves—who can strike this deeper note. Of course, it may not be so. We can but judge from the translations given us by different scholars, the best and most authoritative of all being Mr. Budd. Readers of this book expecting a high note will be disappointed. If they desire prettiness, even the prettiness of "bijouterie," they will find abundance of it. But Mr. Budd's introduction is quite another thing.

Persian Literature. By CLAUD FIELD. Illustrated. (Herbert and Daniel. 3s. 6d. net)

WE have often wondered how many of the thousands of admirers of Omar Khayyám think it worth while to step outside Nishapur and pluck the roses of other Persian poets. Omar has had, thanks to Edward FitzGerald's adaptation, an enormous vogue. It is not to be wondered at that the majority of readers regard these quatrains as typical examples of Persian poetry. The reverse is the case, for Omar's pessimism, raillery, and rather cheap cynicism are certainly not characteristics of Persian poetry generally. Firdawsi has told wonderful tales in his "Books of Kings"; Hafiz has sung of the beauties of his mistress or of the joy of the wine-cup; while Jami, Jalalu'd-din Rumi, Attar, and Shabastari in his wonderful "Rose-Garden of Mystery," make the bulbul singing to the rose, the beauty of women, and the ecstasy derived from the juice of the grape, symbols of the lover seeking union with the Divine Beloved. Here, indeed, is a store of exquisite thought and rare imagery that far transcends the utterances of the popular Omar. Those who have found the highest form of mystical love in "Flashes of Light" comparable with the ecstasies of Ruysbroeck or Suso; those who have wandered in "The Abode of Spring," and sat in Sa'di's "Rose-Garden" or "Orchard," will have discovered in the Land of the Lion and the Sun a literary treasure as fair as the white temple "Shah Jahan builded for his lady's grave."

We could have wished that Mr. Claud Field had written with a little more enthusiasm, also that he had chosen less obsolete translations. He has, however, made a careful study of the subject, from the "Zend-Avesta" to Babiism and the Bahai movement. If the arrangement of the book could have been improved, we must take into consideration the vast amount of material the author had to deal with in the limited space at his disposal. Apart from Professor E. G. Browne's monumental work, "A Literary History of Persia," there was no comprehensive study of Persian literature in the English language until the present volume was published. We trust that Mr. Field's book will be the means of attracting not only the student, but also a number of Omarians who have so much to discover in Persia's rich and splendid literature.

Fiction

Hoffman's Chance. By WILLIAM CAINE. (John Lane. 6s.)

THE author has taken a set of very real people for characters in this story; and has gone minutely into the details of their lives; he has a way, which is none too pleasant, of stripping both men and women down to the moral skeleton, dissecting each layer as he finds it, and giving the result of his experiment in a sardonically humorous fashion. It is not so much the humour of the book that we realise as the amusement of its author at the follies and frailties of his people. With all this he constructs a thoroughly interesting story.

Hoffman verged on genius, so far as music was concerned, and Bertram Orde gave him his chance in the form of money to produce a comic opera, of which Orde wrote the libretto. Psyche Whittaker spoilt the chance by inducing Orde to cut and alter the play in the interests of her part, until little of the original comic opera remained, and, of course, the piece was a "frost." Michael Hoffman retains our sympathy throughout, and Linda, the woman who inspires his work, is drawn with equal skill. Save for these two, our admiration is not asked for any character.

We can accord only a stinted measure of admiration to these two, for the author writes in a detached, analytical, staccato fashion, as if he himself were unenthusiastic over the matter in hand. Here are technique and literary skill fully evident, but the book was never a vital thing to its writer—it was, rather, an abstract problem, and hence even its solitary love scene is cold The net effect is rather disappointing; we leave Hoffman standing with Linda on the verge of big things to be accomplished, and, in spite of the skill with which the story of the first "chance" has been related, we feel that the big things are all to come—they are not set down here.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Sorcery Club. By ELLIOTT O'DONNELL. Illustrated. (William Rider and Son. 6s.)

THREE San Francisco clerks, out of work and starving, get hold of a book which describes the sure way to Black Magic, and, driven mainly by hunger, they set to work to make themselves initiate. In the various processes to which they are subjected we get rather a surfeit of "superphysical" manifestations—by the way, why will not these authors on psychic subjects write "supernatural," the everyday word that we know, and whose meaning is larger, rather than this pedantic compound? Save in the case of those who depend on out-of-the-way words and phrases for their effect, surely the teller of a plain story would achieve greater results by simple means than by such unnecessary complexities as this.

The three schemers succeed in their compact with the malevolent, invisible influences up to a point, and then, as has happened from the beginning of time, a woman steps in and spoils their plans. There were seven stages of psychic development through which they must pass for perfection, but they never reach the seventh—the woman attends to that. Some portions of the story are amusing, notably that which deals with the working of evil spells, but none of it is forcible enough to induce a shudder. It is as if the author were not sufficiently impressed with his own subject to render it more than commonplace, though the marvels of which he has to tell are stupendous, in all conscience. Yet, even in a story of this kind, it is the manner that counts rather than the matter, and the manner is for the most part absent from these pages.

Chess for a Stake. By HAROLD VALLINGS. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

WHEN into the first page of a book enters a young man with a dark, strong face; when, further, information is laid against the aforesaid young man to the effect that he has set his affections on a certain girl, we feel tolerably certain that he will marry the girl somewhere in the vicinity of the last chapter. In this we are not disappointed, but it must be confessed that the love affair of Will Pigott and Kitty form but a minor portion of this book's contents. The main interest is supplied by a certain Francis Trecarrel and Evangeline Margesson by way of hero and heroine. The part of villain is admirably filled by Jago Polwhele, heir to a huge fortune, but, for the greater portion of the story, a schoolmaster. The title is fully justified, for it is a very intricate game of chess that these and other characters play; Evangeline is the chief "stake," and a study of the multitudinous moves in this complex game is thoroughly interesting.

It may be urged by ultra-critical readers that the plot is almost too complex, for, in addition to the characters mentioned, a number of schoolboys play parts in the story. Polwhele, the villain, is about the best-drawn character in the book; the author does not err on the side of high colouring, but accounts for Polwhele's tendencies by the fact of his birth, and for his acts by the circumstances to which he was subjected. Hence we get a natural and quite realistic villain, whose deeds are thoroughly in accordance with his temperament, and who never descends to melodrama level. As a whole, the book is fresh, sincere, and altogether interesting.

The Theatre

"If We Had Only Known" at the Little Theatre

MR. INGLIS ALLEN has made a charming, straightforward, interesting play on the subject of the joys of parentage and the difficulties which befall those married persons who do not care for children. A pleasant young artist, Robert Vale (Mr. Leon Quartermaine) and his wife (Miss Mary Jerrold) fall out, and kiss again with tears many months afterwards. The reason of their disagreements is pointed out to them by Dr. Paul L'Estrange, their friend, who pops in from Egypt whenever he's wanted. This is a difficult character, made most convincing and sincere by Mr. Rudge Harding. He explains the gaiety and glory of the child in the house, and somehow everything happens for the best, and by the end of the third act everybody, including the audience, is very happy and awfully keen about Roosvelt's views, and quite convinced that—

> To the end of Time 'twill be the same,
> For the Earth first laughed when the children came.

Personally, we dread young ladies who play little boys on the stage, and would sooner be doomed to live at the club for ever than meet them in real life. But we own that Miss Mabel Mason makes the Bobs of Mr. Allen's play quite human and agreeable, an arrangement in which the author is an accessory before the fact, for he makes his important little boy fairly silent—he has no terrible speeches to deliver. Nor have any of the other nine admirably depicted characters. The rich Vaughan Thompsons, who lure Vale away from his wife, are the real people in the hands of Mr. Curtis and Miss Aimée de Burgh. Mr. Eric Maturin gives us a careful study of the young man of the period made mentally clumsy by convention and splendid physically by athletics. There is the loafer of Mr. Wilfrid Benson, and the general servant of Miss Harwood, who only appear for a little while and are perfect in their way.

From these few notes it will be seen that Mr. Allen has written his play in the language and with the feeling of real life—a by no means common accomplishment in any period of our stage history. The result is that his two main characters, taken by Mr. Quartermaine and Miss Mary Jerrold, are able to give us of their best. As the young wife who loves and is disappointed, misunderstood, neglected and bitter—but always loving—

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Miss Jerrold plays with the greatest skill. But this lady who grows old so gracefully in the ever-fresh "Milestones" does not appear to age a day in "the several years"—I should think about seven—which pass between the second and last acts. Happy Mrs. Vale, no doubt this is one of the delicate rewards for having added to the coming race. *Envoi*, one can't help wondering what would have been the comment of the brilliant and bitter Douglas Jerrold, the grandfather of the author, on this simple, clever, purposeful piece of work; I fancy it would have been amusing.

"Aladdin" of the Follies at the Empire

MR. PELISSIER and his clever group of friends have made a new departure with, as it seems to us, happy results. I may own that I have been several times lately to see the "Follies" at the Apollo, but have not allowed myself to write of the performances, partly out of gratitude for so many past delights, partly because they were not worth writing about. But now, with the gallant support of the most powerful "Empire" in the world, the youth of this company is renewed and joy cometh with the miming. Imagine all the rich beauty, delightful colouring, gay corps de ballet, and bright atmosphere which this theatre can command, and superimpose thereon an amusing version of the old "Aladdin" story, now made sometimes to burlesque pantomime, and sometimes to make fun of every other thing under the sun. Conceive Mr. Lewis Sydney, Mr. Morris Harvey, the volatile and graceful Douglas MacLaren, the beautiful Miss Compton, and the gifted master of the Follies pack, Mr. Pélissier, and all the rest of that merry company, free to be as amusing as they can in the freest sort of stage production possible; envision these things in a setting of Chinese beauty, and you will have a good idea of this brilliant diversion. Each night Mr. Pélissier and his friends add fresh fun to the performance; every evening that delicious, that merriest of dancers, Miss Phyllis Bedells, becomes more lively and attractive, and the support of the beautiful ladies of the ballet more entrancing and alluring.

But, as I have said before, the Empire audience is a difficult one to hold, and I understand that "Aladdin" is to pass. However, on the night I saw this cleverly arranged performance there was never a scene—and there are ten—which was not merry or beautiful, or both, but there were a few dull moments. One remembers a quite banal song about China tea, with a few pantomime advertisements in it, which has probably been replaced by one of Mr. Pélissier's happier thoughts, and there was a song at the fall of the curtain by that artist which seemed to be extremely lacking in point. Among the long cast, all of which worked with a will for the success of a by no means light undertaking, Mr. Morris Harvey, Mr. MacLaren, and the lovely dancer, Miss Phyllis Bedells, shone with particular brilliancy.

"The Harem Lily" at the London Pavilion

AN Oriental operetta, by M. Paul Lincke, at a place once the arch-type of the old-fashioned music-hall, is a delightful, most welcome departure. The pleasant voices and gay dresses, the light music and amusing songs which go to make up this short play certainly delighted the audience on the first night at the Pavilion. As with most operettas of this type, the fun will develop as the run continues. Already such comedians as Mr. Bruce Winston, as the Pasha, and Mr. Debnam, as a semi-Oriental music-hall agent, show an inclination to improve upon the rather fragile humours of the author. Miss Marjorie Maxwell, who plays the heroine, Marietta, looks charming and sings with taste, so that there can be no doubt that this piece—the ingenious little plot of which you must discover—will please many audiences for many days. By the way, we see the play is "presented by Mr. Anthony Ellis," whom one remembers as the accomplished critic of the *Star*. This seems to open out a vista of delight to the wayworn writer for the Press. Can it be possible that we may yet bourgeon forth into the gay impresario, and, laying aside our tools, "present" such lively little things as "The Harem Lily" to a waiting world? EGAN MEW.

"Troilus and Cressida" at the King's Hall, Covent Garden

AT the complimentary dinner recently given to honour Mr. William Poel, whose innovations in Shakespearean production can scarcely still be described as unusual, Mr. Shaw is reported to have said: "If Mr. Poel had been a German, they (the British public) would probably have believed there was something in him; they never believe that art can come out of England. In all textbooks he will probably be described as a disciple of Reinhardt." And now, after thirty years of pioneer work, Mr. William Poel has brought to a close his series of productions, strange, original, and fruitful of much good to the Shakespearean stage.

Mr. Poel chose "Troilus and Cressida," rescued from the obscurity of three centuries (except for Mr. Charles Fry's venture in 1907), for his production by the Elizabethan Stage Society, assisted by the Streatham Shakespearean Players, at the King's Hall, Covent Garden. "Troilus and Cressida" is a strangely uneven play; it has some splendid scenes and also some very crude workmanship; it is usually classed with the tragedies, but many critics argue that it is a comedy; really it is a grim satire of the shamelessness of humanity. We have not space to criticise Mr. Poel's production in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

detail. The wonderful continuity usually obtained by him was not as prominent, probably because some of the actors appeared to be believers in the tragic and others in the comic interpretation. The stage was set in tiers, and a tent, which corresponded to the wings, served as a hiding-place for the sulking, top-booted, yeoman-like Achilles. Prologue was dressed in full armour; the Greeks were presented as Elizabethan soldiers, all the Trojans in the flamboyant design of Elizabethan masque costume; Patroclus affected a nasty stutter and smoked a diminutive clay pipe; Thersites was dressed as an Elizabethan clown; Cressida (Miss Edith Evans), who was exceedingly handsome, wore a hat which was reminiscent of Gainsborough to a merely masculine critic. Several of the male parts were given to girls; Pandarus adopted a peculiar Cockney accent; councils of war were indistinctly heard from the back of the stage; and the acoustics of the King's Hall were possibly responsible for the inaudibility of many of the players. Mr. P. L. Eyre's Hector was audible and adequate, while Mr. Poel, as Pandarus, was the outstanding member of the cast. Mr. Poel's acting was extremely good, and deserved more efficient support.

The Pioneer Players at the Little Theatre

AT the Little Theatre, on Sunday, December 15, the Pioneer Players presented three plays by Hugh de Selincourt, Edith Lyttelton, and H. M. Harwood respectively. The plays seemed to have been arranged in their order of depression, so that the resultant effect was scarcely as interesting and varied as it might have been. "Beastie," by Hugh de Selincourt, opened the performance, and showed the awkward position of a young husband who is seeking a nurse for his infant son. The girl turned out to be an "old flame" of his 'Varsity days, but his wife sees no real impediment in this, and even goes so far as to present the uncomfortable girl with a keepsake. Miss Hilda Bruce-Potter played the part of the wife extremely well, and the piece received an enthusiastic reception.

The second play was "The Thumbscrew," a piece dealing with the terrible and hopeless lot of the women workers in a sweated industry. This atmosphere has been previously utilised by Mrs. Lyttelton. "The Thumbscrew" relates the struggle of Bernice Field—who drags out a fearful existence by sewing hooks on cards—between her two lovers. The one is anxious to marry her and emigrate to Canada, while the other, a mere boy slowly dying of lead-poisoning, selfishly appeals to her to remain. The "middle-woman" makes a reduction in wages, which seemed already at an irreducible minimum, but Bernice gives in to the suffering worker. Miss Phyllis Relph and Miss Margaret Yarde both played very cleverly, and the piece was well received.

The concluding play, H. M. Harwood's "Honour thy Father," showed a horrid, gambling, bankrupt father who is depending for his arrears of rent upon his daughter who is about to visit him. She is intercepted by a more horrid and undeniable blackmailing friend of her father, and this man threatens to disclose the source of her income. The threats avail nothing; the father is informed, blusters, but eventually accepts his daughter's money. Miss Hilda Moore gave a fine interpretation of the character of the daughter, while Mr. J. Fisher White, as the father, and Mr. Moffat Johnston, as the blackmailer, both did well. A. H.

Music

"THEY say that women and music should never be dated," says Miss Hardcastle in the play, but, indeed, it would be no easy matter to date Sir Hubert Parry's new Symphony without the most convincing documentary evidence. We can well imagine the puzzlement of future musical pundits who should "discover" Sir Hubert, and seek to reconstruct him and date his masterpieces, as the art critics discover a Maitre de Flémalle or a Gerard David. Laying hold of such a *chef d'œuvre* as the Symphony in B minor, one set of critics will say, "This is certainly one of the later works of the Kensington Master who composed the 'Symphonic Variations,' and perhaps is identical with the composer of 'Judith.' It shows indubitable traces of experience, and is extremely mature in style." Then another batch of explorers into the musical work of British primitives will declare: "This cannot be a late work, whoever may have been its author. Look at its youth, its early-morning freshness of spirit. This music cannot have emanated from a head crowned with grey hairs, nor from a heart which had known the bitterness of advancing age. True it is that both the thoughts and their expression are those of a man of experience, but the hand that has set it all down was a hand in the full flush of its early vigour, a hand directed by a personality which, if we are to believe that its owner had even reached middle life, must have known the secret of perpetual youth." Yes; our first reflection, while Sir Hubert was conducting his new Symphony for the Philharmonic Society, was one of amazement that a composer whose time is chiefly occupied in the direction of an immense college of music, who for a good many years has foregone the delights of Symphonic composition, and who took his degree as Bachelor of Music at Oxford so long ago, we believe, as 1867, should be nevertheless capable of pouring forth this stream of fresh and beautiful music.

Edward Fitzgerald did not believe much in the "Fine Arts thriving on an old Tree." Heaven forbid that we should think of Sir Hubert Parry as an "old Tree," but he would certainly count among the exceptions to Fitzgerald's belief; we must class him with Titian, with Verdi, with Thomas Hardy. We can recall no composition of Sir Hubert Parry's which surpasses his new Symphony in the peculiar quality of freshness, in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the precious grace of buoyant life. Even in the first movement, which he calls "Stress," in which there is tragedy, suffering, distress, we are sure that the composer is not going to be overmasked by them. They are there, as they must be in every fully developed life, but they will not be permitted to obscure what Life has of sweetness and light. Our composer is an optimist; he can look with brave countenance upon tragedy, summon Love to heal the wounds made by inexorable fate, and, further, bring in the "inexhaustible instinct of humanity for play, merriment, gaiety, fun, humour," which has its "genuine province and its share in helping." Here, perhaps, we discover one of the secrets of Sir Hubert's youth and success. He knows the value of humour as a factor in Life. So we come to a Season of Content and Hopefulness, which are the blessed offspring of Love and Humour. But "in human things, tendencies overshoot the mark, and Content leads to careless physical exuberance." A return of Distress, even of Tragedy, is inevitable and salutary, but Tragedy is eventually transformed by Love.

We have long known, and frequently pointed out, that in Sir Hubert Parry the Poet is balanced by the Philosopher. No one who is familiar with the subjects which he has taken for musical illustration, and the words he has selected or invented for choral treatment, can doubt this for a moment. His new Symphony gives us his commentary on Life. It is a poetical criticism, if ever there was one, and its philosophy is as sound as its poetry is beautiful. It is also absolutely personal to the author; it is what he and he alone can give us. As we listen, we are never reminded of anyone else's music, and though it is written on a definite plan, though its themes are definite illustrations of ideas, though they are intermingled and worked up, and contrasted according to the exigencies of symphonic structure, there is never a page on which any unpleasant effect of effort is apparent. We never feel that the composer has been in any difficulty as to the working out of his plan. We should say that no more sincere music than this was ever penned. It is like the speech of an honest man, one in whose every word we believe instinctively. Musicians will not need to be assured that it is full of art and craft, but only in the sense in which the speeches of John Bright or the sermons of John Henry Newman were similarly full. We also notice with pleasure that Sir Hubert has not been afraid to show that he is perfectly cognisant of the developments which music has made since first he began to write. He has borrowed from no one; he shows the influence of no particular composer, but he makes legitimate use of the forces which in later days have come to be common property.

And when all is said that can be said as to the serious import of Sir Hubert's latest Symphony, as to its modernity, its skill of construction, its power of orchestration, the most important question of all remains to be asked and answered. Is it beautiful? Is it a piece of music that may be listened to with pleasure by the ignorant or by those whose intelligence shrinks from the musical discussion of the problems of Life, by those, too, who know nothing of the science of music, or the rules which guide the writer of symphonics? Unhesitatingly we reply that it is. Without knowing anything of the key which the composer has supplied, without an acquaintance with even the A B C of music, anybody who is sane and human and loves beautiful themes and sonorous interweavings of sound, will enjoy this Symphony. The blasé man can enjoy Shakespeare without knowing anything about the history of the periods represented in the plays; he can enjoy Don Quixote and Dante, though he knows neither Spanish nor Italian, neither the romances of chivalry, nor the doings of Popes and Kings. It is one of the questions we have never been able to answer, whether he who is fully instructed derives more real enjoyment from Art, whether pictorial, literary, or musical, than the deuce who has only love, taste, and a certain instinct of understanding as his guide. We cannot decide whether it is better only to wonder and not to know, or whether it is better to know in order that we may wonder. It may be that the musicians who can take Sir Hubert's score into their hands, and read it as easily as they can their morning newspaper, who have so studied the science of composition that they can detect at a glance all the subtle cunning of orchestration, the transformation of themes, etc., that such folk will enjoy a performance of the Symphony more than those who cannot tell the voice of the clarionet from the voice of the bassoon, who understand the meaning of counterpoint as little as they do the Spectrum Analysis; but we are not sure. We ourselves pretend to no profundity of musical science. We have forgotten a good deal of our Prout, and would rather confront a band of militant Suffragettes when we were walking in the company of Mr. Lloyd George, than be set down to play a complicated score on the piano at sight in the presence of the professor who once sought to teach us that art. Yet we could and did enjoy Sir Hubert's Symphony as much as we have enjoyed any piece of music for a long, long time.

It will be a shame, even a disgrace, if all the competent orchestras of the Kingdom do not presently include it in their programmes. We should like to hear Mengelberg and Safonoff conduct it. Not that it is one of those baffling works of which we can only say, "We shall probably like it better when we know it." We shall come to like it better in the way that we like a friend more and more, who has delighted us from the first. We are sure that each time we hear it, this Symphony will rivet more tightly its hold upon our admiration and affection, for our instinct tells us that its beauty is not of the kind which either fades or falls.

We understand that Mr. Richard Edgcumbe has nearly completed the second volume of "The Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley," which will shortly be published.

"The Interpreter," a quarterly magazine of Biblical and theological study, edited by the Rev. Hewlett Johnson, M.A., B.Sc., will in future be published by Mr. Robert Scott, Roxburghe House, Paternoster Row, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Aspects of Ireland: Culture and Prosperity*

IN his "View of the State of Ireland" Spenser laments the barbarous state of Irish roads, and outlines his scheme for remedying the bad condition of the country. But we know that centuries before his time Ireland had had a well-constructed system of roads; and, since her commercial and civil prosperity grew steadily till the time of the Tudors in England, it seems pretty clear that her roads were not likely to have deteriorated in the natural course of events. But then Spenser was looking at the country from the outlander's point of view. He had come in the rear of invading armies A defending people naturally destroys its roads behind it; and hostilities may be relied on effectually to conclude what they, in their proper defence, began. It is, as we have said, a matter of standpoint. Regarded from without, the picture seems altogether different when its aspect is regarded from within.

Mrs. Green is one of a small cluster who have effected this change in looking at Irish history. Hitherto it has chiefly been regarded as an appendage to English history, with the result that some of the most interesting pages in the annals of mankind have been missed, and others have been read with a false gloss For instance, a glance at the map of Europe shows that all the natural ports face westward. England is the only country where this is not the case; and if the British Isles be considered as a whole the natural harbours again face westward, along the west coast of Ireland particularly. When, in addition to this, it is remembered that in early western history some of the most adventurous traders were the Scandinavians, the geographical position becomes even more interesting. For clearly, even as they could strike directly southward for Germany and the north of France, to trade with the richer parts of the Continent (the coasts of Burgundy, Spain, and the Mediterranean), the simplest way would be to swing round the open waterway of the Atlantic; and the natural harbours along the west coast of Ireland would become part of a main trade route Which is precisely what happened.

But when the northerners thrust boldly outward and brought Ireland into the arc of a trade route that extended from Norway to Syria, there was already a well-matured civilisation—to employ a much abused word—in Ireland. It is an ironical thing that, whereas a code of laws formulated by one Hammurabi of the Euphrates valley should be studied patiently in popular treatises, a far more intricate and detailed system devised in a neighbour island, should be virtually unknown and neglected. Yet the code of laws administered by the brehons, or judges, and therefore generally known as the Brehon Laws, in their detailed application to the whole mass of civil life, are quite sufficient proof of a well elaborated civilisation. Moreover, it emerges already well formed from before the definite reckoning of history. So that when the Scandinavians swept round and caught up Ireland in a large system, it was very far from an untutored people that was thus introduced to this larger orbit. They themselves, in the settlements they established, were subdued by the Irish to a culture they did not possess. They did not much affect the central life of the nation inasmuch as their settlements were on the coast; yet, although there already existed a fair trade with the south of France and Spain, the country was drawn into the vortex of a wider commerce with more distant nations.

When, therefore, the Scandinavians, and Danes, passed, the result was that Ireland retained the larger area of trade without having had her own national life very considerably affected by invasion. The three or four main settlements were on the coast; and even there Irish culture, manners, and customs had more conquered the invaders in degree than the invaders had conquered the Irish in mass. And after the battle of Clontarf (1014), when the Danes were finally and effectually beaten, the last of the invaders were shaken off, those who remained in the country being drawn into the national life. The Danes had wished to bring Ireland within the pale of their Imperial ambitions, and failed, as the Normans later tried and failed; but they left the memory of their wider sphere of trade, and this was continued and cultivated.

How well it was cultivated Mrs. Green makes evident in her "Making of Ireland, and its Undoing." There she gives details of the trade of each of the chief Irish ports. "So frequent was the ocean traffic," she says, "that when Chester wanted to send messengers in a hurry to Spain, they went by way of Ireland, a fact which shows the number of Spanish trading ships in Irish waters." And again: "At the request of Ghent, Bruges, Ypres and France Phillipe le Hardi gave a special safe conduct to Irish merchants to settle in the Low Countries with their goods and families; and 'Ships of Ireland were long known in Antwerp.'" On the East, Dundalk, Drogheda, Dublin, and Wexford; on the south, Waterford, Dungarvan, Youghal, Kinsale, and Baltimore; and on the west, Sligo, Galway, Limerick, and the inlets of Munster, all had their busy part in this traffic. Galway, for example, traded as far as the Levant and the Canaries. Its trade with Spain was such that to this hour in its streets one may see faces that are manifestly of Spanish origin. Its excellent harbour does not serve much purpose now; yet up till the time of Elizabeth it was one of the chief ports in the British Isles—a fact that is barely conceivable at the present day.

Yet an extended area of commerce is not the truest prosperity a country may know. A material prosperity of this kind may even mean—and in the modern world has meant—neglect of the spiritual world of culture. In Ireland this was not so, however. Before the coming of the Northerners, each chief, from the High King to

*_The Old Irish World._ By ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. net.)
The Making of Ireland, and Its Undoing. By ALICE STOPFORD GREEN. (Macmillan and Co. 10s. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the king of a tribe, had to be accompanied on his circuits and travels by a brehon, a poet, a bishop, a historian, and a musician, who were maintained by him in dignity and honour. This estimation in which culture and learning were held was part of the essential life of the nation; and it marked the hour of prosperity as surely as it characterised the simpler life of the people. They were, as Campion said in 1653, "lovers of music, pōetry, and all kinds of learning"; and one recalls the line from Hudibras: "As learned as the wild Irish are." Or to quote from Mrs. Green again: "In Ireland, in fact, so long as any independent Irish life survived, the scholar was the most honoured man in the community." From Columcille's settlement in Iona she first evangelised Britain, and the English poet Caedmon received his education as a result of that. Her scholars carried their learning through Spain and France, and even travelled with it to the Levant. In Oxford there was an "Yrysshemanstreete." English writers of that time speak of seeing children "grovelling upon couches of straw, their books at their noses, themselves lying prostrate," "conning by rote the Aphorisms of Hippocrates and the Pandects of Justinian." Not only, however, were the poets and clerics so learned, but it was considered a considerable reproach to any noble if he was not familiar with the learning that was held in esteem.

It is a graceful thing, "and pleasant if one consider it," to see a nation thriving in its spiritual life, carrying learning and culture among its peoples as a charge for which they were content to be at material loss, while they traded widely and freely in increasing prosperity. For trade, then, was not the graceless thing it is now. Yet the truly amazing point is that to the greater number of readers this picture, based though it be on firm contemporary records, should seem so foreign a thing that its insistence should appear either a phantasy or a paradox. This has simply come about because hitherto, prior to the uprise of some who have inverted the order, we have become accustomed to look at one nation's history from the point of view of another nation. It has been so with such national histories as those of France or Spain. It has been especially so in early Irish history. And it is Mrs. Green's distinction that she has wisely, and authoritatively, readjusted the weights.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

Verona

THE memory of Verona is the memory of a ripe fruit—a fruit mellowed and matured to rich colour by summers of golden sunshine. In Rome the legacies of the different centuries are sharply defined. The first association which the name evokes for most people is inevitably that of St. Peter's and the Vatican; but apart from it and apart from each other are Classic Rome, Early Christian Rome, Baroque Rome, and the fashionable city of modern times. Verona, as we know it, is the flower of as many epochs as Rome, but the spirit of the place, or at least of all that is beautiful in it, is single and undivided. Time and weather have ripened the work of diverse ages into a rich autumnal whole. Its name calls up memories of tawny red marble, finely wrought ironwork, wide-canopied church porches opening to the afternoon sun; the sharp savour of the Gothic spirit, half simplicity, half grimness; the surprise of beautiful bridges and springing towers; the Early Renaissance, with its sweet sanity, pure, but too human ever to be cold; hanging balconies of pieced marble, house fronts stained with mouldering frescoes; then, after these and less vivid than they, the heavy nobility of ancient Rome. But all these sensations are united and merged into one, the sense of a sunny ripeness, a rich maturity.

There is no piazza in Italy more lovely than the Piazza delle Erbe, the market-place of Verona. The market-folk set up their stalls in the great oblong space in the middle. Each stall is sheltered by its broad, white umbrella; the square is full of them, domed under the sun like a bed of gigantic mushrooms. In the shadows beneath them, masses of brilliant flowers and fruit, heaped on tables or in baskets, strike notes of resonant colour among other wares. A leisurely crowd moves from stall to stall, and the shouts and chattering of buyers and sellers and the occasional rattle of a cart resound through the hollow space. All round it, the old high houses look down on the turmoil, silent and benignant like human presences. Some have balconies with clothes hanging to dry from them; some are stained with the gorgeous colours of obliterated frescoes—reds, greens, and golds. The top of the Piazza is closed by a fine Baroque palace. Age has weathered it to a ripe golden yellow, and cast a quaint wistfulness over the pompous statues that crown its parapet. Above the tall houses on the east side of the Piazza, the Torre dei Lamberti shoots high over the market. Its square red shaft, running up into the beautiful octagonal summit, stands up strongly against the blue of the sky, quietly presiding over the noisy scene. It gives a sense of the roomy spaces above, drawing the eye upwards and linking the noisy hollow of the piazza with the broad serenity of the upper air. Unlike the great things of Nature, which make mankind as a race seem small and transient, the beauty of old architecture, so full always of the human element, gives a meaning and dignity to the hustling business of the crowd; one realises the continuity of the race, the unbroken tradition which has kept that place the market place since the days when the Roman Forum stood there, and makes it still a vital part of the town.

We find more of the spirit of an age in its architecture than in any other art, for architecture is necessarily social, and springing from social necessity it is shaped by the needs of the time—needs warlike, religious, and civic. The poet may be social or hermitical; the architect must base his whole work on the social habits of those he builds for; without them "his occupation's gone."

> He builds the soaring spires,
> That sing his soul in stone,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and not only *his* soul but the soul of the city; and those spires which grew out of the social life preserve its spirit, handing down to later times the mind, customs, ambitions, and dreams of their makers. That is why one feels serene and at peace with mankind in an old town; there the strifes, problems, and ugliness of modern life appear in a truer perspective as natural elements of social evolution. In a modern town they take hold of us with appalling significance till we are apt to lose the historic view and to regard the external life of the moment as the only life. Among the beautiful remains of past ages one is in contact with all that is best in the human heart. One tries, looking at their work, to see as they saw and think as they thought, and to do so broadens the mind and sweetens the sympathies.

Verona is fortunate in its river. A river, especially a river swift and alive like the Adige, brings the freshness and beauty of open life into a town; and it necessitates one of the most beautiful of architectural creations. To cross even the least lovely of bridges gives a sense of heightened vitality. Few people can be untouched by the delight of emerging from close-walled streets into open space and realising that the roadway has suddenly become suspended over moving water. A beautiful bridge is a flight translated into material; there is something spiritual in it, as in all beautiful architecture, and to cross it is almost a ceremony. One feels the delight of being lifted up above the earth on a thin platform; the movement of the water below makes one's stability above it seem an adventure, a miracle, and the presence of the airy void on each side and the sound and liveness of the stream are refreshing and uplifting to body and soul.

One of the most lovely things in Verona is its Ponte Scaligero, that bridge which the second Cangrande built in the fourteenth century to connect his castle with the farther bank of the Adige. The arch voussoirs and the bases of the piers are of stone, the rest, like the castle itself, is of brick—brick weathered by the years to a smouldering tawny red. The piers between the three arches rise into great turrets, and these turrets and the lofty parapet-walls break out splendidly at their summits into fish-tail battlements. The arch at the further bank is low, the middle one is larger, but the third is gigantic, flung into the castle wall with the irresistible leap of a rainbow. The sense leaps with it, stimulated to sudden rapture by the bracing swing of the bow. No builder has ever breathed such power and vigour into bricks and mortar, such solidity combined with such speed. It is like some vision of high romance. Watching it, with the swirling Adige weaving its peacock blues and greens over the shelving rocks below and deepening to a shadowy purple under its cold resonant arches, one dreams of the enchanted castle of some terrible old story.

MARTIN D. ARMSTRONG.

A New French Play

A GREAT scientist, Bouguet, has lived for twenty years in perfect communion of thought with his wife, a very superior woman, and a celebrated bacteriologist like himself. Their child, Marcelle, promises to follow the example of her illustrious parents. But though planning in the spheres of superhumanity, Laurent Bouguet lets himself be momentarily beguiled by the mere physical charms of a delicious young secretary, Edwige, who, as her name proves, is of Slavic origin and thus dangerous. And the few instants during which he descended from his pedestal of superiority cause the ruin of his career, of his reputation, and even the loss of his life. His great philosophical work is destroyed as a personal revenge; his discoveries relative to the cure of cancer are endangered —all on account of a pretty little stenographer. Such are the fundamental points of M. Henri Bataille's new play, "Les Flambeaux," which was recently presented for the first time at the theatre of the Porte St. Martin. But on this rough canvas M. Bataille has embroidered many philosophical or sentimental digressions, and he tries to prove that persons of even the highest intellect, proud of their supposed enfranchisement from the vulgar passions of common mortals, are just as subject to the ordinary social prejudices as their inferior fellow men or women.

After having posed the problem of the Idea in conflict with the Flesh, M. Bataille does not solve it. As usual he prefers to discuss vast questions with a vagueness of execution which may be artistic, but is certainly not satisfying. But one must not forget that he is a poet, as is proved by his book of verses, "Un Beau Voyage," so that he does not fear to write his plays before having attained the real truth. His system of working is rather timorous, for we cannot help discovering that M. Bataille possesses no very determined philosophical convictions; he interests us by the poetical side of his work, but does not convince us.

At the end of "Les Flambeaux," the Idea does in truth triumph over Matter, in what seems a rather artificial way. After the storm has blown over, M. Bataille's personages seem to take refuge in their work automatically, rather by habit than by passion or conviction. Bouguet's widow, and Blondel, the man whom he mocked, and who revenged himself by taking his life, forget their deep hatred and sorrow, and unite their efforts to perpetuate the work; but do they do it out of veneration for the dead man, or out of simple desire to resume the life from which passion and jealousy has momentarily expelled them? In fact, one cannot help the impression that M. Bataille has aimed at rather too lofty a subject. The drawn-out scenes are tedious, and there is a profusion of cheap sentimentality which surprises one on the part of an author of so high a reputation.

The character of Bouguet shocks us often. Is it conceivable that a man of so fine an intellect as M. Bataille represents him to be, should marry his mistress

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

to his greatest friend and associate, in order to free himself from certain calumnies which are circulating in the Institut Claude Bernard, of which he is the head? We think not. Is it admissible that the passion Edwige nourishes for Bouguet, a man nearly three times her age, should be of so violent and sensual a character? Of course, Edwige is of Slavic origin; nevertheless it is painful and repulsive to see that fresh young girl beg for a proof of Laurent's affection. Would it not be more natural for her to have simply a great veneration for the great genius near whom she has the privilege of living?

The character of Mme. Bouguet is, with the exception of Blondel, the best drawn of the play. The conflict the news of her husband's treason provokes in her is finely depicted. She is a superior woman. We cannot ignore that fact, for she repeats it so often that one is exasperated by her unfailing superiority, and comes very near excusing Bouguet's weakness for a common mortal. Nevertheless the analysis of the emotions battling in the breast of the woman who for twenty years has lived in a sort of apotheosis of glory and work, far above the pre-occupation of humanity, and who suddenly discovers a very human side of her character, ignored till then, is treated in a masterly way.

A particularity of the play is that the title is explained to us in the second act, in a scene which has no other *raison d'être* between Bouguet and a great writer, Hernut, who, having followed the guidance of his senses during his youth, was led by sentimentality, in the autumn of his life, to follow the Ideal. To Bouguet's philosophical work he owes his evolution. Bouguet finds himself in a cruel dilemma. Having been all his life the passionate devotee to the Ideal, he has suddenly succumbed at the crowning point of his career to carnal weakness, thus undergoing the very opposite process to that followed by Hernut. And it is with real terror that he awakens to the fact that he is very near being entirely dominated by the senses. Bataille then expounds a theory which, we think, contains much truth: at some time or other, Nature will triumph in every human being, and perhaps more brutally still the higher the intellectual faculties of the person are that she assails.

M. Huguenet, in the rôle of Blondel, displayed a power and emotion of rare quality. He was quite human: and that is the greatest compliment one can pay him. Laurent Bouguet was personified by M. Le Bargy, who for the first time appears on a public stage since he quitted the Comédie Française. It is true that for his freak he has to pay a fine of 100,000 francs; this fact, however, adds to the general reputation of elegance M. Le Bargy enjoys. In leaving the house of Molière, he has not freed himself of certain of his defects. His conception of a superior man is a solemn, hypocritical, and pedantic person, fully convinced of his own infallibility and of the frailty of the world in general. He is perfectly insupportable, and supportably perfect! M. Le Bargy redeems his reputation in the death scene; but we have to wait till the end before hearing him pronounce a single human and sincere accent. One can pardon his automatic conception, since he at last lives and vibrates at the moment of dying. Mme. Bouguet was represented by Mme. Suzanne Desprès, who, as usual, was ardent, concentrated, and seemed particularly pleased to play the part of a sublime woman whose abnegation is saintly and irritating.

Mlle. Yvonne de Bray was as irresistible as ever in the rôle of the passionate Edwige. We prefer her, however, in light comedy; for, when she finds herself in a tragical or emotional situation, her one resource seems to be to wring her hands and become dishevelled, which is by no means a disagreeable picture, but as a dramatic means is rather tedious.

A fact that rather surprised us was that the heroines of this remarkable play move among operating-tables and microbes of all kinds and descriptions, in delicate flimsy gowns, surely due to the inspiration of some great "couturier" of the Rue de la Paix.

MARC LOGE.

Christmas Exhibition at the Baillie Gallery

AMONG the various exhibitions of book illustrations generally open at this time of year some charming work is being shown at Messrs. Baillie's Gallery in Bruton Street, where one room is devoted to Miss M. V. Wheelhouse's colour drawings for some Victorian books. The books illustrated include "Jane Eyre" "Silas Marner," "Cranford," and others by Mrs. Gaskell, and several of Mrs. Ewing's. It is not easy to make pictures for such famous old stories as these, but Miss Wheelhouse's work is full of delicate feeling, and such evident sympathy with the characters and situations that she rarely fails to suggest the atmosphere in each, and one goes round the gallery enjoying the pictures at once for their own sake and for the sake of the books themselves—which, after all, is what an illustrator must desire one to do. It matters very little whether we conceive Miss Jenkins as "possessing herself of the orange" exactly as depicted by Miss Wheelhouse, or of Solomon as heading just such a procession, since in spite of weaknesses of detail, a certain feeling of the scenes is always there The artist has a way, too, of giving personality to her interiors, and these are all books in which places count for a great deal. "We took turns for the ride next to the lilac" from "Six to Sixteen," the first "Little Women" picture, Miss Natty's shop and "Mrs. Hamley reading aloud," from "Wives and Daughters," are among the best of the drawings exhibited, and it is only to be expected that the illustrator of Mrs. Gaskell and Mrs. Ewing should fail more or less with such a book as "Jane Eyre," though even here it is only a partial failure.

In another room in the same gallery Mr. F. L. Griggs has a collection of what the catalogue ingeniously describes as drawings of "English Landscape Architecture," which are very interesting. There are a great number

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

of these, the best of them representing architecture, whether of cathedral or cottage, in a pleasantly unarchitectural way. In such studies of places as "Amberley Castle," "Old Houses at Whitchurch," "Dinton," and "Grevel House," for example, one feels the love of the architect for the beauty of buildings, but it would seem that Mr. Griggs, having studied architecture, had begun to draw only as an artist.

There are two other exhibitions in the same gallery—some clever caricatures of well known people by Mr. C. P. Hawkes, and a number of children's book illustrations by Mr. L. Leslie Brooke.

The Painters in Water Colours

WITH an occasional exception the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours pursues the even tenor of its way. The exhibition now open at the Gallery in Pall Mall East does not greatly differ from its predecessors of recent years, and there is not even a Sargent to surprise us. The occasional exception this year, however, is Mr. Edwin Alexander. His delicate studies of wild flowers and insects have been among the interesting things at the exhibition for some time; he has now been painting landscapes as delicately. From making studies of groups of reeds and grasses he has begun to draw the sweeps of marsh country—"Cullani" and "The Witch's Finger," for instance—in which they grow, with the same touch of feeling. He has also two frames of the most delicate pigeon studies.

The most beautiful thing in the exhibition is Mr. Clausen's "The Seine from Chateau Gaillard"—the river lying like a blue ribbon across the plain, with soft clouds above. His "Ludlow Castle" and "The Tree" are not at all equal to this, but Mr. Clausen could hardly paint anything which had not some beauty and interest. Near them hangs Mr. Walter Bayes' "Panorama Rattorin," in which there is a certain directness and decorative quality, but it is slight, and looks very slight against the work of Mr. Clausen. There are a good many of Mr. Walter Crane's pictures, among which the cleverest and most striking is one of an "Aviation Meeting," and the most individual and pleasing, "A Deer Park." Mr. Claude Shepperson's "The Lake, Grasmere," "The Rain Cloud," by Mr. Henry A. Payne, in which there is something of an early Italian touch, Mr. Walter J. West's "The Gleam," with its soft colour and design, and Miss Fortescue Brickdale's "Travellers," are all good, but Mrs. Laura Knight's water colours in this exhibition are slighter and less interesting than hitherto. A member of the society whose technique has altered a good deal is Mr. Robert Little. He has been painting in a more direct manner than formerly, adding very much to the value of his work. There is, of course, a great deal of work exhibited, though the Gallery is a little less crowded than usual, but we are only able to name in conclusion two of Mr. Arthur Rackham's designs, as charming and fantastic as always—"The Castle of the Twelve Dancing Princesses," and an illustration to "Don Quixote."

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

JUSTIN McCARTHY, writing of Palmerston, said: "He was not in the highest sense of the word a truthful man; that is to say, there were episodes in his career in which, for purposes of statecraft, he allowed the House of Commons and the country to become the dupes of an erroneous impression. Personally truthful; honourable, of course, it would be superfluous to pronounce him. A man of Palmerston's bringing up is as certain to be personally truthful as he is to be brave, and to be fond of open-air exercise and the cold bath." I could not help thinking how well this description applied to Churchill on Wednesday when he was being cross-examined by Lord Charles Beresford about the resignation of the First Sea Lord. These are the two questions and answers of moment:—

Q.: "Is it a fact that the resignation was due solely to reasons of health?" A.: "So far as I am aware, there was no other cause whatever." Q.: "From which side did the proposal emanate?" A.: "Since the noble lord presses it, the proposal emanated from me." The catechism caused a profound sensation. Churchill went very white; he did not know how much Lord Charles knew, and he fought for time when he said: "Before answering that question, I should like to know whether the noble lord is speaking on behalf of Sir Francis Bridgeman."

Lord Charles was able to declare that he had had no communication with the First Sea Lord: "I merely asked the question in the interests of the Service, because so many First Sea Lords have left during the last few years." Lord Charles then wanted to know why Canada had suddenly made her magnificent offer, and what was the exact date when the Government became aware of the grave peril they were in through insufficient naval forces, as disclosed by the Admiralty memorandum to Canada.

Mr. Churchill was not to be caught a second time in one afternoon; he "had nothing to add to the full statement of policy contained in that memorandum." Joe Martin, from Canada, wanted to belittle his country's gift as much as possible by asking how much it was going to cost the British taxpayer to maintain the three warships; but he received no satisfaction.

We then got back to Home Rule. There is a hopeless muddle as to when the new state of things is to begin. Not to go into dry details, the Unionists suspected that the alteration of dates proposed meant that the Government wanted to have a general election after the Bill had passed, but before it became law. It was a case of "Heads I win, tails you lose," because, if the Coalition came back, they would say—quite naturally—that the country supported the Bill; if they lost, why, then, the Unionist Government would have to reverse the action, a course which, as I have already more than once pointed out in these notes, is very rare in practice. But it was all to no purpose; the guillotine stopped all argument at 7.30.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

At 10.30 the guillotine fell again, and we started walking round and round for three and a half solid hours—not hurriedly, but at an average rate of eleven minutes to each division. The Radicals squealed and gibed or ridiculed, but the Unionists were determined to revenge themselves. They had had the guillotine for weeks and weeks, and now the Government should taste of their own medicine. The smallest amendment was challenged, and we had the satisfaction of keeping more than twice our numbers out of bed through the night. Our grandchildren will perchance wonder at such an exhibition, but it is the only way at present in which a minority can make the majority feel a protest.

Claude Lowther once said to me, at 2 a.m.: "This is a beastly place. They are going to adjourn now, and I shall not know what to do with myself for the rest of the evening." Somewhat in this mood, the House sat down at 2 a.m. to polish off the White Slave Traffic Bill. Arthur Lee said it was a case of now or never, and, supported by the Government, he appropriately flogged through the Lords' amendments by 4 a.m. One gets mixed after sitting all through the night; but that concludes the account of Wednesday night's sitting.

On Thursday we heard that there were going to be thirty-one divisions at 10.30. This at eleven minutes each means five hours and forty minutes—or sitting until 4 a.m. again. The Mad Hatter was manifestly alarmed at such a tea-party, and, to the annoyance of his friends, begged the Government to approach the Opposition "through the usual channels" and see if they could not be reduced. Asquith duly promised to do his best, but he was not sanguine. The Irish are supposed to be a witty race, but, if the Nationalist M.P.'s are specimens, I can only say that the supposition is quite unfounded. With one or two notable exceptions, the mass of them are dull tradesmen, whose only contribution to the debate are occasional uncouth noises. Willie Redmond and Jerry MacVeagh are supposed to be the wits, and Jerry was put up this afternoon to ridicule the Union Jack. It arose owing to an amendment by Hamersley, who wanted the Union Jack to remain the official flag of Ireland, and to be kept flying each day until sunset over the Irish Parliament House, exactly in the same way as the Union Jack floats from the tall flagstaff on the Victoria Tower at Westminster.

Balfour showed his disgust at Jerry's cheap wit: "What I thought myself, speaking as a citizen of this Empire, absolutely intolerable." The astute John Redmond saw he had made a mistake and spoke smooth words and soothing. He objected to the amendment because he thought the proposal was intended to be some humiliation for Ireland: "The Scotch have a flag of their own, and he had seen the Welsh flag hanging over the house of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in Downing Street. Ireland ought to have her own flag, but beside it would float the Union Jack, the symbol of the Empire, with which Ireland would for the first time feel she had been admitted on honourable and equal terms." It was a clever speech, and did away with some of the mischief caused by Master MacVeagh. After several other small details and many divisions, the Bill finally passed through the Committee stage at 12.5, amid great enthusiasm on the part of the Coalition and a running fire of vitriolic sarcasm from Jack Wilson, who, I am glad to see, is now regularly back in his old place after his long illness.

On Friday the House assembled at 11 to go on with the Welsh Spoliation Bill. Outside in the Lobby men discussed Winston's amazing treatment of Sir Francis Bridgeman, who was bluntly asked by an enterprising reporter of the *Standard*: "Was your resignation voluntary, or on grounds of ill-health?" He replied: "The answer is in the negative"!

When we went inside, we found Mr. France, a Liberal Nonconformist, with an amendment in the shape of an olive branch. Would the Churchmen on one side and the Radicals on the other be content with the following suggestion:—"Let's take from the Church her tithe-rent charge, and leave her all the rest of her revenue." Young Gladstone made a fine speech. "Let your sense of justice be tempered with clemency and generosity," he said, "and allow the Church to retain endowments of which she has enjoyed undisputed possession for so long." Not a bit of it. McKenna was getting alarmed and angry. "If you pass this amendment, I shall drop the Bill!" he cried. Lloyd George was far more artful. "If we accept the amendment, will you agree to the Bill?" "No," said Colonel Pryce-Jones; "we can't do that; we firmly believe that all the endowments are rightfully ours." "Ah!" said Lloyd George, "it is useless to talk about a settlement by consent if the most reasonable of the representatives of the Welsh Tories require an offer like that." With his back to the wall, not quite certain how many of his own side would vote against him, Lloyd George fought with desperate courage. All the old demagogue in him broke out afresh. He attacked the landlord, he declared that the parson did not look after the poor, and offered to go down to Wales himself and try to make peace if that were possible. Balfour replied; he ridiculed the "logic" of the measure that the Government prated about—showed that they had made out no case at all: (*a*) that the clergy in Wales are overpaid, or (*b*) that the work was ill-done.

At 4.50, after an anxious afternoon, the bell rang, to the relief of the Government, and 68 Irish Nationalists, mostly Roman Catholics, came in to assist the Nonconformist Radicals, and saved the Government by a majority of 50. If this portion of the log-rolling Coalition had not been there to perform their part of the bargain, the Government would have been beaten by 18.

On Monday there appeared in the *Times* a statement which was obviously inspired, to the effect that Winston "would take an early opportunity, probably this afternoon," to make a further statement on the amazing case of the retirement of the First Sea Lord. On the Bench at question-time he passed a paper, which was evidently the statement, over to Asquith, who looked at it and shook his head. The time was evidently not opportune. I admire Asquith's style of speech very much, but his written encomium on Whitelaw Reid, masterly as it was, did not touch Balfour's unstudied tribute to the man and his work. All parties were pleased at the de-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

cision to send the remains of the Ambassador to his native land in a British man-of-war.

We then went back to unseemly wrangling over the funds of the Welsh Church. It is apparently the intention of the Government to interfere with the remainder of the Church funds after she is disestablished and disendowed. Daylight-saving Pearce had the impertinence to say: "All these little manœuvres to obtain a little more money for the Church are viewed with dissatisfaction by many Nonconformist members." As if a man would not struggle, if left wounded on the ground by highwaymen, to preserve what they had overlooked—and come back for!

This is not the place to describe what takes place outside the House, otherwise I should like to say a word about Bonar Law's speech at Ashton-under-Lyme. It was discussed at large in the Lobby. With his usual directness, our leader has cleared the air, but at a cost which remains to be seen.

At question-time, after some rather churlish answers from McKinnon Wood, Mr. Watt, a Radical from Glasgow, inquired hopefully if and when the Secretary for Scotland was going to be made a peer, at which everyone laughed loudly.

All day and all night the Welsh battle raged. Mr. Handel Booth, with exquisite taste, hinted that some of the early endowments of the Church were the proceeds of the immorality of women. Sir A. Cripps warmly denied so scandalous a charge, and Booth withdrew it.

McKenna made a concession over Queen Anne's Bounty, which got him into trouble with the Welsh Radicals. I foresee a good deal more trouble before the Bill is through.

Notes and News

Mr. C. J. Bishenden, the author of many popular books on his original method for "voice, singing, and health," has written "Forty Years' Recollections of the Handel Festival Choir," published by the *Standard*.

Mr. Josef Holbrooke announces his twelfth year of modern chamber concerts. The first concert will take place at the Æolian Hall, on Friday, January 31, 1913, at 8.15 p.m.

A second edition of Mr. Israel Zangwill's play, "The Next Religion," which was so warmly discussed at the time of its first publication, will be issued by Mr. Heinemann in a few days. This new edition contains a special preface by Mr. Zangwill.

The book on library economy and allied topics by Mr. James Duff Brown, Mr. R. A. Peddie, and other authors, published originally by Messrs. Libraco, Ltd., will in future be issued by Messrs. Grafton and Co., of 69, Great Russell Street, W.C.

Attention has been called to the fact that Mr. Christopher Stone's last novel, "The Shoe of a Horse," published last spring by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, contains an account of the rising of an imaginary Balkan State against its oppressors, and in many respects describes with remarkable accuracy the kind of warfare that has been raging in the Near East. It is a curiosity in fiction which deserves notice.

Mr. Frederick Harrison has, by an arrangement just concluded with Mr. Charles Frohman, secured Mr. J. M. Barrie's one-act comedy, "Rosalind," for the Haymarket Theatre; this will be presented at the matinée on Saturday next, with Miss Irene Vanbrugh and the rest of the original cast. "The Younger Generation" will begin as usual at 9 o'clock, and will be followed by "Rosalind" at 10.30. The performance will commence at 8.30 with "Aristide Pujol," by W. J. Locke.

The catalogue of valuable second-hand books issued by Mr. R. Atkinson, of 97, Sutherland Road, Forest Hill, S.E., is a capital guide to students of literature in search of lore on subjects which lie outside the beaten track. Books on finger-prints, mnemonics, whist, dogs, memoirs and biographies, and treatises on various themes, in addition to numerous specimens of first editions, are to be found there, and the list is arranged in a method which makes reference very easy.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Sons will publish in January the first volume of "The Everyman Encyclopædia," edited by Mr. Andrew Boyle. The full set will consist of twelve volumes, and the last volume will be ready in December, 1913. This encyclopædia will be quite a new production. It will be a practical, comprehensive, and yet condensed work of reference for students and readers of all branches of literature and history, and will form an integral part of "Everyman's Library."

A meeting of the Library Assistants' Association was held at the Association Rooms, Bloomsbury Square, on December 11, when the president, Mr. H. T. Coutts, gave an address in memory of Edward Edwards, the pioneer of the public library movement. Mr. H. G. Sureties, of Hornsey, followed with a suggestive paper, in which he urged all library assistants to join the Association and take part in its good work. The secretary, Mr. W. C. B. Sayers, dealt with the possibilities contained in the subject of staff exchanges, by means of which assistants would be enabled to gain a wider and more thorough knowledge of their duties and of the various methods pertaining thereto.

In view of the success of the first Summer School of Town Planning, held at the Hampstead Garden Suburb, in August last, under the auspices of the University of London, it has been decided to hold a second school next year at the same centre, commencing August 2 and continuing till August 16; during that time lectures and demonstrations on town planning and subjects connected therewith will be given by some of the leading authorities. Particulars can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary of the Summer School, Mr. J. S. Rathbone, The Institute, Hampstead Garden Suburb, London, N.W.

The Poetry Society makes the interesting announcement that Mr. Stephen Phillips has become the editor of the *Poetry Review*, and in the January number will deal authoritatively with poetic drama. Mr. Phillips has just finished the revision of his "Sin of David," which Mr. H. B. Irving has taken out to South Africa

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

before producing it in London next year. Other features of the January *Poetry Review* will be the text of Lord Dunsany's fantasy, "The Gods of the Mountain," and the prologue of a poetic play by Mr. Charles Cayzer. The Poetry Society offers the sum of £10 monthly for the best contemporary poetry, and particular attention will be paid to the development of the use of poetry in education.

A beautiful work, entitled "Gems of Japanese Art and Handicraft," by George Ashdown Audsley, is soon to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co., Ltd. It contains sixty-four plates, printed in colours and gold, and others in monochrome. The different materials—bronze, porcelain, etc.—are exquisitely represented, and the whole makes an indispensable book of reference for the student of decorative art, as well as for collectors and dealers. There is also to be a limited edition printed on Japanese vellum. The same firm have issued "Eothen" by Kinglake, "The Life of Nelson" by Southey, "The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam," and "The Revenge" by Raleigh—all illustrated by Mr. Brangwyn. The texts are well edited, and the books very attractively bound.

England's Frenzy

GIBBON in his "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," lamented that the age of stirring events had passed, and that the future duty of the historian would be to chronicle the unromantic happenings of an era of universal peace and goodwill amongst mankind. Yet, within a measurable space of time, the world was moved to its depths by the French Revolution of 1789, and Europe resounded to its remotest parts with the clash of the rise and fall of Napoleon.

The eighteenth century had been a period of comparative peace and enlightenment. The most brilliant brains in Europe, satiated with strife, eagerly turned to the pursuits of commerce and art, and pressed along the fascinating paths of science. Philosophers, statesmen, and the ardent well-wishers of mankind did not hesitate to prophesy the advent of the millennium. War, it was urged, was the result of the wicked intrigues of kings and courts, and if only the people could obtain political power, they, as the principal sufferers of disturbance, would take such steps as to make its recurrence an impossibility. The spread of education and the diffusion of knowledge would have the effect of demanding a halt in all things warlike, in favour of the purely pacific.

What is it, then, that has made these sanguine expectations of success result in realised failure? The human race, it is true, is advancing and does not recede; progress, sometimes rapid, more often slow, is ever pursuing her course, and like the waters of some great river in flood, is obliterating the old landmarks and signs in order to create the new. Man, it is urged, is becoming better, more humane, merciful, and generous, less inclined to evil, more disposed to good, as the years roll by. In a word, the philosophical dreams of the ardent, the generous, and the philanthropic are based on the theory of human perfectibility. They maintain that the tendencies and actions of mankind generally are naturally inclined to good, and but for the adverse environment and conditions ruling amongst nations, these tendencies would triumphantly assert themselves.

The advocates of human perfectibility decline to take into account the inherent quality of the wickedness and deceitfulness of the heart, but stake their all on changes of Government, the spread of education, and the assimilation of knowledge among the races of mankind. They fail to perceive, or if seeing, wilfully close their eyes to the fact that knowledge is not wisdom, and that the unthinking many live but for the fulfilment of their desires for present gratification and pleasure, whilst the thinking few alone take heed for the future. Hence it is that all their efforts for social amelioration are foredoomed to failure, for their remedies touch only the outer skin of the body politic, and leave the vitals of the patient as they found them.

Once more then, Europe is faced with a crisis in her history that bids fair to outdo in magnitude the Napoleonic struggles of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries. How will England acquit herself? Will she issue from the threatened conflict stronger and more united, as in 1815, or will she, at last, be numbered with the fallen greatness of historic Empires, whose whitened bones strew the plains of Europe? We confess to a pessimism as to the answer—more especially when the events of the past few years are called into review.

Let us at once say, before proceeding to explain our fears, we do not for a moment believe that the individual courage and fortitude of our countrymen is any whit the less than in the days of our forefathers, but we are persuaded that these qualities alone, in the light of modern requirements, are insufficient to bear the strain of the nation's coming trial, and without a truly national system of organisation for defence individual gallantry is of little avail.

England and her allies by dint of the self-sacrifice of their people were enabled to limit and eventually overthrow the ambition of Napoleon and to deliver Europe. The fleets of England ruled the seas, and her armies commanded the respect of friend and foe alike. At no time during that memorable struggle was her naval supremacy seriously endangered. Her population, some 16,000,000, was practically self-supporting, and her policy directed by an aristocracy. To-day, we are an overcrowded nation of some 45,000,000, and dependent on sources from overseas for our food supply, for our raw materials, for our trade, and for our staying power. Further, we are governed by a democracy, and in the modern democratic State, unless public opinion is gained and eventually organised into a national system of self-defence, that State invites attack by reason of its weakness. England is threatened with the fact that in any future great war she must meet on the battlefield the highly-trained troops of some hostile Power or group of Powers reinforced by their manhood compulsorily trained to arms.

Europe has long since acknowledged the situation. "Every imaginable preparation" for war is and has been

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

taken by the statesmen who control her destinies. They realise the magnitude of the forces which will be engaged, and understand the vital necessity of preparation. For it may be said that the nation which is beaten in preparation, has already suffered defeat. England alone, controlled by some fatal blindness, and her people enveloped in a mist of apathy and indifference, declines to adopt this step of national service, heedless of Continental example, and the ominous tendencies of the age. The national habit of solely relying upon the Navy in time of danger hampers not only the adequate defence of these shores, but the protection of our indispensable trade routes. Should disaster overtake us, these islands are faced with certain famine and consequent internal disorder.

Unlike our position in the days of Napoleon, this country has developed into a purely industrial state. Our long immunity from invasion has engendered amongst us the comfortable delusion that war does not concern us either in theory or in practice. Therefore, we refuse to regard it, or the preparations for or against it, as an essential part of our national life and policy. We childishly place our trust in Treaties, Peace Conferences and International Courts of Arbitration. In Treaties that are only considered binding as long as the interests of both contracting parties remain the same. In Peace Conferences and International Courts of Arbitration that have proved the laughing stock of the world. Of what avail have been the Treaties of Paris and Berlin? All history is but a record of torn-up treaties and the subsequent vengeance visited on national unpreparedness and folly. Of what use are the amenities of Peace Conferences and Arbitration Courts to statesmen guided by the axiom of "Clausewitz," that great genius on policy and war, whose teaching forms the political atmosphere of the Continent of Europe that "War is only a continuation of State policy by other means." To discuss academic questions of "The burden of armaments," "the reduction of Naval and Military forces," and "the evils and horror of war," is but to kick vainly against the pricks, to refuse to look facts honestly in the face, and to display an ignorance of modern conditions. European statesmen will not tell us so, but they think so, and underneath the mask of pacific and friendly assurances, consider war an unalterable part of policy. But the people of Great Britain have become solicitous of the welfare of all races on earth, careless of their own. The safety and honour of our vast inheritance is of secondary importance to that of the pleasures and gratification of national ease and trade development.

"To a people," said Edmund Burke, "who have once been proud and great, and great because they were proud, a change in the national spirit is the most terrible of all revolutions." Has this change come to pass? Are the shocks of commercial warfare, the thrilling pursuit of gold, the only fields on which British brains and British grit are to excel? Is Napoleon's untimely gibe, "A Nation of Shopkeepers," to become at last literally true? The future alone holds the answer. G. M. S.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

THE early interruption in the proceedings of the Peace Conference at St. James's Palace need not cause any serious misgivings. It is, of course, out of the question that the Ottoman delegates could have been surprised in being called upon to meet the Greek delegates in common with the representatives of Bulgaria, Servia, and Montenegro, the signatory States to the armistice. Their decision, therefore, to obtain further instructions from Constantinople can only be viewed in the light of a diplomatic ruse aimed at securing one or more of three objects—(1) gaining time, (2) compelling Greece to cease military operations, and (3) creating at the outset an impression of intractability. As the Allies have taken a firm and united stand in upholding the competency of Greece to participate in the Conference, it is altogether inconceivable that Turkey should press a point which, compared with the larger question at issue, is of little importance. An early resumption of the proceedings, therefore, may be confidently expected. We have little doubt that the ultimate outcome will be the conclusion of an honourable peace.

That, however, the course of negotiations will run smooth is altogether too much to hope for. On the contrary, all the indications go to show that there will be not one but several interruptions in the proceedings, and that on the subject of the future ownership of Adrianople an early deadlock is bound to occur. When the inevitable moment comes for the Conference to reach the verge of a breakdown, then we may expect that Sir Edward Grey, the sentiments of whose well-chosen words on the opening day have been re-echoed throughout Europe, will not lose the opportunity of employing his powerful influence in the cause of peace. While the crises that will arise from time to time may cause deep anxiety, it should not be forgotten that both parties are compelled, by reason of the very nature of their task, to employ up to the last stern tactics in order that neither be suspected of an unwillingness to continue the struggle. Consequently, any concessions that may be necessary before an agreement is arrived at will be forthcoming only at the last moment, and, in all probability, after the persuasion of outside influence has smoothed the way for the party disposed to conciliation.

It is, indeed, in this case a foregone conclusion that the darkest hour will come before the dawn. Both sides have entered the Conference chamber feeling confident of the strength of their own position. In spite of rumours of division among the Allies, and their quarrels in the theatre of war itself, they have presented a united front. That circumstance is the most important factor in the proceedings, and must, to no small degree, have disconcerted the Ottoman representatives. In the light of subsequent events we cannot help reflecting that the non-adherence of Greece to the armistice, if not a calculated piece of strategy, cannot have proved altogether disagreeable to her friends. For the maintenance of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the blockade of the Dardanelles and the activities generally of the Greek Navy interfere seriously with Turkish plans for the resumption of the war..

On the other hand, the military position of Turkey at the present moment is far from being hopeless. Adrianople, Scutari, and Janina still hold out, and the force occupying the Chatalja lines is admittedly a formidable one. Then, the military party in Constantinople is gaining the upper hand, so that the Government will find it difficult to accept the terms of the allies and at the same time prevent anarchy at home. Belief in the capacity of the Ottoman arms to recover the situation is based upon evident misconception. The idea that the Allies are disunited can no longer reasonably be entertained, and, were a continuance of the war unfortunately to be decided upon, the Turks would not alone have to face the battle-worn troops of Bulgaria, but also the comparatively fresh forces of her allies. It is nowhere denied that the Chatalja lines are capable of sustaining a prolonged resistance. But tactics purely defensive are bound in the lapse of time to be worn down, and in that case the last state of the Turks would become worse than the first. For even their best friends are not prepared to admit that they are in a position to take the offensive. After all, the faults of the Turkish army cannot be corrected within a few weeks: they are faults in fundamental organisation and training. Whatever progress, therefore, may have been made in assembling a large force at Chatalja, well equipped with food and munitions, a positive advantage lies with the other side. In all the circumstances the optimistic feeling prevalent that peace is within sight would appear to be justified. Meanwhile the Conference of Ambassadors has begun its deliberations at Downing Street, and in regard to the larger international situation, too, the outlook is distinctly hopeful. Austria-Hungary has wisely adopted a waiting policy, and the strain in her relations with Servia has been eased by the official announcement that Consul Prochaska, who represented his country at Prisrend, has not been imprisoned or even ill-treated. The storm in a tea-cup occasioned by the belief in Austria that he had been the victim of Servian violence having subsided, a settlement of the larger question arising out of the war is anticipated. That Servia will gain some form of outlet on the Adriatic, under conditions not incompatible with Austria's interests, would now appear to be certain.

MOTORING

A GRATIFYING feature of the International Motor Exhibition now being held in Paris—the largest ever held under any one roof—is the conspicuous part being played in it by British manufacturers. Altogether, there are no fewer than thirty-four separate exhibits of British productions on view in the Grand Palais, seven or eight of them representing a selection of our best-known cars, and the remainder accessories, tyres, etc., of British make. It is particularly interesting to observe, moreover, that many of the foreign car

THE TEST OF SKILL

All the essential qualities of a successful swordsman are required for success in tyre making—long training, fine judgment, exact calculations. All of them are expressed in THE VICTOR TYRE, together with that special knowledge of tyre ingredients, tyre stresses and how to meet them, which sound construction demands.

In the Victor, tyre science and craftsmanship have combined to make it indubitably the best cover on the market. Guaranteed in legal bond for 4,000 miles in its all rubber varieties. The Steel Studded Non-skid won the first round of the tyre trial easily with 5,010 miles. Special sporting discounts during the remainder of the Tyre Trial. American sizes stocked.

TYRE TRIAL Second (grooved) round. DUNLOP WON. Last week Victor was announced as fighting it out with Dunlop, having beaten Continental and Michelin. The Test Supervisor subsequently reported that, although Continental collapsed first, Victor and Dunlop had a day's running to make up. An accident, which partially wrecked the Trial car put Victor out before it had made up arrears. Through that accident Victor only succeeded, in the second round, in beating Michelin. It just lost to Continental. Dunlop won.

THE CHALLENGE RUBBER MILLS,

EAGLE WHARF RD., CITY RD., LONDON, N.

Telephone: 3497 North

Telegraphic and Cable Address: "SIGNATURE HOX, LONDON."

West End Offices and Showrooms—
PEMBROKE HOUSE, 133, OXFORD STREET, W.

'Phone: City 7811.

Where stock of Victor Tyres is kept.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

manufacturers are using goods of British patternl, notably in the matter of tyres and detachable wire wheels. Either singly or in conjunction, Dunlop tyres and wheels are exhibited by quite forty of the Continental makers, including such prominent firms as Bollee, Brazier, Charron, Clement-Bayard, Gobron, Panhard and Levassor, Renault, Rothschild, Minerva, Delaunay-Belleville, Sizaire and Naudin, Lorraine-Dietrich, and Unic. This is a great compliment to the famous British tyre company, as it is quite certain that the French makers are sufficiently patriotic to choose home-made goods when other things are equal. President Fallières, during his tour of inspection of the Salon, showed especial interest in the grooves in the most popular Dunlop pattern, and was very desirous of knowing what function they fulfilled. He listened with great attentiveness to the explanation that they provided a very valuable safeguard against skidding, the ribs and channels in the tread giving a definite grip on the road surface, and that they rendered the steering and control of the car much easier than is the case with the flat or smooth treads.

Writing of Dunlops is a reminder that they have won the second round of the tyre test which has been in progress during the last two or three months. The section just concluded is that dealing with the grooved rubber types, and Dunlops have come out first with a total mileage of 3,307. Continentals are second with 3,272 miles, Victors third with 3,130, and Michelins last with 1,215 miles only. It will be remembered that the first "round" was a test of steel-studded non-skids, and that the Victor won with the remarkably good mileage of 5,010. Dunlops were second with 4,767 miles, Continentals third with 4,261 miles, and Michelins fourth with 3,799 miles. Honours, therefore, so far, now that two-thirds of the trial are over, rest with Dunlops and Victors. The last section of the test, that of the plain rubber types, has already begun, and the result will determine which of these two makes has shown the best all-round performance in the fairest and most thorough competitive trial of tyres ever conducted.

Owners and prospective owners of cycle-cars will be interested to learn that the Automobile Association and Motor Union has succeeded in obtaining important reductions in the rates of transport of this type of vehicle on the London-Bordeaux service of the General Steam Navigation Company. Hitherto the minimum rate (£4 12s.) has been charged on all motor vehicles weighing under 10 cwt., but in future there is to be a graduated scale of charges, as follows:—up to 6 cwt, £1 15s.; 6 to 8 cwt., £2 15s.; 8 to 10 cwt., £4 1s.; 10 to 15 cwt., £4 12s. To members of the Association still lower rates are to be charged. It is anticipated that these substantial reductions will greatly increase the popularity of this route for the owner of the smaller type of motor vehicle.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the driver and occupants of the car which knocked down and killed a woman near Hammersmith Bridge the other evening will be traced and receive a punishment commensurate with the dastardly and brutal nature of the offence. The immediate extinction of the electric lights after the accident, for the obvious purpose of preventing the identification of the car, is one of the most disquieting features of the affair, as, of course, a similar method of throwing justice off the scent could be adopted by the driver of any other car equipped with an electrical outfit. From the public point of view this possibility of evading identification constitutes a serious drawback to what is undoubtedly the best all-round method of car illumination. The case in question is one which should be vigorously taken up and investigated by the motoring organisations in their own interests, as nothing could be more calculated to revive and intensify the gradually disappearing prejudice against the car than the permitting of such callousness to be lightly passed over. It is satisfactory to note that the motor Press is fully alive to the importance of bringing the culprits to justice, the *Motor* describing the case as "the worst on record in the annals of motoring."

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE great financiers to-day—like the robber barons of the Middle Ages—make raids, sometimes upon each other, but more often upon the poor and defenceless. They often hunt in combines. For some weeks past we have been watching a great concerted raid upon those who have bought what they cannot pay for. But the obvious taunt comes quickly: Why subject yourself to such raids? Why not pay for your stock? I do not think that we can expect to change our natures. We are greedy and vain. We think we know more than the financier. We wish to be as rich as he is, or appears to be. We never can know more than the man whose whole life has been spent in amassing wealth, who sacrifices the whole of his pleasures to attain one end—money; who is abstemious, cold and cruel; who lives for money alone. That man gets there all the time. These days of semi-panic are his days of harvest. When all is happy he lends his money freely—and cheaply. He urges you to buy. He makes it as easy as possible. But when, lured on by the hope of wealth, and the apparent ease with which it is secured, you go on buying and go on borrowing, the financier suddenly changes his tune. He invents some pretext—gets up some small war. Money grows dear. Loans are withdrawn. The weaker people go under. The slump increases. Richer people go under. And the slump goes on until everybody has been squeezed out of every stock on which they have borrowed any money. We are now watching such a raiding of the poor borrower as we have not seen for many a long day. Not since the famous Morocco scare. It is not over yet, and will not end until all the "bulls" are destroyed. I do not say that the great financiers got up the Balkan war. But I do say that they will come out of it with huge fortunes.

The promoter lies low till the storm has blown over. One or two small Canadian towns have braved the storm. They must have money and they now offer five per cent., which in some cases appears attractive. But

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

there has been too much borrowing by small Canadian towns, and when the slump comes values will fall still lower than they have fallen already. Each time a town comes into the market it has to pay higher interest. Tillings is an old-established business, and it is offering us some debentures which look attractive to those who speculate in high-yielding risks.

MONEY will not grow any cheaper this side of the New Year. When Austria, a Great Power, cannot borrow a few millions under 6½ per cent. we can hardly expect cheap money. The French banks have definitely refused to discount the American bills which were to provide the necessary cash. But London and Amsterdam will finance the deal through. The original loan was secured by the Hamburg agents of Kuhn Loeb, and they offered it by cable to their New York house, who jumped at it, and now probably feel sorry that they did. Both Berlin and Vienna are in a tight place, and if they attempt to get gold from here our Bank Rate must be put up. I do not think they will. I do not believe our rate will rise now, unless, of course, the political position alters for the worse in the next few days. This seems improbable.

FOREIGNERS.—The money squeeze is dangerous because of the huge "bull" account that exists in Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. But it does not affect International Government Bonds. Tintos would seem to be over-sold. But they are the gambling counter in Paris, and every speculator in Paris sells Rios just as here they used to sell Consols. We may expect a sharp reaction in the New Year.

HOME RAILS have been dull, but the price holds fairly well, for the traffics are remarkable, and everybody appears willing to believe in higher dividends all next year. The North-Eastern has got over its trouble. The Government Bill for the advance in freight rates will be passed, and at the moment people with money are buying quietly all our leading railway stocks. They are wise, for they will be able to unload in the spring at a considerable profit.

YANKEES have slumped very badly indeed. The "bears" made a big attack on Unions. Kuhn Loeb, who always support this stock, appear to have been too busy financing Austria to take any heed. Perhaps they were not sorry to see the "bears" selling so vigorously. Perhaps they thought it wise to wait. At any rate they made no signs. However, I think the fall has come to an end. At 161 Union are a splendid investment. The nonsense talked about the decision is not worth arguing over. Terror-stricken "bulls" and keen persistent "bears" have vied with each other in the invention of foolish tales. Union Pacific is one of the best railway investments in the United States, and those who buy to-day will make money. But Steels are to be attacked by the new Democrats, and the tariff will be altered. The Trust will be dissolved, and I do not see a good future here. The company can hardly hope to emulate the Standard Oil and actually improve its quotation after the dissolution. The oil trade has built up a marvellous organisation which can never be destroyed. The steel trade changes from year to year.

RUBBER shares do not respond to manipulation. The plain truth is they are all high enough. But as many people want to buy a few rubber shares I again say that Pataling and Cicely are the best. They are doing well. Kuala Selangor has been much boomed. Next year they solemnly swear they will pay 200 per cent. I hope they will. The 2s. share is now 26s., so that if we get 4s. dividend the yield will be attractive. The dividend this year will be 3s. Kuala Lumpur and Edinburgh are also good.

OIL.—The Ural meeting did not do much for the market. The fact is this company has been much disappointed in its land. The area is huge, but the costs will be high. The Russian report will soon be out, but I do not hope for very much. Oil does not pay most companies. Spies' half-yearly report shows that profits have been maintained and that we may expect as good a dividend this year as last. The trouble has been that the Western Plots have failed owing to water troubles. The production does not increase though the price of oil is now 40 copecks, and the company must be agonised to see such a fabulous price and not be able to gather the golden harvest. It is strange that not one of the companies now on the English market can increase its production. I hear bad news of the British Burmah. They say that the report will be very bad. It is a hopeless concern.

MINES.—The Ferreira Deep figures are not good. This company has taken Ferreira over to oblige Wernher Beit and Co., but it has gained nothing by so doing. The shares should be sold. The event of the week has been the Oceana meeting, at which Scott Lings came out triumphant over Conybeare. He was well backed by Herbert Smith, one of the ablest men in the City. I was sorry for Conybeare, who had a good case and muddled it. Herbert Smith admitted that the Bend Co. was Oceana under another name, and that the acts of the directors had been *ultra vires*. But what carried the meeting was the complete vindication of the acts of the Board in regard to the Piccadilly Hotel. Here they made no mistakes but ran dead straight. The underwriting still remains semi-opaque, the Zed a deep darkness into which no one penetrated. May be there was nothing to discover.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Marconi circular was like most of their circulars—unconvincing. The Telephone market has been depressed by a "bear" raid and mad "bulls" selling. I hear that the verdict will be more favourable than people imagine. The British American Tobacco report was good as far as figures went, but bad as regards dividend. The Prefs. are, however, worth holding. The Orient report was excellent. This splendid line is doing well.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—Perhaps the time is not far distant when anybody who pretends that William Shakespeare wrote "Hamlet," "Lear," and "Macbeth" will be classified among the illiterate. But, *en attendant*, there are some points which those who will dwell in darkness would like to see elucidated. First of all, we should like to know how Shakespeare can be stamped as a swindler without accusing Ben Jonson, George Peele, Robert Greene, Drayton, Nash, Ned Alleyne—to say nothing of other contemporaries of the Stratford bard—of being accessory to Bacon's deceit. We all love old Ben, and would not like to think that he had been bribed by the great Chancellor to write the noble panegyric on his friend's death. But we must either look upon all these men as cheats, or else as people incapable of distinguishing between a genius and an idiot. *Tertium non datur.* It appears that at the Windmill, in St. George's Fields, Shakespeare, Marlow, Ben Jonson, Alleyne, Drayton, and Peele used to meet to "smoke their pipes—and quaff their 'canary.'" The famous Globe Tavern is mentioned by George Peele in the following letter:—

"Friend Marle,—I must desyr that my syster, hyr watch, and the cookerie booke you promised may be sent by the man. I never longed for thy company more than last night. We were all very merrye at the Globe, when Ned Alleyne did not scruple to affirm pleasauntely to thy friend Will that he had stolen his speech about the qualityes of an actor's excellencye in 'Hamlet,' hys tragedye, from conversations manyfold whych passed be-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

tween them, and opynions given by Alleyne touching the subject. Shakespeare did not take this talk in good sorte, but Jonson put an end to the stryfe by wittylye remarking: 'This affaire needeth no contentione; you stole it from Ned, no doubt: do not marvel: have you not seen him act tymes out of number?'—Believe me, etc., G. PEELE."

Now, how do the Baconians explain away this contemporary testimony as to Shakespeare being Shakespeare? If the author of the "Novum Organum" accepted bribes himself, it is no reason why he should bribe others in order that things might be concealed which, had they become known, could not but have added to his fame.—Yours faithfully,

(Prof.) ROBERT H. HOAR.

St. Gallen, December 10, 1912.

LOUIS XVII AND OTHER PAPERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Your reviewer, on the question of Louis XVII, puts the case from the Orleanist point of view in a most convincing manner. While writing the biography of Spencer Perceval I came upon material connected with the evasion, notably the letter of Mr. Atkins, 1807, and Queen Caroline's letter of 1814. None of the French authorities quoted by "Le Petit Homme Rouge" refer to inconvenient evidence of this kind. He omits to explain why the Dutch Government accepted Naundorff as Louis XVII, and avoids reference to such details as the advocacy of Jules Favre, and the Berlin passport.

He overlooks the support of St. Hilaire, Morel de St. Didier, the Duc de Berri, the Comtesse de Forbin-Janson, the Percevals, and many others, who befriended Naundorff.

Werg's identity with the case is much on a par with the mysterious Jew fished up by Anatole France, which the latter asserted to be Naundorff, born in what France described as Postdam (*sic*). I feel more inclined to rely on contemporary evidence connected with Louis XVII than the suppositions of modern journalists, and the theories of M. Turquand—whom, by the way, your reviewer omits to mention in his formidable list of the opponents of Naundorff of the up-to-date type. Yours obediently, PHILIP TREHERNE.

The Corner, Thursley, Godalming.
December 9.

"TACITÆ" AND "SILENTIA" IN ÆNEID II, 255.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Once more I am obliged to differ from Mr. Dodgson. I do not agree that the "extulerat" clause precedes in sense the "ibat" clause, and I have Conington on my side. Let me cite his note, or parts of it: "'Extulerat' is rightly understood by Forb of instantaneous action. . . To understand the words to mean 'after the signal for moving had been given to the fleet,' which is the view of most other commentators, would require, I think, according to the usage of Vergil, 'postquam' or 'ut extulerat.'" Mr. A. J. Butler, of Brasenose, clearly following this view, in my hearing translated the words thus: "And already the fleet was on its way from Tenedos, when the royal vessal *suddenly shot forth* the signal flame." Now, if Mr. Dodgson remains unconvinced, I have nothing more to say, except to apologise to your readers for the technicalities of this note. I am content to err—if I err—with Conington and Mr. Butler. I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Farnham, Dec. 14. H. C. MINCHIN.

RELATIVES AND INTERROGATIVES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The extracts quoted by Mr. Adolphe Bernon form a very interesting analysis of the syntactical use of the relative and interrogative pronouns in English. My question, however, was of a more general character than this, and was concerned with the underlying logical connection which may be supposed to exist between these two classes of pronouns in any language.

That there is a relationship may, I think, be illustrated thus:—

Interrogative (direct): "What" do you want?
Interrogative (indirect): Tell me "what" you want.
Relative: Tell me that "which" you want.

So again:—

Interrogative (direct): "Who" are you?
Interrogative (indirect): Tell me "who" you are.
Relative: Describe to me the individual "who" [you say] you are.

The use of the demonstrative "that" as a relative is not the least of the peculiarities which complicate our simple English grammar.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

QUIS.

Hampstead, Dec. 8, 1912.

SIR HENRY HOWORTH'S CONSTITUENCY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—A Liberal contemporary, in a recent issue, speaks of Sir Henry Howorth as "one of the most distinguished members of the House of Commons that Manchester has sent to Parliament." That is, however, not correct, as Sir Henry Howorth never was member for a Manchester constituency, but represented South Salford as a Unionist from 1886 to 1900.—Yours very faithfully,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

10, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead,
London, N.W.
December 6, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

MISCELLANEOUS.

Doreen Coasting. With some Account of the Places she Saw and the People she Encountered. Edited by Alys Lowth. Illustrated. (Longmans, Green and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

The Complete Mystery of Edwin Drood by Charles Dickens: The History, Continuations, and Solutions 1870-1912). By J. Cuming Walters. Illustrated. (Chapman and Hall. 6s. net.)

Ayrshire Idylls. By Neil Munro, LL.D. Illustrated by George Houston, A.R.S.A. (A. and C. Black. 7s. 6d. net.)

La Peinture: Les Divers Procédés; Les Maladies des Couleurs; Les Faux Tableaux. By C. Moreau-Vauthier. With a Preface by Etienne Dinet. (Hachette and Co. 15 frs.)

Religion and Fairyland. By Edith M. Jewson. (The Happy Publishing Co. 1s. net.)

Lord Roberts' Messags to the Nation. By Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G. (John Murray. 6d. net.)

Primitiæ: Essays in English Literature. By Students of the University of Liverpool. (Constable and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

The Thinkers' Library. No. I.—Protean Man. Edited by W. W. Leisenring, B.A. (The Path Publishing Co. 3d. net.)

The Church and the Liquor Traffic. By the Rt. Rev. the Lord Bishop of Lincoln. (Macmillan and Co. 4d.)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

Josef Israëls. By J. Ernest Phythian. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

Ce que disent les Aïeux. By G. Hanotaux. Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 1 fr. 50 c.)

Hans Holbein le Jeune: L'Œuvre du Maître. Illustrated. (Hachette and Co. 12 frs.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO LEVASCO

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain. **THE ONLY WAY** To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

The Life of Benjamin Waugh. By Rosa Waugh. With an Introduction by the Rt. Hon. the Lord Alverstone. Illustrated. (T. Fisher Unwin. 5s. net.)

London Topographical Record. Vol. VII. Illustrated. (Office of the Society.)

Francis Paget, Bishop of Oxford, Chancellor of the Order of the Garter. By Stephen Paget and J. M. C. Crum. With an Introduction by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Illustrated. (Macmillan and Co. 15s. net.)

Further Reminiscences. By Henry Mayers Hyndman. (Macmillan and Co. 16s. net.)

THEOLOGY.

The Twelve Prophets: A Version in the Various Poetical Measures of the Original Writings. By Bernhard Duhm, D.D. Authorised Translation by Dr. Archibald Duff. (A. and C. Black. 3s. 6d. net.)

God and the Universe: A Physical Basis for Religion and Ethics. By G. W. de Tunzelmann, B.Sc. (The S.P.C.K. 4s.)

FICTION.

Fabia. By Florence E. Turpin. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. net.)

Paul Flemming. By Mary I. Bates. (Murray and Evenden. 2s. net.)

The Love-Story of Gaynor Dace. By Kirke Brampton. (R. and T. Washbourne.)

PERIODICALS.

The Path; English Review; Deutsche Rundschau; The Vineyard; Bulletin of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, N.Y.; Empire Review; Land Union Journal; Bookseller; M.A.B.; The Author; Garden Cities and Town Planning; Proceedings of the Hellenic Travellers' Club, 1912; *Imperial Review; Peru To-Day; La Revue; Mercure de France; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Annual of Swedish Art and Literature; Literary Year-Book,* 1913; *Hazell's Annual,* 1913; *The Champion; Cambridge Magazine; The Tourist Magazine, N.Y.; Pelican Record; The Blue Book; Poetry Review; Wednesday Review, Trichinopoly; Publishers' Circular; Constitution Papers; University Correspondent; Dawn of Day; London University Gazette; Bookfellow, Sydney; Penal Reform League, Fifth Annual Report; L'Action Nationale; The International; The Bibelot; Traveller's Gazette; The Periodical.*

EVERY FRIEND OF INDIA
and
EVERY UNIVERSITY AND COLLEGE IN THE WORLD
should subscribe to THE ONLY ALL-INDIA EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL, having the largest circulation.

THE COLLEGIAN
AND PROGRESS OF INDIA

Edited by Prof. N. N. Dey, M.A., B.Sc., of Calcutta,
With the help of a strong Editorial Staff.
ILLUSTRATED.
Single Copy 6d. or 0·12 Dol.
9s. 6d. or 2·31 Dols. (post free) per annum, to any part of the World.

THE COLLEGIAN is the only Educational Journal in India which contains the complete collection of Educational News of India, Burma and Ceylon, and which, by noticing the Educational Methods, Needs and Progress of India in the present times, as also in the past, aims at establishing an international relationship between the Indian Universities and Colleges and those in other parts of the World.

Single Copies from THE MANAGER,
COLLEGIAN OFFICE, CALCUTTA, INDIA.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. **TRANSCANADA**—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. **TRANSPACIFIC**—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service *via* Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Via the SUEZ CANAL:
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—
DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.
For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
NORWAY, Mediterranean, Holy Land, & Egypt.	From £1 a day	About 14 Days	June to December.	Southampton & Grimsby.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg.

CRUISES TO MOROCCO.
Canary Islands and Madeira.
23 days from £18.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

THE COMMENTATOR

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C. Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Notes of the Week	819
Violets	820
A Christmas Assembly ...	820
Kate's Fall	821
Pipe Dreams	821
Reviews:	
Check from the Bishop ...	823
The Latest Shakespeare...	824
Trouvère and Troubadour	825
For the Flock Master ...	825
Sudermann's One-Act Plays	826
Le Sapin du Trône ...	827
In Search of a Pedigree...	827
The Congo Territories ...	828
Shorter Reviews	829
Fiction	831
The Theatre:	
"The Tide" at the Queen's Theatre ...	832
"Where the Rainbow Ends" at the Garrick Theatre	833
Music	833
Bedside Books	834
Smoking	835
Art and Life—III	836
At St. Stephen's Shrine ...	838
Notes and News	839
Imperial and Foreign Affairs	840
Motoring	841
In the Temple of Mammon	842
Correspondence	843
Books Received	846

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

AS we go to press, early in the Christmas week, it seems certain that the year will not close under very pleasant international or political conditions. The conference of the peace delegates at St. James's Palace is at the moment disagreed upon the question of Adrianople, and it is a disagreement so complete that it is difficult to foresee what will happen. In our own affairs, fresh evidence as to the haste with which the National Insurance Act was passed comes from the decision of an overwhelming majority of the medical men of this country to decline service under it; even a motion "to accept service under protest for a trial three months" was completely defeated at Saturday's debate. This means, if we mistake not, more trouble for an already harassed Government which does not seem to realise that hurriedly constructed political fireworks are liable to explode prematurely and injure everybody concerned. In the East End of London the sudden closing down of the Thames Ironworks will lessen considerably the merriment natural to the week, notwithstanding the optimistic postscript of Mr. Arnold Hills. An asset on the brighter side is that we are fairly free at present from labour troubles, and trade in general appears to be good.

We thought that before long some misguided enthusiast would attack the Christmas dinner as an institution, and here comes a doctor, with eleven letters after his name, to tell us in the columns of a contemporary that the feast is "wrong ethically, bad morally, wasteful economically, and enervating physiologically." His arguments we have not space to refute; but if we had, it would hardly be worth while. We are free to admit that the Englishman has a partiality, a failing, it may be, in the direction of banquets; he distinguishes a scientist or an explorer by giving him an expensive dinner; he bids good-bye to a friend over a farewell supper; in fact, he celebrates most important events by calling the chef to his aid. But, in spite of all the doctors and theorisers in the universe, he will undoubtedly never give up the annual occasion when in festive union he and his friends can meet and discuss roast beef and plum pudding. It would be asking too much—even if there were a tax upon each dish, as there probably will be soon.

The choice seems to be more limited every year as to the particular books most suitable, for the season, to the grown-up people. There is, of course, an annual overdose of magazines and Christmas numbers which begin to appear in October and in a few years' time may spread from Midsummer Day to December; but not many of us could stand the strain of two or three days at these rainbow-coloured special issues. No one seems to write Christmas books now, except for boys and girls; the gap is filled by that peculiarly modern product known as the "gift-book," in which some old and well-tried poem or tale is cut up into sections, printed in beautiful type on art paper, and illustrated gorgeously—though not always appropriately—by artists good, bad, and indifferent. This comparatively new industry seems to flourish exceedingly; and we often wonder what becomes of the thousands of these expensive volumes that flood the market each winter. If, as the legend goes, a copy of every book published has to be stored at the British Museum, small wonder that there is talk of extending the boundaries of that national treasure-house. We feel sorry for the inquirer of the distant future who, writing a history of the Christmas Literature of the Ancient English, has to summarise in a chapter or two the question of the gift-book.

Berlin will soon be a model city—the "forbidden" city in a new sense of the word. After April 13 next, if you are having a little music in your house, flat, or restaurant, the windows must be closed; "whistling, singing, shouting, or loud talking" that may endanger the quiet of the streets will be "verboten"; waggoners must not drive in a way to cause "nerve-shattering noises"; no paper, cigar-ends or cigarette-ends, or fruit must be thrown into the streets; and ladies' dresses must not drag the ground lest germ-laden dust be raised. Life is worth living in London; after April 13 we doubt if it will be worth living in Berlin!

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Violets

WITH hope, upon the last sad day
  Of this departing year,
We come from one who, on life's weary way,
  Still holds you dear:

Who, though your heart with grief be torn,
  Would bid your faith arise
And meet the young days of the year new-born,
  With steadfast eyes.

And we, frail creatures of the sun,
  Who linger at your feet,
Offer, as incense to the year just done,
  Our perfume sweet.

Though we, alas! must pass and die,
  Meanwhile to you we bring
Token of deathless love; and, by and by,
  Promise of Spring.

BERTHA HARRISON.

A Christmas Assembly

By WILFRID L. RANDELL.

THERE are some who say that the spirit of Christmas jollity is dying. If you refer them to the good-humoured throngs, laden with packages, in the streets, to the laughing children and the happy faces, they reply that Christmas has become a commercial institution, and assert that the business man looks upon it from the point of view of a more or less plethoric pocket; also, that romance in this connection is dead. Here, then, for their benefit and better education, is a brief account of what happened last Wednesday evening, in London, the city of gloom, where, according to the dismal ones, the spirit of Christmas is forgotten:—

At a quarter to six, forty business men of not particularly romantic appearance assembled in the upper room of a certain hostelry of Fleet Street, associated for as long as it stands with the name of Dr. Johnson. For a while they conversed on many topics; by the earnestness of their mien, and by the way in which they eagerly consulted little books which each one placed on the wooden table in front of him, a stranger might have imagined that they were intent on deeds that should shake the Stock Exchange to its foundations and echo in the bourses of the civilised world, and that the mysterious volumes contained calculations of crops or details of finance of tremendous import. He would be, however, utterly wrong. They were gathered together to read "A Christmas Carol" through, from beginning to end. Think of that, and retire dumb-foundered, you who would so lightly cut the golden chains of Romance!

Precisely at six o'clock the tinkle of a silvery bell, facetiously named "Big Ben," announced that the President of the Assembly was in his chair of office at the cross-table. The buzz of talk died down as by magic; every member of the company opened his little book. The President, a gentleman eighty-five years young rather than old, drew in silence a number from a bag, and called the name corresponding to that number. A voice began to read the finest ghost-story in the world:

> "Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it. And Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change for anything he chose to put his hand to. . . . ."

After a few minutes, the tiny bell sounded. The reader's voice ceased; another number was drawn, another name was called, and fresh tones took up the tale.

So, amid a hush that was only emphasised at intervals by the furtive striking of a match, amid wreathing smoke that ascended like incense to the smiling Spirit of Christmas that we felt could not be far away, we read in turn of the poor lean clerk, Bob Cratchit, in his lonely, cold "tank" of an office; of the awful door-knocker that changed to Marley's face; of the Ghost of Christmas Past that led the miserable miser through the scenes of his childhood; of the Ghost of Christmas Present that took him to the famous party at the Cratchit's; of the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come that showed him Tiny Tim, and the "shadows of the things that may be," and his own tombstone. We read of Mr. Fezziwig's ball, laughing as we read; of the riotous joys of the brilliant shops, chuckling with reflected merriment; of Scrooge's nephew's friend's wicked game of blind man's buff, when he couldn't catch anybody but the plump sister (who said it wasn't fair); and of a hundred other things. And at the conclusion of each stave—for this was part of the ritual of the notable occasion — we all shouted "Hear, hear!" as loud as we could; and after the announcement of the last stave — which, as you may remember, is entitled "The End of It"—we roared "Hear, hear!" more heartily than ever; not, of course, because the time for the appearance of the Great Pudding was drawing near, but simply because we were thoroughly enjoying ourselves.

It would be impossible to tell in detail of how that monster of a pudding—a corpulent sphere that a whole waiter could hardly stagger upstairs with—was treated at nine o'clock. I am not ashamed to say that some of us had two helpings; nor am I ashamed to state that we became quite lively—considering that most of us were solid, unromantic business men—when the ale and the cider and—and the other things, came up. We stood in silence and honoured the memory of Charles Dickens with a toast; we toasted also the genial President, who for many years has thus gathered his friends round him to read "A Christmas Carol." And then, at the most respectable hour of eleven, we went homeward, only desiring to meet the misanthrope who should say that the spirit of Christmas is dead. He would have been assured, in no gentle fashion, that it still lived.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Kate's Fall

By EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

AMONG those minor sanctuaries which the remorseless antiquary has robbed of their legends, there is one that may still preserve rank and continue worthy of pilgrimage for itself, albeit the story that belonged thereto is credited no more.

From north-eastern Dartmoor descends the little Lyd, and at a great slope of the land, where men once sank a mine, the river has carved a steep and winding stair upon the face of a cliff, and worms circuitously down near fifty feet from her bed above to her channels below. The solid rock she threads until, grown impatient of burrowing, she flings herself out in a great cascade, and leaps to the bottom of the precipice in one shining, thundering fall. She boils and bubbles in the hollow beneath for a while, then, with recovered temper, by stickle and hover and shadowed pool, glides on her way. When Lyd runs low in summer, the waterfall frays out fine as a woman's hair, and descends with a gentle purr into the hollowed cup of marble beneath; but in winter, or at time of freshet, she pours down in one pillar of whiteness, chased with silver light and scored with dim green hollows in her front of foam.

From these ever-falling waters a vapour lifts, now in clouds of spray, to make a home for the rainbow, now in fine, invisible moisture, that kisses the rocks to life and drapes them with close, cunning tapestries, that hang with velvety colours in the gloom, or shine out on weathered crag and scarp of the little cliffs. Here the sun reaches them as well as the water, to set the orange and silver glittering, to light the black and umber lichens and trace those subtle patterns that wake to life where moisture plays on stone.

Each nook and cranny about Kate's Fall holds a fern springing from the bright cushions of the moss; thorn and furze cling to the steep banks and ivy festoons the ridge of the rocks in a waving curtain. Here also cling oak saplings and the holly, while crowning the heights above this cleft of the river's cutting, stand grey ash and beech. They break the middle distance finely and lead to the dim purple of the Moor that towers beyond.

At close quarters the ears are stunned by the shout of the fall, and one may mark dark pockets and cavities rammed into the stone by the river. There is cause for astonishment here, not at these deep carvings, but at the eternal rocks that have suffered so little and possessed power to resist the torrent through so many centuries. The impact of this weight of waters is terrific, and the solid earth around throbs to the steady and ceaseless thunder of it.

Westward the river winds away with many a silvery curve, and the banks fall until they widen into green fields on either bank. Then a grove swallows little Lyd and she vanishes beneath great woods aglow with autumn fire.

Light breaks fitfully from cloudy skies, and aloft, far away above the river's cradle under Great Links, great darkness frets with storm the blue and silver; but though sunshine fleets but wanly upon the heights, to be swiftly swallowed again by the rolling fleeces of the rain, here in the river valley the gleam is warm; the woods are aflame, and dead foliage flashes brilliantly about the fall. Russet, deep auburn, pale gold, the leaves flood the coombe with colour, and a thousand streaks and splashes of reflected glory from the banks gleam on the river's face, tremble over the darkness of the deep water, fade away into the cold foam-light beneath the fall. The final pageant fires birch and beech, red oak and yellow hazel; but the leaves of the ash have all flown away, though on its grey boughs, clinging to the twigs, there hang great clusters of brown keys to help the colour song.

Here tradition told of aged Kit, whose name was turned to Kitty and then to Kate. Riding home in the moonlight, her horse slipped above the fall, and was carried off his legs by the river with his mistress on his back. Both would have been swept to death, but that the "crooks" which supported the panniers were too wide to pass through the cleft in the rocks. Here, therefore, woman and beast hung suspended all night —to be rescued more dead than alive on the following day.

But the drab truth tells another tale, because this is all a fiction to explain the name. For "Kit," we must read "Skit"—a word denoting the upper waters of a stream. "Skit Steps," was the name of a crossing below the fall, and "Skit" the name of a bridge above it. But there came the romancer to the river side; successfully turned "Skit Steps" to "Kate's Fall," and appropriated these facts to his own needs very pleasantly. Then comes the antiquary to discover and destroy our myth and bid us mourn no more for the predicament of ancient Kate and her steed. So poor poetry is harried from pillar to post, until presently she will be called to abandon the sleeping past altogether, and find her account only in the wide-awake present.

Yet one still remembers that aphorism of Nietzsche: "Art is with us that we shall not perish from truth."

Pipe Dreams

GREEN hills of spruce dipped steeply on the other side of the river right down to the expanse of the blue water that flowed on westward to a world of tender hues. For it was evening, and the west glowed like a wonderful orient rose that had fallen down from the parrot-blue dome of the sky. The tranquillity of a dream seemed to soothe these Canadian backwoods and the Lac la Cloche river preparatory to the brief summer night. There were four of them—the engineer, the draughtsman, their bespectacled aid, and the guide. They had paddled long to make the portage—long, bright, blue hours of a summer day, that seemed to have no end. At last, as the day waned, they had gained it, and clambered up the rocky bank, lichened

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and blotched with mossy cushions, to a little clearance, where the rare white man came to boil his kettle and sleep beneath a lonely gaunt pine. On the morrow, with shoulder-broadening toil, they would push on over the portage trail to the headwaters.

But now the tent was stretched and they had fed. A thin spiral of lavender smoke gyrated up from the whitening embers of the fire into the delicate, dark, blue air. There was the woodland fragrance of their balsam beds abroad in the twilight presaging the sweet gipsy sleep under the stars. Wadding their pipes with native plug tobacco, they gratefully sat themselves, impervious to mosquitoes, on the glaciated granite slope of the bank. The water's surface, Baltique blue, stole unrippled by and the foliage hung without a tremour. Once a bull frog uttered his guttural ululation. The night lay around them sultry, tepid, and moist, like human breath. The dark blue sky, the emerald verdure and the fading rose of the west entranced them. In the stillness there came booming out over the land the call of the bull moose, embodying, it seemed, the cry of life for happiness. Then the silence closed the more intense around them. But the spectacled one with his usual inanity broke its silver spell.

"Supposing you fellows could get whatever you wanted now, what would you choose?"

Then each spoke after his desire.

"I would like to have a brush and paint it all," said the draughtsman, who, after his kind, was at heart a dauber. "I dream sometimes of colour—flakes and blotches and iridescent colour. I shall never forget the chunks of vermilion and Chinese white one sees in apple blossom in spring, with the shrill green leaves, and the sky faded cobalt washed with gold. . . . I remember the crimson coral of a woman's mouth I loved long ago, and the violet day-dream in her eyes; the vaporous sails of a fishing smack one night across a moonlit harbour; the veil of a mist on a low, flat land of poplars with white ribboned roads; the purple of a moor with the sun sinking in amber and topaz like a crushed jewel. Yes, I remember them. No, I see them, that's it. But I'd be just as content here as anywhere, if only I had a stick-up, knife and brush, and no one made me do anything else, to feed and clothe me, but paint what I see. That's what I should like most."

And the guide spoke. "A sunset always makes me think of fights—hitting a man on the jaw. Everything seems about this time to reek of blood. It makes me long for a great big fight with someone I've never seen but whom I've always hated—for a fight wilder than a boxing match or breaking the heart of a bucking mare, or landing a fish twice your weight, or holding a bull by the horns. I want sometime to find a great fight—to hit out hard and go on fighting, while the sun goes down for the last time."

With his pipe in his teeth the tall engineer spoke.

"I've only been once to Paris. I was swotting then for Woolwich, and went there for a week to get an accent. But by all that's great I'd like to go there again. I'd like to sit out, once more, on an evening such as this, on the Boulevards. It would be good to watch the people stream by—the happiest, daintiest crowd in all the world. Oh, it's like a river—a river of humanity—drinking, chatting, and laughing. Here on the pavement are set the little tables of the cafés with their boxes of sheltering green. Groups and couples sit before the bottles and glasses they hardly ever trouble about. Then the cabs and taxis flit by, like those fire-flies over there, in a fiery ballet of red, blue, and green lights. Then the women—pipe-dreams, perfumed poems, painted pictures, alive, walking, smiling, turning to look at you. Talk about homesickness. I've got Paris sickness—the nostalgia for civilisation, and I've got it bad."

Then the myopic one spoke.

"Of course you know the thing I would like best of all would be to be able to see like you fellows without these blamed glasses. After that I would like to have a little place, a cottage, you know, down on the Dart at home in the old country. How green that valley is! I can see now its woods right down to the water's edge. I think it must be the greenest place in all the world. And there'd have to be a boat to tie up by your door. I know the very place—somewhere near Dittisham, and there's a regular old-fashioned rumbling mill not far away. It has a garden, too, full of Devonshire strawberries and Christmas roses, and a passion flower on the trellised porch. Sometimes among the flowers there I've smelt the tang of the sea away down the valley. Yes, if I had that I think I'd be content. And then I could have some books."

"What books?" said the engineer.

"Oh, not the books you'd like," the spectacled one returned mildly in self-defence. "Just a few books for my own amusement. I think I'd choose," he continued meditatively, "a Spanish novel I once read, a play or two of Schnitzler, a little sheaf of the stories of Eça Quieroz and Marcel Schwob, Joubert's Pensées, Catullus and Wharton's Sappho. My! what a book that is! I got it at school as a prize, and I sometimes dream of its Greek fount. Yes, that, I think, would be all—if there were bees in summer and apples in the autumn."

A deep silence fell on them.

Then someone knocked his pipe's ashes out on his heel and yawned. It was the signal they had anxiously awaited, for a shame had come on them; a feeling that they had permitted the caprice of their thought to unveil profanely the treasures of their heart's desire. The camp fire still glowed as they stretched out on their balsam boughs—the softest and sweetest of God's beds. The opalescent rose of the west had long grown dun, the river and its banks and the lone pine itself spectral. They felt themselves passing out from the world on the sea of sleep, while a stirring white-throat's reedy note startled a distant loon into a burst of wild discordant laughter. And then, full of stealth, the darkness and stillness mixed together—and all was gone.

BERNARD MUDDIMAN (Ottawa).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

REVIEWS

Check from the Bishop

BY SIR WILLIAM BULL, M.P.

Landmarks in the History of the Welsh Church. By the Right Rev. A. G. EDWARDS, Bishop of St. Asaph. (John Murray. 6s. net.)

THIS notable book by the Bishop of St. Asaph would have been at any time a valuable and interesting contribution to British ecclesiastical history; its value in the present crisis to all who are concerned for the safety of the Welsh Church, and for all who honestly seek to judge with fairness between her and her assailants, is incalculable. The Bishop's plan has been to give a clear outline of the history of the Church in Wales from the earliest days, showing plainly her position in relation to revenues, though this is not his main theme; and he has at all points supported his statements by evidence that cannot be gainsaid, yet has nowhere overloaded his pages or made his work such that only an archæologist can appreciate it. It is a lucid, moderate, fully supported presentation of the case, and, though full of the results of painstaking research, it is eminently a book for the reader who can intelligently appreciate facts, but cannot follow intricacies as an antiquary.

The Bishop first discusses the dawn of Christianity in Britain, and reminds us that Tertullian, writing in 208 or 210 A.D., said: "There were places of the Britons unapproached by the Romans, but subdued to Christ." In the year 314 the British Church was represented at the Council or Synod of Arles by three bishops, one presbyter, and one deacon. The Saxon invasion of England overthrew the already venerable organisation of the British Church, but the British victory at Badon Hill about the year 510 checked the advance of our piratical ancestors, and "there was a truce of nearly half a century, during which the hunted remains of the British people and the British Church found their main shelter in the fastnesses of Wales." The next "landmark" is the sharp contention between St. Augustine and the representatives of the Church which had an unbroken tradition in Britain. Pope Gregory had written to the founder of Christianity among the Saxons, "I commend to your brotherly feeling all the bishops of Britain," and in 602 or 603, at Down Ampney, near Cricklade, St. Augustine met some of these bishops. They, "doubtless feeling that they represented only a section of the British Church, agreed to a second and more representative conference." When it took place, "Augustine pressed three points, and, according to Bede, only three—namely, the time of keeping Easter, the mode of administering baptism, and the evangelising of the Saxons. Bede gives the answer of the British in these words: 'We will do none of these things, nor receive you as our archbishop.'" The British Church was not of papal institution, and it asserted its independence more than thirteen hundred years ago.

"There is ample evidence," says the author, "both implicit and documentary, that the early British Church was well endowed; in a large number of cases the actual terms of the endowment and the detailed description of the boundaries of the land granted, are extant. A fact yet more striking confirms the title of the Church to her ancient possessions: early documents, whose authenticity is accepted by the highest authorities, record the original bestowal upon the Church of many of the lands which she holds to-day, and has held without interruption since the sixth or seventh century. These grants may be classed roughly under the two heads of land and tithe." The Bishop quotes, and in this connection makes a strong point against two of the main arguments of the advocates of Disendowment.

> The instances adduced cannot fail to convince impartial inquirers that the Church in Wales has as strong a prescriptive right to her endowments, if not stronger, than the Church in England. Two other facts need special emphasis. One is that a careful study of the records shows that the Church in Wales received her endowments either before the papalisation or after the depapalisation of the Church. This disposes of the argument that her ecclesiastical lands and revenues were originally granted to the Church of Rome. The other is that, grants were invariably made either by individuals or by chieftains acting on behalf of family groups, and were bestowed in most cases on particular churches. This is an effectual answer to the statement that the Church received her endowments from the State.

The Bishop deals in a scholarly, but never in a ponderous manner with the vexed question of tithe in Wales. He enlightens us as to the *decima magna* and the *decimae minutae*, and a summary of his conclusions may be found in the following sentences: "We have seen that tithe was in the first instance enjoined as a duty by a struggling Church, and given sporadically by the pious. Later, in places where the Church had grown powerful, it was yielded under the compelling power of public opinion, or even under more forcible constraint; and thus there grew up a custom which, in course of time, found its way into the breasts of the judges, where the Common Law of England is said to reside."

Dr. Edwards deals forcibly with the argument that the present established Church is the creation of the polygamous Tudor monarch. "Nothing can really be further from the truth. What Henry VIII actually did was to reassert and maintain successfully the independence of the Church of England and Wales against unwarrantable Papal claims of supremacy." But the Reformation was not an unmixed boon to the Church. The impropriation of ecclesiastical possessions impoverished the clergy, and here the Bishop of St. Asaph opens a notable contention, which he ably maintains in his succeeding chapters, that not endowment and superfluity of means, but the curtailment of revenues and lack of resources were the cause of the ills that beset the Welsh Church in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The later history of the Church

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

shows, argues the Bishop, that the spoliation in which Henry VIII. led the way was renewed in the time of the Commonwealth "with rapacity stimulated by the added goad of sectarian fanaticism," and with the most disastrous results. Yet the source of all that is best in modern religious life in Wales is to be found in the post-Reformation Welsh Church.

The condition of the Church after the Puritan severities was indeed deplorable; it was extremely poverty-stricken; "in the four Welsh dioceses taken together there were no less than 324 livings of under £30 a year, while the salaries of the curates varied from £5 to £20."

The Bishop gives some highly interesting figures showing the position of nonconformity in Wales in this critical century.

The progress of nonconformity in Wales is of recent date; the Church is the ancient heritage of the Welsh people. And the appeals of nonconformist preachers to the emotional nature of the race have not always been well-directed and abidingly beneficial. "The Welsh revivals throughout were attended by moral and mental derangements too numerous to be ignored or concealed, and thoughtful people doubted the wisdom and the value of the movements which, if not the cause, were certainly the occasion, of these sad occurrences." But there is, of course, a brighter side of the revivals; to which the Bishop does full justice.

Of the more recent work of the Church in Wales it is unnecessary to speak. Mr. Asquith himself has borne emphatic testimony to its progress and worth. We cannot do better than conclude this review of a wholly admirable book by citing a just and weighty warning against the Disestablishment and Disendowment Bill now before Parliament. "The most disastrous consequences of the Puritan oppression and spoliation of the Church during the Commonwealth were moral and not economic. In spite of all their religious professions, the policy of the Puritans infected with a deadly taint the character and the motives of the people, and by shaking the foundation of the virtues of honesty and sincerity paved the way for that torrent of licence and profligacy that disgraced the Restoration. The forces of materialism are silently but ominously gathering strength in Wales: and he is no true patriot who by weakening the oldest and most powerful religious body in Wales will help to prepare a way for the advance of principles which set at nought the purity of the home and the sanctity of the altar."

The Latest Shakespeare

Lord Rutland est Shakespeare. Le plus grand des Mystères dévoilé. Shaxper de Stratford hors cause. By CELESTIN DEMBLON. With Portrait. (Paul Ferdinando, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

A BOMB-SHELL has fallen into the midst of the battle where Baconians and Stratfordians still aim their lethal bullets above each others' heads: whether it will explode and annihilate both of the contending forces is a problem that depends on the qualities of the mechanism. In any case, the intervention is, to say the least, unexpected, and M. Demblon, as he contemplates the scene from his critical airship, may at least enjoy the satisfaction of having drawn the gaze of each mortal enemy away from his cherished antagonist, and to have fixed it for one bewildered moment on high. There is a half-parallel in the notorious affair of Messrs. Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

This is not the time to attempt to confirm or demolish the theory of M. Demblon. It consists of two propositions—that Shaxper of Stratford was not the author of the plays, and that Roger Manners, Lord Rutland, was. The former proposition, to which the present volume is chiefly devoted, does not wield the seduction of novelty; it has helped for nearly two generations to destroy the mental peace both of the just and of the unjust. A few ball-cartridges and "an intolerable deal of" blank—that is a rough summary of the controversy. Scholars, lawyers, pedants, and ignoramuses have jostled together in the dust of a conflict that shows no sign of ending. Questions of authority seem to be tacitly waived, and every opinion, if urged with some show of earnestness, is as good as another. We do not think that M. Demblon has added much to the anti-Stratfordian argument, except a good deal of heat, some misplaced sarcasms, and a display of miscellaneous learning. The justification may be that his first volume is intended as the blast of the horn that is to prelude the entry of the second, the essential volume, into the arena. The Rutlandian portion of the present book is hardly "grand'chose." Rutland is sufficiently unaccounted for to be a plausible competitor; he emerges upon the scene of history at some rather significant moments; he was addicted to falconry. Above all, a document establishes the payment by him of sums for "semi-professional" services to William Shakespeare.

But Rutland is not the hero of the book before us; all we have as yet is "Paradise Lost," as far as Shaxper is concerned; we understand, though, that the volume that is to serve as the "Paradise Regained" of Lord Rutland has nothing to wait for but publication. Till then we must reserve our plaudits or our hisses. Only one word of caution will we allow ourselves. This theory is the theory of a foreigner; he is dealing with what is largely a linguistic problem, and a linguistic problem that does not belong, like Homer, to the other end of the centuries. The language of the author of Shakespeare is the language, only modified, of modern England and New England. The foreigner, however well equipped, starts at a disadvantage, and M. Demblon, who presents the not very relevant qualifications of Belgian deputy and Professor of French Literature, is too self-satisfied to be immediately convincing. It is a challenge, no doubt; if so, he must be prepared to maintain his lofty words with deeds and facts. And, *en attendant*, he would do well to revise his text rather carefully, at least in the early chapters of the present work, where English words or quotations are in question.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Trouvere and Troubadour

Fires. Book II: The Ovens, and Other Tales. Book III: The Hare, and Other Tales. By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON. (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net each.)
Poems of Love and Earth. By JOHN DRINKWATER. (David Nutt. 1s. 6d. net.)

MR. GIBSON carries on his later tradition in these two little volumes, which complete the trilogy of "Fires." It seems long now—though it is really only a very few years—since he sang defensively—

> . . . . of queens and kings
> And lovers crowned with gold,
> Who loved in days of old.

Now his song is of the toilers who on the instant edge of time love and dream and suffer. The troubadour has become *trouvère*, that is what it amounts to; and these later poems might be called the twentieth century *chansons de geste*—only they are the *gestes* not of queens and kings, but of common men. We do not think we have lost anything by the transition. The song of "The Web of Life" was very charming, and we do not despise it, even now; but the song of "Bread" and "Fires" is tuned to a higher scale. It is a true advance both because of what Mr. Gibson has gained and because of what he has deliberately discarded. To adapt a now notorious dictum which Mr. Chesterton applied to Browning, he goes into the meanest of human haunts and publicly accuses men of romance. And so imbued is he with a conviction of the intrinsic poetry of what he finds that he will have it speak for itself, innocent of all tricking and trapping of phrase or verbal preciosity. The absence of these familiar embellishments is apt to produce some hesitation in the mind of those who are not accustomed to the naked spirit of the Muse; but the great essentials in these poems respond immediately to critical enquiry. The whole conception of such examples as, for instance, "The Dancing Seal" and "The Hare," belongs emphatically to poetry. A poet's vision illumines them and a poet's emotion carries them along.

There is the stamp of maturity on the work of these two volumes. It is sincere, lofty, convinced and convincing. What sureness of touch there is in "The Crane," in "Red Fox," in "The Ovens"—where as swift as vision itself past, present, and future, are comprehended in two or three lines, from the den of infamy until:—

> . . .shuddering back from that foul place
> And turning from the ovens' glare,
> He looked into her dreaming face;
> And saw green, sunlit woodlands there,
> And waters flashing in between
> Low-drooping boughs of summer green.

What breath of an air unbreathed filters through "The Lilac Tree" and "Devil's Edge," and how acutely one realises at the end what a grip the spirit of the verse has had on mind and heart! Mr. Gibson has accomplished in the short series here completed what we are inclined to think will be regarded by and by as one of the most notable poetical performances of our time.

Mr. John Drinkwater is still troubadour, yet he has much of the poetic quality of the earlier Mr. Gibson, with promise of the distinguished *trouvère* if ever it shall please him to assume that rôle. There is a similar economy of phrase, a reliance on the intrinsic emotional values of his themes. It is limpid, spontaneous song all through. The essential difference will be demonstrated by quoting a single stanza:—

> Surely God laughs a little when he hears
> The wind spun into music on the crest
> Of hills that change not with the changing years—
> I know He laughs, for laughter likes Him best.

Those lines are typical in many ways. Mr. Drinkwater's God is too purely a God of laughter, lingering in the clean sunny spaces. Perhaps the poet will yet discover him weeping in some dark, cheerless alley—and smiling again through His tears; and so learn the mystic secret of the rainbow. That seems to us to be the truth about Mr. Gibson's transition. And his discovery of divine romance lying hid in waste places has chastened his Muse's fire and given his verse a new and compelling austerity.

For the Flock Master

The Sheep and its Cousins. By R. LYDEKKER, F.R.S. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

MR. LYDEKKER, whose museum knowledge of mammals is encyclopædic, has already published large and important works on this group, and to these the present unpretentious volume must, in one respect, be regarded as supplementary. Indeed, if he had omitted the "cousins" and confined his remarks to the domestic breeds, his book would have been deserving of even greater praise, since the main theme, which is an unusually full account of domestic breeds all the world over, would not then have been padded with two or three lean chapters which give at best a sketchy account of Asiatic wild sheep, of the aberrant Barbary "aoudad" and Tibetan "burrhel," and of half a dozen extinct Pleistocene forms which, on the author's own showing, have nothing to do with the case. This arrangement would also have avoided a misprint which now mars the last page of the book.

In the matter of domestic breeds, however, Mr. Lydekker proves a thorough, reliable, and entertaining guide. This editing of sheep and cattle has produced extraordinary types of what the Germans call "house animals," and Mr. Lydekker is justified in his rebuke of those naturalists who affect to despise the study of them, since it is of immeasurable importance in a wider knowledge of all that is meant, or that may be meant, by the origin of species. The author claims that this account of these tame sheep is unique, and, so far as we can recall other publications on the subject, his claim seems justified. Here, with photographs, is a mass of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

information on every breed of importance, including the hardy Herdwick of the Cumbrian Fells, the small and sturdy black-faced Highland type, the white-faced Cheviot, the long-legged Norfolk, as well as Spanish Merinos and Manchegas, the spiral-horned Macedonian and Wallachian type, the fat-rumped sheep of Somaliland and the Hejaz, the lop-eared breeds of Guinea and the Congo, with other kinds too numerous to mention. Of peculiar interest is the history of Spanish Merinos introduced into South America. Speaking generally, these have deteriorated in quality, while in the unfavourable climate of Paraguay the once great flocks have also dwindled in numbers. In Chile and Peru it is the curious fact that, whereas the ewes remain hornless, the rams tend to develop an abnormal number of horns, up to six or seven in number. On the pastures of Australia the Merino has always predominated; but, on the other hand, New Zealand farmers have had their greatest successes with the old Romney Marsh breed. Domestic sheep have been taken from their original home in Europe to Africa, America, and the Antipodes, and only a few regions have, like the Malay Peninsula, proved unsuitable to these Alpine animals, which cannot thrive in flat jungle-land.

Unfortunately, even Mr. Lydekker can do nothing to clear up the mystery which surrounds the original domestication of the sheep. We know of its antiquity as farm stock from the Book of Genesis; we know, also, that the Bible draws a sharp moral distinction between sheep and goats; but whether our own sheep are European or Asiatic, or both, we have no satisfactory evidence. All that can safely be surmised is a dual origin, since it seems not unlikely that, whereas the predecessors of the Swiss Lake Dwellers brought their sheep from Western Asia, the European moufflon, which, though to-day restricted to some Mediterranean islands, once ranged over the mainland, may also have been tamed. And that is as far as Mr. Lydekker, or anyone else, can take us.

Sudermann's One-Act Plays

Morituri; Roses. By HERMANN SUDERMANN. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. each net.)

HERMANN SUDERMANN'S one-act plays have been issued in an English translation at the moment when the one-act play happens to be the London theatrical fashion. This form is an exceedingly suitable vehicle for the representation of a tense situation or of an emotional tragedy, since, by reason of concentration, the vividness and terribleness of the action becomes the more sharply defined. The English theatre, however, has allowed it to degenerate into the slight and farcical comedy intended to amuse the audience and to serve as an appetiser for the sterner fare to follow. In this way the "curtain-raiser" has performed a very useful function in the theatre.

Sudermann, with his perfect theatrical equipment, suggests to us how dramatists have in the past neglected the possibilities of the short play. Unfortunately, he has not succeeded in showing us more than the possibilities. The thorough handling of a psychological tragedy and the sufficient presentation and portrayal of character are beyond him. Here, as in "Magda," is the brilliance of dialogue, the geniality and refinement of touch, the cleverness and the knowledge of stagecraft; but his characters are creations of the brain, made in that Sudermann workshop into which the outside world has never entered. The problems of his plays concern soulless people, and the intellectual tragedy disappears in a cloud of sickly sentiment. How can such creatures participate in romances? They are the personification of small talk, small thought, and small imagination. In "Streaks of Light" ("Die Lichtbänder"), from the volume called "Roses," when the wife has sinned and then melodramatically asks for punishment, Herr Wittich in his madness replies: "Yes, they always talk like that—in books, at least." And in reading these volumes the feeling is forced upon us that perhaps Sudermann is joking. But why should he joke for ever? A dramatic genius of his calibre might be expected to create a *magnum opus*. Yet he has never presented the world with the characterisation of a living personality—"Magda" lacks the necessary compelling force—nor do his characters utter more than commonplaces.

In the earlier volume, "Morituri" (published in 1897), Sudermann does indeed appear to be searching for greater things. "Teja," a drama of the Goths, cleverly reconstructs the brave attitude of the young king, who, after ascending a tottering throne, sacrifices his own life and his mens' lives rather than surrender to his enemies. But the king's love is only for his military honour; we feel that there is no sacrifice of wife-love. "Fritzchen" is the simple story of a young officer in the German army who is forced to die in a duel (a favourite subject of Sudermann's), because the husband of his mistress "whipped him—across the courtyard—out into the street—whipped him like a beast." The pathos is partially obscured by the stiffness of the dialogue. "The Eternal Masculine" ("Das Ewig-Männliche") is a witty rendering of a puppet drama. In each of these plays legitimate excuse may be found for the imperfections of the dramatist because of his difficult situations.

But in "Rosen," published after an interval of ten years, the true Sudermann manner is thoroughly exhibited. The volume may be considered as the culmination of his dramatic method. Unhappy and faithless women are the subjects of the three opening plays. In "Streaks of Light" a faithless wife is murdered by her frenzied husband; "Margot" recounts the story of the young girl "with a secret" who feels that the hand of every man must be against her; and "The Last Visit" ("Der Letzte Besuch") portrays a veiled lady—married, of course—who meets the simple serving-maid at the coffin of the murdered captain. "The Far-Away Princess" ("Die Ferne Prinzessin") deals with an idea of real beauty and quaint simplicity, and represents a moment in the lives of a poor art-student and a little

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

princess. This play stands out in bright relief against the aristocratic sordidness of the previous plays.

The translation of "Morituri" by Mr. Archibald Alexander is oftentimes laborious and lifeless, but Miss Grace Frank in "Roses" has been more successful, though expressions like "inestimable pulchritude" and "pestiferously hot" can scarcely be used in dramatic art. The versions are of American origin.

Le Sapin du Trône

Ecrits de Musiciens (XVe—XVIIIe Siècles). By J. G. PROD'HOMME. ("Mercure de France," Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

"OH, Galuppi, Baldassaro, this is very sad to find!" Browning understood a good deal about ancient music and musicians. In the times of the Renascence, and for many a long day afterwards, the chief study of the musician was his patrons; necessary to his existence, they were approached with fear, humility, and hypocrisy; once gained, they were treated according to all the artist's varying moods, and were flattered, cozened, and insulted with bewildering impartiality. Galuppi's patrons need not have been very obtuse; the message of music is more than ambiguous, and the critic of the *Daily News* who declared that it shocked him to see Anglican clergymen drinking in, without a blush and without a protest, the obscene melodies of M. Debussy's "Après-midi d'un Faune" is merely an object of wonder to us. But the message of the musician, when it takes the form of literature, is wholly unequivocal. Here is Palestrina, for instance, in M. Prod'homme's book, writing to the Cardinal Ippolito d'Este that he has never written a light song, and, in a dedication to Pope Gregory XIII, vowing that he will never do it again; for the truth is that he has sometimes composed profane and unedifying music, and at the thought he says, "je rougis et je m'afflige aujourd'hui." Tomas Luiz de Victoria, too, takes a high view of his vocation; if he buried his talent, he would be an unfaithful servant, "frustrant le maître du fruit qu'il attend justement." Roland de Lassus, on the other hand, supplies an excellent instance of the *sans-gêne* of the musician who knows himself to be indispensable. To his patron, the Duke of Bavaria, he writes in a facetious jargon of five or six languages, which must have taken hours to decipher; he wishes him an early arrival in Paradise, "aiant ferme espérance que estans la trouuerons assez de quoj passer le temps."

The interest of the documents contained in this book is very uneven: some of the greatest names only serve as headings to monetary squabbles and the like trivialities. Thus Lully's letters, Handel's, and even Bach's are rather disappointing, though the postscript to a letter of the last-named master, thanking for a present of wine that had arrived seriously reduced in quantity indicates a pretty sense of humour—"Au cas où mon cher cousin aurait l'intention de m'offrir encore de la même *liqueur*, je le prie de n'en rien faire, car j'ai dû payer pour le transport 16 groschen; à l'expéditeur 2 groschen," etc., etc., "ce qui rend ce cadeau trop coûteux." The sections dealing with Rameau and Monteverdi, with the author's notes, are particularly interesting; and so are the satirical extracts from Marcello; but best of all is the Gluck correspondence, with the magnificently ironical letter to La Harpe. For once music held her own in a fight with literature, fought, as all such combats must always be fought, with the enemy's weapons.

In Search of a Pedigree

Le Molière du XXe Siècle: Bernard Shaw. By AUGUSTIN HAMON. With Four Portraits. (Figuière, Paris. 3 fr. 50.)

MR. SHAW seems to be getting a French reputation *malgré lui.* M. Cestre has just written about him, M. Faguet has commented on M. Cestre, and here we have M. Hamon burning incense before the Shavian Shrine with such recklessness that the Temple of Fame is in serious danger of catching fire. We have not read M. Cestre, but we have read M. Faguet's criticism of him, and we should say that, with all its coolness, the latter is more likely to do Mr. Shaw good, in various senses of the expression, than all M. Hamon's pæans and commentaries. M. Faguet admires Mr. Shaw—who does not?—but he has a very paternal way with him in exposing the youthfulness of paradox, and he gives several good reasons why Mr. Shaw is not going to conquer Paris. The chief of these reasons is that he is too English; M. Hamon thinks he will eventually be adopted, as being "le moins anglais de tous les génies" of Great Britain. These two judgments offer a certain discrepancy; we wonder which of them their object would prefer—probably the second, which contains at least one redeeming word. M. Faguet is guilty of one piece of carelessness, that amounts almost to brutality, with regard to Mr. Shaw. He says "on parle peu de lui" (!), and then proceeds to his belated explanation—"parce qu'on ne sait pas comment il faut prononcer son nom." He should have given the reason first..

M. Hamon has made a very thorough and conscientious study of his idol; one instance that will bring it home to everyone—the conclusion with which he heads his last chapter—is this: "Le théâtre de Shaw est essentiellement comique." Now, it must have been a proud moment for M. Hamon when he found himself able honestly to write down this judgment; he had only arrived at it by months of hard study and anxious meditation. For, at the first production in Paris of "Candida," he was astonished and annoyed to find that the audience laughed. Till then it had never occurred to him that Mr. Shaw was funny; now he knows, and, as we have suggested, it is a proud thought for him. Up till then he had only known the Fabian, the man who has moulded modern Socialism in many lands; now he knows that his guide, philosopher, and friend

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

is, to quote M. Faguet, "le plus grand satirique, à l'heure actuelle, des deux mondes." M. Faguet, it is true, adds, or rather remarks, by way of prelude, "Cet homme, à mon avis, n'est rien qu'un satirique," and, if he was present at the first performance of "Candida," he was probably astonished to find any of the audience looking serious and intellectual. But, then, M. Faguet is a brother of the brush: the expert of irony is probably jealous of the expert of paradox.

M. Hamon has compiled a very solid and careful work. We must remember, in the first place, that he is introducing Mr. Shaw to the French public, and the long analyses of plays that are *de rigueur* in critical works on foreign authors may correspond to a demand. We must also remember that his idol is also his personal friend, and that his enthusiasm thus flows from a double and infinitely respectable source. We much prefer him to the unattached critic of forgotten foreign authors: the "lues Boswelliana" is a disease, body-snatching is a crime or something of the sort. But we think that he carries his admiration too far; as in the case of Mr. Shaw's humour, so in many other matters he seems to have gained his opinions at second-hand, and his legend of a quasi-omniscient being seems to us to be constructed of rather unsatisfactory materials. One thing that he points out is certain; Mr. Shaw has a genuine passion for justice, and to specialise in a virtue of this sort carries a man far.

Another legend of M. Hamon's is the unrecognised genius. Mr. Shaw "arrived" comparatively quickly and very completely. The Shavian sect, to whom, by the way, M. Hamon is not always as polite as we should have expected, were soon forced to jostle with a Philistine crowd, and have probably long slunk away in quest of some less popular shrine. Mr. Shaw commands the easy laugh; intellectuosity must seek its uneasy banquets elsewhere. The title of this book suggests a puzzle. The comparison with Molière is an obvious one. Doctors—children or servants revealing the truth that is hidden from the wise and prudent—hypocrites—all these occur in Molière and Mr. Shaw. But so they do in almost every satirist. Second thoughts militate against the comparison. M. Hamon, however, develops it well; some of his points are mere "rivers in Macedon," but others are good and valid. The tendency to farce is certainly common to the two authors—possibly to a good many others; the lack of a dénouement is a bond; both are "écoles d'irrespect." They both disbelieve in angels and devils; but not always—Molière has many wholly antipathetic characters, while Mr. Shaw has heroes who appear to possess neither virtues nor vices, and belong presumably, therefore, to a different order of beings.

M. Hamon's work is addressed to his compatriots, and much of our criticism is possibly out of place. But from the Old Testament and from Carlyle we have learnt a certain dislike of idolatry, and passages in this book have fomented this sentiment. We hold no brief for the dramatic tradition of "les Scribe" (or the Pharisees, for that matter), but we are bitterly opposed to the unreasoning cult of modernity as such. For the rest, M. Hamon has many sound intuitions, and often expresses them in arresting phrases. His defence of "l'action intellectuelle" as opposed to action in the vulgar sense is convincing; here, at any rate, are the elements of an understanding between Molière and Mr. Shaw. On the whole, we should not be giving a bad summary of the book if we said that it is wrong-headed but right-hearted. Mr. Chesterton's book on the same subject would be a good corrective.

The Congo Territories

Dawn in Darkest Africa. By J. H. HARRIS, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by the EARL OF CROMER. Illustrated. (Smith, Elder and Co. 10s. 6d. net.)

WEST AFRICA has never been a very attractive part of the world, chiefly on account of climatic considerations, but at any time it may produce large questions for national or international treatment. The best and latest information about the region is essential to the public as well as to politicians. Mr. Harris's book is therefore very welcome as the contribution of an expert.

As the organising secretary of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines' Protection Society, he, accompanied by his wife, visited West Africa last year for the Society, in conjunction with some of the principal newspapers, for the purpose of studying social and labour conditions in West Central Africa, particularly in the Congo basin. In this book, full of information locally gathered, he dwells upon the rapid changes through which West Africa is passing; before the changes come, "it behoves us to examine closely the great problems before us—the problems of future political divisions, problems of labour, and of education in the largest and fullest sense—and so to readjust our conceptions and laws with an understanding of the natives as may save ourselves from repeating the blunders of the past; blunders which have indelibly stained for time and eternity the escutcheon of Christian Europe; blunders for which recompense can never be adequately made, but which at least should serve as a warning for the future." In carrying out his examination, Mr. Harris writes with perfect freedom, sparing nobody, and the value of his work is greatly enhanced by the able introduction in which Lord Cromer has practically reviewed it and stated his own opinions upon the prominent points. Mr. Harris has divided his book into four parts, though it is hardly possible to treat all the questions arising in connection with the Congo basin and the Colonies of the Gulf of Guinea in water-tight compartments.

In this method he describes the individual natives, their customs and occupations; then their relations with civilisation and public matters; after which the subject of labour is separately treated; and finally, under the text of moral and material progress, he tells of the principal staples, the production of the oil-palm, rubber, and cocoa, and the progress of Christian missions. As a former missionary and possessed of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

commercial experience, he is better qualified to probe the facts and to give an opinion than an official or ordinary visitor would be; it is rather when he leaves the observation of facts and indulges in speculative views that other people will be unwilling to accept his conclusions. He clearly states that much immorality is prevalent in Western Africa, whether under the name of domestic slavery or otherwise; among the natives polygamy is rife, both voluntary and by inheritance, and the Christian Church finds in polygamy a problem which at present defies solution, and surrenders to Mohammedanism a potent factor in the propagation of its beliefs. It is shocking to read: "The truth is that in the greater part of West Africa neither monogamy nor polygamy is the prevailing relationship between man and woman," and that under the regime of the late King Leopold a veritable avalanche of filth and immorality overwhelmed the Congo tribes. Nor is this all. Mr. Harris estimates that more than twelve millions of people perished in the Belgian Congo under King Leopold's regime. Every town has lost over 75 per cent. of its inhabitants within the last three decades. Nor was that regime economically successful. For nearly twenty-five years the Congo territories have suffered from uncontrolled exploitation; the rubber vines have been hacked to pieces, destroyed, and no real attempt at reproduction has been made; the ruthless exploitation of rubber had its counterpart in the wanton destruction of elephants in order to obtain rapidly every tusk of ivory.

There are other possible products, gum, copal, and palm oil, but the Belgians think of nothing but rubber, although concentration on cocoa might save the situation for them. Mr. Harris gives his opinion that the Congo will require from Belgium at the very least a million pounds sterling per annum for twenty years, and the question is whether the nation will care to afford the sum. He considers the British administration the best in Western Africa, as it aims at working through the indigenous natives and educating them—not only in literature—but he does not hesitate to comment on the gulf between the officials and the merchants, the exclusion of coloured men from the medical service, and the treatment of African youths. The native proverb, "The Englishman never lies," is a tribute to the British character. For the German system he has no admiration, though the Germans are liberal in some respects; what he has seen of German colonial methods does not impress him that their occupation is far removed from a sort of military despotism. The slavery, proved and acknowledged to exist in the Portuguese territories, especially on the islands, is a blot and blunder which cannot stand investigation; it must be terminated if Portugal desires to continue her alliance with Great Britain. The kindly nature of the Portuguese cannot be accepted as an excuse for the maintenance of slavery in this century. For the French Congo administration Mr. Harris has not a good word to say, and it is noticeable that Lord Cromer abstains from commenting on it, except to intimate that the British cannot interfere. In their Colonies the French object to the presence of other nationalities, while their administration is oppressive to the natives. Mr. Harris has decided opinions on such questions as race prejudice, the demand for labour and its supply, sleeping sickness, the slaves' pathetic desire for liberty and repatriation, the prospects of various products of the country, to which only allusion is here possible. His main suggestion that France and Belgium together should, in a spirit of generosity, transfer the whole or the greater part of French and Belgian Congo to Germany for adequate consideration reads like the dream of an idealist, and cannot come within the range of practical politics. It is astonishing that it should be thought worth putting on paper: it is below the standard of Mr. Harris's illuminating work, which will go far to inform the world of the state of things in Western Africa, and especially in the colonies for which Great Britain is directly or indirectly responsible.

Shorter Reviews

The American Diary of a Japanese Girl. By YONE NOGUCHI. Frontispiece by YEIHO HIRESAKI. (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d. net.)

"POEM manufacture is a slow job. Modern people slight it, calling it an old fashion. Shall I give it up for some more brilliant up-to-date pose?" So writes Mr. Yone Noguchi in Miss Morning Glory's most diverting diary. We were almost afraid that Mr. Noguchi had left his poetry behind him, and yielded, judging from the rather clumsy title, to a form of clap-trap on a level with the publication of imaginary love-letters, bound in parchment and tied with ribbon. Though this little volume is a long way behind "The Pilgrimage" or "From the Eastern Sea" in point of sheer beauty, it is decidedly clever. Much of Miss Morning Glory's diary seems to sing—it is so joyous, so quaint, so droll, so irresistible. The most delightful pages are devoted to the Poet of Willow Cottage, but there is a good deal of satire behind the rollicking fun. One day this fascinating little bundle of whimsical ways discovers a scholarly squirrel, and writes his diary as well as her own. Concerning a negro's voice, she observes: "Who could imagine that such a silvery sound could come from such a midnight face?" That she is apt, humorous, and observant will be found in the following: "In the park I noticed a lady who scissored the 'don't touch' flowers, and stepped away with a saintly air. The comical fancy came to me that she was the mother of a policeman guarding against intruders." More than once Morning Glory laughs in her sleeve—the big Japanese sleeve where there is so much room for laughter—at "Meriken" people and "Meriken" ways; but, nevertheless, we fancy that she will win a host of admirers. "R. L. S." would have appreciated Mr. Noguchi's felicity of expression. He takes little commonplace words, and, with a magic all his own, makes them yield up a very pleasing surprise—and Miss Morning Glory.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Samphire. By LADY SYBIL GRANT. (Stanley Paul and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

"SAMPHIRE" is a volume of some two dozen light and short sketches, sometimes skits, written in charming and amusing vein, well fitted to while away an hour that would otherwise be tedious. Lady Sybil Grant, in the course of these pages, touches often on the weaknesses and also on some of the shortcomings of her sex. One of these shortcomings, lack of humour, she shows by her own writings not to be universal, even if it be widespread. The pretty gift of satire which she also displays to such good purpose proves that another of her unwounding strictures is not of universal application. Turning the pages at random, one may alight on the chapter devoted to "A Clever Woman." This person Lady Sybil describes as "without form and void, for her chief characteristics were absence of figure and emptiness of mind." The writer continues not unsagely: "An impressive and sagacious silence had gained for her the spurious reputation to which she very naturally attached great value: since it brought her endless invitations all the year round." Then there is the "Thoughtful Student." But Lady Sybil continues: "I have always found her so eloquent that I cannot imagine when she found time for thoughtful study, unless she should be a sufferer from chronic insomnia."

The Works of Francis Beaumont and John Fletcher. Variorum Edition. General Editor, A. H. BULLEN. Vol. IV. (G. Bell and Sons and A. H. Bullen. 10s. 6d. net.)

THIS masterly edition of Beaumont and Fletcher answers one of the most fervent prayers of scholars and students. It may be assumed that both these categories have considerably increased since the Baconian trumpet began to multiply the echoes of the literary arena. "Pylades and Orestes"—though, by the way, critics do not allow much to Beaumont in the present volume, where Fletcher is in command, with Massinger and the shadowy inseparable as humble lieutenants—are as necessary to the study of Elizabethan and post-Elizabethan literature in general as to that of the Baconian or anti-William controversy in particular. The edition, we have said, is masterly. The slight critical notes are as full as they can or need be, and tell us all the positive facts that we are at present entitled to. It must be remembered that Beaumont and Fletcher hide in a darkness to which the shadows of Stratford are as noonday. The text is everything that it claims to be. The plays embraced by the present volume are the two sanguinary tragedies, "Valentinian" and "The False One," and the comedies, "Monsieur Thomas," "The Chances," and "The Little French Lawyer."

Pentateuchal Studies. By HAROLD M. WIENER, M.A., LL.B (Elliot Stock. 6s. net.)

MR. WIENER had already before the publication of this volume secured for himself a well-deserved position among the best qualified of the English-speaking Biblical critics of the orthodox school, and the reputation which he has attained will be enhanced by the present work. This is, in fact, a sequel to his "Essays in Pentateuchal Criticism." The greater part of the present work has already appeared in periodicals in the United States, where Mr. Wiener holds a considerable reputation as a Biblical scholar. Mr. Wiener is essentially a controversialist. He deals out many a hard knock to his opponents, the higher critics, and they on their part cannot with intellectual comfort ignore the arguments with which he essays to demolish their theories.

The Old Gardens of Italy; How to Visit Them. By Mrs. AUBREY LE BLOND. Illustrated. (John Lane. 5s. net.)

STUDENTS of gardening and garden-lovers should be much indebted to the author of this small guide-book to the famous gardens of Italy. Indeed, we are scarcely just in describing the work as a guide-book, for it is something very much more. The introduction contains valuable suggestions as to the limits of imitation of the Italian style, and draws attention to the careful planning of the best Italian gardens, whereby the essential unity of the house and garden may be secured. It is only of recent years that garden-designers have realised the advisability of a gradual transition from the formality of buildings to the full freedom of wild-garden or park. There is a very large number of illustrations taken from the author's own photographs, and a short history of each of the gardens is given. A useful bibliography is appended. It is a sad and regrettable fact that "there are none that lay out so much wealth all at once as the Italians on their palaces and gardens, and that afterwards bestow so little on preserving of them." May the same fate never befall the many beautiful formal gardens laid out during recent years in various parts of this country.

Mary the Mother of Jesus. An Essay by ALICE MEYNELL. Illustrated. (Lee Warner. 16s. net.)
The Story of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary. By WILLIAM CANTON. (Herbert and Daniel. 6s. net.)
The Star Dream. By ELLEN M. DOBINSON. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. 6d. net.)

IN a very earnest and scholarly essay Miss Alice Meynell sets forth the life of Mary of Nazareth, taking the Gospel narratives and tradition to aid her in her task. The author points out the very great homage that was paid to the Virgin by the early Church, and the influence this holy figure has had upon the thoughts and feelings of mankind through many generations. She refers to the time when "images were read for many ages, day by day, by the bookless," and shows what architecture, painting, sculpture, and literature, owe to the Mother of Jesus. The illustrations, by R. Anning Bell, are very beautiful in colour, and add much to the value of the book.

The sad story of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary is well told by Mr. William Canton, and, although legend has

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

had a great deal to do with the life of this young Princess, it has added to rather than detracted from the interest of the narrative.

In "The Star Dream" Miss Dobinson retells in simple form the story of Pharaoh and his dreams. The book will be found to be of great use to teachers and others who like to have the Bible stories before them in the English of the present day rather than in the more beautiful form of the authorised version.

Masterpieces of Music. Edited by E. HATZFIELD. Illustrated: *Haydn.* By SIR FREDERIC COWEN. *Brahms.* By SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD. *Rossini.* By SIR FREDERIC COWEN. *Schubert.* By GEORGE H. CLUTSAM. (T. C. and E. C. Jack. 1s. 6d. net each.)

MESSRS. T. C. & E. C. JACK have issued in good time for the holiday season four more of their series of books dealing with musicians and some of their principal works. This time Haydn, Brahms, Rossini, and Schubert have the attention of those to whom has been entrusted the task of writing the essay and making the selections of the various compositions. The books in every way equal those already on the market, and should have a ready sale. We hope that Sir Arthur Sullivan will not be overlooked when further volumes are contemplated.

Fiction

John, Jonathan and Company. By JAMES MILNE. (Chapman and Hall. 5s. net.)

OF actualities, Jonathan bulks most largely in this collection; the author takes a sane, though rather sentimental view of the United States, and one quotation which he makes—"My husband's safe; I'm the proposition"—from a conversation with a young American wife, embodies his view of the nation. We are fain to confess that it is an admirably just view, and the sentence is worth memorising as descriptive of the United States as a whole.

The French-Canadian also comes in for breezy criticism, but he, like all others whom these pages concern, may read the criticism with profit rather than pain, for the author writes in a broad-minded, friendly spirit, and wounds none of the objects of his wandering observations—he is careful, even, lest he should speak hardly of inanimate things. Summing up his work at the end, we find that he deals less with actualities than with principles, less with men than with abstract thoughts; the tour that he took provided food for meditation, and—he meditated on paper. Though once or twice we find him prosy, for the most part we find his rambling essays good to read; there is in them so much that is vigorous and healthy, and so little of modern neuritis. He tells us much of a voyage, some of the United States, a little of Canada, but most of all he tells us of himself, and that self is worth knowing.

The White Knights. By T. G. WAKELING. (John Murray. 6s.)

AN English doctor married the daughter of a Bedouin sheik, helped his father-in-law to organise the men of the tribe on ultra-scientific military lines, and, when the day of trial with an enemy came, had the satisfaction of seeing that his system of organisation was successful. Two small, pale love stories are intervowen with the main theme, everybody is very virtuous and extremely respectable, and at the end we imagine two Anglo-Bedouin families living happy ever after. It is good stuff for schoolboys, for the Great Moral Lesson—with very large capitals—is fully apparent throughout; but to one who knows a little of the desert Arab and his ways, it is terribly unconvincing. And, since it is set in quite modern times, how did Maxim guns get into the hands of a Bedouin tribe—is the British administration of Egypt *quite* inefficient? The "White Knights," who are made up of all the male and some of the female youth of the tribe, have a passion for saluting on all possible and impossible occasions; they are a little better than the best British troops—perhaps more than a little—and there is not a single villain or adventuress amid the throng. Unrelieved virtue grows rather cloying before we have perused half the story, and we would that the author had given us at least a spice of wickedness, to enliven the pages of what has proved a rather prosy book.

The Grip of Life. By A. and E. CASTLE. (Smith, Elder and Co. 6s.)

THE wit which made Bellairs incomparable is absent here, for this book deals with deeper matters, telling how Ughtred Maxwell, scholar and dreamer, succeeded unexpectedly to a title and a fortune, and was gripped by life against his own desire. The intricate plot of the book is too full to be detailed here, even if it were fair to give away the story by means of a précis, but it may be said that the ingenuity which characterises former books by these authors is fully manifested in this story, which deals intimately with the psychological development of Maxwell, together with that of two women. Of these two Aglaé, the "spiritual vampire," as she is designated, first holds him, and then in spite of himself Aglaé's niece rescues him. His arrival at full consciousness of himself is well and finely told, and forms a fitting climax. The most notable part of the book, however, is that which tells of Aglaé's machinations. Although not a common type, she is yet real and convincing; most men have met her at some time or other, and not a few have suffered at the hands of her who "will take all and give nothing," who exacts absolute, unquestioning service and makes no return—drains life away, as it were, and gives no compensation.

Readers may possibly find the first two or three chapters rather dull, for the story opens slowly, and, throughout the book, Ughtred's letters to John Gordon, in which parts of the plot are told, are a trifle irritating, for to a certain extent they break the continuity of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

work. We feel that it had been better if the story had been told directly from beginning to end. In spite of these drawbacks, however, the book as a whole is fresh and arresting, and, once fairly started, difficult to lay aside until finished.

Bunch Grass. By HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL. (John Murray. 6s.)

SHORT stories customarily come to an exasperatingly abrupt conclusion just when one's interest in them has been thoroughly aroused. In "Bunch Grass" this defect is partially overcome by a thread of continuity running through the stories. The latter depict the experiences of two English brothers upon a Californian cattle ranch some thirty years ago. They are pleasant tales, well told, and so far as one is able to judge, true to life.

The brothers beheld a new country in the making, and the passing of the pioneer who settled vital differences with a pistol. Outlaws ranged at large in the country spoken of as San Lorenzo. Stage coaches were robbed frequently; and every large rancher suffered more or less at the hands of cattle and horse thieves. In Mr. Vachell's pages such personages as Frank James, Judge Lynch and Black Bart live again. In conclusion we may express the hope that the author's repertory has not been exhausted by this volume.

The Theatre

"The Tide" at the Queen's Theatre

ALL those interested in the art of the theatre should see this production. There is a note of high endeavour about Miss Warwick's management which is very attractive, an attempt to leave behind the commonplace and out-worn rubbish of stage affairs. Her "Sylvia Greer" evidently did not conquer the great heart of the playgoer, and no doubt "The Tide" may fail to prove so welcome as are many machine-made, conventionally acted pieces of work. Artistically, that does not matter, and the new comedy, although often weak and wild and unbalanced, is well worth the notice of every student of the stage.

But for the curious unevenness of "Love—and What Then," one should have been slow to credit the writer of "The New Sin" with the inclination to offer so crowded and yet incomplete a work to the public. But the manner of Mr. Macdonald Hastings appears to have changed. He now uses a large and loose and original method as little like the concise workmanship of his first play as it is possible to conceive. His brain teems with mighty issues and vague pictures of, say, the spirit of the sea and the soul of man, but he does not concentrate his inspirations. It would seem as though he said within himself, "Here you will find rich stores of ideas, a crowd of vivid characters, some modern views, a few, a very few, witty lines; all the rest I can fairly leave to the audience and the actors." Perhaps the common run of playgoer—those who make the fortunes of a theatre—will not take the trouble to follow this work of Mr. Hastings with sufficient care really to enjoy those beauties which he himself doubtless knows so well. But it is true that the actors at the Queen's use all their strength to create an atmosphere of reality out of the occasionally amorphous work given into their hands.

Felicity Scarth is a woman of thirty-four, who has, from her earliest days, loved to be loved; without marriage, while her parents were alive, she had a child which was taken from her and hidden from the world. Later she inherits a fortune and dissipates her life in every possible way, so that she may forget her loss and her passion for maternity. When the play opens she has become a physical derelict and tries to kill herself in a London hotel. Miss Warwick gives us a very complete and sustained picture of this complicated woman. She avoids all conventions of voice, manner, or movement. Her tears, which others might make so theatrically effective in an old-fashioned way, are reduced by her to something like the snuffle of a real woman. Again and again she will disappoint the conventionalist and delight the others by her skilful avoidance of the beaten track of heroines. When Felicity is discovered fainting in her room, the hotel people call Dr. Stratton to her aid. Mr. Norman Trevor shows us as remarkable a man as Felicity is a woman. As a specialist in regard to nervous diseases in women he has made a fortune at forty years of age. That is strange, when one remembers the rentals Harley Street way, but far less likely things remain behind. Dr. Stratton soon shows that—notwithstanding his vast experience among women of the same type—he loves Felicity, and that he can make her do that which he thinks best for her. Firstly, he does in a day or two the thing Felicity has failed in doing for years—he discovers that her child is known as Maisie Bretherton, and is with the lady who is supposed to be her mother at a village in Guernsey. Next, Stratton sends Felicity there, so that she may "get back to nature" and taste "sea-wrack," renew her youth, and unknowingly learn to know the daughter she has longed for so passionately. Miss Martin Harvey gives us a cleverly unsympathetic Maisie, and Miss Cicely Hamilton plays the part of Mrs. Bretherton with a degree of reticence, pathos, and power very unusual on our stage. The second act shows us Felicity beloved by Car Whithair (Mr. Breon), who is engaged to Maisie.

Eighteen months later the doctor comes to visit his patient. He has cured her body, but the attitude of the daughter—when the secret is made known to her—is breaking her heart. There is a fine and quiet scene between Mrs. Bretherton and Felicity, in which both Miss Warwick and Miss Hamilton are at their best. Then there is a great deal of storm on the coast and floods of dialogue from which the foreshadowed union of Felicity and Stratton emerges. Maisie remains with the mother who has adopted her; her military lover

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

may return to her—one does not know or care very much. Felicity is at last understood and loved, and a memorable, if sometimes wilfully disappointing, play closes amid roars of applause.

We will presume that it is legitimate for the dramatist to take quite exceptional people to fill the characters of his play. But even then Mr. Hastings seems to have gone a little far afield. Jerry le Maitre, a romantic, Ibsenish, Guernsey fisher boy, played by Mr. Shiel Barry, is considered more than half mad; Mrs. Bretherton describes her odd conduct in regard to her care for dolls in place of children as a sort of madness. Felicity is an unusually erotic personage and would-be suicide. Car Whithair is somehow allowed to suggest the congenital idiot. Maisie attempts to drown herself. Tom Denny, an intentionally comic fisherman, broadly treated by Mr. Macmillan, shows an extraordinarily cruel and unsympathetic nature in regard to his foster-son. Dr. Stratton is immensely gifted and fortunate; in fact, the only person who approximates the normal is Mr. Strick, the owner of the London hotel, a part in which Mr. Heath Haviland gives one more admirable character sketch. Perhaps our world is like that, but if not, and these things are faults, there remains very much that is of value in the play, and there is always a bold confidence in the receptivity of the audience which promises well for the future of the author.

"Where the Rainbow Ends" at the Garrick Theatre

THE first comer of the holiday plays, "Where the Rainbow Ends," is one of the simplest, most direct and engaging that we are likely to see. Everyone remembers that the refrain "For England and St. George" is woven into this play, which on one side is purely fancy, and on the other plain everyday fact. All boys and girls and most men and women appear to love this *mélange* of the real, the unreal, and the "might-have-been-both."

This year the entertainment is lively and beautiful, and the four clever children Esmé Wynne, Dot Temple, Sidney Sherwood and Philip Tonge—who start on the great adventure of the magic carpet towards Rainbow land—are at once delightfully human and filled with the spirit of romance. Their quest is already pretty well known, and all the better liked on that account, but the fairy background of their undertaking is, I think, fresher and more dainty than of old. The gay and tireless Will-o'-the-Wisp, Miss Mavis Yorke, dances and plays with extraordinary spirit — she is indeed a Puck of even lighter mood, who happens to be gifted with the true *gambado* temperament. Her will is supported by a host of merry children who manage somehow to translate the whole audience far beyond this work-a-day world, and to fill them with delight. St. George is as splendid as ever in the hands of Mr. Reginald Owen, who is, I believe, joint author of the play with Mr. Clifford Mills. Mr. James Carew plays a double rôle with easy success, and all the wicked and funny people are quite convincing in their many and various ways. When in doubt among the numberless plays produced this year, particularly for children, you could not do better than choose the merry, exciting, patriotic "Rainbow" at the Garrick. E. M.

Music

THE sounds of secular music, if such an epithet be permitted by those who regard all music as sacred, have almost died away, as The Nativity draws near. "Meek-eyed Peace" has descended upon the busy concert-halls. It seems as if both the *entrepreneurs* and the performers had been reading the great ode of Milton. Moved by those tremendous lines—

> And kings sat still with awful eye,
> As if they surely knew their Sovran Lord was by.

they have closed the piano, and put the violin back into its case, resolved to sit still for a few days. We think that M. Hubermann, who gave a concert on the 16th, must have been the last of the virtuosi to bid an audience to Queen's Hall. Of him we do not use the word "virtuoso" in the restricted and unkind sense in which, of late years, it has been a good deal used. Our grandparents meant what we should call a "connoisseur" when they spoke of a virtuoso, a man whose knowledge and taste in Art exceeded that of the *dilettante*. Horace Walpole was not, surely, a virtuoso, but Lord Burlington could have claimed the title. Then the word came to be applied more particularly to a musical performer whose skill was admittedly transcendant. Liszt and Thalberg were two of the typical "virtuosi" of the nineteenth century. But in course of time it came to be understood that, if you spoke of a "virtuoso," you meant a performer whose gifts of musicianship and real love for Art were on a markedly lower plane than his executive powers, a performer whose aim was to dazzle his hearers rather than to interpret his composer. M. Hubermann is by no means a virtuoso in this less worthy sense of the term. As an executant he is among the first violinists of our day, but he never gives the impression that his delight in his own skill of bowing and fingering leads him astray from the main path which an artist should follow. He is not one of the more impassioned players, and in the Kreutzer Sonata and a Sonata of Bach he may have been too cold for some listeners' liking. But in Tchaikovsky's Concerto he was wholly admirable, and his tone is so beautiful that we can scarce believe there was anyone present at the recital who did not enjoy it.

The doings of the Classical Concert Society have not recently been of exceptional interest, but its programmes have been tranquil and pleasant. The quartet party which M. Lhotsky leads, but to which M. Sevcik, the famous violin-teacher gives his name, achieved consider-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

able success at their concert on December 10. We could not say that these players call forth our warmest admiration, for though they are invariably correct, and though their skill of *ensemble* is beyond question, they are wanting, perhaps, in impulse, and do not make us forget the performers in our sheer delight at the beauty of the composition they are playing. But in Dvorak's very tuneful and agreeable Quartet in F major there are no great depths to plumb, and we had a very finished performance of it. Franck's Pianoforte Quintet is quite another story. The pianist, M. Darewski, was, no doubt, to be commended for playing with restraint; for, had he allowed the music to inspire him with something of its fire, the balance of the performance would have been destroyed. But the message of the music was not delivered with the almost imperious authority which we looked for.

A concert given by the Société des Concerts Français, not in a public hall, but in the fine music-room at the house of Mme. Liotard-Vogt, at Holland Park, was of unusual interest. Perhaps its chief attraction was the Sonata for Violoncello and Pianoforte by M. Guy Ropartz, who is known to have been one of Cesar Franck's best pupils, and to be one of the most vigorous and influential leaders of musical progress in provincial France. We have heard reports of the valuable work he does at Nancy, and it was a great pleasure to hear one of his compositions. We can hardly think that the performance of his sonata did complete justice to the work, but the beautiful slow movement made a sensible effect, and that the whole composition, in spite of its length, is worthy of the serious attention of musicians we do not doubt. M. Déodar de Severne's name is, of course, well known to those who have any acquaintance with contemporary French music. He is one of the glories of the "Schola Cantorum." Mlle. Luquiens sang three of his delicate and charming songs. "Le ciel est par-dessus le toit" has often been set to music, but Verlaine's poetry has not been more sympathetically treated by any composer, and we liked "Le Chevrier" extremely, as also some pianoforte pieces which were played by Mlle. Veluard; "Baigneuses au Soleil" should attract the attention of many pianists. A fantasy for clarinet and piano, by M. Philippe Gaubert had less interest for us, and the trio, by Vincent d'Indy, for piano, clarinet, and violoncello, did not convince us that that truly admirable musician has always been in a state of inspiration when he has sat down to compose.

Two of our most popular, and deservedly popular, artists have given concerts which cannot be repeated for some time to come. Mme. Carreño played so superbly that all her admirers, and their name is legion, must have lamented that she cannot return to London until twelve months have passed. One does not know which to wonder at the most—her splendid technical control or the vigorous, brilliant life which the technique enables her to express so abundantly. Mme. Clara Butt, having brought all the most difficult-to-please of the Berlin and Vienna critics, as well as the musical public of those great cities, to her feet, reappeared lately at the Albert Hall, the scene of so many of her triumphs, and showed that her voice is still the finest in the world, and that she can sing fine songs like the best of the musician-singers. We do not say that she is unrivalled in all the songs that she essays. She is not so universal an interpreter as Mme. Gerhardt, for instance, who has also been singing in her best style, but there are certain songs which we think no one could sing better than Mme. Butt. Mr. Rumford, too, is always to be heard with pleasure, and we hope that Mme. Butt and he will prosper exceedingly in the tour round the world which they are now to undertake. Mr. Plunket Greene needs no praise, but we cannot help congratulating him on the altogether exceptional skill with which he makes up his programmes. It is refreshing to listen to a programme which is not cut up into formal groups, which gives you opportunity to hear the work of so many composers, in which you pass from one song and one style to another without the smallest sense of incongruity.

But at this moment when we write, the recitalists are dumb. Carol-singers have taken their place, and many industrious searchers into the records of the past are presenting us with the quaint and often beautiful Christmas songs which they and others have brought to light. In many a church Bach's Christmas oratorio, or parts of it, may be heard, and old Handel is not forgotten. We hope that, in the desire for novelty, the best-known, favourite old carols will not be allowed to fall into the oblivion which, until the recent outbreak of antiquarian activity, has been the lot of so many hymns of the kind. There is sometimes a danger in the joy of rediscovery—we are tempted to overlook the friends who have never failed us. There must always be a place, and that the highest, in our affections, for the Christmas music in the "Messiah," for "In Dulci Jubilo," and "Good King Wenceslas."

Bedside Books

READING in bed is one of the crimes that bring their own punishment. It is a fertile source of colds and sore throats; doctors say it tends to injure the eyesight; and unless you are happy in the possession of electric light—one of the few luxuries for which Literature has to thank Science—you run a very fair chance of burning the house down in addition. But no one was ever yet prevented from reading in bed by the thought of the danger of the practice. When Macaulay first went on circuit, he was observed making off to bed with a book tucked under his arm, and the longest candle he could pick in his hand. An aged lawyer took it upon himself to remonstrate. "I always read in bed at home," said the future historian of England, "and if I am not afraid of committing patricide and matricide and fratricide, I can hardly be expected to pay any special regard to the lives of the bagmen of Leeds." It is to be hoped that he paid more respect

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

to the bagmen of Leeds when he came to represent them in Parliament; but there is not the slightest reason for thinking that his respect was great enough to prevent him from continuing his nocturnal habits. In fact, nine out of ten people who read at all read in bed; and the only drawback that troubles them is the difficulty of getting the right kind of book to read.

At first sight it might be thought that the best kind of books for the bedside would be heavy, soporific tomes, Charles Lamb's "books no gentleman's library should be without," sluggish volumes whose very binding resembles a sleeping mixture. But this is a mistaken view of the case. People do not want to read themselves asleep any more than they want to read themselves awake. The charm lies in the sense of complete, if temporary, detachment from the affairs of the world—the feeling that to-day's work is done, and to-morrow's separated from you by the chasm of sleep—and you need something to harmonise with your mood. You don't want argumentative books to excite "a cogibundity of cogitation" that will keep all your faculties alert, and agitate your mind with logical conundrums. Nobody wishes to argue in bed. You don't want fiction, especially melodramatic fiction, or you will stay awake half the night breathlessly whirling over pages to find out who murdered Sir Reginald, and whether Euphrosyne really married the Earl. You don't want eerie books, such as Poe's Tales and "Dracula," or you'll be afraid to go to sleep at all. What the situation calls for are cheerful discursive books that will capture the attention pleasantly for forty minutes and not constrain it above the hour. The great biographies make splendid bedside companions. You can open Boswell's "Johnson," or Lockhart's "Scott," or Trevelyan's "Macaulay" anywhere and read with the proper sense of placid enjoyment. Then come the Diarists. Pepys and Crabb Robinson should certainly be on your shelf. There, also, the writers of memoirs claim a place. It is unfortunate that the greatest masters of that species of literature should be French, because the number of men who can guarantee to read ten consecutive pages in a foreign language without coming across a word they can't translate is few indeed; and the number of men who are willing to take a dictionary to bed with them is fewer still. The idea of actually getting out to look up a word is too uncomfortable to be entertained for a moment. It would not even be heroic; it would be either madness or mere bravado. Luckily, if we have not the best in English, we have excellent substitutes. Bishop Burnet, Charles Young, Trelawney, Gronow, Medwin, and Lord Hervey are not only readable, they are re-readable—which is the final test of a bedside book. While, if you merely want "something to read an' done with," as Mr. Kipps described it, James Payn, Charles Brookfield, G. W. E. Russell, Dean Hole, the Rev. W. Tuckwell, and Montague Williams, to name almost at random a few amongst our modern purveyors of anecdote, will help you to many an agreeable hour of desultory reminiscence.

What John Ruskin would say if he knew that his work was made the lazy enjoyment of idle people in bed passes the wit of man to conceive; but the fact remains that "Fors Clavigera," "Præterita," and "The Old Road" are three of the best bedside books in existence. The "rigmarole" of "Fors," at which the critics cry out, only gives it an additional charm for night reading, and it is the most glorious rigmarole in the English language; and the mellow wistfulness of "Præterita" and "The Old Road" makes them especially suitable for the first quiet hours of the night. The style has lost the thunder and onset of the first volume of "Modern Painters." No longer will you meet sentences extending over two octavo pages without a single stop more leisurely than a comma. No longer are you likely to be carried away by a descriptive avalanche or a foaming cascade of invective. But what has been lost in power has been gained in resource. Macaulay could not be clearer, or Swift more easy. He is as versatile as Thackeray, as elastic as Pater, as incisive as Newman. He can be witty, pathetic, impassioned, sarcastic, careless, logical, and wrong-headed, all with equal propriety and charm. Put him permanently beside your bed, and, no matter what your mood may be, it will be hard indeed if his infinite diversity does not provide you with one in sympathy.

Smoking

IT is a fashion, a habit, or a vice, according to the point of view, shared by every nation and every class. It has outlived the Stuarts, one of whom held it a custom "loathsome to the eye and hateful to the nose." Boys smoke because they think it clever, and girls for reasons best known to themselves. The keynote of its joy is a soothing mood of forgetfulness. It is Nirvana. It brings effacement to those who weep over the past, yawn over the present, or tremble for the future. It is the panacea for regret, boredom, and anxiety. It banishes spite and makes men sweetly reasonable, wherefore Stevenson cautioned women against marrying any man superior to the weakness of a pipe.

In polite society most men and women are content with tobacco in one of three forms, but Eastern races need the more potent narcotic of hemp or opium. There is a word in Turkish which means repose. It is "kief," and in Morocco this is the name given to a preparation of Indian hemp that the Moors smoke in pipes with long stems and tiny bowls. The Berber of the South smokes honest—and heinous—tobacco, but the Moor will have his "kief," and a victim of the "kief" habit is as degenerate as the Egyptian "hashishi." Occasional indulgence is not, however, attended by such woeful results, and it was after envying the rapt expression on the face of one of my Moorish servants whom I took into the interior, the effect of a couple of pipes after the day's work, that I resolved to make trial of the weed. He was, therefore, sent to the bazaar to buy me a new

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

pipe and just enough of the stuff for the experiment. With an eye to probabilities that showed him a true prophet, the rascal purchased enough of it to last him for a month, and duly came into his own. What I sought was local colour. I got it. The immediate effect of "kief," in theory, is to translate the smoker, as on a magic carpet, to the company of such almond-eyed houris as people the Moslem's paradise. My first pipe of it brought no such joys. My second made me sick, and there was no third. Opium I never tried, having had a surfeit of it, by proxy, in the company of De Quincey and in the Chinese quarter of Sydney and San Francisco. Glazed eyeballs and lolling tongues, with faces more lack-lustre than even the normal of Celestial features, did not spell enjoyment, and I let the opium go at that. With the narghile, or water-pipe, I first made acquaintance in the great Bath of Damascus. Its gurgle is comforting in the lazy hour after a Turkish bath, but I never took to it in other circumstances.

Of all forms of smoking the cigarette is the most injurious. It is deadly to mind and body alike, and my endorsement of the fact should be worth something, for I have smoked little else these five and twenty years. Yet I never inhaled, and no less an authority than Sandow once assured me that, with no inhaling, even forty cigarettes a day would not kill me. The worst result of smoking cigarettes is that in some people it induces spitting. My friends, the Moors, never spit, as may be inferred from their expressive term for the habit, which is "drinking smoke." Since this form of smoking is peculiarly injurious to the young, there is much to be said for drastic discouragement, but Americans go, as usual, to the other extreme and, in many of their cities, forbid the sale of cigarettes to young and old alike. Who can have any doubt as to the result? From being merely a pleasant form of indulgence when subject to no restraint, the cigarette, once proclaimed unlawful, becomes a passion, and nothing is easier, as I once proved during a stay at Seattle, one of the cities in which cigarettes were banned, than to buy them under pretext of purchasing cigars, a little pantomime played for the benefit of purely apocryphal detectives. This strange mania for first making laws and then breaking them is peculiarly American.

The cigarette is smoked in enormous quantities in Russia, where it is the common choice of prince and moujik alike, and its most curious feature is a long cardboard mouthpiece out of all proportion to the mere pinch of tobacco at the other end. At first sight this might look like a disingenuous trick on the part of the tobacconist to make the consumer pay the price of tobacco for paper, but anyone who knows the Russian winter has another explanation. Smoking out of doors, with the thermometer many degrees below zero, is injurious to the throat, and Russians have accustomed themselves to these pretentious whiffs of tobacco to save them from themselves. Imagination goes a long way, and they combine a minimum of nicotine with the comforting illusion of the frequent cigarette.

The smoking accommodation provided on our railways is a matter of eternal controversy between the companies and the public. The smoker's interests are far better looked after on the Continent, where, instead of, as in this country, labelling a casual compartment "Smoking," they specify a few carriages for non-smokers, throwing on these the onus of finding asylum from what King James I. genially called "this stinking smoke." Carelessly considered, this might seem like only another way of arriving at the same result, but it is, in effect, something quite distinct. The difference is subtle, and hunting men will appreciate it as analogous to a witty distinction which someone once drew between Dartmoor and Exmoor—that on the one a man could ride everywhere except where he couldn't, while on the other he couldn't ride anywhere except where he could! The English plan is wholly unsatisfactory. Not only does it provide far too little accommodation for smokers, but it does not even exclude children and non-smoking women from crowding the smoking carriage and leaving vacant places in others in which smoking is prohibited. On non-stop journeys, when a non-smoking carriage is occupied by men only, it is usual, after asking leave, to put it to better use than that for which it was intended. Such permission is usually accorded, but if it is withheld the embargo should be respected. Now and again, of course, a cad will light and puff his fearful fancy without so much as "by your leave." On one occasion a person of this class received a well-merited and wholly unexpected rebuke from a mild old gentleman, in whose face he had puffed several clouds from what purported to be a cigar. Suddenly remembering his obligation, he said:—

"I 'ope you don't mind my smoking this cigar?"

"Not at all, Sir, not at all," was the answer "if *you* don't!"

F. G. AFLALO.

Art and Life—III

BY HALDANE MACFALL

I HAVE quoted heavily from "The Splendid Wayfaring" as regards Life, because we must get some clear concept of what we mean by Life before we can get even a shadow of an idea of the basic significance of Art. We have seen, then, that Life has evolved, creating for itself an ever more perfect lamp in which to flame. We have seen Life at last evolve Man; and we have seen that Man rose above the brutes, not by superior bulk, or strength, or ferocity, or courage, or the like, but by the fact that he could commune with his fellows, thereby increasing his intelligence step by step by becoming partaker of their intelligence, by which intelligence he has mastered the world, risen above all other created things; or, to put it in its other form, whereby he has become the supreme lamp wherein life can burn its fullest flame.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

How has man been able to do this wonderful thing that has given him supremacy over all other created things? I have gone into this very fully in "The Splendid Wayfaring," so that we will just rough out the main facts, and thus establish the basic function of Art, whereby to test all works of Art whatsoever—for it is obvious that, if we lay down a definition of Art that does not cover all works of Art, our definition is false, and we are testing works of Art by false weights and false measures. It is, indeed, most essential that all critics, before their judgments receive any consideration, should be tested by the essential fact as to whether their concept of Art is false or true; and almost invariably it is utterly false—as will be proved if you but test a large number of masterpieces by their concepts.

It requires but a little thought to realise that there are two ways, and two ways only, of knowing Life: either we must live the whole gamut in our individual experience, or we can become partakers in the experience of our fellow-men, dead and alive, by their being able to communicate to us at second-hand what they have known of life. Obviously there is no other way.

Now, first as to living the whole gamut of life in our own and only individual gamut of life. It is clear that certain experiences must come to every individual. We are born, grow through infancy to childhood, childhood to youth, youth to manhood; we know hunger and thirst and love and heat and cold; and we die. But, without the power of communion with our fellows, all the thoughts, emotions, feelings, and experiences of any single being—even supposing that the individual had the capacity of the greatest of known men—cannot be compared with the experiences and thoughts and feelings of that man's generation. To challenge this fact would be childish. Let us go further: the greatest man of an age, even if he can commune with his fellows, cannot get into his life more than a tittle of the thoughts and experiences of his generation. So that, if he be shut off from all communion with his fellows, even *his* experience and intelligence must be but a paltry affair.

Fortunately, then, for man, it was granted him to experience life at second-hand by communion with his fellow-men. But how?

Clear away all side-issues, and it will be seen that there are two means by which we can become partakers in the intelligence of our fellow-men—in other words, there are two ways whereby man lifted himself above the brutes and came to mastery; for courage, ruthlessness, strength, and other such powers are not the attributes of man alone.

We can become partakers in the intelligence of our fellow-men (1) by means of exchanging our Thoughts, and (2) by means of exchanging our Feelings.

Now let us be very clear and definite about this; for it is here that we come to the foundation of that which is the province and function of Art. The Thought of another can only become our Thought when that other can make us understand it. In other words, he has to get the thought direct from his brain to our brain by means of Speech—of course written speech is only another form of speech. This logical statement of an idea—or Reason—creates what is called the Intellect, or that part of the Intelligence which is concerned with the direct communion of logical truth. Thought can say to the intelligence direct, by Reason, that two and two make four. This is a prodigiously valuable faculty. But note carefully that its power is very limited—it leaves us cold. The Reason can state a fact—but it cannot make us experience that fact. A far higher faculty of communion is granted to us—the faculty whereby the Feelings of another can be made to be understood by us. And just as Speech is the means of the communion of Thought, so Art is the means of communion of what we have felt—of the Emotions. For the sensed thing can only be communicated to us by being transferred into our senses in such a way that we are made to feel what another has felt. Of what a man has sensed through his vision he can only make us partakers by and through our faculty of vision—that is to say, by so skilful a use of colour or forms that they arouse in our intelligence the sense of what he personally has felt—through the craftsmanship of Painting. Of what a man has sensed through his hearing he can only make us partakers by and through our faculty of hearing by so skilful a use of sounds that they arouse in our intelligence the sense of what he personally has felt—through the craftsmanship of Music. Or he can conjure up in our senses the emotion that he has felt through the cunning craftsmanship of words, as in the Poetry of Prose or Verse, or by Oratory, or by the Drama or Romance.

This power of communicating to the Intelligence *through the senses* is Art. This is the whole province of Art, the sole province of Art—outside which Art cannot be, but within which its range is otherwise illimitable. The basic conditions of Art are therefore (1) that the artist can only utter what he himself has felt, and (2) that he can only utter it by means of, and in the realm of, that sense through which he has felt it. It is vital to grasp these two conditions. The sole value of the utterance of an artist lies in its being an impression made by life upon himself, and upon himself alone. He has no power to utter the impression of another—it is outside his ken; and, the moment he attempts it, his essay as art is dead, and becomes but Mimicry. It is without vitality, and is void. And in regard to the means of, and the realm of, the sense through which he has felt the impression, it is equally obvious that, if the artist have sensed an impression through his vision, that impression can only reach our intelligence through our vision—for instance, painting has for its range all impressions aroused by Sight, a range that is limitless within the range of sight, but that does not exist outside sight. Therefore there is no law that can limit the art of the painter, so long as he paints impressions aroused within the field of vision; but the painter essays a bastard endeavour the moment

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

he tries to drag into his work the sensations aroused by the hearing, or touch, or smell, or the like. For instance, if a man paint a field of garlic, with the gatherers singing a folk-song, he is not creating the art of painting if he rub the work with garlic and put a gramophone behind the canvas to reel off a folk-song. Or, to put it in other words, the musician does not create a work of art as music by trying to compel music to paint sunlight on a poppy-field, any more than a painter can make a painting utter the "Marsellaise" into our intelligence.

It may seem a truism to say all this; but the whole of criticism goes boggling into these blunders every day; and thousands of artists to-day, and in all ages, have slain their endeavour by not grasping these basic truths. And a whole wretched, pompous, self-sufficient code of dogma has been set up and codified as a farcical philosophy called Æsthetics, which is built upon the fallacies which this basic concept crashes to pieces the moment it is clearly grasped!

The province of the Arts, then, is to increase the intelligence of man by adding impressions of life to his sensing. Its realm is the Imagination; it is born in the Imagination, rooted in the Imagination, grows in the Imagination, and blossoms and bears fruit in the Imagination—aroused through the senses. Speech is our intellectual means of communion with the intelligence of our fellows. Art is our sensed—or Emotional—means of communion with the intelligence of our fellows. And it is by and through these two means of communion that man has come to mastery over all other created things; but—and let us make no mistake about it—the power of the sensed communion of life is vastly greater than the power of the merely logical Reason. For one act in our day that we do at the urging of Reason, we do a score at the prompting and guidance of our instinct, of our sensing. The value of the sensed communion of life is so great that the acts of Reason have to be compelled into terms of the senses and tested in terms of the senses before we accept them to the extent of admitting them into our experience. The sciences, mechanics, philosophy, logic, and the rest are due to pure Reason, and have done prodigious service to man; but they are small as compared with the acts impelled by the sensed intelligence, for the mightiest acts of man, his supreme endeavour, his wildest adventure, have been the result of his sensed intelligence, his passions, his hopes, his instincts. Left alone with his reason, his life had been a harsh and frigid wayfaring, and a shallow if brilliant enterprise that had left him poor in heart and sordid at best in his intention.

Grasping, then, the basic significance of the Arts, let us now test it by a few general examples, and then by the particular—that is to say, the movements that are rousing so much controversy around us to-day. For I am about to show that all these "isms" and studio wars are but affairs of craftsmanship, whereas their real importance or lack of importance depends on whether they are affairs of art, and whether they are in any way concerned with art or its development.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

"WHAT are they up to now?" said a breathless Unionist, as he hurried late into the division lobby just as the door was closing on Wednesday last. "They are trying to bag the cathedrals," was the reply. The more we dive into the Welsh Bill, the more it becomes apparent that the Welsh Radicals and the English Nonconformists are imbued solely with envy, hatred, and malice against the Church. They want to rob her of her revenues, but they dare not take the money for their own sects, so they propose to devote it, as someone said, "to collecting stuffed birds." What they want is to rob the Church of her status and supposed social superiority. If the Church would admit all dissenting ministers into her communion without further examination, and publicly acknowledge that the Chapel is as good as the Church, I do not believe that the Bill would be pressed through.

Silvester Horne, of the Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, coolly proposed that all the cathedrals in Wales should be retained by the State, and that any religious body could make use of them—that any dogma could be preached from the pulpits. He did not explain how it was to be done, but we throw out the suggestion to help him that a rota might be easily prepared and the Sundays balloted for!

Asquith was dead against it, whatever he had been in the past, and only 56 were induced to go into the lobby in support of the suggestion, the majority of 279 being composed of the regular Government supporters and the Unionists.

The other night, Ward, the Labour man, made an eloquent appeal on behalf of the Church, and urged her friends not to drive too hard a bargain; but he took care to vote against her when it came to the pinch.

The Welsh Radical revolters threatened all sorts of dreadful things if the Government gave away any more, but they never meant it; they toed the line and came in as usual.

The Unionists saved £15,000 out of the fire, with the help of the Liberal Churchmen, although Llewellyn Williams made an impassioned speech, the drift of which I did not understand. He talked with admiration of Edward I, Henry V, and Cromwell crushing Wales, but said "that now Wales had gone down before as ragged a regiment as ever marched to Coventry—a party of young men and old women." Whether he was referring to the Liberal Churchmen or to the Unionists, or both, I do not know, "but that was the reason why they felt humiliated."

On Thursday Empire Jack blandly asked the Prime Minister when he was going to reform the House of Lords. Asquith replied in an equally bland tone that it would be premature at present to make a statement; but in reply to a fuller question as to when the right moment would be, suggested that the hon. member might put the question next session.

Bonar Law objected to the way that the Opposition had to drag information from the Goverment on the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

question of Indian Finance; "it was as if they were drawing teeth by way of question and answer." Asquith was grieved at the way Bonar Law put things; he could not promise a select committee to enquire, but he promised to give a day to discussion in February if Bonar Law really persisted. Bonar Law replied that he hoped the Prime Minister did not mean that no enquiry could be made except by moving a vote of censure; but that, I think, is exactly what the astute Premier was angling for.

Yesterday they tried to steal the Cathedrals and the Bounty of Good Queen Anne. We rescued the first and partially saved the second. To-day we tried to salvage the Glebe. They allowed the Church to have Queen Anne's Bounty because Parliament voted the money to that particular Church when there were others. They said the Glebe was quite a different pair of shoes. That it was given by pious people to the Church before the days of dissent, when there was only one true Catholic Church, and that since the Reformation had altered things the money ought to be devoted to the benefit of all, meaning thereby the stuffed birds, etc. They also discovered that the Church of England does not say prayers for the dead, and so they are breaking their contract, and ought to be punished. Wyndham said that Ellis Griffith's speech was an amalgam of bad law and bad history which had led him into bad politics. Edgar Jones, who awkwardly imitates the gestures of Lloyd George, said that the incumbent of Merthyr was the most oppressive and exacting landlord in the town, and drew £3,000 a year from slums and public houses. Sir Alfred Cripps said if we took exceptional cases no institution in England would escape similar criticism.

In the Navy the order used to be "Protestants to the right—Roman Catholics to the left—fancy religions, fall out." I do not know what particular brand of fancy religion Daylight Saving Pearce belongs to, but if it is one of the wealthy Nonconformist bodies, they cannot approve of his sentiments; for he urged the Church to be good, and give up all its property; it would be far better for its salvation if it walked about naked, as it were.

There were noises and interjections and epithets. Lyttelton very nearly, if he did not quite, call McKenna an attorney's clerk. Granted that the Government proved every argument they made, which was very far from being the case, they deliberately ignored the Statute of Limitations which is allowed to apply to every institution except the Church—a Church whose income does not exceed the sum that M.P.'s voted for their salaries every year. It was all to no purpose. The debate came in like a lamb, but went out like a lion when the guillotine fell at 10.30; but there were some men with consciences after all, for the Government majority dropped to 55, and would have been only 52 if three men had not been still out through their own carelessness. It was all right, however, from a Government point of view, there were more than 55 Irish Papists present to vote with the Nonconformists and keep the coalition in power.

On Friday the Government Whips believed we should try a snap, and they kept strong reserves in town—but it was to no purpose.

The end was marred by a disagreeable and dramatic incident. Fitzroy, in a very moderate speech inquired into the circumstances of Sir Francis Bridgeman's dismissal. Winston made a very violent attack on Lord Charles Beresford, and Bonar Law called for the whole of the correspondence, which Winston instantly read out. It is clear his first letter was very disingenuous, and Bonar Law summed up the position when he said he (Winston) could have got Sir Francis Bridgeman to tender his resignation without leaving the feeling that a great and distinguished man had been ill-used. If he had received that second letter of Mr. Churchill's after the first letter, he should have considered it most brutal.

The House did not adjourn until half-past four.

Notes and News

Lord Roberts' stirring "Message to the Nation," which Mr. Murray has published in sixpenny form, has roused so much attention that a third impression, numbering several thousands, has been called for.

The Aberdeen Art Gallery committee has been enabled, through the generosity of Mrs. Arthur Melville, to acquire for an almost nominal price the important and masterly drawing by the late Arthur Melville, A.R.S.A., known as "Banderilleros a Pied."

The three-hundredth number of *What's On?* is issued this week, and London's amusement-journal of reference is to be congratulated. Its usefulness to the visitor is obvious, and it covers so much ground in its articles and suggestions that it forms a valuable record of the every-day life of the city.

An association for the promotion of British interests in Egypt and the Near East—financial, literary, commercial, and scientific—has been formed, with temporary offices at 6, Broad Street Place, E.C. Mr. H. Osman Newland, F.R.Hist.Soc., is the hon. secretary, and Sir John Brickwood is a vice-president. Among the council are Major Searle, F.R.G.S., W. E. Gaze, F.R.G.S., and many other well-known gentlemen. The subscription is £1 1s. yearly to the first 200 members.

A notable union of forces will take place on the occasion of the annual conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians to be held at Birmingham on December 30 and 31, 1912, and January 1, 2, and 3, 1913. At that meeting the Musical League will give a series of concerts in association with the Incorporated Society of Musicians. The mornings will be devoted to the reading and discussion of papers; the afternoons and evenings to performances of music. Thus the theoretical and creative side of art will be represented at the conference.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Miss Margaret Morris's recent series of performances at the Court Theatre has proved so successful that she has secured the same theatre for a month, and will give a series of matinées there, beginning to-day, Saturday, December 28, and continuing until the end of January.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson finished the first part of his successful farewell tour of the provinces at the Theatre Royal, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on Wednesday, December 18, having been compelled to give four overflow performances of "Hamlet," "Mice and Men," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and "The Light That Failed." In January he continues his farewell tour of the provincial cities he has not yet visited, accompanied by his wife, Miss Gertrude Elliott, starting at Hull on January 20, and including Hanley, Newport (Mon.), Exeter, Bath, Southampton, Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Bournemouth, in the order given.

The first meeting of the Albanian Committee was held in the Whitehall Rooms on Tuesday, December 17, under the presidency of the Hon. Aubrey Herbert, M.P., who was well supported. After the reading of correspondence, the following resolution was unanimously passed, on the motion of Mr. C. F. Ryder, of Leeds, seconded by Mr. Mark H. Judge:—"That this meeting cordially approves of the formation of the Albanian Committee (1912) to assist the establishment of Albanian autonomy, to develop a wider knowledge of the Balkan problem, and to promote a good understanding between Christian and Mohammedan the world over."

A new reciter, the daughter of Mme. Amy Sherwin, made her bow to the public at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening last, when an exceptionally interesting programme of selections from the poets was admirably rendered. For two hours the keen attention of the audience was sustained, while the applause which followed each recital was evidence of the appreciation given to the youthful artiste. Miss Sherwin recited the following selections, among others:—"The Day is Done," Longfellow; "The Forsaken Merman," Matthew Arnold; "The High Tide," Jean Ingelow; music by Liza Lehmann, accompanied by the composer. Variety was added to the programme by Mr. Fraser Gange, who sang selections from Tennyson's "Maud"; from "A Song of Life," by Henley; with some "Cowboy Songs" from the collection by Professor Lomax.

The opening meeting of the winter session of the English Goethe Society was held on December 10, at the Medical Hall, when Mr. Gregory Page gave an interesting lecture on "Wilhelm Meister." A large number of members was present to do honour to the memory of the late Dr. Eugene Oswald, M.A., one of the founders of the Society, and from 1891 till his death last October its distinguished and beloved secretary. Of his life and career Dr. L. T. Thorne, chairman of the council, gave a sympathetic sketch. A brief tribute of praise and appreciation was also paid by Mr. Oscar Gridley, founder of the Carlyle Society, of which Dr. Oswald was president for fifteen years. Prince Lichnowsky is the most recent accession to the Society, which promises some interesting papers this session. Particulars may be obtained from the secretary, Miss Oswald, 129, Adelaide Road, N.W.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

By LANCELOT LAWTON.

CHINA'S PERIL.

PUBLIC attention has of late been concentrated upon events in the Near East, to the almost total exclusion of interest in the important developments that have been in progress in the Far East. Thus unobserved, as it were, the first part of the plan long contemplated by certain Powers, and aimed at the suppression of Chinese influence in the outlying dependencies of the Republic, has been quietly and successfully accomplished. Without protest from any quarter, save Peking, Russia has, once and for all, established her domination in the rich and vast region of Mongolia. It is generally assumed that her privileged position is restricted to the area geographically known as Outer Mongolia; but, following a procedure to which Russian diplomatists in their dealings with China are not altogether strangers, the wording of the protocol concluded recently between her plenipotentiary, M. Kowstovetz, and the local authorities is so ambiguous as to leave in some doubt the question whether or not the whole of Mongolia is involved. Indeed, so comprehensive are the provisions of the document that the conclusion would almost seem warranted that Russia has secured for herself in this region a position similar in all essential respects to that which she occupied in Manchuria in the days before the war with Japan.

The salient features of the agreement which has led to this result may be summarised as follows:—(1) Russian banks shall have the right to establish branches; Russian subjects to lease or buy land in all towns and cities, to lease vacant land for agricultural purposes, to establish commercial enterprises, and to arrange for concessions regarding mining, forestry, fishing, and other undertakings. (2) The Russian Government shall have the right to establish Consulates wherever deemed necessary, and at the same time to found trade settlements which shall be under the administration of Russian Consuls. (3) Russian post-offices shall be established. (4) Russian Consuls shall have the right to use Mongolian post-stations without charge. (5) All Mongolian rivers flowing into Russian territory, and the branches thereof, shall be open to navigation by Russian subjects plying Russian vessels. (6) Russian subjects desiring to transport goods and live-stock shall have the right to use rivers and roads in Mongolia, and with their own money are to be permitted to build bridges, establish ferries, and collect fees from the people using these bridges and ferries. (7) Grazing lands shall be reserved for the use of flocks belonging to Russian subjects when migrating, and such lands may be used for three months without payment. (8) All disputes shall be referred to mixed tribunals nominated jointly by Russian Consuls and Mongolian Princes. At the same time, it is known that Russia contemplates the construction of an elaborate railway system in Mongolia. Of this scheme the principal

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

feature will be the building of a line to link her Siberian railway with the Peking-Kalgan line, an undertaking the completion of which would bring Paris within nine and a half days of Peking.

A glance at the map will instantly reveal the tremendous importance to be attached to the new forward policy inaugurated by Russia in the Far East. It cannot be denied that the provisions of the agreement disclosed in this article are a flagrant violation of all international treaties concluded with the object of upholding the sovereignty of China. In the circumstances it would seem to all practical intents and purposes that the Anglo-Japanese Alliance has ceased to exercise any material influence upon the situation in the Far East. The truth of this assertion is rendered all the more apparent when we consider the developments that are taking place behind the diplomatic scene. For by this time the fact, first made known in these columns, has become notorious that there is in existence an agreement between Japan and Russia, which provides for three positive developments:—(1) The annexation by Japan of Korea, and Russia's acquiescence in this measure; (2) Russian liberty of action in Outer Mongolia; and (3) the division of Manchuria between Russia and Japan. The first and second parts of the programme have been carried out. There remains for fulfilment, then, the alienation of Manchuria, and all present indications go to show that this step will not long be delayed. As far as Japan is concerned, we notice signs and portents, in regard to the Three Eastern Provinces, similar to those which heralded the extinction of Korean nationality. Certain influential organs of the Press and prominent publicists are openly advocating annexation. Then petitions from Chinese communities in Manchuria, cleverly engineered as a consequence of Japanese intrigues, are being received in Tokyo, praying the Government to end their trials and tribulations by gathering them within the fold of its beneficent régime. And finally, what is more ominous than all these significant indications, is the announcement that the Japanese Government has applied to Peking for permission to reinforce its already large army in Manchuria, a procedure which, in view of its sinister intent, would appear to be somewhat superfluous. Definite action on the part of Russia and Japan in Mongolia will necessarily involve an important geographical revision in the Far East. The boundary between Manchuria and Mongolia has never been clearly defined. When the time comes for the settling of accounts, this question will give rise to some discussion, and it may be assumed that Japan will endeavour to give a wide interpretation of her claims in the southern sphere. It is clear that the British Foreign Office is aware that the important territorial changes described in this article are in contemplation, and it is within the knowledge of the writer that Sir Edward Grey will not protest against this rearrangement.

For some time past no secret has been made of the fact that Great Britain has abandoned all pretensions to possessing material interests in Manchuria. As compensation for this effacement we retain the friendship of Russia and Japan, so essential to the proper maintenance of our world policy, and it does not seem at all likely that we shall demand any further advantage of an important nature in return for our acquiescence in the designs of these Powers. We are content with the position we hold in Tibet. As far as our interests in other parts of China are concerned, the situation, which remains substantially the same to-day, was lucidly summed up by Sir Valentine Chirol three years ago:—

> That in regard to railway construction and all that railway construction means, the Germans, in the face of their self-denying ordinance, now hold the key to the whole position in the heart of the Yangtze Valley, cannot be denied. . . . Nor is that all. Whilst the Germans have successfully manœuvred us into surrendering our own position in the Yangtze, they show no disposition whatever to surrender any of the exclusive rights which they claim in Shantung, though we recognise the latter only in return for their recognition of the former.

Germany's attitude in the coming territorial changes in China gives rise to not a little speculation. Were she to advance a claim for compensation in Shantung, it is difficult to see how it could be effectually resisted. Yet it is apparent that her interests in the Far East are more or less isolated in character. On the other hand, Japan and Russia are Continental neighbours of China, and something may therefore be said for their claim to possessing an influence in frontier regions. While not going too deeply into this aspect of the case, we cannot escape the reflection that the employment of this influence as a cloak for territorial aggrandisement, and with the tacit sanction of Great Britain, is to be deplored. It means that the doctrine of the Open Door, never much more than a specious formula, is dead and done for. Conceivably it may mean the opening of another sanguinary page in China's troubled history. The plea, so often advanced of late, that her dilatory tactics over the loan negotiations have invited aggression is untenable when we remember that, long before the Republic had dealings with the Consortium, Japan and Russia had formulated their policy in regard to Manchuria. And it is Russia who now stands in the way of China's financial freedom, declaring that she will not consent to any loan that may in part be used in the raising of forces to be employed against her in Mongolia.

MOTORING

THE year 1912 has been one of the most noteworthy in the annals of the motor industry, and in the world-movement towards the universal adoption of mechanically-propelled in place of animal-drawn locomotion. It is not that there have been revolutionary developments in any phase of the mechanism or equipment of the automobile, or even any indication that such developments may be expected to take place. As a matter of fact, in the short space of 20 years the completely satisfactory mode of locomotion has been

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

evolved and practically perfected, and there is really no need for the most exacting to demand anything more than improvements in the details which make for personal comfort, convenience, and luxury.

The closing year has, however, been especially notable because it has determined beyond all doubt the practicability of the self-propelled vehicle as a universal mode of locomotion, and not one merely available for a limited section of the community. And in this connection it is only fair to state that the much-abused, low-priced American car has rendered invaluable service. Before its appearance, the advantages and pleasures of motoring were practically confined to the few, and it seemed to the man in the street that for him they were not likely to materialise. Now, however, everything is altered, thanks to the example of the cheap American car and the determined competition of its makers, and there is no longer any reason why even the man of most moderate means should be debarred from the joys of the open road.

Apart from the all-round cheapening of motoring for which 1912 will always be remembered, the last twelve months have witnessed the inception of a world-wide demand for a motor fuel other than petrol, and it is certain that the agitation for such a fuel will not be abandoned until its object is obtained. At present the whole motoring community, both here and abroad, is in the grip of a "ring," which has shown its determination to exploit the new movement for every farthing it is worth, and this exploiting process will continue so long as petrol remains the only fuel available. The danger is now fully recognised, and in this country especially the representative motoring organisations are actively bestirring themselves to find a solution of the problem. The R.A.C. is engaged in testing scientifically all motor spirits that appear to contain possibilities as alternative fuels; the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders has offered a substantial prize (2,000 guineas) to whoever shall submit the best home-produced motor fuel; and the Automobile Association and Motor Union has for a long time been occupied in efforts to secure supplies of petrol to its members at a reasonable price. It appears likely that before another year is ended the motorist will be buying benzol in place of petrol, and obtaining a satisfactory fuel at a reasonable price. To the outsider it is somewhat mysterious that this spirit, which can be produced in unlimited quantities from ordinary coal dust at very small cost, and which is indisputably as good a motor fuel as petrol, should not be immediately placed on the market in opposition to petrol, and information as to the exact nature and extent of the difficulties is strangely hard to obtain. No doubt, however, the obstacles, whatever they may be, will be overcome and the foreign petrol "ring" broken before another year's record of progress in the motoring world has to be written.

From the point of view of international competition, 1912 has emphasised more than any previous year the success of the British manufacturers. Our imports of foreign cars have been less and our exports of home-made cars greater than in any previous year since the industry assumed importance. Our makers, who were handicapped by the ten years' start of their continental competitors, are now actively carrying the war of competition out of the home market into the enemy's country, and even in France, the real home of the industry, the best British cars find an increasingly wide clientèle of admirers and purchasers. Many of our manufacturers have now their own depôts in Paris, and at the recent international exhibition in the Grand Palais the British exhibitors far outnumbered those of any other nationality, except, of course, those of France itself. From a purely business point of view, the year has been the most prosperous in the history of the trade, so far as the British makers are concerned; and on all sides one hears of the most roseate prospects for the future. In fact, many of our best-known makers have sufficient orders actually in hand to occupy them for the next twelve months. Of the individual makers, some have enhanced and some created reputations. Without being invidious, it is permissible to refer to the Vauxhall and Sunbeam Companies, both of which have been brilliantly successful in the breaking of speed records during the year, and to the Sheffield-Simplex, which has now definitely established its claims to rank as one of the very finest cars in the world. For some reason or other, probably not unconnected with its makers' inadequate appreciation of the value of publicity, this British car, which was the first, we believe, to show what could be done in the way of top-gear long-distance running, has never attracted the popular attention to which it is entitled, and which many inferior cars receive. But under the new management this has already been largely altered, and since the Olympia Show the Sheffield-Simplex has taken the high position to which it is legitimately entitled. Napiers and Rolls-Royces, the other two representative British cars of the highest class, have fully retained their popularity and earned record dividends for their shareholders; so that altogether the British motor industry has every reason to look back upon 1912 with satisfaction.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

THE past week is one of those which most people forget as a week of business. It is devoted to assuaging the accumulated miseries of the past twelve months. Yet this year, had it not been for the Balkan war, would have been one of prosperity. In the great manufacturing towns everyone has been working at high pressure, high prices and high profits. Fortunes are being made. A slump may come, but at the moment no one can say from which quarter it will arrive. Given peace, it looks as though 1913 would be a year of continued good trade and high values. But we must have peace. War destroys credit and we cannot make money without credit.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The new issues have not gone at all well. In almost every case underwriters have been left. Even high-yielding, so-called, securities have failed to please. Trade is so good that the public do not want any investment better than their own business. And, frankly, they are wise, for a well-established industrial business in Great Britain is as sound a venture as one can find. But the City does not worry; it knows that sooner or later the shares and bonds it has had to take will be sold through the Stock Exchange. Stockbrokers will send out highly-coloured slips upon which the venture appears better than a trustee stock, and as such slips are usually marked "Private," they assume a gravity which they did not possess when advertised under the name of prospectus in the public Press. The public is very foolish.

Canada is getting ready numberless new issues for the forthcoming year. Her appetite for capital grows with what it feeds on. Canada must have money. Her real estate gamble grows each week. Insane prices are now paid for land in the far western towns. As a serious Toronto paper has pointed out, there are only a few million people in the country, and most of them are in the large towns, therefore the high price of western land is a terrible tax upon those who live upon it. I must warn my readers against the numberless agencies in London now offering land at fabulous prices. One, the Canadian Capital Investments, has been exposed in many Canadian and English newspapers. It offers suburban blocks in Regina, and the Regina Board of Trade have felt compelled to issue a circular warning people against the offers. It is said that the map was not drawn to scale, and that the two sections, Belgravia and Mayfair, will not be ripe for development in this generation, whilst the third, Coronation Park, is priced 100 per cent. too high.

MONEY must come down in price in the New Year, though there are people who say that Bulgaria, Servia, and Greece will require such huge sums to develop their new territory that all the money on the Continent will not suffice. The mercantile marine of Greece is growing rapidly, and with it her trade. But she needs capital. Servia could supply half Europe with pigs and bacon. Bulgaria has wealth not yet explored. But all need money. Enormous sums now being hoarded will be set free when peace is declared, but they will be needed. India, the Argentine, Egypt will want a little more money, and Brazil is in the market. I think the Bank Rate may go down early in January, but only by a half per cent. And even this reduction is by no means sure.

FOREIGNERS.—Really only two gambling counters exist in the Foreign market in London—Tintos and Perus. It is now hoped that Tintos will go up; they have been over-sold, and a rise is due. The copper position is strong, and we shall get a big dividend for the year. Perus have been written up and talked up, but those who buy never pay, and the speculation account is always at the mercy of the money-lender. However, a serious attempt is to be made to deal with the Debenture Debt, and in this assumption Peru Prefs are held up. The Corporation is attempting to get the railways in perpetuity. They will then be able to offer a better security, and can pay off the present 6 per cent issue at 105, offering 4½ per cent. perpetual debentures in exchange. Such an operation, it is claimed, would give the Preference their dividend in full. But the Corporation needs money, and would probably increase the debt. Also there are arrears of Preference dividend amounting to over 70 per cent.

HOME RAILS.—Next week the dividend calculators will be hard at work on the Home Railway Returns. They will have a much easier task than they had last half-year, when the Coal Strike came in and made accurate guessing an impossibility. We must, however, wait for the Christmas week traffics, as they are usually heavy. In the meantime, Great Central comes out the best. Great Western, L.N.W.R., Midland, and North-Eastern are all good, and Lancashire and Yorkshire is also well ahead. Great Eastern is poor and Great Northern does not hold its own. I again say buy Great Central, it is one of the few lines that have big things in front of them.

YANKEES have suddenly improved. The "bears" have overdone the selling, and those who hammered Unions down to 158½ are now sorry for themselves. They had an easy task to get the price down, but when they tried to buy back they found it not quite so easy. The Reading increase in dividend coming on top of its victory in the courts did not affect the market in the least—I should say, did not affect the quotation; possibly the market felt sick. There is still much talk of the attack on Steels, and here I am nervous. I again repeat my advice to buy Unions. They are undervalued.

RUBBER.—The Daejan meeting was stormy. Shareholders are now getting up an agitation for a committee of investigation. There seem some considerable discrepancies between the prospectus promises and the results, and a committee could do no harm. Pataling increased its interim distribution, but I do not see how it can improve upon the 250 per cent. paid last year unless it has some surprise in store in the shape of reduced working costs. It is a splendid little property, and cheap at to-day's prices.

OIL.—The Shell announcement was satisfactory, and I hear that the company is doing extremely well. The Tampico report is good; there are now four wells down on oil, but the company has not enough money to drill with energy. Santa Maria report is atrocious. The first prospectus spoke of huge sums and a huge output; the report cannot give a tenth of what we were asked to expect.

MINES.—The Great Cobar report shows an increase in profits, but no dividends. Neither can I see any dividends in the future for this overrated, ill-managed, over-capitalised venture. The Debenture debt hangs like a millstone round the neck of the company. The New Kleinfontein scandal makes yet another reason why we should abandon all our Kaffirs. The life is now put at 13 years, and actually not many months past we were told by those who were supposed to speak officially that the mine had 25 years longer to live! This is the second time the company has figured in a bad scandal.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The market still takes a gloomy view of the National Telephone, and thinks the quotations for the Deferred over-valued. I cannot agree. I think that those who hold on will find that their patience has been repaid handsomely. North-Eastern Breweries have had a good year in spite of the Government. The Egyptian Salt and Soda increased the dividend to 6½, and carry forward almost as much as they pay away. They have entirely re-organised their balance-sheet, and written down the concessions to a nominal amount. The shares are cheap.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

CORRESPONDENCE

LEAGUE FOR THE DEFENCE OF THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—The present Government have filled up the cup of unscrupulousness to overflowing, and your suggestion of a Defence League comes not a moment too soon. The exact form the required covenant should take may be a matter to be more precisely determined, especially as the language proposed in your pages is at once declaratory and explanatory, and it is presumable that the covenant will be a declaration only. At the same time the motives of the Defence League are most aptly expounded from

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

the British point of view, and their exposition is all the more refreshing since one is weary of the perpetual insistence that Ulster is the sole obstacle to Home Rule, When it is transparently self-evident that if the Ulster difficulty had no existence at all the impossibility of Home Rule would be every whit as strongly established. What is desirable is to concentrate attention on one or two points which by themselves stamp this Bill as intolerable from the British standpoint, and the retention of the 42 Members, the gross iniquity and chaos of the finance, and the fiscal disunion of the customs are undoubtedly the most salient items of objection, though I would add to this number the hopeless, reactionary, anti-Liberal policy of setting up an Irish Nationalist Government in this twentieth century to rule Ireland and Great Britain as well.

In face, therefore, of this immeasurable public danger it is necessary that a spirit of resolve should be most forcibly proclaimed and that essentially on the primary basis that the resisters are the true law regarders, insisting only that the law should be founded, as it immemorially has been, on the assent of Crown, Lords, and Commons.

For the rest it is a particularly welcome feature of the League's programme that the leaders of the party should be called upon immediately to declare their intention to repeal the Home Rule Bill if passed. This will serve two invaluable purposes. It will prevent any lively anticipation of a Home Rule Parliament occupying the interval before the Act can pass under the Parliament Bill, and, above all, it will frustrate the establishment of a Legislature in Dublin followed by the resignation of the present Ministry, leaving to their successors the munificent legacy of extricating Ireland from the slough and slush into which she is incontinently to be launched. Anyhow, the nauseous tyranny that those manœuvres have engendered can now obviously only be remedied by all liberty-loving Englishmen relying upon themselves as the sole securers of their own freedom and by making it clear to all it may happen to concern that there are an incalculable number of our fellow-countrymen in deadly earnest on this gravest of all Imperial issues. Yours truly,

London, December 18. BRITANNICUS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I was much interested in reading the account of the League for the Defence of the Constitution and the Union in your last issue of THE ACADEMY, and I should like to be permitted to propose a third object for the consideration of the League—a copy of which I enclose. I am, yours faithfully,

ROBERT VERSCHOYLE, J.P. and D.L.

Springfield, Ross, Herefordshire.

December 18.

(ENCLOSURE.)

No. 3.—To represent respectfully to H.M. the King, that to give the Royal assent—while the constitution of the country is in abeyance—to any of the three great measures now before the House of Commons, and until they have been submitted to the judgment of the people, would be highly unconstitutional.

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—To controvert the inferential evidence submitted by Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence is not the purpose of this letter, but to establish the fact that Shakespeare was an actor and dramatist and solely connected with the theatrical business. Attention is therefore drawn to the association of John Heminge and Henry Condell with William Shakespeare—these actors are mentioned with the rest of their associates in a Royal Licence for Shakespeare's Company, "The King's Players," dated 19 May, 1603. They are associated as proprietors in the Globe Theatre, c1606, and again as proprietors in the Blackfriars Theatre, c1606. They are remembered by Shakespeare in his will, to whom he left "twenty-six shillings and eightpence to buy them rings." In 1623 Heminge and Condell published Shakespeare's plays, in folio; in the Dedication they say, "We have but collected them and done an office to the dead, to procure his orphans, guardians: without ambition either of self-profit or fame, only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as this was our Shakespeare by humble offer of the plays, etc." At this time Bacon, the philosopher, essayist and politician was still living. Heminge and Condell in their address to the reader in the folio solemnly affirm the authenticity of all the several pieces that make up the collection and their care in publishing them. These honest editors acknowledge in terms equally solemn the author's right in his copies, and they lament that he had not exercised that right by a publication of them during his lifetime. Now Bacon could not have had any interest in the plays, or he would have superintended the publication of them. As it is, the text of the folio abounds with errors. Bacon was careful and published his own works. In a play entitled "The Returne from Parnassus," iv., iii (1601), there is a passage where Kemp says to Burbage "Few of the University pen plays well. . . . Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, ay, and Ben Jonson too. O, that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace, giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge." The incident here mentioned is in Ben Jonson's "Poetaster." The purge is probably to be found in "As You Like It," Jacques' speeches, Act 2. But all this is in connexion with a quarrel known as the War of the Theatres, in which Bacon could not have been concerned. Why Bacon, the philosopher, essayist, and politician should be considered also as a poet and dramatist, and such a dramatist as Shakespeare, is not within my comprehension. "The Philosopher," says Sir Philip Sydney, "teacheth, but he teacheth obscurely, so as the learned only can understand him; that is to say he teacheth them that are already taught. But the poet is the food for the tenderest stomach; the poet is indeed the right popular philosopher." Also Massinger,

> Actors may put in for as large a share
> As all the sects of the philosophers.
> They with cold precepts, perhaps seldom read
> Deliver what an honourable thing
> The Active virtue is. But does that fire
> The blood, or swell the veins with emulation
> To be both good and great, equal to that
> Which is presented on our theatres?

Bacon, with some truth, might have expressed himself in these words—on Shakespeare. "Yet he's gentle, never schooled, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised"——. I am, Sir, yours faithfully, TOM JONES.

London, E.C.

BACON IS SHAKESPEARE.—THE TESTIMONY OF FLORIO.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Last Saturday you were good enough to print a letter of mine in which I showed that Florio had told us that the author of the Shakespeare plays was "a gentleman," a man of position, "who loved better to be a poet than to be counted so." Bacon himself tells us the same thing in his "A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons Attempted and Committed by Robert, late Earl of Essex,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

and his Complices," which was published in 1601. In this work Bacon tells us "About the Middle of Michaelmas term, Her Majesty had a purpose to dine at my Lodge at Twickenham Park, at which time I had—though I profess not to be a poet—prepared a sonnet, directly tending and alluding to draw on Her Majesty's reconcilement to my Lord Essex, which I remember I also showed to a great person." Here Bacon, writing in 1601, says: "I profess not to be a poet," which seems to fit in exactly with the testimony of Florio.

Bacon in 1603 repeats again the same story of his being "a concealed poet" in his letter to John Davis, whom he asks to use his good offices on his behalf with King James I, for he concludes, "So desiring you to be good to concealed poets," while Bacon in his last prayer says, "I have, though in a despised weed, procured the good of all men."

"Despised weed" means a mean disguise. And what disguise could be conceived meaner and more degrading than the name of the drunken illiterate clown of Stratford?

Again, the "gentleman," the man of position "who loved better to be a poet than to be counted so," writes in Sonnet 76,

"Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keepe invention in a noted weed,
That every word doth almost sel* my name,
Shewing their birth and where they did proceed?"

Here we see that the writer of the Sonnets, who is also the writer of the Shakespeare plays, tells us, in the actual words used by Bacon in his last prayer, that he keeps his works of invention, that is, his poetical works, concealed under a "noted weed," a pseudonym, a mean disguise. In Book VII of his "De Augmentes," 1623, which was, however, not translated into English till 1640, Bacon again repeats the same story, for he tells us "that in the works he his now putting forth and in those he proposes to put forth later he has laid aside the glory and dignity of his own name for the good and profit of mankind." And again we get the same story in the beautiful prayer which, although not printed till 1679, was almost certainly written as the dedication of the plays known as Shakespeare's:

"This is the Form and Rule of our Alphabet.

May God the Creator, Preserver, and Renewer of the Universe protect and govern this Work both in its *ascent* to His Glory and in its *descent* to the Good of Mankind, for the sake of his Mercy and good Will to Men, through his only Son (Immanuel) *God-with-us.*"

Methinks the above form very strong evidence as to who was the real author of the plays known as Shakespeare's. Yours, EDWIN DURNING-LAWRENCE.

13, Carlton House Terrace, S.W.
Dec. 17, 1912.

* "Sel" may mean "sell" or "spell" or "tell."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Mr. Martin has recovered his *savoir faire,* so that my last letter has at all events accomplished something. There are, however, some other things Mr. Martin has still to recover: one of them is his sense of logic. The beginner of a controversy, let me therefore hasten to assure him, is the person who begins it. It may seem obvious, but I gather from his last letter he has not yet grasped it. Mr. Martin wrote a letter in your columns, into which he imported a cryptic utterance on the subject of Christian Science. When he was good enough to explain the cryptogram, it turned out that he meant that Christian Scientists satisfied themselves of the truth of Chrisitan Science, by a method he was kind enough to evolve for them out of his own consciousness. I merely pointed out that the method evolved out of Mr. Martin's inner consciousness did not happen to be the method employed by Christian Scientists, and I explained what the Christian Science method was. Mr. Martin seems to imagine that because I explained to your readers that the lines along which he kindly arranged that Christian Scientists thought were not the lines they had themselves adopted, I was bound, therefore, to produce the evidence their method of reasoning accumulated.

He has at last, however, made the discovery that I have no intention whatever of doing anything so foolish as attempting to produce in a letter, evidence which would fill very many issues of your paper. He admits that I have "excellent reasons for not producing this evidence." Of course I have, but, on his own showing, it is most unreasonable of him to suffer so severely because those reasons are excellent. He says he denies my moral right to keep this evidence up my sleeve. But he has said that my reasons are excellent. Therefore, how can he reasonably disguise the entire absence of logic in his own position as an immoral proceeding on my part? He says that the withholding of the evidence cannot be justified by the satisfaction a man feels in being the only educated person in the community to which he belongs. Mr. Martin is evidently determined to pose as a minor prophet. First of all, how does he know that I am the only educated person in the Christian Science community? Or, if he does not mean this—and you can never be quite sure of what Mr. Martin does mean, until the Martin Society has elucidated him—he must mean that I think I am the only educated person in the Christian Science community. Now, how can Mr. Martin know what I think? It was knowing how Christian Scientists thought that got him into his original difficulty, and, having made this mistake about Christian Scientists in general, he is now making it about me in particular. One cannot avoid the suspicion that he has been reading the story in Chuang Tzu, of the Chinaman who watched the minnows under a bridge. "See how the minnows are darting about! That is the pleasure of fishes," said Chuang Tzu. "You, not being a fish yourself," returned Hui Tzu, "how can you possibly know in what consists the pleasure of fishes?" "And you, not being I," retorted Chuang Tzu, "how can you know that I do not know?" "If I, not being you, cannot know what you know," urged Hui Tzu, "it follows that you, not being a fish, cannot know in what consists the pleasure of fishes." "Let us go back," said Chuang Tzu, "to your original question. You asked me how I knew in what consists the pleasure of fishes. Your very question shows that you knew I knew. For you asked me how I knew. I knew it from my own

HORLICK'S
MALTED MILK

BARLEY, WHEAT AND MILK IN POWDER FORM.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

DELICIOUS, NOURISHING AND REFRESHING.

The wholesome nutrition of pure rich milk and choice malted grain, supplying strength and vigour, with little tax on digestion.

Requires no cooking.

Used instead of tea coffee, or cocoa at meals, develops healthy bodies and clear brains. Equally useful to the vigorous and the weak. the business or professional man, the youth, the maid, the mother, the child, or the infant.

An efficient corrective of insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

In Glass Bottles, 1/6, 2/6, 11/-, at all Chemists and Stores.
Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS. ENGLAND.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

feelings on the bridge. From my own feelings above the bridge I infer those of the fishes below." It is just like that with Mr. Martin. His arguments are inferences from his own feelings. However, as Chuang Tzu says, "Let us go back."

Mr. Martin finally says that he must be an unappreciative wretch if he were not grateful for the benefits which this correspondence has vouchsafed to him. Anybody who has ever entered into a correspondence with Mr. Martin will readily admit that the pleasure of writing letters to the paper is not one which he does not appreciate, and does not take full advantage of. Yours truly,

FREDERICK DIXON.

Ambley House, Norfolk Street, Strand.
December 12, 1912.

AENEID II, 255.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—My attention has been called to a letter by Mr. Dodgson in THE ACADEMY of November 23. While thanking him for his courteous reference to my book, I may perhaps interpret it as indirectly a question to which it is a pleasure to reply.

From the top of Hissarlik the summit of the conical hill of Tenedos is visible—*est in conspectu Tenedos*—but all the lower part of the island is concealed by the ridge along the western coast. Neither sea nor ships can be seen from Troy except off the mouth of the Scamander and within the Hellespont. But if a signal were to be given to Sinon from the fleet, the information he would require would be not of the departure from Tenedos but of the arrival at the *litora nota*. This could be well conveyed, at distance of some four miles, by a fire-beacon on a ship. This may have been in Virgil's mind, and is, I think, not inconsistent with his words. But I doubt if he had a clear idea of the geographical facts; for the description of the arrival of the serpents conveys the idea that their whole course from Tenedos was visible:

"Ecce autem gemini a Tenedo tranquilla per alta—
Horresco referens—inmensis orbibus angues
Incumbunt pelago pariterque ad litora tendunt."
—(II, 203-5.)

I may add that Tenedos is fully twelve miles from Troy, not eight, as Mr. Dodgson says. Yours faithfully,

WALTER LEAF.

6, Sussex Place, Regent's Park, N.W.

JOTTINGS FOR THE WORD-BOOKS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

MOUSE BUTTOCK.

Sir,—"The Mouse—buttock of beef." In the "Historical English Dictionary," of Oxford, the only authority cited for "mouse buttock" is the English Dialect Dictionary. On turning to that one finds no author, date, or region quoted to prove its use; but it is said to mean: "the fleshy piece which is cut out from a round of beef." On page 150 of "Cookery made Easy," by Michael Willis (London: 1829) in the "Recipes for the sick," and under the item "A Clear Broth to Keep," we are told: "Put the mouse buttock of beef," etc.

"HENNERY" IN 1853.

Some readers of the great Oxonian Dictionary of the English Language may have wondered why no instance of the word "hennery," for "hen-house" or "poultry-yard," earlier than the year 1859, is on record there, and perhaps have surmised that the word was invented by a suffragette, as it is based entirely on the rights and duties of the female biped. It is, therefore, interesting to note its occurrence on page 37 of "Up the River," by F. W. Shelton, printed in New York, in 1853, in the phrase "or scaling the hennery."

EDWARD S. DODGSON.

The Union Society, Oxford.
December 2, 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND MEMOIRS.

A History of Montenegro. By F. S. Stevenson. With Portrait Frontispiece. (Jarrold and Sons. 2s. 6d. net.)

Disraeli. By the Earl of Cromer. (Macmillan and Co. 1s. net.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma: Diptera Nematocera. By E. Brunetti. Illustrated. (Taylor and Francis. 20s.)

Forward Against Misery. By Commissioner G. S. Railton. Illustrated. (Salvation Army.)

Lord Byron as a Satirist in Verse. By Claude M. Fuess, Ph.D. (Henry Frowde. 5s. 6d. net.)

Modern War and Peace By Viscount Esher, G.C.B. (Bowes and Bowes, Cambridge. 1s. net.)

A Tale of Wulstan. By E. J. Watson. (J. W. Arrowsmith, Bristol. 1s. net.)

Original Tales and Ballads in the Yorkshire Dialect. By John Malham-Dembleby. (Walter Scott Publishing Co. 4s. 6d. net.)

FICTION.

Mary Pillenger, "Supreme Factor." By "Brenda." (G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1s. net.)

Nerissa. By Maynard Dunning. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

Aileen: A Tale of Deeds and Misdeeds. By Marjorie Cooper. (Lynwood and Co. 6s.)

A Laodicean, a Story of To-Day. By Thomas Hardy. Frontispiece. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

VERSE.

Verses and Reverses. By Wilfrid Meynell. (Herbert and Daniel. 2s. net.)

Poems by Wm. Allingham. Selected and Arranged by Helen Allingham. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Songs of Childhood, and Other Verses. By Margery Lawrence. (Grant Richards. 1s. 6d. net.)

Lyrics. By Ellen Kullmann. (Sherratt and Hughes.)

The Georgics of Virgil in English verse. By Arthur S. Way, D.Lit. (Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

Spring Notes and Other Poems. By Susan Bostock. (Lynwood and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

On the Way to Willowdale. By Robert Loveman. (The A. Y. Showalter Co., Dalton, Georgia, U.S.A. $1.)

The Howling Ships of Tarshish, and Other Poems. By Morrogh Shannon. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)

Australian Idylls, and Other Poems. By E. A. Henty (Elkin Mathews. 1s. net.)

Poems. By Lucy Masterman. (John Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

Deborah: A Play in Three Acts. By Lascelles Abercrombie. (John Lane. 2s. 6d. net.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

LEVASCO LEVASCO

THE ONLY WAY

To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain. To obtain immediate and lasting relief from pain.

Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuralgia, Stiff Joints

LEVASCO INSTANTANEOUS AND NEVER FAILING RELIEVER.
Post free 1/1½; 2/9; and 4/9 per bottle.

LEVASCO at once penetrates to the pain centres and drives the Uric Acid out of the system by natural channels. It is pleasant to use, having no oil, poison, or anything harmful in its composition.

ATHLETES having tried Levasco will never be without it, one application sets the blood racing—giving a most delightful glow.

LEVASCO will cure Neuralgia or Toothache in three minutes; Lumbago in one night; Headache in two minutes.

Once used always remembered by its speedy results!
DON'T HESITATE: WHY SUFFER? Try it now and obtain immediate relief.

Post free from only address—

Levasco Manufacturing Co., 185, HAMMERSMITH ROAD, LONDON, W.

N.B.—Refuse all substitutes, there is nothing "just as good," and be sure to address as above.

Georgian Poetry, 1911-1912. (The Poetry Bookshop. 3s. 6d. net.)

Wessex Poems, and Other Verses. By Thomas Hardy. With Portrait. (Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d. net.)

Streets: A Book of London Verses. By Douglas Goldring. (Max Goschen. 2s. 6d. net.)

Poems. By E. L. Hill. With Frontispiece. (The Electrician Printing and Publishing Co.)

JUVENILE.

The Star Dream. By Ellen M. Dobinson. With a Preface by the Bishop of Chichester. Illustrated by Mowbray Percy. (Murray and Evenden. 1s. 6d. net.)

How the Children met the Three Kings; A Little Christmas Play for Home or School Acting. By Maude Egerton King. (A. C. Fifield. 4d.)

The Adventures of Turco-Bullworthy, his Dog Shrimp, and his Friend Dick Wynyard. By J. S. Fletcher. Illustrated. (R. and T. Washbourne. 2s. 6d.)

The Moon-Boat. By Alice M. Brown. Illustrated by Isabel Bonns. (F. E. Stoneham. 2s. 6d. net.)

PERIODICALS.

Mercure de France; The Bodleian; Nash's Holiday Special; La Société Nouvelle, Mons; The Antidote; Publishers' Circular; Atlantic Monthly; Literary Digest, N.Y.; Bookseller; Musical Standard; Ulula; Cambridge University Reporter; The Idler; Revue Bleue; Revue Critique d'Histoire et de Littérature; Peru To-Day; The Collegian, Calcutta; Amateur Photographer, Christmas No.

MANY REJECTED MSS.

simply need expert revision to make them available. This can give, securing results that count. Such firms as Appleton, Putnam's, etc., publish my own books, and I was recently editor for a leading magazine. Why not increase your profits by publication in the United States? Address: EDITOR, Box 4L, 435 WEST 119TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

PRICE SIXPENCE ONLY (Post Free).

The Educational Map of INDIA

SHOWING

(1) Density of pupils under instruction per mille of school and college going population.
(2) All College Towns in the different provinces, together with
(3) A Key to the names ot Colleges throughout India, Burma and Ceylon.

ALTOGETHER NEW AND ORIGINAL IN DESIGN.

APPLY TO MANAGER:
Collegian Office, 33, Dixon Lane, Calcutta.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

The Cowper & Newton Museum

Olney, Bucks.

AN APPEAL FOR ENDOWMENT.

Twelve years ago, on the occasion of the Centenary of the death of the poet Cowper, the house in which he lived at Olney was presented to the town to form a Memorial and Museum. The Trustees have, with a number of gentlemen resident in the district, formed an Endowment Committee, of which the Bishop of Durham is the Chairman.

The Secretary is Mr. Thomas Wright, the Cowper and Newton Museum, Olney, Bucks, to whom Contributions should be addressed.

SHIPPING.

CANADIAN PACIFIC
OCEAN AND RAIL SERVICES TO . . AND THROUGH CANADA . .

TRANSATLANTIC—Fast and luxurious "Empress" Steamers to Canada. Only Four days' open sea. TRANSCANADA—Finest Trains in the World, running through the world's grandest scenery. Direct connection with every part of Canada. Fastest route to Western States. TRANSPACIFIC—Fast Route to Japan and China. All-British Route to Australia and New Zealand by Canadian-Australian Mail Service via Vancouver.

For further particulars apply

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY,

62-65, Charing Cross, S.W.; 67-68, King William St., LONDON, E.C. 24, James Street, Liverpool. 120, St. Vincent Street, Glasgow. 41, Victoria Street, Belfast. 18, St. Augustine's Parade, Bristol.

UNION-CASTLE LINE ROYAL MAIL SERVICE
TO
SOUTH AND EAST AFRICA.
WEEKLY SAILINGS.

MONTHLY DIRECT SERVICE TO EAST AFRICA.
Viâ the SUEZ CANAL.
Calling at GIBRALTAR, MARSEILLES and NAPLES

PLEASURE CRUISES TO THE CONTINENT.
(Hamburg and Antwerp.)

Reduced fares for Tourists during Spring and Summer, to MADEIRA, LAS PALMAS and TENERIFFE.

For further information apply to:—
DONALD CURRIE & CO., MANAGERS, LONDON AND SOUTHAMPTON.
Branch Offices of the Company at Birmingham, Liverpool, Manchester and Glasgow.

CUNARD LINE
PLEASURE CRUISES
LIVERPOOL
to the
MEDITERRANEAN & ADRIATIC
by the
"SAXONIA" AND "CARPATHIA"
. . . Ports of Call . . .
CADIZ, TANGIER, GIBRALTAR, ALGIERS, MALTA, SYRACUSE, ALEXANDRIA, ATHENS, CORFU, TRIESTE, FIUME, PALERMO, NAPLES.

For full particulars apply—
THE CUNARD S.S. CO., Ltd., LIVERPOOL.

P & O Passenger Services.
EGYPT, INDIA, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, AUSTRALASIA, and all Eastern Ports.
(Carrying Mails under Contract with H.M. Government.)
Frequent and Regular Sailings from and to LONDON, MARSEILLES & BRINDISI.

P & O Pleasure Cruises
Throughout the Year, according to Season.
AROUND THE COASTS OF EUROPE, NORWAY and the MEDITERRANEAN.
Programme on Application.
For Passage, Freight and all information apply—
PENINSULAR & ORIENTAL STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANY,
102, Leadenhall Street, E.C., or Northumberland Avenue, W.C., LONDON.

P & O Round the World Tours.

R.M.S.P. PLEASURE CRUISES

To	Fare	Length of Tour	Sailing	From
NORWAY, Mediterranean, Holy Land, & Egypt.	From £1 a day	About 14 Days	June to December.	Southampton & Grimsby.
SPAIN & PORTUGAL.	£12.	8 upwards.	Weekly.	Southampton & Liverpool.
WEST INDIES.	From £40.	From 34.	Fortnightly Wednesdays.	Southampton & Cherbourg

CRUISES TO MOROCCO.
Canary Islands and Madeira.
23 days from £18.

For further particulars apply:—
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY,
London: 18, Moorgate St., E.C., or 32, Cockspur St., S.W.

FEARLESS CRITICISM

In support of principle
In exposure of humbug
In scorn of cant

A Weekly Review of Politics, Art, Music, Literature, and the Stage.

THE COMMENTATOR

ONE PENNY WEEKLY of all Newsagents—or sent direct from the Publishers, for 6s. per annum (post free) or 3s. for six months.

COMMENTATOR, Ltd., 31, Essex St., London

Published for the Proprietor by WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, at Cannon House, Breams Buildings, London, E.C. Branches in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.
Printed by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Digitized by Google

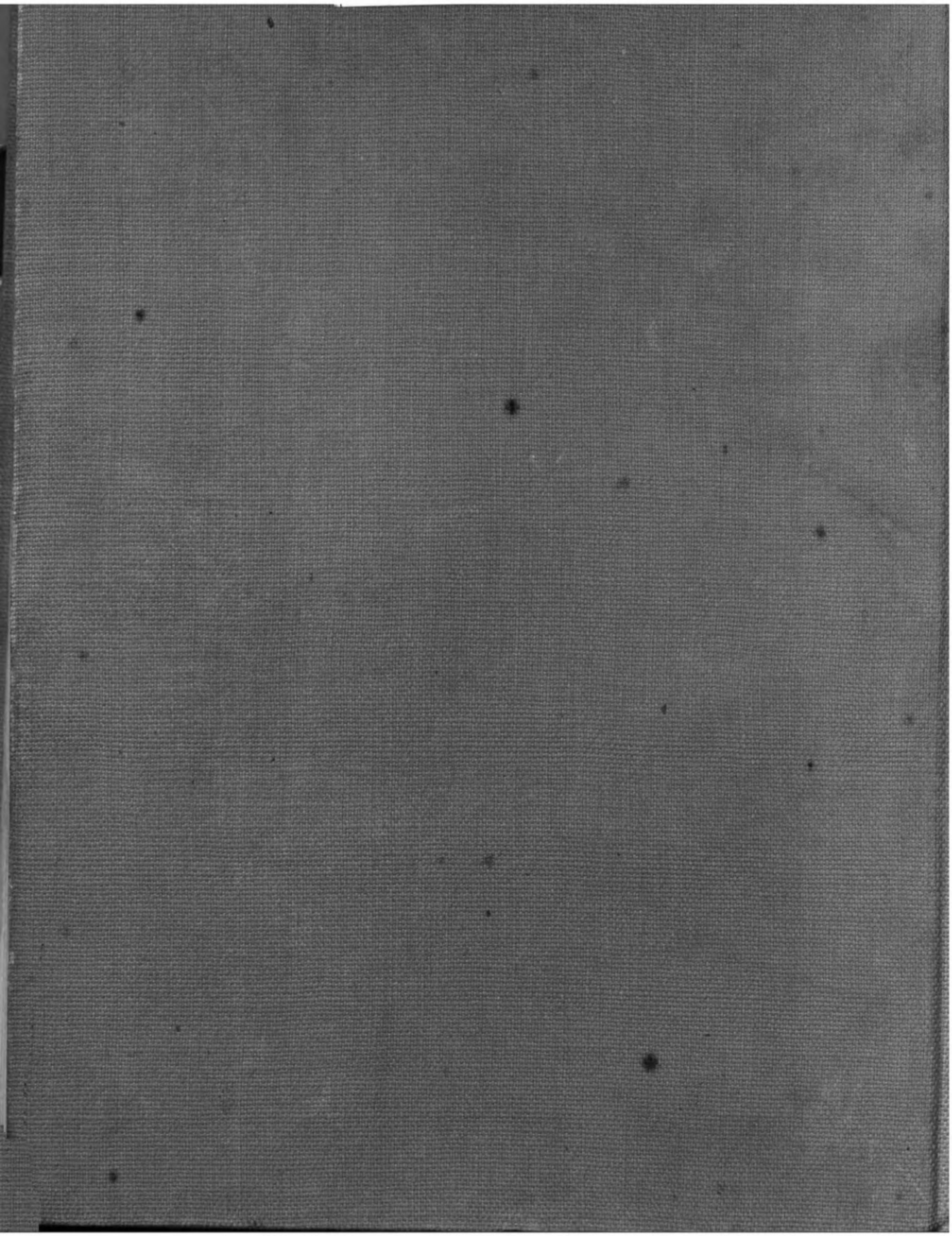
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

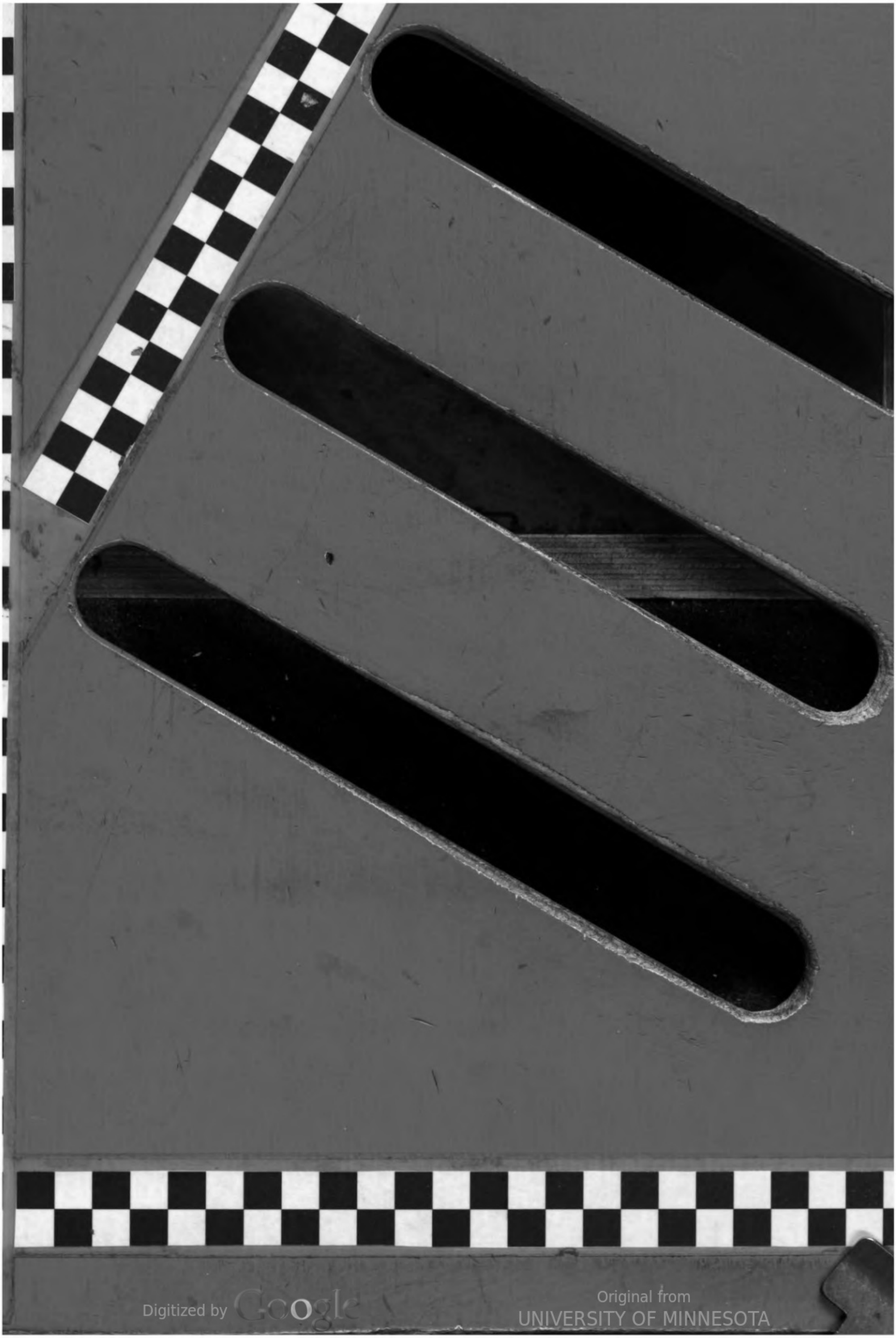
Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



Digitized by Google

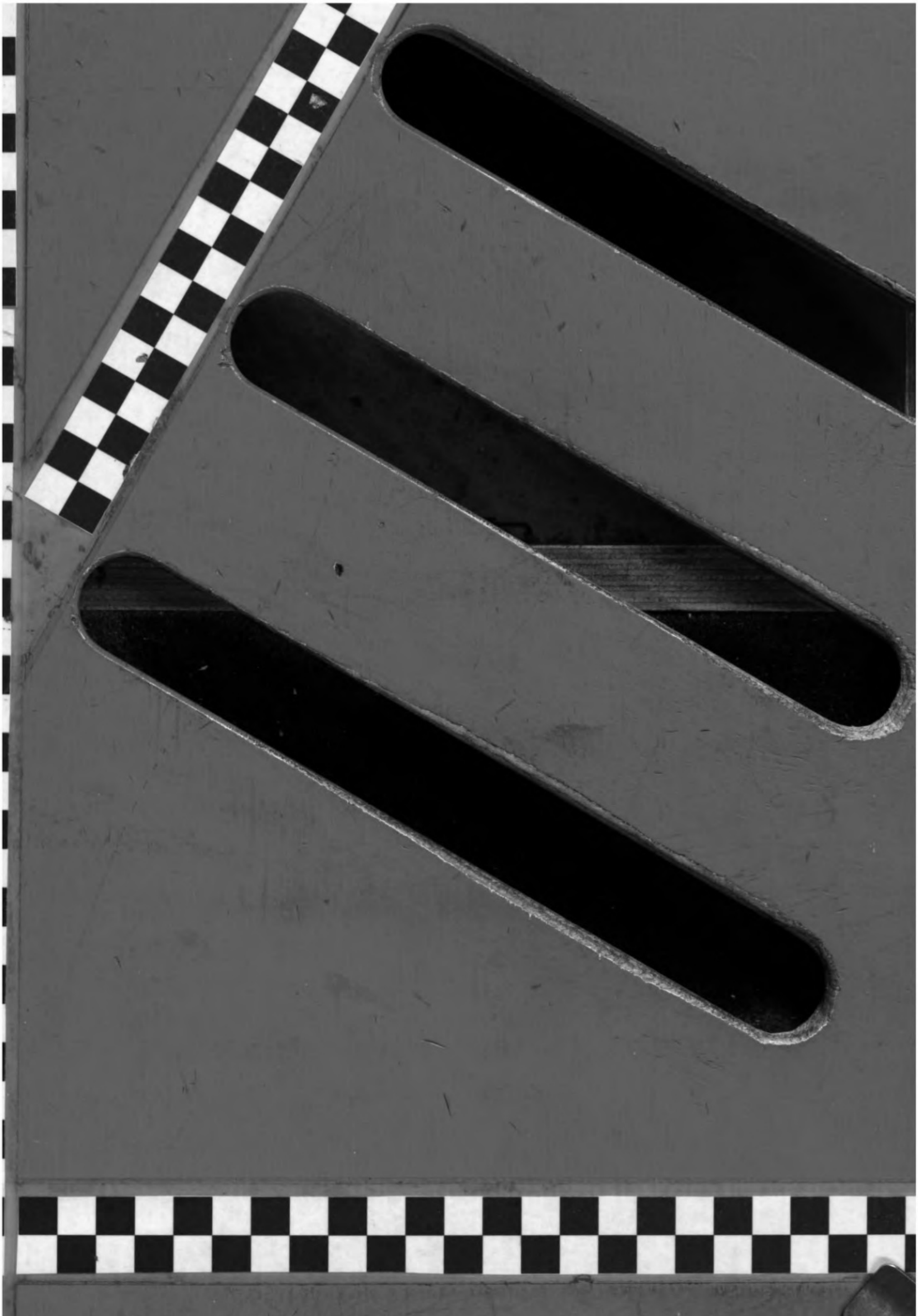
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA

UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA
walt,cls v.83

The Academy and literature.

3 1951 000 925 082 L

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA